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American

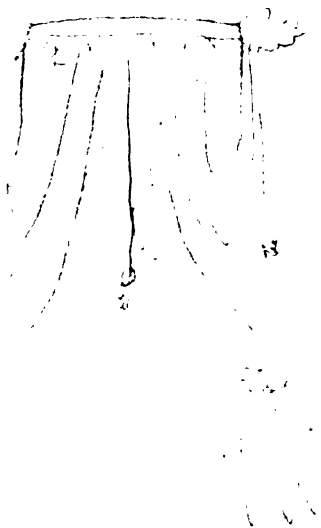
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Also Mary Ann Bunt

See also

American ...
register

SKG

My dear Mary



AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER

AND LITERARY COMPANION.

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1899.

VOL. I.

ALBANY, N. Y. SATURDAY AUGUST 31, 1839.

NO. 1.

MASONIC.

For the American Masonic Register and Literary Companion.

To behold a band of brothers, joined by the most sacred ties which can bind social beings, and at the same time realize that we have fellowship with that band, if accompanied with a conscience void of offence towards God and towards man, is the greatest felicity which we can expect to enjoy while we remain on earth.

The antiquity of the institution of Freemasonry is well established by the fact that the era of its commencement is lost to the world by its preceding the annals of human record. It is certain that it was the medium by which the leaven of civilization, morality and science, was carried through what are emphatically called the dark ages, to expand and adorn the enlightened age in which we now live. A large portion of the great and the good in all ages have composed its members. It was early introduced into America, and cherished by the most eminent founders of the new world. Most of the heroes and sages of the Revolution belonged to the order, and they seem to have copied from its principles and regulations the form of that free government which is the pride of the nation and envy of the world.

The enemies of our order have been coeval with the existence of the institution, although they have filled all ranks in society, from the king to the beggar: one general feature has been stamped on the character of the whole mass. INTOLERANCE AND TYRANNY.

It is not our intention to eulogize the masonic institution, or the good and great men who have honored it by their fellowship, or been honored by its confidence nor to point out ancient enemies. That the principles of the institution are good—that we have often seen their beneficial effects, in rendering assistance to the weak and helpless—sustenance and clothing to the needy—counsel to the ignorant and inexperienced—consolation to the afflicted, and otherwise alleviating the miseries of mankind—and that much pleasure and even happiness is enjoyed at the convocations of the craft, we all know: and to even repeat the names of conspicuous worthies who have belonged to the institution, or those who have with an unholy zeal waged war against it, would be superfluous, as those particulars are well known to the world generally, and especially to every mason.

From despots, demagogues and traitors, we have nothing seriously to fear for the safety of the masonic institution. No, Brethren—for the safety of that institution we have nothing to fear, but from ourselves. For although its principles are based on a foundation which will withstand "the wreck of matter and the crash of worlds," yet the institution may be driven from this earth by its inhabitants becoming too base and degenerate for the abode of so sublime a resident: but this can be effected only by ourselves; by ourselves we mean we who still profess to support and revere the institution and its principles. All the despots of Europe, seconded by a thousand professed Judases, cannot injure the institution as much as one pretended supporter who disregards all its precepts, and acts in direct opposition to all its sacred principles.

Therefore, Brethren, let us at all times hold the character of the institution as a precious jewel, given us in charge to preserve unblemished and unsullied, and at the same time realize that our own deportment and conduct is to affect in a greater or less degree the

lustre of that jewel. We should be very circumspect in our conduct towards each other and towards the world, towards each other, that our examples may be safely followed by our brethren and towards the world that the institution to which we are known to belong may not, through our means, suffer disgrace. As members of the great body of the fraternity, we should punctiliously attend every regular communication of the craft within our legitimate spheres, and guard well the approach of the unworthy from without, and endeavor to correct abuses within.

To "render unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's and unto God the things which are God's;" to deal honestly and uprightly with every one; to injure no man in person, property or reputation, and to live peaceably and quietly with mankind, is the duty of all men: but we as masons, have further duties to perform. It is our particular duty to relieve want and distress among mankind generally, and especially among the brotherhood; to aid and assist, protect and defend, the destitute, helpless and innocent, who need our assistance or protection, to whatever society they belong, or wherever they may be found. To that fairest portion of creation, woman, who from the fitness of things is excluded from our labors, we particularly owe this duty and we are to presume all those to be destitute and helpless who appear to be so, and all to be innocent whom we shall have no good reason to suppose guilty. A mason should never perform an act which he or others would be ashamed to confess was done by one of the fraternity, and in unison with its principles; nor should he omit an act, if reasonably within his power, which would add lustre to the character of the order. Relative to our conduct generally, the excellent precepts and charges adopted by the institution are replete with instruction, and, when adhered to and obeyed, will lead us in the right path; these should be often conned over in our minds and imprinted in our hearts. As we have taken the Holy Bible for our rule of conduct through life, we should always square our actions by that divine guide, and act in accordance with its Divine requisitions.

Finally, Companions and Brethren—If we live in accordance with the principles of the institution, and are guided by its precepts—taking the Holy Bible for our rule of conduct through life—we shall constantly possess.

"What naught on earth can give or can destroy
The soul's calm sun shine and the heart-felt joy."

with a steadfast hope and reasonable assurance that, when we have finished our labors here below, and laid by this tenement of clay, we shall be found worthy to enter the grand Asylum above—"that house not made with hands Eternal in the Heavens."

M.

For the American Masonic Register and Literary Companion.

SUMMARY

Of the Proceedings of the Grand Lodge of the State of New York, June 5th A. L. 5839.

The Annual Communication of the R. W. G. Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons of the State of New York, was held at the Grand Lodge Room in the City of New York, on Wednesday evening the 5th of June, and was opened in DUE FORM.

The Minutes of the last Grand Lodge having been read, the Grand Secretary, read his annual Report, from which we extract:—

"The Grand Secretary has great pleasure in com-

municating to the Grand Lodge, that the general condition and prospects of the Masonic order in this state are highly satisfactory. Many of the Lodges in the City of New York, have been constantly, at labor through the past year, and are in a flourishing condition. The tide of prosperity is rising and flowing up the rivers to the north and west. Our remotest frontier Lodges are once more at work.

The receipts of the year from May 30th. 1838, to May 29th. 1839, have amounted to \$1557.58.

"Since the last annual meeting, the following Lodges have been revived! Fidelity Lodge, No 309, at Trumansburgh, in Tompkins County; Phoenix Lodge No 361 at Lansingburgh, in Rensselaer County, and Brownville Lodge, No. 318, at Brownville in Jefferson County."

The Foreign Correspondence of the past year has been extensive, and of the most gratifying character.—We continue to receive the strongest assurances from all quarters of the friendly support of the Grand Lodges in the efforts now making by this Grand Lodge to maintain the integrity and pure principles of the order inviolate. The system proposed by this Grand Lodge in June last, to exchange representatives with foreign Grand Lodges, is gradually going into operation and will no doubt be universally adopted.

The R. W. Brother John Norman, of Dublin, has been received and accredited as the Representative of this Grand Lodge in the Grand Masonic Lodge of Ireland.

The R. W. Abraham Howard Quincy, of Washington City, has been received and accredited as the Representative of this Grand Lodge, in the Grand Lodge of the District of Columbia.

The Grand Lodge of Ireland is represented here by the W. Robert R. Boyd.

The Grand Lodge of the District of Columbia by the W. William C. Burnett.

The Grand Lodge of Rhode Island by the R. W. Joseph S. Cooke.

The system has been approved by the Grand Lodges of New Jersey and North Carolina, and, as we are informed, by our Representative in Dublin, by the Grand Lodge of Scotland.

The following is a copy of the letter of condolence written by order of the Grand Lodge at their last quarterly meeting, to the widow and family of the late Past Grand Master Stephen Van Rensselaer.

THE GRAND LODGE OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK.

To Mrs. Cornelia Van Rensselaer.

MADAM—The Grand Lodge of the Ancient and Honorable Fraternity of Free and Accepted Masons of the State of New York, over which the late Major General Stephen Van Rensselaer, your husband, presided for many years, beg leave to offer to his bereaved Widow and Family, the sympathy and condolence of friends, who knew his worth and honored him for his virtues.

Time, while it blunts the edge of sorrow, hallows the memory of departed worth, and the honors which are decreed to those who have passed the veil of immortality, are not the less sincere, when offered after time has set its seal upon regret. Deep and sincere is the sorrow which prevails in our Fraternity at the loss which you, which they, and which society have sustained, in the decease of our late Grand Master and faithful Friend.

His name will remain upon the records of our Order as the highest, and the most conspicuous, when a legion

of enemies surrounded it, and by an unjust and cruel persecution attempted its destruction. At such a time he refused to comply with even his own wishes for retirement, and interposed the shield of his unimpeached public and private character, to turn aside the poisoned shafts of Anti-Masonry.

A grateful sense of honorable obligation binds us to revere the memory of our departed Brother; and while our Lodges are clothed in the sable habiliments of woe we would offer to the widow and the afflicted family of our late Grand Master, the consolations of the Gospel of Peace; and unite with them in our prayers to God that, after the journey of life is closed, we may, like him "sink to rest," surrounded by the blessings of the poor, and in the bright hope of eternal life.

By order of the Grand Lodge.

JAMES HERRING, Grand Secretary.

The following officers were unanimously elected for the ensuing year:—

M. W. MORGAN LEWIS, of Dutchess Co. Grand Master.

Rt. W. Wm. Willis, of New York, Deputy Grand Master.

" **Joseph Cuyler, of Johnstown Senior Grand Warden.**

" **John D. Willard of Troy Senior Grand Warden.**

" **James Herring of New York, Grand Secretary.**

Rt. W. & Rev. Evan M. Johnson of Brookling

Rt. W. & Rev. Coogland, of Flathush,

R. W. & Rev. Wm. S. Walker of Troy,

R. W. & Rev. Salem Town, of Cayuga.

Grand Chaplains.

W. Gerrit Lansing, Grand Pursuivant.

Bro. James Thorburn, Grand Tyler.

A Report from the Committee on the publication of a Masonic paper was received and adopted, and is as follows:—

The Committee to whom was referred the prospectus of Brother L. G. Hoffman, in relation to the establishment of a Masonic Newspaper, beg leave to report:

That having had the same under consideration, they feel satisfied that a paper devoted to Masonic intelligence, and conducted in a mild and conciliatory spirit would be auxiliary to the cause of Masonry, and at the same time be the instrument of doing much good without the walls of the Institution. In the prospectus of Brother Hoffman, now before us, the Committee have the assurance that this course will be sedulously observed, and the Committee have directed their chairman to bring in the following resolution:

Resolved, As the sense of this Grand Lodge, that it is deemed expedient for the Masonic Fraternity of this State, to have an organ of communication, and that from the views of Brother L. G. Hoffman, as expressed in his printed proposals, this Grand Lodge would, and do recommend his publication to the kind wishes of the Fraternity, wherever dispersed.

JOHN D. WILLARD.

JOHN S. PERRY.

R. R. BOYD.

On Motion, it was ordered that the Grand Secretary publish a complete list of all the Lodges with the old and new numbers, according to the dates of their warrants.

Ordered, that the Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge, and the Secretary of every subordinate Lodge shall keep a book, in which shall be written or printed the following words:—"We the subscribers do promise upon the pledge of our Masonic obligations and honor that while we continue within the jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge of the State of New York, we will support and conform to the constitution and regulations thereof;" to which every member of said Lodge shall subscribe his name, and every visitor shall subscribe the same before he shall be permitted to enter the Lodge; and every applicant for relief shall sign the same before his petition shall be acted on by the Grand Lodge, the Grand Stewards, or by any subordinate Lodge.

After the transaction of some other business, the Grand Lodge adjourned to meet at 4 o'clock, at the Shakespeare, to dedicate the new Lodge Room, and to meet again at the Grand Lodge Room, at 7 o'clock.

The Committee on Foreign Correspondence present-

ed the following report which was accepted and adopted.

The Committee on Foreign Correspondence have examined communications from the Grand Lodges of Ireland, Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, District of Columbia, Virginia, North Carolina, Kentucky, Georgia, Alabama, Florida, Indiana, and Louisiana, from the General Grand Encampment of the U. States—the General Grand Chapter of the United States, and the Grand Chapters of New Hampshire and Tennessee. The most important matters to this Grand Lodge contained in these communications are already extracted, and made known by the Grand Secretary in his different reports at the present session of the Grand Lodge. We cannot, however, avoid expressing our gratification at the interesting fact, which is apparent throughout these communications, that the progress of our institution is once more onward and prosperous.

The following resolution was proposed by the W. Brother Boyd, and unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That a committee of five be appointed to ascertain where, and at what price, a site can be obtained for a Masonic Hall, and a plan for the same, estimates for building, and recommend a plan for raising money to pay for the same, and report to this Grand Lodge at the next Annual Communication.

Worshipful Brothers R. R. Boyd, Waring, Herring, Jarvis and Pennell, were nominated by the chair, and confirmed by the Grand Lodge. The Rt. Worshipful Deputy Grand Master and Senior Grand Warden were added to the committee.

HISTORICAL.

From the Knickerbocker of August.

N A P O L E O N.—BY BROUGHAM.

The superb English edition of the second series of the LORD BROUGHAM'S Historical Sketches reaches the country, and our round table, at too late an hour for an elaborate or adequate review. We cannot, however, forbear to say, that we have read the volume through, with an enhancement of the pleasure which the first series afforded us. The sketches of the present division are twenty in number, and include those of WASHINGTON, LAFAYETTE, NAPOLEON, TALLEYRAND, the MIRABEAU family, etc. We had marked for insertion the sketches of NAPOLEON and WASHINGTON, which are admirable considered in contrast; but our limited space compels us to forego their insertion, and to content ourselves with a passage or two from the paper upon the character of the great general:

"When the fortunes of war proved adverse, the resources of his mind were only drawn forth in the more ample profusion. * * Let us not forget that the grand error of his whole career, the mighty expedition to Moscow, was a political error only. The vast preparation for that campaign; the combination by which he collected, and marshalled, and moved this prodigious and various force, like a single corps, or a domestic animal, or a lifeless instrument in his hand, displayed, in the highest degree, the great genius for arrangement and for action with which he was endowed, and his prodigious effort to regain the ground which the disasters of that campaign rescued from his grasp, were only not successful, because no human power could in a month create an army of cavalry, nor a word of command give to recruits the discipline of veterans. In the history of war, it is assuredly only Hannibal who can be compared with him. His course of victory had been for twelve years uninterrupted. The resources of France had been poured out without stint at his command. The destruction of her liberties had not relaxed the martial propensities of her people, nor thinned the multitude that poured out their blood under his banner. The Conscription worked as great miracles as the Republic. The countless hosts which France poured forth, were led by this consummate warrior over all Italy, Spain, Germany; half the ancient thrones of Europe were subverted, the capitals of half her power occupied in succession; and a monarchy was established, which the existence of England and of Russia alone prevented from being universal.

But the vaulting ambition of the great conqueror at last overshot itself. After his most arduous and perhaps most triumphant campaign, undertaken with a profusion of military resources unexampled in the annals of war, the ancient capitals of the Russian empire was in

his hands; yet, from the refusal of the enemy to make peace, and the sterility of the vast surrounding country, the contest was bootless to his purpose. He had collected the mightiest army that the world ever saw; from all parts of the continent he gathered his forces; every diversity of blood, and complexion, and tongue, and garb, and weapon shone along his line; the resources of whole provinces moved through the kingdoms which his arms held in awe; the artillery of whole citadels traversed the fields; the cattle on a thousand hills were made the food of the myriads whom he poured into the plains of Eastern Europe, where blood flowed in rivers, and the earth was whitened with men's bones. But this gigantic enterprise, uniformly successful, was found to have no object, when it had no longer an enemy to overcome, and the victor in vain sued to the vanquished for peace. The conflagration of Moscow in one night began his discomfiture, which the frost of another night completed. Upon the pomp and circumstance of unnumbered warriors—their cavalry, their guns, their magazines, their equipage—descended slowly, flake by flake, the snow of a northern night. The hopes of Napoleon were blighted; the retreat of his armament was cut off; and his doom sealed far more irreversibly than if the conqueror of an hundred fields had been overthrown in battle, and made captive with half his force. All his subsequent effort to regain the power he had lost, never succeeded in countervailing the effect of that Russian night. The fire of his genius burned, if possible, brighter than ever. In two campaigns, his efforts were more than human, his resources more miraculous than before, his valor more worthy of the prize he played for. But all was vain. His weapon was no longer in his hand; his army was gone; and his adversaries, no more quailing under the feeling of his superior nature, had discovered him to beincible, like themselves, and grew bold in their turn.

[After a brief consideration of his system of military tactics, and his extension and improvement of the plans of Frederick the Great, Mr. Brougham proceeds:]

"No man ever could bring such bodies into the field; none provide by combined operations for their support; none move such masses from various quarters upon one point; none manœuvre at one fight the thousands whom he had assembled, change his operations as the fate of the hour or the moment required, and tell with such absolute certainty the effects of each movement. He had all the knowledge in minute detail which the art of war requires; he had a perfectly accurate appreciation of what men, and horses, and guns could do; his memory told him, and in an instant, where each corps, each regiment each gun was situated, both in peace and war, and in what condition almost each company of his vast force was at any moment. Then possessed the intuitive knowledge of his enemy's state, and movements, and plans; so nicely could he unravel all conflicting accounts, and decide at once, as by intuition, which was true. In the field his eye for positions, distances, elevations, numbers, was quick, and it was infallible."

* * "Lying under some cover in fire, he would remain for an hour or two, receiving reports and issuing his orders, sometimes with a plan before him, sometimes with the face of the ground in his mind only. There he is, with his watch in one hand, while the other moves constantly from his pocket, where his snuff box, or rather his snuff, lies. An aid-de-camp arrives, tells of a movement, answers shortly some questions rapidly, perhaps impatiently put, is despatched with the other that is to solve the difficulty of some general of division. Another is ordered to attend, and sent off with directions to make some distant corps support an operation. The watch is again consulted; more impatient symptoms; the name of some one aid-de-camp is constantly pronounced: question after question is put, whether any one is coming from a certain quarter; an event is expected; it ought to have happened. At length the wished for messenger arrives: *Ph bien!—Qu'a-ton fait la bas?* *La hauteur est gagnée; le maréchal est là.* *Qu'il tienne ferme: pas un pas de mouvement.* Another aid-de-camp is ordered to bring up the guard. *Que le maréchal avance vers la tour en défilant par sa gauche; et tout ce qui se trouve à sa droite est prisonnier.* Now the watch is consulted, and the snuff is taken no more; the battle is over, the fortune of the day is decided; the great captain indulges in pleasantries, nor doubts any more of the certainty and of the extent of his victory, than if he had already seen

is details in the bulletin." * * * "He saw as clearly and as quickly determined on his course, in government as in the field. His civil courage was more brilliant than his own or most other men's valor in battle. How ordinary a bravery it was that blazed forth at Lodi, when he headed the wavering columns across the bridge swept by the field of Austrian artillery, compassed with the undaunted and sublime courage that carried him from Cannes to Paris with a handful of men, and fired his bosom with the desire, and sustained it with confidence, of overthrowing a dynasty, and overwhelming an empire, by the terror of his name." * * * "But with these qualities which form the character held greatest by vulgar minds, the panegyric of Napoleon must close. He was a conqueror—he was a tyrant.—To gratify his ambition; to slake his thirst of power; to weary a lust of dominion which no conquest could satiate: he trampled on Liberty, when his hand might have raised her to a secure place; and he wrapt the world in flames which the blood of millions alone could quench. By these passions, a mind not originally unkind, was perverted and deformed, till human misery ceased to move it, and honesty, and truth, and pity, all sense of the duties we owe to God and to man had departed from one thus given up to a single and a selfish pursuit."

The force and beauty of these passages cannot fail to win the reader's admiration. Mr. Brougham affirms that it is equally true, that Bonaparte was kindly in his nature, and inhumanly cruel. He once saw a letter of the emperor to a favorite brother, which was replete with the tenderest affection, and in parts blotted with tears, evidently shed before the ink was dry: yet the writer could give a command, which must consign thousands to agony and death; he could direct his cavalry to press forward the foot, in a forced march, until thousands were trampled down, and miserably perished by the way; he could order an attack, with no other object than to gratify his mistress, while yet a young officer of artillery. These acts, with the death of Englien, the cruel sufferings of Wright, the mysterious end of Pichegru, the punishment of Palm, and the tortures of Toussaint, with other equally dark spots upon his fame, make us feel the full force of Mr. Brougham's transition to the character of our own Washington: 'How grateful the relief which the friend of mankind, the lover of virtue, experiences, when, turning from the contemplation of such a character, his eye rests on the greatest man of our own or any age; the only one upon whom an epithet so thoughtlessly lavished by men, to foster the crimes of their worst enemies, may be innocently and justly bestowed!'

MISCELLANY.

A POLICE SKETCH.

BY JOSEPH C. NEAL.

"It is most astonishing!" said Richard Mervyn, as he relinquished the attempt to rise from the gutter at the corner Sixth and Prune streets, it is really astonishing how soon this dreadful climate of America brings on old age. I shall never get home to write a book, but it never. Here am I six feet two, without my stockings, sprawling in a dirty republican gutter, without being able to help myself out of it. There's that lamp winking and blinking in my face, as if it wants to laugh, and would if it had a mouth; and a big brute of a dog just smelt of me to see whether I was good to eat. What a country! what gutters! and what liquor! I only took nine smallers of whiskey, and what with that and a premature old age, I verily believe I'm a gone chicken!"

Mr. Mervyn now clamored so loudly that assistance soon came.

"Silence there! what's the matter?"

"Matter yourself; I'm being done, or as some people say, I'm doing. The march of mind has tripped, and Richard Mervyn is too deep for himself. Help me out gently there. Aint I in a pretty pickle. This is what the doctors call *gutta serena*, is'n't it?"

"When I was at school, the boys would have called you gutteral."

"They would'n't have known much grammar if they did. I'm a liquid—see me drip."

"Oh, oh! said the watch, 'dont try to be funny; I know you well enough, now you've wiped your face. You are the chap that locked me up in my box once,

and when I burst open the door you knocked me heels over head and legged it."

"That's me. I did that thing. How did you like the ups and downs of public life? Is'n't variety charming?"

"If it was'n't that I am a public functionary, and mus'n't give way to my feelings, I'd crack your coco, and ease my mind by doing as I was done by. I'll make an example of you however. You're my prisoner. *Hully cooshey* to the watch'us. That's the dutch for being tucked up."

"Well give us your arm. Dont be afraid of the mud"

Gutter mud is very wholesome. Look at the pigs how fat it makes 'em, and if you like fat pork, why should'n't you like what makes pork fat? So so; steady. Now I'll tell you all about tother night. I was passing your box friendly, promiscuous sort of a way, I thought you were asleep, or had run down, and I turned the key to wind you up. If a watch aint wound up it can't either keep good time, or even go."

"Well, what else?"

"Why then I watched the box, and when you came out, I boxed the watch. That's all. It grew out of my obliging disposition."

"Ha! very obliging. Now it is my turn to wind you up, and to do it in the same way, I'll take you before the watchmaker, to be cleaned and regulated. You go to fast, but he'll put a spoke in your wheel; he'll set you by the state house and make you keep good time."

"Why watch you're a wag. Why don't you say that I was a horizontal, and you lifted me up like a patent lever? You're wide awake now; but that night you wer'n't up to trap on you would have caught me. I caught a weasle asleep that night. I put fresh salt on you for once."

To add more to his vagaries, Mervyn now refused to walk a step further; and sitting down on a step, loudly avowed his determination, declaring that his name was not Walker.

"Whether your name is Walker or not you must go."

"Not without a go cart; you cant force me to go; I am a legal tender, and you must take me. Hav'n't got an office, or at least aint I in a public situation, here on the steps, Mr. Charley Rattletraps. If I must go, it shall be on the *yankee* principle of rotation; bring me a wheel-barrow. Reform me out regularly."

Persuasion being useless, the officer procured assistance and a wheel-barrow in which Mervyn was placed. Away they went.

"So we go," said Mervyn. "Charley's making a borrow night of me. Gently over the stones. I don't like bumpers, except when I get them of porter. This is the way to Wheeling; hurrah! cart before the horse!"

When arrived at the watch house, Mervyn insisted upon being wheeled up stairs, and styled the place a BARROW nail castle.

"I'm a modest man," said he and no stainer. If I can't have a ride up I think myself entitled to a drawback."

So saying he attempted to escape but not being so nimble with his feet as with his tongue he was soon caught and lugged back, being as he said, Goldsmith's work, beautifully chased. Willing hands make short work, and therefore our unsavory punster was soon carried up aloft, and next morning sober and penitent, paid his tipsy fine and carriage hire with a doleful countenance.

A CURIOUS HISTORICAL FACT.

The first rough model of a steamboat, made by Fulton in New York, was cut out of a shingle, shaped like a mackerel, with the paddles placed further in front than behind, like the fins of a fish. The paddle-wheel had been first put in the rear on the sculling principle, but was advanced on consulting with Mr. Greenwood, the well known ingenious dentist of New York now deceased, in whose possession the model remained for many years. Old Admiral Landais, whom many of our readers recollect as the enemy of Paul Jones, was also in frequent consultation with Greenwood at the time. He recommended the paddle-wheel to be placed in the stern and to be moved by a tunnel-shaped sail, which was to catch the wind even when it blew directly ahead, and thus communicate the power by reaction to the wheel.

LABOR SAVING SOAP.

The following is a recipe for making the labor-saving soap, (so called,) which is an excellent article for wash-

ing, and a saving of labor. The recipes for making have been sold from \$5 to \$10, and the soap 7 cents per pound; but can be manufactured for about two cents. Take two pounds of sal soda, two pounds of yellow bar soap, and ten quarts of water; cut the soap in thin slices and boil all together two hours; then strain it through a cloth, let it cool, and it is fit for use. Directions for using the soap:—Put the clothes in soak the night before you wash, and to every pail of water in which you boil them, add one pound of soap. They will need no rubbing; merely rinse them out, and they will be perfectly clean and white.

IRISH HUMOR.

Darby Kelly went to confession, and having detailed his several sins of omission and commission, to which various small penalties were attached, at last came, with a groan, to the awful fact that he had stolen his neighbor Kitty Mahony's pig: a crime so heinous in the sight Father Tobin that his reverence could by no manner of means give him absolution for the same.—Darby begged, and promised, but to no effect: no penance could make atonement—no repentance could produce the effect; nothing, in short, but restitution; that is to say, to give back her own to Kitty Mahony.

But a difficulty arose, inasmuch as Darby and Darby's children had eaten up the pig. Upon which the priest waxed very wrath and threatened the rogue with evil here and a terrible destiny hereafter. "And now hear me, ye vagabond cheat," said he, "when ye go to stand yer trial, and find yerself among the goats (for sheep ye are not,) to get your sentence, there'll be two witnesses against ye—there'll be Kitty Mahony, that ye robb'd, and the pig that ye ate; and what will ye do then, ye vagabond?" "Och plaze yer riverence and is it true what you say, that Kitty Mahony herself will be there?" "She will." "And the pig I ate; will the pig be to the fore?" "He will."—"Och, thin, plaze yer riverence, if Kitty Mahony will be there, and the pig be there, what'll hinder me from saying, Kitty Mahony, bad luck to your soul *there's yer pig*." Sure won't that be restitution?"

THE UNNATURAL PARENT.

The maintenance of military fidelity and discipline seems to the present emperor of Russia an object for which all human ties may well be sacrificed. In March 1838, a woman named Maria Nikoforesco, the widow of a peasant, received a letter from her son Novik, a soldier in the stationary battalion of Tambow. In this letter the son stated that the barbarous treatment which he and others endured at the hands of the regimental officers, had driven him to the resolution of deserting from a service into which he had been forced at the first, and that in a few days after the date of his communication, he hoped to see and embrace his mother. The first thing done by the mother on receipt of this letter was to carry it to the governor of the province, who, astonished at the unnatural character of the action, sent the woman away without taking any steps in consequence of her disclosure. Some days later, the deserter arrived at the dwelling of his mother, who received him with open arms, and loaded him with caresses. But she took an opportunity immediately afterwards to go to the police-officers, to whom she delivered up the child to whom she had given birth, and whom she had nursed at her breast. Compelled by his duty, the governor addressed a detailed report of the case to the emperor. Nicholas viewed the matter differently from the governor. The autocrat issued an ukase, decreeing a silver medal to Maria Nikoforesco, with these words engraved on it, "Devoted to the Throne." This medal was to be suspended from her neck by the ribbon of the Order of St. Ann, and the woman was further secured, for the rest of her life, against the chances of want. It was moreover decreed that the circumstances of the case should be published in all the journals of the empire, that its subject might imitate this example of fidelity and devotion to the throne. The young soldier, in accordance with the military regulations of Russia, was subjected to the knout, and died under the blows. The unnatural parent wears the pride as if she had won it by the most virtuous action.

A tea spoonful of finely powdered charcoal, drank in a half a tumbler of water, will in less than fifteen minutes give relief to the sick head ache, when caused by a sour stomach.

POPULAR TALES.

For the American Masonic Register and Literary Companion.
A TALE OF SLANDER.

There is perhaps no vice so much tolerated in society at the same time so deleterious in its effects as evil speaking. It is confined to no class of community; the high, the low, the rich, the poor, the old and young are alike its victims.

"Good morning," Mrs. Adams, I hope you will excuse my troubling you so early, I have called to enquire concerning Mary Munson, she informs me that she has been living with you the past three months, and if you can give her a character, I shall be glad to take her into my employ.

"Why, as to character, I suppose she is well enough, but she is a perfect drone, and there is no keeping one's patience when she is about the house, besides she is so untidy that I was obliged to dismiss her. I felt sorry for the child, and bore with her as long as I could; but she is a very artful girl, and one consideration that weighed more especially, with me, was a certain turn of mind that I have recently discovered in her that does not promise very fair. You know Mary is rather pretty, and the truth is I did not choose to expose my son, who is but two years older than herself, to her fascinating lures, you know Mrs. Smith, it becomes a mother to be prudent."

"It does indeed," but really I am shocked, that one so young and lovely in appearance, should indicate a disposition so far from amiable; for certainly I felt quite an interest in the child. She does not appear to be more than 16 years of age. "I am sorry that any thing I have said, should diminish your interest in her, and wish I could recall it; but I should not like to be deceived myself, and to tell the truth, I much feared her influence on my Caroline, for, although I should not permit Caroline to associate with a servant, yet she was necessarily thrown frequently into her presence, and the unhappy effect was already obvious. For myself, although it was very painful to my feelings, and an entire violation of the sympathies of my nature, I feel that in the removal of that girl from my family, a heavy load is removed from my spirit. It is true, since she left, I have missed several articles of value from the house, but I do not accuse her, and yet I know of no other person who could have taken them."

"O well, it is most fortunate, that I called on you, for I had thought seriously of receiving her into my family as a companion, for Louisa; but if there are such dark traits in her character, it will never do."

"Oh, now Mrs. Smith, do not let any thing that I have said, hinder your generosity. It is true these things look dark, and I have not told you half, but you might reform her perhaps."

"Ah there is little hope of that; when one so young indicates that vice is germinating in her bosom, the chance of reform is very small. No, I must not permit my sympathy to warp my judgment; and yet her poor mother, I feel for her."

"Her mother's case is indeed pitiable, but still I am told she has brought her affliction upon herself, by her pride, and imprudence; though even that, should not close our hearts to pity, yet one feels more free to exercise charity when the object is worthy. But pray Mrs. Smith how come you to know any thing of Mary?"

"I have heard her spoken of with interest by both my son, and daughter; and she called on me last week to obtain a situation as domestic."

"Is it possible! Ah! I understand it now; your son George noticed her when here, and now she wishes to place herself in his way. Take my word for it, Mrs. Smith, Mary Munson is a dangerous girl to adopt into your family. I know your generous heart, would be too easily duped by that artful girl, but I have said enough to put you on your guard, if you have the interest of your children, especially your son, at heart."

The persons we have thus unceremoniously introduced to our readers, were as opposite in their dispositions, as can well be imagined. The one a widow, generous almost to a fault, but weak, and unsuspecting. Her family consisted of herself, a son at the age of twenty years, and a daughter of 16. The other lady was an artful designing woman whose husband followed the sea. She has already been intimated, had a son aged 18, and a daughter, 1 year older. But who

was Mary Munson. She was a distant relative of Mrs. A——, and indeed a child of sorrow. Her father, though once respectable had quaffed from the inebriating cup, and sank into an abyss, shame and misery, and his amiable wife and lovely daughter, were now reaping the fruits of his departure from the paths of virtue.

Mary, besides all her other misfortunes, was the victim of detraction and envy. She had at first (as a very great favour) been received into the family of Mrs. Adams, in the capacity of seamstress, and by this means she became acquainted with many who frequented Mrs. A——'s house; and among others, Mr. George Smith, the son of the lady first introduced.—This young gentleman called at first from mere etiquette to see Miss Adams, but attracted by the superior charms of Mary, had become a frequent visitor; a circumstance of no little importance to an ambitious, and designing mother. And when she first perceived his partiality to Mary, she resolved to take measures to prevent their farther intercourse, and accordingly degraded her to the capacity of a common servant, and subsequently discharged her entirely. Mary had learned that Mrs. Smith was in need of help, and applied for a situation; but was entirely ignorant of the relation existing between that lady, and George.

My, my dear, hand me a glass of water, I feel as if the struggle will soon be over. I soon shall be where I shall no more say, I thirst, and you my daughter will be an orphan indeed, but I feel assured that you will find friends. He that feeds the ravens, and clothes the lilies will feed and clothe my poor deserted child, yes, deserted by him who should have been my stay, and thine. These words were uttered by an emaciated female, who was struggling with the King of Terrors, on a bed of straw, in a lowly cabin. It was evidently the abode of poverty, and yet neatness pervaded the whole apartment. The dying female was Mary's mother, and Mary was her only nurse. The damp of death was standing on her brow. Mary, she exclaimed, I shall not see your father more, but he will doubtless return, before the grave shall close over my poor body. Yes, he will have sober moments ere that, and then, my daughter promise to deliver to him my dying message.

[To be continued.]

From Denton's Miscellany.
THE FATHER.

THE interest of the following narrative (if interest it possess) is founded on the parental affection. To many the degree of it therein portrayed may appear morbid; but to those I would submit a few remarks on children considered as a great class of society, not as embryo elements of it—mere things of promise and present pastime. In pleasantry we may designate them as a happy little people, who have no need of laws, pains, and punishments, among them; but when we seriously reflect on the corrupting and hardening effect on our hearts of worldly pursuits and collision with our fellow-men, and then turn to these innocent beings, happy by unerring instinct only, not through false views, or vicious aims, or the sufferings of others; when we grasp the little hand put artlessly into ours, when we look into the fair countenance, and say, "Here is the hand that never did offence, the eye that never looked it, the mind that never thought less innocently than the spirits of heaven!"—I say, when wearied with our worldly conflict, we turn into our domestic circle, and thus muse over these, its purest ornaments, are we not justified in regarding children as a most important body? as a sort of link between our polluted degenerate selves, and that primeval innocence, of which we have on earth no representative or image left, but "little children?" Surely it is something to enjoy daily so beautiful, so pure a spectacle, as a multitude of creatures of our own nature, without a speck of that defilement incident to all adult nature; creatures which realize all the ideas we can form of life in heaven,—of the society of angels.

I cannot but think that this constant presence of human nature, pure and happy, of simple and innocent enjoyment, exerts a great, though little noticed influence on this whole great fighting family of man; and that each member of it foregoes somewhat of his selfishness, abates something of his fury, after every such contemplation of something happier than himself, which never yet regarded self, never was infuriated by passions. No wonder that the greatest of men have mostly evinced a passionate fondness for children; nei-

ther is it surprising that in some persons, not otherwise of weak character, such fondness should even rise to excess. In our mourning over a lost child the very sources of our comfort bear in them an embittering venom for our grief. The same purity of soul which assures us of its acceptance into the bosom of God, also renders the memory of its vanished prettiness and graces more intolerable by the exemption of every even the least drawback on our love, from failings or of sense. To the busy world what indeed, is the death of a child? It forwarded—it retarded no human aim; stood an insignificant little alien by the side of the mighty dusty arena of life. Not so to the parent;—it him its smile and play were the invigorating spirit that nerved him in the conflict; and the very apathy of the whole world beside, its utter want of sympathy with him in his (to their feeling) trifling loss, becomes itself an added source of poignant, lonely, heart-consuming misery.

I was requested by a middle aged farmer to visit his only son, and set out with him on a ride of nine miles to his mountain home. As a specimen of a numerous class of the aborigines of Wales and the most estimable class—the secluded breeders of sheep and cattle—must briefly sketch my fellow traveller. His manner was so reserved as to border on sullenness, until intercourse had dispelled its coldness. He wore a grey coat (of home dressed wool) of a coarse texture, and a shapeless straw hat; there was an air of negligence about his personal appearance, which betokened habits of solitary life; the moss from the bark of trees had greened his dress in many places but being a man of tall and fine person, and his behaviour indicating education above that of a labouring rustic, his whole appearance was not without a homely dignity, primitive though rather grotesque. There is a pensiveness of look and tone in the more secluded Welsh farmers, almost touching, produced, no doubt, by the solitude in which much of their lives is spent, as well as by the character of their native land. Many of the sequestered Welsh homes have something of the solemnity of a church in their grey antiquity, howered by huge trees, in the depths of dingles, shut up by mountains so nearly meeting as to almost bulge over the roof of deep thatch. Owls hooting by night from one wild barrier ridge to the other across these ravines roaring with waterfalls at a little distance, among huge mishapen rocks; and the plover (the bird of ill omen to the Welsh) shrieking from the fern in the still noon, and the wren from the hills' stone tops; the mournful morass, with its black bogs an ever-whistling wind, which beyond those tops cuts off communication with the world to all but resolute hill-climbers—all these cannot fail, while thus surrounding the native almost from birth to burial, to exert a plastic influence on the mind and character of man.

It was to such a home that my master-shepherd, I shall call him, at last introduced me, after a long descent down a watercourse, called by courtesy a road.—The short dialogue which passed between us prior to our arrival bring the reader acquainted with David Beynon, the hereditary owner of Llandefelach.

"You are a widower, I believe, David?" I remarked (In rural Wales we exclude the "sir," and the surname, and the "mister," so frequent in Saxo usage.)

"Why, no; but much the same thing. My wife is alive; but her brother and I were on bad terms before our marriage, and worse after; this led to quarrelling which always made things worse, so we parted. There we had a great dispute about which should have the little Peter. We could not both have him, and I could not part with him, and would not. I have no relation left, she has many; so I thought she could better spare him than I could. So I have been both father and mother to him; always in my lap, in my arms, and in my bed; abroad with me up the hill with the sheep, and in the snow he would toddle after me."

"Is your wife still desirous to have him with her?" I inquired.

"Furious about him still, I hear. I should be sorry for her, but I do hear that she finds a comforter in a fellow who courted her before we were married. I've had thoughts of our coming together again, for little Peter's sake, in case I should die, that he might not have in a mother a stranger to go to; but, since I hear that, I've done with her."

On reaching the antique home I found a very sweet little boy, sensible, pale, patient, stretched on what appeared—from the dangerous state of typhus-fever u-

der which he was suffering—too likely to prove his death bed.

Of terrible and overwhelming evils the mind does not readily admit the probability; but, when this happy incredulity is once overcome by evidence the transition to absolute despair is rapid, and equally unreasonable with the previous obstinacy of hope. Hence it was that, no sooner had I signified to David that his child was in great danger, than his eyes rolled and dilated as if under some astonishing news, and a wild dismay marked his whole countenance. He stood a minute statue-like; asked again if I meant that his child was actually likely to die, and, without waiting reply, burst forth, "O my God! my God! what shall I do?"—then ran to his child as if he had but a minute more to see him alive, hung over him in dumb agony, and at last vented his agony in a womanlike flood of tears.

Afraid to flatter him with hope, I said something commonplace of his having surely known that his child was mortal.

"Mortal!" he exclaimed; "why, ay; and so am I too, thanks to God! for how could I bear to live without him now? A patient sensible boy! a good boy and a fond! So fond of me, a rough man, just as if I had been his own soft mother! Oh! sir, what avails it now! Now I wish to God he had been less good, less fond.—I wish I could remember one fault he had; for now every pretty look of his up into my face, and all his pretty ways, do every one come back like a knife at my heart, now that I think I shall never see him more. Oh! doctor, bear with me; I am a lone man, and there's no one in my house that is a father but I! No one to feel with me, or for me!"

On my second visit, delirium had supervened in my little patient. The first indication of wandering intellect in beloved object is, to even the best-regulated mind, dreadful; but to our extravagant recluse it was a gorgon that almost produced a kindred reeling of the mind to that visible in the object he so doted on.

The boy fancied himself on the hill side with the sheep, and the affrighted father tried almost angrily to convince him of the delusion, as if he would steady and hold back by force that reason which he saw departing—that mind of precocious power of which he had been so proud, now wandering and groping in the shadows of a night too likely to prove eternal. A pretty, but vacant smile only answered to the agonised and eager words of the parent thus striving against nature; but once his hollow horror of voice and accent seemed to rouse the sufferer; for he feebly tried to raise his arm as if to wipe away the tears he saw streaming from his father's eyes, and by that pathetic and pretty action brought many more.

Day after day did this impassioned parent sit sleepless, wan, and without food, holding that small hand, and counting the beats of that frightful pulse, watching every turn of those half-extinguished eyes, whose light had been the very light of life to him.

Had David been less beloved by his farm servants every duty would have been neglected by them as was every avocation by himself, but that of a nurse; for, taking no longer interest in anything beyond that little bed, he was grown impatient of their attention to even the most needful calls of daily duty. He seemed to fancy that the aid of every hand and every mind was demanded, in that fearful crisis, on which depended his own future doom: of deadly sorrow or restoration to happiness; he was enraged by the presence of mind in others which could any longer recollect milking-time and folding-time, could still hear the cows lowing to be milked at the door, the sheep needing penning down in the valley of the brook; it almost seemed as if a slight and a cruelty to his darling, to attend to those things, to regard the future or the present, or anything but the moaning and the tossing of that dear sufferer—for any eye, or heart, or hand, to watch, and tend, and tremble and ache with a less fearful anxiety than his own.

After all this storm of distress in the house of Ilan-dafelach, and the *cwm* of the Glasnant, the great pleasure of seeing the restored child and his mother on the sunny sod slanting down to the foot of the hill, fringed with cowslips and hibernals; the former nearly well and quite happy, surrounded with almost a toy-shop: the various toys procured from a distant town, his promised reward of good conduct in taking the requisite remedies.

Again I visited that valley and spot. I saw the father with folded arms walking thoughtfully, rather sullenly on by himself, and little Peter calling after him to

stop for him, he being still to feeble too hasten much.—

The father stopped at last; but rather, I thought, as if ashamed that I should see his inattention to the boy, than moved by his eager and half-reproachful call. Never shall I forget the then inexplicable fall and change of that man's countenance as it met mine, as he paused, perplexed between reluctance to indulge his child with the usual "jump" as he begged to be "carried," and his shame under my observation of his altered manner toward him—how altered!—and the child more beautiful than ever! for the paleness left by illness harmonised with a certain amiability and gentleness, the fruits, perhaps of a half-developed superior mind, which my small patient exhibited.

"What has my little friend here done, David?" I inquired. "Nothing very bad,"—and the blue and speaking eyes of Peter, suffused each with a tear, seconded my question, earnestly gazing up at the rather stern and deeply sorrowful face of the father.

"Done! God bless thee, boy, nothing—nothing! He has done nothing, sir—as good a child as ever—" The child, delighted, mounted a little bank of wild thyme, ready for a spring into his arms, of which the unaccountable man, after half-extending his arms to his pretty supplicant, disappointed him, letting them slowly fall to his sides, and muttering, "Poor little fellow!—poor little wretch!" Then he seated himself on the ground in strange absence of mind, as if forgetting me, his child, everything.

"I should have thought, David, your heart would have bled to draw tears from those beautiful eyes," and I tried to console him by my kiss and a present, for the want of his father's.

Suddenly the latter sprang up out of his disconsolate reverie, and he broke forth in a hollow voice of frightful energy.

"Does not my heart bleed then? Have I shed no tears? Sir, for every tear that my cruelty draws from his, mine shed hundreds—in the night, sir,—in the dead of night,—*lonely*—long and lonely nights! He is no longer my little bedfellow now: oh! no more now—never more! If ever agony did force blood from a wretch's eyes, I have wept blood!"

While he raved thus, his large melancholy eyes were fixed on the brook; he seemed to be rather in a passionate soliloquy than addressing me, although answering me; and after apause, he wept and trembled like an infant, adding in a quieter tone, "Would to God we had again one bed, even this earth! one grave, one death-hour, to lie shrouded by shroud, as hand in hand we used to sleep sweetly! O my boy!—my boy! I had been happy to see you die a few short weeks ago to suck in death from thy poor black lips, and lay me down for ever by thy side—oh! yes, *then*, while I could have said, 'Farewell, my boy!' But now—oh! now—" He broke off there, and fixed a stern, yet, I thought, a sort of shamefaced look on me, and recalled by my presence, as it seemed, to more self-recollection, he started, and exclaimed—"How I have been talking to you, a stranger!"

But lest this change in our master-shepherd should be as bewildering to the reader as it then was to me, let me briefly supply the explanation.

During the boy's convalescence, David, in his fullness of joy, had invited the mother to visit their child. After a sort of reconciliation, the old source of contention (the question with which parent he should live) produced a fresh quarrel. It had happened that Peter was a seven months' child, without very manifest signs of such prematurity. The malignity of Mrs. Beynon's brother, a brutal sort of grazier and drover, had led him to goad his enemy. David, by taunts, at the expense of his sister's character: in short, he had insinuated that the real father of the child was the man who (as David Beynon told me) had wooed her prior to her marriage. At this fatal interview, that unhappy mother, either wishing to estrange her husband from Peter, and so effect her object, or urged by mere fury of revenge, forgot decency and herself, and her son's welfare, so far as to avow the truth of this scandal raised by her brother. To prove to the selfish father, who had engrossed to himself their common object of love, that it was in fact hers, and hers only, so that he had been hugging to his heart his bane and his dishonour in what he deemed his pride and blessing. This was a tempting species of revenge, too sweet and keen in point for her mood of the moment to resist. David, breaking up the interview with terrible curses on her head, from that moment never looked into those sweet

and innocent eyes, without seeing there the image of that man's countenance, who he believed had wronged him. Those pretty orbs, into which he had rarely looked without an impulse to implant kisses on both, were now become inhabited by a smiling devil—a face that seemed to leer upon him, as the fool and dotard who had fostered another's offspring for his own.—That man's eyes, too, were blue; Peter's were of a lovely blue. The mother's eyes were, indeed, of that colour; but David could and would no longer see that mother's eyes in those; for, "Trifles light as air," &c.

[CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

EDUCATION.

For the American Masonic Register and Literary Companion.
FRIVOLITIES OF FEMALE EDUCATION.

BY TRIPTOLOMOUS TINDALL, E. E.

Mr. Editor:—Having been notified but a little time before the publication of your first number, that I was to occupy one or more of its columns, I am unable to present you with any thing of a more serious nature than the trifling accomplishments of modern female seminaries. My mind has for a long time been directed towards their exposure, but to my own discredit I have desisted from so doing through popularity as well as the fear of giving offence. In the course of my remarks, I should elicit a smile from any class of my readers, I shall feel my self abundantly rewarded for my humble effort. It is preposterous for you or I, Mr. Editor, to talk of moral courage in exposing the follies of the age, when it is well known that in most instances *moral courage* is nothing more than a recklessness of character, and all rules of propriety. The only way then for you and I to get along, is to flatter ourselves we are an exception. So much for an exordium.

The extensive evil to which I refer is, the decided preference for flimsy, airy, trifling and unprofitable acquisitions. Why is the female sex (and I might with equal propriety add the greater part of the male) palmed off with these nonentities from which they reap no solid profit, no real advantage? Is it because they are deficient in faculties for nobler acquisitions?—is it exclusively their sphere? From whence then was this over-weening system of education derived?—certainly not from reason nor revelation. Are they ornaments to the sex which must surely win the admiration and respect of man? are they worthy of a mind that acknowledges its emanation from the Maker of the universe? All reason cries out, No! I admit there is no necessity of their penetrating into the labyrinths of abstruse sciences, and poring over hair breadth distinctions in theology law, and metaphysics; but I cannot coincide with the over-benevolent philanthropists who have allotted to them the contracted circle in which they now move. It is really amusing to behold the brazen faced coquette strut with the dignity of an empress over the floor of a ball-room, as though the hearts of all the love-stricken swains were entangled in her nets dexterously woven with sighs, and darts, and flames, and cupid. It is equally amusing to behold the simpering Miss perched aloft in the private box of a theatre entertaining the mob below with a little graceful terror, delightful screams, charming attitudes, the very best convulsions, and the latest mode of fainting beautifully. The fashionable system of education contains all this, and even more that is positively full as ridiculous. Her mind actually soars no higher than the plume that waves over her head, nor has it half the stability of the fan over which her eyes peep laughingly. How much more amiable, how much more lovely, how much nearer would she approach the end for which she was created, if, instead of decorating her face with carmine, cold cream, pearl powder, or the bloom of oriental lilies, she would decorate her mind, and by continually improving it, extend wide and wider an influence that will not only elevate her but the whole human race. Why then, with these things before them, do they not break out from this narrow circle, and

"Through learning, and through fancy take
Their flight sublime; and on the loftiest top
Of Fame's dread mountain set."

Ah! it is because they indulge the soothing mistake, that every one of these high-life accomplishments are so many checks to draw upon the esteem and devotion of man. When they present them they are mortified to

find that they are checks forged by the hand of vanity. Not fitted to master the solid branches! the daughters of England have wiped away this foul stain from the character of their sex. The giant mind of Mrs. Somerville has grasped the shining heavens, walked through the boundless realms of space as though it were an old acquaintance, and then come to earth and told the wondering people the mysteries of the solar system.—Have the immortal names of More, Hemans, Opie, Montague, Taylor, and a thousand others, lost that magic spell which once they flung around our minds?—Shame on the men who cannot elevate themselves without depressing the character of the females! It is not fair to conclude that nature has weakened them in mental powers because she has in physical. No man of sense will suffer jealousy to warp his judgment so much as to draw such an unfair inference. I hope ere long we shall see the day when the women of our land shall champion to literary combat the greatest sages we can boast—when

"Justice untaught shall poise the impartial scales,
And every curious eye may mark the beam."

Females that are brought up according to the fashionable boarding school system, I acknowledge are worth nothing to the world—and why? because they are taught those things which serve only to while away a leisure hour, and not to improve the mind. They can twirl a fan to perfection, hold an opera-glass delicately, smile prettily, and ogle a lover in the latest Parisian style; or perhaps they can affect a distortion of the face even with the heavy weight of a novel in their hands heave an affected sigh, gently languish into a fashionable posture and simper about cosmetics, rouge, the last romance, Mrs. Fanciful's new ribbons, Mrs. Gadabout's scandal, or Mrs. Muslin's new French silks and laces. Oh! how much beneath the dignity of a human being! how it degrades the mind! how it sinks the soul into the mire of corruption! The very stones of the street cry out, *shame! shame!* Had I the power, I would write the well known words of Virgil over the door of every boarding school, and they should be addressed only to these falsely named accomplishments:

Procul, O! procul este profani,
Condamat vates, totoque abstinete loco;

And I would write over the door of every private dwelling in characters that could not be mistaken:

Cautus adito meo desis operae

The music of the churn, the herculean wield of the mop, and the rattling of dishes, are far nobler employments for a young lady, than kicking up her heels to the sound of the merry viol, murdering the French language, or thrumming on the piano. No one is born to gratify himself in the world's foolish whimsicalities; but to improve the mind and heart, and thus elevate mankind. I knew a young Miss who had studied the French almost all her life, and had just put the finish upon her education by taking a diploma at one of our fashionable seminaries; this same young lady to the mortification of every one of her acquaintances could not put three English sentences together grammatically. You ask her where the Hudson and Connecticut rivers rise, and she would be just as likely tell you in the Allegany mountains as any where else. She would tell you with great candor, that Shakspeare's dramas were written by John Bunyan, and Paradise Lost by Peter Pindar. It is this mind deteriorating fashion, it is this perverted taste, which, "like a worm in the bud," nips talent in embryo, and destroys even moral worth. Men of sense look not upon these superficial things which are falsely named ornaments with any sort of pleasure. If they were to select a partner for life I do not doubt but that these non-essentials would be thrown entirely in the back ground. Then, where, I ask, is the superiority of all these gewgaws, this filmy cobweb business, to such knowledge as will best subserve the duties of life, and spread happiness through the domestic circle? I answer, No where.

RETENTIVE MEMORY.

The historian, Fuller, in 1607, had a most retentive memory; he could repeat 500 strange, unconnected words, after twice hearing them; and a sermon verbatim, after reading it once. He undertook, after passing from Temple Bar to the farthest part of Cheap-side and back again, to mention all the signs over the shops on both sides of the streets, repeated them backwards and forwards, and performed the task with great exactness.

SATIRE.

For the American Masonic Register and Literary Companion. NOTES ON A HAND ORGAN.

"Hark! how it sweeps away,
Searing and dying on the silent sky,
As if some spirit of sound went wandering by."

What an exquisite sense of enjoyment is awakened by the tones of the Hand Organ. I speak from experience most musical reader, for in order frequently to enjoy the rapturous sensations which this instrument never fails to excite, I have taken up my residence very near a public spirited individual who is altogether untrammelled by fashion, and above the opinions of the world. One who deserves a niche in the temple of fame were it only as a reward for his herculean labours in the cause of musical science; but alas! his efforts are not appreciated or his motives misconstrued, for I understand some of the Goths in our immediate neighborhood have even presented his soft toned harmonious instrument as a public nuisance! and for no better reason than that it "discourses most eloquent music" "from night till morn, from morn till dewey eve"—But he has the sympathy of all who have souls for "melting melody," and as an admirer of genius I would say to him persevere in your efforts to reform the world. Fear not opposition, all great men have their calumniators and detractors, and how can you expect to escape? Persevere, and depend upon it your efforts will one day be crowned with success and you shall receive a suitable reward. How some men can be so utterly devoid of taste and feeling as to prefer the thrumming of a piano-forte to the delicious notes of a Hand Organ, I cannot imagine. I am sure had the latter instrument been known in the days of Saul, David would have used it to charm away the evil spirit; for I verily believe no other so powerfully affects the feelings of men, or exercises a greater influence in controlling their actions. There is music and melody in its every note. Talk to me of the music of the spheres, of Madame Caradori's street warblings, or the rich thrilling cadences of Miss Shirreff—tell me of music in the woods, of bees and birds, of whispering leaves and murmuring brooks, or the hum of the tiny cascade.—There is naught to me so sweetly musical as the tones of that old Hand Organ; and this is the instrument so much neglected! It excites my indignation to see those so far inferior, Piano, Guitar, the Violin or the Flute receiving the approbation of all, usurping the place of my favorite. I shall arrive at the very modest conclusion that I am the only man of judgment and taste in the world, from observing the contempt which most people affect towards so delicately toned an instrument as the Hand Organ. But it is the fashion now-a-days to allow one's self to be tortured an hour or so by the vile sounds produced by a disciple of Paganini, or an amateur on the Piano, nor is this all, we must express our thanks for the gratification we have experienced and applaud! Alas! how seldom can we truly admire instruments whose effects upon the listener depend altogether upon the skill and talents of the performer. Oftener to my ear there is more music in the dying plaint of a plover. Never do our souls overflow with melody as when listening to the soft notes of the Hand Organ, till we exclaim with the poet.

"My soul would drink those echoes. Oh that I were
The voiceless spirit of a lovely sound
A living voice, a breathing harmony,
A bodiless enjoyment—born and dying
With the blest tone that made me!"

Yes give me the Organ, its tones are ever grateful.—Often when my spirit has been vexed and saddened by the strifes and cares of the world, I have shunned the busy crowd whose search is gain, or the thoughtless throngs in vain pursuit of pleasure, and sought my room, there to be soothed and calmed by its dulcet strains, and in the long calm quiet summer eve, "when twilight's soft dews steal o'er the scene" and golden clouds were floating in ether, and the breeze gently fans my feverish brow, I have sat at an open window and listened until I could say

"My spirit soars
Beyond the clouds, and leaves the stars behind.
Let angels lead me to the happy shores
And floating paeans fill the buoyant amid."

Then melancholy is forgotten, and sorrow melts away—I have heard its melody amid the howling of the wintry blast, and felt its influence, when

"So ravishingly soft upon the tide
Of the infuriate gust it did career
It might have soothed its rugged character
And snuck him to a seaphyr."

W. B.

AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER.

ALBANY, SATURDAY AUGUST 31, 1839.

*. In order to complete the arrangements we have in view, in relation to our paper, we shall be compelled to omit one publication. After this, the paper will be issued regularly each Saturday.

OURSELVES.

Custom, before whose shrine all must imperiously bow, makes a seeming necessity for every editor on assuming the charge of a public Journal, to express the views which is to govern him in its conduct.

At the present moment, we believe, there is not a Journal published and devoted in whole or in part to the Masonic Cause, in all America.

The causes which have produced this state of things, are still fresh in the minds of all, and it is not our intention now to call up reminiscences, that are painful to every true mason, no further than is necessary for the attainment of our present purpose. We shall not disguise our belief in the fact that a man by the name of Morgan was carried off clandestinely by a few misguided men, who belonged to the institution of Masonry, and whose subsequent fate is and probably will forever remain in doubt. That Morgan was among the most worthless, is fully demonstrated by his acknowledged perfidy and dishonor: for by a parity of reasoning, the more truth there was in his book, the greater villain he. Every honorable man, whatever his political or abstract views of the institution of Masonry, might have been, we believe entertained the same feeling of disgust at his sordid baseness. But enough of him. The act was done. The moral sense of an indignant community was justly aroused, and had this moral feeling not been diverted from its legitimate channel, by being used for unhallowed purposes, the entire body of Masons would have sought to wipe the stain from them, by uniting in ferretting out the guilty and bringing them to justice. But when the occasion was made use of as an engine of political power—when every mason was anathematized and declared a murderer,—when the endearments of the fireside afforded no protection to honest opinion, and the ministers to our holy altars were torn from their flocks, by the ruthless hands of a morbid fanaticism as revolting as the scenes of Salem, then did Anti-Masonry smite Masonry to the wall, and make every true brother a Champion in its defence. Human nature is weak, and there is a point beyond which endurance ceases to be a virtue. The goaded ox will turn on his master. So with the thousand "justifications" of the act alleged against Masons who were irritated into passionate exclamations, which were sent forth to the world as "Masonic combinations". An illustration will not be amiss. An aged, respectable, and (heretofore) intelligent friend, a man of influence in this city, who professed to believe in the benign influence of a Savior's love, in conversing with us one evening on the subject of masonry, said that his "last prayer would be, that he could be endowed with power to bring the head of every adhering Royal Arch Mason to the block!!!" It was this spirit that Masonry contended against, and which may in some instances have awakened a sympathy. But that the great Body of Masons, ever countenanced or sought to screen the guilty, is untrue.

But we turn from the past, to the future, the Anti-Masonic party, as an organized body has ceased to exist, and having expressed our views of it, we feel disposed to let it rest, our object is not controversial. From early life, we have been enthusiastically attached to the order; and if we can convince any honest opponent to the principles of the Institution, that "we profess what is good, and mean to live agreeable to our professions," we shall have gained the point we aim at.

Our readers will perceive that our paper is not to be

entirely devoted to Masonry. A valuable miscellaneous correspondence is promised us, and this with the best periodicals, which we intend to place within our reach, will, we hope give us a favorable reception with our friends and the public at large.

It is perhaps unnecessary to add, that our columns will have nothing to do with the political strife of the day.

LIKENESS PAINTING.—It is a little singular that a city affluent as ours, should be so far behind its neighbors in the patronage of the fine arts. While New York, Boston and Philadelphia, sustain academies and galleries for the exhibition and culture of painting sculpture and architecture, Albany is without a vestige of such an institution. This fact cannot arise from a lack of wealth—from a lack of taste it certainly does not. Yet there is an utter and almost a culpable indifference paid to these elegant pursuits. However, we have not been behind in given the world those who have excelled in art. The works of Ames and Page, are known and admired from one end of the union to the other. But the question is—who fostered, who reared them? Had not other than our city interfered in their favor, they might, doubtless would, still have been esteemed as respectable citizens, although in all probability quite as obscure as respectable. To add to these, we have now among us a Freeman and a Fink—young, talented, ambitious—who would give credit to any city. With them it is not so much the want of occupation, as that of the right kind. Portraiture is the only painting marketable, that only as far as likeness is considered. An idea of a picture seems never to present itself. The “ladder of Fame” is not upon such material very often ascended. Besides there is nothing an aspirant so abhors, as the mere compliment that his picture is a likeness—that is, the nose is proper length and the mouth, just the width—talking about it as though it were a plank undergoing the application of a two-foot rule. Never thinking of the hours spent in finding a position of ease and grace, and arranging all the parts harmoniously. Likeness painting may be well enough in its way; but subjects from history and imagination, while they fascinate, give rise to invention, and while they excite the mind to industry, enlarge and mature it. Hoping our hints will claim the consideration of men of means and leisure, we leave it.

We send this number of our paper to many of the brethren, who are not subscribers, and with whom we have no personal acquaintance. We do it at the instance of others: and they unite with us in the hope that the present effort to disseminate Masonic Intelligence, may meet with the approbation of all those, who honor the Principles of the Order, and who will aid in their promulgation. Masters, Wardens and Secretaries, are requested to act as our agents, and ten Subscribers procured and money enclosed will entitle them to a copy for their trouble, and our thanks.

To Correspondents.—We return our sincere thanks to our correspondents of this week, for their numerous favors. To our fair friends “Matilda” of the Troy, and “Floranthe,” of the Albany Female Seminary, we are particularly obliged. They must consider themselves particular exceptions, to the remarks of Mr. Tindell, in another column. We hope to find many more exceptions.

The average price of Flour, in the principal Cities in the Union, during the last week, was \$5.94 which is 4 cents higher than the average of the previous week. Flour is selling at \$3.75 per barrel in Pittsburgh, and Wheat at 75 cents per bushel.

Our correspondent “*Triptolmous Tindell Z. Z.*” is rather too severe on the fair sex, although some of his views in relation to this subject are sensible and true.—We have long been of the opinion that the present system of female education is materially defective, and ephemeral. Girls should be educated for the station they are to occupy in Society. Let a young lady be thoroughly instructed in the various branches which constitutes a good common education. After she has acquired these, there will then be time enough, circumstances admitting, to add the thousand little superficialities, which at present appear too much to be the “head and front” of a finished education.—There is *grievous fault somewhere*, and at some future time we may perhaps have the “moral courage” (spoken of by our correspondent) to give our views in detail.

ITEMS.

A seizure of from 50 to 100,000 dollars worth of wolen cloths was made at Philadelphia on Monday, by a custom house officer from New York. The grounds for proceeding on the part of the custom house, are said to be making entries at less than the real value.

MICHIGAN CROPS.—The Detroit Daily Advertiser of Thursday says—“the wheat crop throughout the state is mostly harvested, and it is thought that it will exceed that of last year a million and a half or two million bushels.”

THE CASE OF DR. HOLMES.—We learn from the Burlington (Vt.) Free Press, that the Supreme Court of that State has sustained the decision of Governor Jennison in the case of Holmes, and that he is to be surrendered to the Canadian authorities. Chief Justice Williams is understood to have been absent on account of illness, and Judge Bennet dissented.

NEW COUNTERFEIT.—Our citizens must beware of 10s on the Bank of Owego, counterfeits on that institution having recently made their appearance in this City. They are calculated to deceive.

GREAT ROBBERY.—The store of Mr. Samson Tams, 227 Market street, was entered on the night of the 16th, and robbed of money, in bank notes, amounting to \$585, and notes of hand amounting to \$125,000.

The thieves gained access by false keys and opened the fire proof by the same means. The notes of hand can be of no use to any one but the owner, and we hope that they will be returned through the post office.—*Phil. U. S. Gaz.*

LIGHTNING.—Mr. Norman and a horse upon which he was riding were recently killed by lightning in Anne Arundel co., Maryland.

During a recent thunder storm in St. Louis, a man named Shiggin was struck dead by lightning while closing his window.

WESLEYAN CONFERENCE.—The Conference of this great body commenced its session yesterday morning at 6 o'clock; upwards of five hundred preachers were present. The Rev. Theophilus Lossey was chosen president, and the Rev. Robert Newton, secretary.

The subscriptions to the centenary fund amount to \$215,000 (equal with the current exchange to \$1,044,900). Of this sum \$428,960 have been paid to the Treasurers.

Last Saturday morning a young girl about 16 years of age, the daughter of a widow resident in this town, was killed by her brother, a boy about 14 years old, who struck her, in a fit of passion, with a hoe which he happened to have in his hand. She died on the spot. A coroner's inquest was held and the jury returned a verdict in accordance with the circumstances we have mentioned. The boy is in custody.—[*Cornwall (U. C.) Observer.*]

YELLOW FEVER.—This disease is said to prevail, to a greater or less extent, at the present time in four of the Southern cities, viz. New Orleans, Mobile, Charleston, and Augusta. At the New Orleans Charity Hospital during the week ending 17th Aug. there were 139 yellow fever patients admitted, and 49 deaths by the same disease.

At the Potter's Field burying ground, from the 1st to the 17th inclusive, there were 231 interments; 143

of the deaths having been caused by yellow fever.

In the Protestant Cemetery from 1st to 13th inclusive, 9 interments of person who died of yellow fever.

In the Catholic Cemeteries, 24 interments.—only one death being caused by yellow fever.

A STAGGERER.—The following is the amount of ardent spirits consumed annually in this great free, and civilized British empire. We have copied it from the returns:

	England.	Ireland.	Scotland.
Population,	13,897,187	7,767,401	2,365,114
Gals. of apts.	12,341,238	12,383,461	6,767,715

The statement is a truly frightful one, and well calculated to make all lovers of their country and of humanity pause and reflect. On calculating, we find that this return of spirits leaves seven pints and one ninth to each and every individual in England; thirteen pints to every inhabitant of Ireland; and twenty-three pints to each religious, moral, enlightened, sagacious, and cautious citizen in Scotland!!!! On the supposition that only one sixth of the quantity consumed in Scotland is drunk by the women and children who certainly constitute three fourths of the population, what a fearful quantity of liquid fire must fall to the share of the men.—*John o' Groat's Journal.*

THE FIRE AT ST. JOHNS.—The Boston Mercantile Journal states that the late fire at St. Johns originated by the flame of a candle coming in contact with oakum lying open upon the top of a cask of brandy, from which a lad was drawing some of the liquor.

A correspondent of the Portland Courier states that all the “vessels in the Market slip cut away their masts for their own safety. The masts of the Compeer of Eastport for New York, lying in South Market wharf, were cut away, to save both vessel and wharf, they being on fire.”

MARRIED.

At Waldoboro, Me, on the 14th inst., John N. Wilder, esq. of the firm of Wilder and Bleecker of this city, to Miss Delia Augusta, daughter of the late Hon. Joseph Farley of the former place.

At Utica Henry Weston, of New York, to Susan Cullen Van Rensselaer, daughter of James Van Rensselaer, of the former place.

At Watertown, Jefferson County, Zebulon H. Benton esq. of Oxbow, to Caroline Charlotte, daughter of Joseph Buonaparte, Count de Survilliers.

On the 19th inst. Alexander Falls, jr., to Miss Sarah Elizabeth, eldest daughter of John Ledyard, esq. all of Newburgh.

In Springwater, John F. Brown, to Miss Ann H. Grover.

At Cooperstown, Isaac Bush Esq. Attorney and Counsellor at Law, of Bainbridge, to Mary Martha, eldest daughter of the Hon. John H. Prentiss, of the former place.

Mr. John Ruyter, to Miss Catharine Morris, all of the village of Greenbush.

DIED.

On Thursday last, Mr. Benjamin Knower, an old and respected inhabitant of this city aged 64 years.

Also in this city, Eliza, wife of Frederick J. Barnard and daughter of the late Col. Eleazer Pomeroy of Coventry, Conn.

In this city, Charles Edward, infant son of E. J. Freeman.

At Athens, Greens co., on the 26th inst. Cyrelia Chester, only child of John and Huldah Ann Hartness aged 1 year and 9 months.

At Utica, of apoplexy, Joshua Hardaway, aged 35 formerly of this city.

At the city of Houston, in Texas, about the middle of July last, Vincent De Camp, of the Mobile Theatre. His precise age is not known to the writer of this brief memoir, but he must have been 65 years old. He was an actor of Old Drury Lane Theatre in 1800, and perhaps was at his death the oldest actor on the stage.—Mrs. C. Kemble, the mother of Mrs. Butler, was his sister, who at that period was an actress of great celebrity in London.

In Ohio, Carter Bassett Harrison, aged 27 years, youngest son of Gen. Wm. Harrison.

Near Walden, Montgomery on the 20th July, Miss Sarah Millsap, aged 22 years.

At Tampa Bay, East Florida, on the 12th June last Mr. John Herner, formerly of Albany.

POETRY.

For the American Masonic Register and Literary Companion.
TO A WIDOWED MOTHER ON
THE DEATH OF A DAUGHTER.

Daughter of Zion, thou of saddened brow,
And sorrowful—thou on whose stricken heart
Are writ deep lines of direful agony,
It is thy Soul's sweet privilege to weep,
For thou hast lost a treasure.—She thy loved,
Thy dearest one of earth, is sleeping low,
A dreamless sleep, beneath the silent sod.
No more her voice in strains of filial love,
Shall wake in thy lone heart, the joyous thrill.
Tis hushed in death's deep silence, never more
To hear its gladdening tones on mortal ear.
Her worth was written in full many a heart,
In characters too deep for even Death
With all its power, to obliterate.
When the sad truth first fell upon my ear,
That her, my soul had loved, had bowed her head
To the stern monarch, then, oh then, I felt
As if my brighter earthly star had fled,
And left my soul in cheerless solitude.
But when I thought of thee, I hushed my grief,
And only wished to pour the healing balm
Into thy wounded bosom: yet I knew
That words would be but mockery to thy woe,
And I forbore

Yes, mourner, let it flow
That silent tear 'twill prove a sweet relief
To thy o'er burdened heart. Thy Savior wept
From very sympathy: and thou may'st weep,
And *He* thy changeless Friend, shall bear a part
In all thy woe. But hark! a voice of love,
Of tenderness ineffable, I hear.
"Daughter, weep not," now dry thy flowing tears,
What means the strange command?

Oh! can it be,
That tones so sweet could mock thy bitter grief.
Ah! no, that voice, those strains are all Divine,
And from a heart that yearns with deathless love
"Weep not," it whispers—"thy loved one *lives*!"
Far, far from sorrow's vale! No tempest there
Beats on her path—no raging billows rise
To overwhelm her soul. All, all is peace!
Her sky is cloudless; not a shadow falls
Upon the heavenly landscape! Every breeze
Wafts joy unsullied to her ransomed soul.
Then wherefore weep? The time is short;
Soon shalt thou join her in that world of bliss!
Soon thy lone pilgrimage below shall end,
And angel hosts shall bear thee hence away!
A little longer, bear the heavy cross;
A little longer, wait in sorrow's vale,
And thou shalt hear the voice of thy release,
"Daughter, well done! thy earthly toils are o'er,
Celestial chariots wait to waft thee home:
And *she*, thy loved, thy mourned, thy dearest one,
On heavenly confines waits, to welcome thee."
FLORENCE.

Albany, 1839.

For the American Masonic Register and Literary Companion.
SMILES AND TEARS.
Suggested by Page's beautiful picture of "you shall and
wont."

Ah! for the hours long past and gone,
When lightsome scenes like this,
Though many a reproaching frown,
Yet gained a mother's kiss,
Brought joy in midst of sorrow,
And midst of trouble bliss.

Anear where trips the nimble stream,
Beneath the sunlit sky,
A boy had roved to kiss the bloom
And with his darkling eye,
To trace the birds when reveling
Among golden clouds on high.

And like the fawn when bounding free
Amid the light or shade,
Came Liz; and mischief filled her eyes,
And smiles her thoughts betrayed;
And stealth was spoken in each step
That crushed the grassy blade.

The boy was lost in wonderment,
His form as death was still,
His ear had caught the melody
That through the woodland trill
From blended tones of bee and lark
In concert with the rill.

Liz draws still near—each flowing tress
Soft parting on her brow,—
And locks him in her pearly arms;—
As passion's faithless vow.
Has failed the boy's delusive spell—
He wakes a prisoner now!—

Thus, when mocked by aspiring hope
Or cradled in pure dream,
Or fancy leads her dancing train
To glad the sternest theme,
We're sure to see the bubbles burst—
When brightest they besom

He wrestles vainly in the strife
To break from her arrest,
And tears that glisten on his cheeks,
Fall fruitless in behest;
For Liz with mirth and triumph glows,
And smiles as she were blest.

Smile on; smile on—thou budding rose—
I see my childhood there!
Full soon his grief will melt in joy,
Who struggles in thy snare,
And often in his lovingness,
With flowers braid thy hair.

LOUISA.

Troy Seminary.

For the American Masonic Register and Literary Companion.

TO—

They say that other lips than mine thine own
Have freely pressed, and that my name now brings
No rapture to thine eye—that love's gay wing
And burning vow, and golden dream, are strown,
Like autumn leaves, to be as once no more.
Deep sadness enters at the very core—
I feel a life with all its sweetness fled,
And think of thee, among the dead.
And I must track the world's wild wilderness
As some lone barque on ocean sent afar;
But while through danger and through storm I press,
And skies above me bend without a star,
Still back my spirit through the past will roam,
And learn that where thou art, alone is home.

LEON.

Aug. 1839.

From the Knickerbocker of August.

THOUGHT.

Boundless, illimitable! who can trace
Thy varied journeyings through the realms of air!
Thou mock'st each barrier of time or space,
And fliest on swiftest pinion every where!
By thee we track the past, long ages gone,
Lost in the dark abyss of buried time,
Or strive to pierce the future, dim unknown,
Or soaring upwards, seek the eternal clime:
We revel mid the stars, in the high dome
Of God's own glorious temple, richly spread,
Make, mid their shining hosts the spirit's home—
Among their living lights, where seraphs tread!

But thou hast earthly roivings, boundless Thoug't!
O'er the wide world thine eager wing is flying:
To vine-clad realms, where fragrant winds are sighing,
To fairy-haunted grove, or storied grot,
Thither thou lead'st us: hoary mountains, piled
High in the clouds, broad lakes and rivers fair
And green savannahs, stretching vast and wild,
We know them all, by thee borne swiftly there!
The lava buried cities, ancient Rome,
Judea's queen, so honored, so debased,
Where *He*, the man of grief, vouchsafed to come,
And through her streets his path of sorrows traced
To these we speed us: what can stay thy flight,
Ethereal essence?—swift as flash of light!

And yet a power more dear is thine O Thought!
By thee, long-parted friends together meet;
Though seas divide them, by thy magic brought
In close companionship again: how sweet
To speak kind words of sympathy; once more
To linger, spell-bound, on some long loved face,
Again each faded lineament retrace,
Till faithful memory all their charms restore!
The lonely mother, at her cottage hearth,
Shudders to hear the storm go rushing past,
And, as in fitful and demoniac mirth,
Shrieks forth, in trumpet-tones, the maddened blast,
While roars the tempest, roll the blackened clouds,
She seeks her sea-boy's form, rocked in the spray-wea-
thed shrouds.

M. N. M.

BROKEN TIES.

The broken ties of happier days,
How often do they seem
To come before our mental gaze,
Like a remembered dream.
Around us each discovered chain
In sparkling ruins lies:
And earthly hand can ne'er again
Unite those broken ties.

The parent of our youthful home,
The kindred that we lov'd,
Far from our arms perchance may roam,
To desert seas removed.
Or we have watched their parting breath,
And closed their weary eyes;
And sighed to think how sadly death
Can sever human ties.

The friends, the loved ones of our youth,
They too are gone or changed,
Or, worse than all, their love and truth,
Is darkened or estranged.
They meet us in the glittering throng,
With cold averted eyes,
And wonder that we weep their wrong,
And mourn their broken ties.

Oh! who in such a world as this,
Could bear their lot of pain;
Did not one radiant hope of bliss
Uncolored yet remain?
That hope the sovereign Lord has given,
Who reigns above the skies,
Hope that unites our souls to heaven,
By faith's enduring ties.

Each care, each ill of mortal birth,
Is sent in pitying love,
To lift the lingering heart from earth,
And speed its flight above.
And every pang that wrings the breast,
And every joy that dies,
Tell us to seek a purer rest,
And trust to holier ties.

FLOWERS AND FRIENDS.

The sweetest flowers, alas! how soon
With all their hues of brightness wither;
The loveliest just bud and bloom,
And, drooping, fade away forever.

Yet if, as each sweet rose-bud dies,
Its leaves are gathered, they will shed
A perfume that shall still arise,
Though all the beautiful tints are fled.

And thus, while kindred bosoms heave,
And hearts, at meeting, fondly swell,
How soon, alas! those hearts must breathe,
The parting sigh—the sad farewell!

Yet from such moments, as from flowers,
Shall friendship, with delight, distil
A fragrance, that shall hold past hours,
Embalmed in memory's odour still.

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AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER AND LITERARY COMPANION.

VOL. I.

ALBANY, N. Y. SATURDAY SEPTEMBER 14, 1839.

NO. 2

MASONIC.

RISE AND PROGRESS OF MASONRY.

We present our readers, in our paper of to-day, the remarks of Mr. ENOS, in the last house of Assembly, on the proposition to erect a monument to the memory of Dewitt Clinton. The remarks contain a great deal of Historical research, which will be of interest to the Masonic reader. We have divested the article of the political exceptions, which might be taken to it, as originally published.—*Ed.*

On the arrival of the Romans in Britain, arts and science began to flourish, and with the progress of education, masonry gradually rose into esteem; and Cæsar, and several of the Roman generals who succeeded him in the government, ranked as patrons and protectors of the institution. The war which afterwards broke out between the conquerors and the conquered, obstructed the progress of masonry in Britain, till the time of the Emperor Carausus, by whom it was raised under his own immediate auspices. He appointed Albanus, one of the nobles of St. Albans, Grand Master, A. D. 303. During a term of about six hundred years, masonry rose or fell, according as arts and science flourished. In 872, when Alfred the Great came to the throne of England, masonry took a rise, and in him it found a zealous protector. Masonry has generally kept pace with the progress of learning; the patrons and encouragers of the latter, having been most remarkable for cultivating and promoting the former. No prince studied more to polish and improve the understanding of his subjects than Alfred, and no one ever proved a better friend to masonry. On the death of Alfred, in 900, Edward succeeded to the throne, and during his reign, the masons continued their lodges under his sanction. Edward, in 924, was succeeded by Athelstane, his son, who appointed Edwin patron of the masons. This prince procured a charter from Athelstane, which empowered them to meet annually in communication at York, when the first Grand Lodge of England was founded, in which Edwin presided as Grand Master.

I pass over a series of events which would be of great interest, but the time allotted for myself, will not allow me to enter into these particulars. In 1066, when William the conqueror came to the throne, he appointed the Bishop of Rochester Grand Master, under whose patronage it remained for some time, and under whose superintendence the Tower of London was built. Henry I. next succeeded, and in 1135 Westminster, now the House of Commons, was built. During the reign of Henry II. the Grand Master of the Knights Templars superintended the masons, and they continued under them till the year 1199, when John succeeded his brother to the crown of England.

On the accession of Edward I., 1272, the care of the masons was intrusted to Walter Gifford, Arch Bishop of York, under whose care the fraternity flourished, and Westminster Abbey was finished, which was begun in 1220. When Edward II. came to the throne, 1307, Walter Stapleton, Bishop of Exeter, was appointed Grand Master. During the reign of Edward III., masonry flourished greatly; he was a patron of science, and the encourager of learning. He patronized the lodges, and appointed five deputies under him to report the proceedings of the fraternity. William A. Wykeham, afterwards Bishop of Winchester, was appointed

one of the deputies in 1350, and superintended the finishing of Windsor Castle. At this time lodges were numerous. Richard II. succeeded his grandfather, Edward III., in 1377, and William A. Wykeham was continued Grand Master. The king died in 1413, and Henry V. succeeded to the throne, when the Arch Bishop of Canterbury obtained the direction of the fraternity, under whose auspices lodges and communications were frequent. Henry VI. came to the throne, and in 1442 was himself initiated into the order of masonry, and from that time, he spared no pains to obtain a complete knowledge of the art. He pursued the ancient charges, revived the constitution, and with the consent of his council, gave them his sanction.—The king in person presided over the lodges, and nominated William, Bishop of Winchester, Grand Master.

Masonry continued to flourish, till the peace of the kingdom was interrupted by the civil war between the two royal houses of York and Lancaster. Henry VII. came to the throne in 1485, when masonry again rose into esteem under the patronage of the master and fellows of the order of St John, at Rhodes, who assembled their Grand Lodge in 1500, chose Henry their protector, and under the auspices of this prince the fraternity once more revived their assemblies, and masonry resumed its pristine splendor. In 1509, Henry VIII. succeeded his father to the throne, and appointed Cardinal Wolsey Grand Master. In 1552, John Poynt, Bishop of Winchester, became the patron of the institution, and presided over the lodges till the death of King Edward VI., 1553. The masons remained without any nominal patron till the reign of Elizabeth, when Sir Thomas Sackville accepted the office of Grand Master, and lodges were held during this period in different parts of England, but the Grand Lodge assembled at York, where the fraternity were more numerous. Sir Thomas Sackville held the office of Grand Master till 1567, when he resigned in favor of Francis Russell, Earl of Bradford. The queen being assured that the fraternity were composed of skillful architects, and lovers of the arts, and that state affairs were points in which they never interfered, allowed their assemblies, and masonry made great progress at this time. During her reign, lodges were held in different parts of the kingdom, particularly in London.—Charles Howard, Earl of Effingham, succeeded Sir Thomas in the office of Grand Master, and continued to preside over the lodges in the south, till the year 1588, when George Hastings, Earl of Huntingdon, was chosen, who remained in the office till the death of the queen, in 1603.

On the death of Queen Elizabeth, the crown of England and Scotland was united in her successor, James VI. of Scotland, who was proclaimed King of England, Scotland and Ireland, on the 25th March, 1603. At this period, masonry flourished in both kingdoms, and lodges were convened under the royal patronage. Inigo Jones, a citizen of London, was nominated Grand Master of England, and was deputized by his sovereign to preside over the lodges; and in 1607, the foundation stone of the King's Palace was laid by King James in the presence of the Grand Master and his wardens. In 1618, the Earl of Pembroke was elected to the office of Grand Master, and under his administration the mysteries of the order were held in high estimation, and many eminent, wealthy, and learned gentlemen were admitted into the institution. On the death of King James, in 1625, Charles ascen-

ded the throne. The Earl of Pembroke presided over the fraternity till 1630 when he resigned in favor of Henry Danvers, Earl of Danby. The breaking out again of the civil wars obstructed the progress of masonry in England for some time. After the restoration of peace it began to revive under the patronage of Charles II who had been received into the order during his exile. Thomas Savage, Earl of Rivers, was elected Grand Master in 1666, and Sir Christopher Wren was appointed deputy under him, and greatly distinguished in promoting the prosperity of the lodges which met at this time.

In 1666, September 2nd, that awful conflagration which overrun three hundred and seventy-three acres within the walls of the city of London, afforded the greatest opportunity for the exertion of masonic abilities, which had ever been witnessed. On the 23d of October, 1667, the King in person levelled in form the foundation stone of the Royal Exchange, which is allowed to be the first edifice in England. In 1673 the foundation of St Paul's Cathedral, designed by Deputy G. Master Sir Christopher Wren, was laid in solemn form by the King, attended by Grand Master Rives, his architect and craftsmen, in the presence of the nobles and gentry, the lord mayor and aldermen, the bishops and clergy. In 1695, King William being initiated into the mysteries of masonry, appointed Sir Christopher Wren Grand Master, and gave the lodges his royal sanction particularly the one at Hampton Court at which which his majesty frequently presided.

At a general assembly of masons in 1698, Charles, Duke of Richmond, was elected to the office of Grand Master, and continued to fill that responsible station for one year, at which time Sir Christopher Wren was re-elected, and continued in office till the death of the King, in 1702.

On the accession of George I. to the throne, many new regulations were made, and among them a proposition was introduced and afterwards agreed that masonry should no longer be restricted to operative masons but extend to men of various professions provided they were regularly approved and initiated into the order. The masons in London finding themselves deprived of their Grand Master in the death of Sir Christopher Wren and their meetings discontinued, a resolution was offered to unite under a new Grand Master, and to revive the communications and annual festivals of the society. Accordingly, on the 24th of June, 1717, in the third year of the reign of George I. the assembly was held, when Anthony Sayer, Esq. was elected Grand Master. Mr. Sayer was succeeded the next year by George Payne, Esq. who was assiduous in recommending a strict observance of the communications. He collected many valuable manuscripts on the subject of masonry; and being determined to spare no pains to make himself acquainted with the original government of the craft, he earnestly desired that the brethren would bring to the Grand Lodge such old writings or records concerning the fraternity as they should be in possession of, to show the usages of ancient times. The reputation of the society being now established, many noblemen and gentlemen of the first rank desired to be received into the lodges, which had increased considerably during the administration of Mr. Payne. The duties of masonry were found to be a pleasing relaxation from the fatigues of business and in the lodge, uninfluenced by politics or party, a happy union was effected among the most respectable characters in the kingdom. On the 24th of June, 1721, Grand Master Payne and hi

wardens, with the former grand officers, and the masters and wardens of twelve lodges, met the Grand Master elect, when the Grand Lodge was opened in ample form, and several gentlemen were initiated into the order of masonry; among whom was Philip, afterwards Lord Chesterfield.

The first Grand Lodge after the accession of George II. to the throne, was held on the 24th day of June, 1727 it which was present the Grand Master, his officers, and the masters and wardens of forty lodges. On the 20th of January, 1730, the Duke of Norfolk was duly elected and installed Grand Master, according to ancient form, in the presence of a numerous and brilliant company of masonry. It is not surprising that masonry should flourish under so respectful a banner. On the 15th of August, 1738, Frederick the Great, afterwards King of Prussia, was initiated into the mysteries of masonry in a lodge at Brunswick. So highly did that prince approve of the institution, that on accession to the throne, he commanded a Grand Lodge to be formed at Berlin, and for that purpose obtained a charter from Edinburgh. Under the management of this prince the order flourished, and objects of charity were sought out, and their wants greatly relieved by the Grand Treasurer. From this period to the death of George II. October 5, 1760, masonry greatly flourished in England. On the 6th of October, 1760, George III. was proclaimed king. No prince ever ascended the throne, whose private virtues and amiable character so justly endeared him to the people. Masonry now flourished, at home and abroad under the English constitution; and the principles of the order were extensively inculcated.—Lord Byron was elected to the office of Grand Master in England on the 30th of April, 1747.

Mr Chairman, we will now see what progress masonry has made in America. On the 30th of April 1733, Lord Anthony Montague, Grand Master in England, appointed Henry Price, esq., of Boston Grand Master of North America and constituted a Grand Lodge by the name of St John's Grand Lodge. Under this charter, the first lodges were established in Massachusetts, Virginia, North Carolina, Rhode Island, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland and South Carolina. In 1755 a lodge was constituted in Boston by Lord Charles Douglass, the Grand Master in Scotland, by the name of St Andrew's Lodge. In 1772, March 3d, Joseph Warren, esq., was appointed grand master for the continent of America by Patrick, Earl of Dumfries, grand master of Scotland. In 1775, the meetings of the grand lodge, suspended by the town of Boston becoming a garrison. At the battle of Bunker Hill on the 17th of June, 1775, masonry and the grand lodge met with a heavy loss in the death of their grand master and brother, Joseph Warren, who fell contending for the liberties of his country. On the 8th of March 1777, the brethren who had been dispersed in consequence of the war, were now generally collected; they assembled to take into consideration the state of Masonry, being deprived of their chief by the melancholly death of their grand master as before stated. After due consideration they proceeded to the formation of a grand lodge, elected and installed Joseph Webb esq., their grand master in Massachusetts, January 3d 1783. A committee was appointed to draft resolutions explanatory of the powers and authority of this grand lodge! On the 24th of June following, the committee reported, "That the political head of this country, having destroyed all connexion and correspondence between the subjects of these states and the country from which the grand lodge originally derived commissioned authority, and the principles of the craft inculcating on its professors submission to the civil authorities of the country they reside in, the brethren did assume an elective supremacy, and under it chose a grand master and grand officers, and erected a grand lodge with independent powers and prerogatives, to be exercised however on principles consistent with and subordinate to the regulations pointed out in the constitution of ancient masonry."

Thus far, I have endeavored to give a just and true history of masonry from the time the Romans first arrived in Britain down to the present time. I have endeavored also to be as concise as possible, and at the same time to give it in such a manner that all may understand it. I am aware, that there has been much speculation respecting the origin of this institution. It has been said by some, that masonry was of modern date; that it was got up by some low persons at a

tavern in the city of London, about a hundred and twenty years since. It is for this reason that I have been thus minute, and I think by giving day and date it cannot fail to satisfy every gentleman of its antiquity. I have also been very particular to give the names of some of the most distinguished patrons of the order in Europe, for the reason, should I mistake things, the error may be detected. I will now, sir, endeavor to give you some of the most distinguished men in the U. States, who have been supporters of the masonic institution.

The first, is George Washington, the father of his Country. Where will you find his equal? The philanthropist, the soldier, and the statesman—first in war, first in peace, and first in the support of the masonic institution. He was a faithful friend—a devout christian. He was one whose hand was guided by justice, and whose heart was expanded by benevolence; he honored the lodges with his precepts and examples.

The next that I will name, is Benjamin Franklin.—Does any one question the right of this great and good man to rank among the first as a sage, a philanthropist or a statesman, and one whose whole mind was absorbed in acts of charity and benevolence? We find that this great man was on the 24th day of June, 1734, appointed grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania.

There is one other name which has been registered in my mind, and that is La Fayette. Yes, he who left his native land to assist our native colonies against an oppressive foe, thereby to aid with the exposure, of his life and the devotion of his faculties, in laying the foundation of our republican institutions. By a reference to his answer to an invitation from the Grand Lodge of the state of New York, we find the following:

"Most worshipful Grand Master and beloved Brethren—I am happy in your affectionate welcome. I am proud of the high confidential honors you have conferred, and purpose further to confer upon me.—Our masonic institution owes a double lustre to those who have cherished and those who have persecuted it. Let both glories, equal, in my opinion, be the pride of our fraternity, until universal freedom insures to us universal justice."

The next, that I will mention is De Witt Clinton, the individual to whom this proposed monument is to be erected. He was one who held the institution of freemasonry in the highest estimation, as may be seen on all occasions when called in question. I would particularly call your attention at this time to his address at the installation of the Hon. Stephen Van Rensselaer, as Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of the State of New York, in this place, September 1825. After enumerating many of the illustrious men who have been patrons and promoters of the institution of masonry, and the various obligations a mason is under to promote the social and christian relations which should bind man to man, he addressed himself particularly to the Grand Master in the following language:

"Most worshipful Grand Master elect—Accept my cordial congratulations on your elevation to the highest honors in masonry. You are now in this region the head of the most ancient, benevolent and distinguished society in the world. And I am rejoiced to see such exalted authority deposited in such worthy hands.—And I feel assured that no exertion will be omitted on your part to realize the anticipations of your usefulness, and to justify the high confidence reposed in you. I am persuaded that you will use every proper endeavor to reunite the great masonic family under one government, to confirm and to extend the influence and reputation of freemasonry, and to propagate those virtues which are identified with its character, and essential to the cause of benevolence and philanthropy."

This one of the many instances in which this great man, for whom a monument is to be erected, stood forth an advocate for the principles of freemasonry.

The Queen of Madagascar has been for about four years engaged in a violent persecution of the natives who had embraced the christian religion. Six refugees lately arrived in London from that Island. In 1835 the English missionaries had collected 5000 of the native children into schools, and two churches had been erected and were well filled. The missionaries have been obliged to abandon the island, and some of their converts have suffered death.

HISTORICAL.

For the American Masonic Register and Literary Companion.

MOHAMMED.

Glorious hypocrisy! what souls are they,
Who fraught with useful or ambitious views,
Wear not thy specious mask—Thou, Alcoran!
Hast won more battles, ta'en more cities for me,
Than thrice my feeble number had achieved,
Without the sacred succor of thy sacred impulse.

MILLER.

The sixth century is more replete with wonderful events than any century since the creation of the world. It is with painful feelings the philanthropist looks upon that age, fraught with dire deeds and a "horrible futurity." Then was that mighty conflagration enkindled which ravaged a great portion of that vast country, and it still continues to burn though not with that glaring brightness it assumed at first. Then it was that the true religion received a shock which made her tremble and almost reel from her throne. Such a medley of unmeaning sentences as are exhibited in the *Koran*, were palmed off upon the Arabs at a time when knowledge was limited, I may say almost to Mahomet himself. No settled religion prevailed among them before the appearance of the prophet, and they were prepared at that precise time to embrace any faith however absurd. Had these dogmas of his alleged revelation been circulated a few years before or after the identical time they were, they would have met with a faith reverse from the imposter's intention. We not only object to the sentiments of the *Koran*, but are compelled to record the whole from beginning to end, as one of the most bare-faced plagiarisms ever committed by man.

This celebrated individual was of poor extraction.—His father Abdallah, occupied no very influential station on account of the smallness of his property, which was then, as is even now too much the case, the only criterion of talent soon after the birth of his child he deceased, and what little estate he had industriously collected together was pounced upon by his twelve brothers. A few years afterwards his mother died. He was now put adrift upon the wide world, helpless and friendless. His birth was in the year 569, in the city of Mecca. It was attempted by the Arabs to authenticate the *Koran* by supernatural appearances occurring at the time of Mahomet's birth. They aver that he spoke with a virile voice and praised God, ere he had reached the age of one year, and many even go further and say, that he predicted his own greatness as a prophet of the Lord, and the diffusion of the religion he should establish. But upon whatever ground they may have supposed these to be founded they are at the present day altogether too unreasonable to need a refutation. At any rate it is sufficiently conclusive proof of the wonderful credulity of his age. In order that his life might be saved, and there by verify the predictions of the Holy Writ, he soon came into the custody of his uncle Abu Taleb. After arriving at the years of discretion his uncle threw him out from under his guardianship and he had to obtain a subsistence from his own resources.

Somewhere near the age of twenty his mind seemed to be inclined to military tactic, which inclination was sedulously fostered by his guardian, who was then engaged in high disputes with his neighboring fellow camel drivers and merchants. The victory which crowned the first contest greatly augmented the celebrity of Abu Taleb and his nephew. Soon however his affection for this kind of life subsided, and the Arabs not being very fond of it, he was obliged to waive all further hopes of celebrating himself upon the field of battle.—He then engaged himself for the space of three years as a mercantile agent to an affluent widow at the expiration of which time he returned to his benefactress, little knowing the reward he should receive for his services.

The reward was no less than the widow herself.—This was indeed to him a priceless gift and one which his zealous promotion of her interest secured. About three years before the 7th century, in the 28th year of his age, Cadiga who was 12 years the advance, received him in matrimony. This step placed him in an independent pecuniary situation. For the space of 12 years after the nuptials, he did nothing, but meditate the audacious design of forming a new religion for the fluctuating Arabs. He knew that the state of mind was such as to receive the most preposterous ideas that could be fabricated—he knew that their changeable minds would be made to adhere to any belief, tinctured with the least appearance of reality, and knowing these

things he commenced and finished his new religion with a dexterity unequalled in the annals of any impostor before or since his day. The cave of Hera in the neighborhood of his native city was the chosen spot of his angelic visitant. There he pretended the angel Gabriel appeared to him and revealed the different parts of the *Koran*. These revelations were communicated to his countrymen as far as they were made known to him—elf. At first they looked upon it as a piece of jugglery, but he however understanding human nature adopted the persuasion instead of the coercive. Had he not done thus his plans would have been entirely subverted. His pretended indifference as to the result of his prophetic visions gave the whole an air of reality that no bigotry or compulsion could ever have done. Observation and the experiences of others taught him the truth of this complete, and the subsequent diffusion of his tenets must have impressed it more thoroughly upon his mind.

"Religion, to be sacred must be free,
Men will suspect when bigots keep the key."

After a long time his relatives lost their antipathy to his divine pretensions and became the firmest adherents of his faith. From thence issued an influence that carried moral death all over that vast country. Perhaps it would not be amiss in this place to advert to the *Koran*, that most singularly constructed code of morals even held up to the public credulity. It labors throughout every page to establish the divine commission of its pretended author. The phraseology is an exact imitation of the Bible, and plagiarism of the worst kind marks almost every verse—a plagiarism so bad, that the *Koran* may be termed a mere re-print of the Bible sentiments, and even of the language in which they are clothed such is the character of that miserable trash, by which the musselman Despot, subjected all the Arabs to his own unbounded sway. At first his proselytes increased so slowly, commencing with his wife, that he was on the point of relinquishing all endeavors to prosecute his plans; but still the golden lamp of hope flickered dimly on the dark verge of the future, to reanimate him in the toilsome task. He continued to travel over the rough road his own hands had constructed, till death terminated the career of his consort and uncle. It was in the year 621, his wife died in the 64th year of her age, leaving one daughter (Fatima) to mourn her loss.

It would be uninteresting to relate the battles Mahomet was constrained to fight for the propagation of his novel creed—suffice it to say, that the last 11 years of his life from the 52d to the 63d year of his age were nothing but continual scenes of bloodshed and murder. In one of his marches he besieged the City of Charbor, entered triumphantly, and slew all its inhabitants. Here was the blow struck that finally put a stop to the conquests that had marked his career for a long time. While making his most sumptuous meal in the conquered city a young girl, to put to the test the supernatural powers of the prophet, placed poison in the mutton he was about to eat. All his superhuman and Divine pretensions were of no avail; the test was applied and his prophetic character was found wanting. He lingered along for some time with this virulent poison rankling in his frame, undeterred from pursuing his wars.

But in the end this mortal drug administered at the Charbor feast occasioned him the loss of his life. In the year 632, he left the world in the most excruciating torments, one daughter survived to weep over his grave—the grave of him whose dreadful influence is felt to this day.

Alb. Sep.

ALLEGED INSULT TO THE QUEEN.—The individual who is accused of having offered an insult to her Majesty in Hyde Park, on the 17th ult. has forwarded a copy of a letter, which he states he has addressed to the Queen, denying in the most positive and solemn terms having been guilty of the offence imputed. The writer after some introductory remarks, says "I had advanced before your Most Gracious Majesty, and did not discover the fact until apprised by one of the grooms (James Light), who acted as one of the outriders. On his announcement that the Queen was behind, my utmost efforts were used to keep at a respectful distance; my horse was unruly, and, but for the indecent conduct of James Light, I should have succeeded in effectually removing myself. He rode furiously up to and took hold of my horse's reins, and did all his power to unhorse me, without the slightest provocation; but for this I should have vanished from your Majesty's

presence before any thing unpleasant could have occurred." *N. Y. Courier.*

ODD FELLOW'S CALENDER.

CITY PHILANTHROPIC LODGE, NO. 5.

M. W. Bender, N. G.
Samuel S. Cullings, V. G.
C. L. Swart, Secretary.
C. W. Bender, Treasurer.
W. B. Scott, Warden.
David M' Cullock, Conductor.

UNION LODGE, NO. 8.

M. S. Spencer, N. G.
John W. Harcourt, V. G.
Wm. Le Lacheur, Secretary.
Wm. M' Casky, Treasurer.
J. K. Schayler, Warden.
James Dickson, Conductor.

WASHINGTON LODGE, NO. 12.

Wm. Ferguson, N. G.
W. H. Tiffany, V. G.
Henry Nugent, Secretary.
L. Ewing, Treasurer.
Wm. Lundy, Warden.
Charles Dillon, Conductor.

FIREMEN'S LODGE, NO. 19.

E. S. Johnson, N. G.
W. D. Johnson, V. G.
John Silsby, Secretary.
John C. Van Schoonhoven, Treasurer.
Rufus King, Warden.
G. S. Gibbons Conductor.

AMERICAN LODGE NO. 22.

F. S. Low N. G.
D. Ramsey, V. G.
W. S. Bogget, Secretary.
G. W. Weed, Treasurer.
J. Holliday, Warden.
A. Dwelle, Conductor.

VARIETY.

LIFE IN NEW ORLEANS.—We find in a paper from that most ill-fated and afflicted city, the following relation of a scene created by that terrible disease which has proved so fatal to its inhabitants. We hope the picture is *over drawn*, for it *chills our hearts* to believe there can be such suffering and ghastly distress within the limits of civilization. It surely must have thrilled the heart of the beholder with sudden horror.

Dr. Lambert, an eminent French physician in this city, relates that during his frequent rides through the different streets, his attention has almost always been attracted as he passed a house where a poor family lived. The family consisted of a man and his wife, both rather young, and the latter good looking, with a little infant smiling in beauty, and about ten months old. He was led to notice them from the appearance of content that lived there, and there being frequently on the banquette before the house. After the fever set in, he still saw them for some days, happy as usual, but at length he "missed them from the accustomed place." This he did for two days, until on the third, feeling uneasy for them he stopped his gig before the house, alighted—rapped at the door. No one answered; silence was in the mansion. He pushed open the door and went in. There lay the husband and the wife on the floor—both dead of the fever, and the former decaying. The child was alive with its little arms around the dead mother's neck, vainly trying to draw the sustaining fluid from the breast. Such is "life in New Orleans."

DANGER OF LOAFING.—On Saturday afternoon, Mr. Michael Mulligan, of 18th street near 6th avenue, having occasion to come down town, became weary on his way and sat down on a stoop, where he had loafed a few minutes before he fell asleep. It so happened that about this time, as Mr. Peter McCaffrey chanced to be passing that way, without any thing in particular to engage his attention, it struck him that there might be something in the pockets of the sleeper worth exploring after. He accordingly seated himself on the step beside him, and while seemingly engaged in the humane office of adjusting the hat over the face of the unconscious slumberer in order to screen him from the rays of the sun, with the other hand he rumaged the

pockets of his coat, vest, and inexpressibles of Mr. Mulligan, extracting therefrom a razor, being an article of which he stood in very great need, and a pocket-book containing the sum of nine dollars. All this was effected without disturbing the sleeper and had it not been for a gentleman on the opposite side of the street who witnessed the whole transaction from a second story window, and assisted in taking the aggressor into custody, Mr. Mulligan would never have been the wiser of the thief.—*N. Y. paper.*

The Secretary of the American Common School Society estimates but there are in the United States 3,500,000 children between the ages of 4 and 5 and 16 years, and that 600,000 of the number do not enjoy the advantages of a common school education. The number of common schools in the United States is estimated at 80,000. Number of teachers in these schools, 95,000.

On Wednesday, Mr. Thomas Wilson, of Baltimore, met with a singular accident. He was engaged in setting a draw knife, which was tightly screwed into a vice. While exerting his strength to press it to the required position, it sprang from the vice and striking him upon the neck, severed one of the arteries and several veins, and slightly cut the main artery. An internal hæmorrhage rendered it necessary that an operation delicate and painful should be performed; it is feared that the sufferer will not recover.

Hazardous Experiment for Liequor.—An English paper, the Leeds Mercury, states, that "a man had the temerity to lay himself down between the rails on the York rail-way, and remained in that position until a train passed over the spot where he was laid. Fortunately no injury was done to his person, though two red-hot cinders fell upon his neck. The reward of this pot valor was a quart of ale."

Indictment for Misdemeanor.—The Grand jury on Saturday found a bill of indictment against Mrs. Caroline Restell, female physician, of 160 Greenwich street, for a misdemeanor in administering, or selling to be taken, pills composed of cantharides and ergot to a young single woman, named Anna Dall, of No. 69 King street, in order to produce abortion. She was arrested and gave bail to appear in \$1500.

Com. Elliott.—We understand that the Court of Inquiry, appointed to investigate the charges against Commodore Elliott, have sent in their report to the Secretary. The majority recommended that he should be tried by a navy Court Martial, Commodore Stewart dissenting.

Louis Phillip granted pardons, commutations, and diminutions of punishment to 719 persons on the anniversary of his ascension to the throne. This is mercy by wholesale.

Ohio Census.—The population of Ohio is now estimated at one million seven hundred thousand. In 1800 she numbered less than 50,000 inhabitants.—*Cin. Buckeye.*

Mormonism in New Jersey.—Some disciples of Joe Smith have established themselves in the neighborhood of New Egypt, and in other places in Monmouth. They first appeared there some six months ago, and, according to the Trenton Gazette, have made converts of several persons of some standing and influence; their numbers are increasing.

An aged man named Scott, (a Scotchman) fell from the window of a house at Charleston S. C. and was killed.

The Strangers and Planters Hotel, new Orleans, was totally destroyed by fire on the 9th.

A drunken brute murdered his wife at New Orleans on the 6th in a most shocking manner, stamping on her until life was extinct.

An Irishman named O'Sullivan was crushed to death, under an ore bank near Shenandoah Springs, Va.

The New Orleans papers announce the appointment of Mr. McQueen as postmaster of that city, in the room of Capt. Kerr, resigned.

The yellow fever, by accounts from Havana, New Orleans, to the 11th inst. prevailed with great fatality among the shipping in that port.

POPULAR TALES.

From Bentley's Miscellany.
THE FATHER.

[A TALE OF FACT—CONCLUDED.]

The dreadful condition of feelings here depicted has never, that I am aware, filled a page in the biography of human hearts, prolific as is our age of all sorts of histories, and far-fetched as are the sources of excitement in many of them. To those, then, who may regard in the light of incidents any new and strange harrowing terms of passion in the mind and heart, it may not be uninteresting to hear a few of the sentiments expressed by our humble hero in a cooler moment, when he had reposed his sad secret with me while we wandered together near the house.

"To find out that we have been cherishing a foul father thing, instead of the white blessing we fancied ours in a faithful wife, must be a great trial, but more bearable that mine. A childless man, who makes such a discovery, suffers a great shock, but not like mine! He, at least, knows the worst, and he sees the whole of his misery. It is no longer *she*, the pure and beautiful thing he loved, and he begins to loathe, to hate her, and that's his cure. But as for me, what cure is for me? How can I hate him, innocent soul! How look on his fair forehead, see his sweet smile, and hate?—Sweet child! what has he done that I should hate him? And yet—yet," he added, in a hollow whisper, that had in it I know not what of piteous horror, "I feel I can—I feel—I—*hate!*"

The terrible conflict within of opposing feeling, here disfigured his face as with an ugly mask. I started at the transfiguration, and for the moment fancied I saw before me the loving murderer of a loving child; that child so recently the object of a love amounting almost to a frenzied passion!

"I feel I hate," he murmured on. "But is it a cure to me? No, no; but a very hell of pain! Even the man who has children does not suffer like me. He may be made a lone man of a sudden by a wife's crime, but his children, his undoubted own—are left him still. The children of his happy early days, when she was good and faithful, they are not altered by her fault.—They are round his hearth still to soothe him for his loss; he sees nothing in their eyes but their mother as she looked before she sinned, such as she was when he led her home over his threshold, to live and die with him, as he hoped. But, what is left to me? What do I see when I look into that boy's eyes, where I turned for all my comfort, and all my joy? Oh, sir, what see I there?" And the father's features assumed an aspect of the intensest loathing and hate.

Argument, with so fatal an impression, was vain.

"Now, tell me, doctor, if you can," he resumed vehemently, "how is this to be borne, or what am I to do? You cured him once, can you cure me? All your art is for bodies; yet there are plagues, fevers, cancers of a man's mind more unbearable far than any the body suffers. To shun what I cannot live without; to drive him from me that I couldn't bear an hour from my sight: Eay, who can bear this? Is it a state to be borne by a creature that the Almighty has gifted with the power to live or die—to die—or kill? No—no, you cannot tell me what to do—how to bear it; not you, nor all mankind will ever find a cure for such a state of living damnation as this!"

From that day the wretched father, wandering and muttering to himself, absented himself almost wholly from home and Peter, hiding his misery in the deeper chasms of fractured rocks, by the high sources of the waterfalls, in solitudes and shadows, savage and solitary, and gloomy as his view of life or death to come. Whether it arose from some neglect to which the tenderly-reared but now deserted boy became exposed by this desertion, or that his sensitive nature, pining under the change in his father's feelings, and not yet wholly recovered from the effects of his illness, the fact was, from one of these two causes, a relapse took place, and my poor little patient was once more a prisoner of the sick chamber.

Meanwhile the wife, who had inflicted all this agony on the father, was suffering scarcely less. Even the falseness of revenge indulged against those for whom love still lingers in the heart (and such was the case with Margaret Beynon) is like the recoil of a gun in an unskilful hand, which, bursting with its overcharge, proves more fatal to the party aiming to wound, than to the

object aimed at. A terrible sort of compunction preyed on her mind from the moment of her fatal, self-eliminating folly. As soon as news reached her (at the distance of some miles) of the new illness of the child (she being at the time herself dangerously ill) she despatched a most earnest request for an interview with her husband. He at last reluctantly assented, and they met.

Their meeting was solemn and affecting. She extended a thin and pallid hand towards her husband, while she sat propped in the bed for shortness of breath. He stopped, reluctant even to be near her. He was come a long way from his boy—his boy, as, melted by pity, he now, under his illness, could not bear but to call him. His heart was full of him, his thoughts were all on him—the more so, that, being now out of sight, that fatal conceit of a likeness no longer could have the effect of chilling or enraging his heart. At home he had been agonised between his longing to act to him the part of a nurse, as before, and his half-maniacal impression that every one knew the secret of the child's paternity, which forbade his manly and proud mind to become the apparent dupe of another, by thus cherishing another's offspring with fondness. Thus tortured at home and abroad, David, altered, haggard, unshorn, and stern, recoiled from that fatal woman.—He stood aloof, and saw, unmoved, (if he saw at all), the spectacle of a fearful hæmorrhage in her who had been the wife of his choice; and neither extended his hand in return, nor could bear to speak to, or even look at her.

"Pray, come nearer," she said faintly; "I cannot lift up my voice, and I have much to say, and little time to—"

He advanced one step, no more.

Panting for breath, she needed a helping arm to upraise her in the bed, and looked imploringly toward his (that which for a brief space had enfolded, had upheld her, and tenderly too, and might still have embraced her, but for a vindictive brother); but he still withholding his help, she desperately, in a sort of angry despair, erected herself by one effort, and brushed away one tear from her eye, that he might not see it stand there. The exertion caused a fresh and more frightful effusion of the vital fluid. The husband, somewhat touched, perhaps, by her reproachful look and wild action, stooped to hand her the cup, already nearly filled with the crimson horror. Even this tardy and cold courtesy affected the unhappy wife; she wept bitterly.

"Once more, David, but once, support me upright. A little touch of your arm will lift me higher, or I cannot say what I would not die without saying for all the world."

David felt once more the touch of that hand (in its unnatural bloodless white), which he had received before God at the altar, and all the past came over him like a dream just remembered. The wedded happiness of a year, the after solitude of years; the strange transfer of his whole soul's affection to an infantile object; his pensive sort of bliss in a few years passed with him; the recent shocking wrench from his heart of that last consolation. Her frailty and its consequence, more fatal than itself, was now forgotten in this retrospect of a moment, and he even returned that hand's pressure while awaiting the disclosure she had to make.

"Oh! husband, hear me with patience, while I confess—"

It was a luckless beginning.

"Heaven's curse on your confessions!" he broke forth. "I'll hear no more of them! Would to God I had never heard them! Such confessions as yours, after such treachery, are fitter for hell than heaven.—Your confessions have made me childless, and your child fatherless; made me unnatural to him—his beauty hateful to me! Having fooled me so long, you should have held your peace for ever, and died in the sin and secrecy of incontinence, as you lived in the shame of it! Truth from your lips is a crime now; it has wrought a more devilish mischief than the foulest lie ever did!—Lie on, now, you wretched woman, and die in your perjury—you'll be sooner pardoned by a pitying God than for these accursed confessions."

Faint, and wringing her hands, she had not breath to interrupt him, except with a word or two.

"Oh, hear me! oh, I was false!"

"False to me! Don't I know it? Why again?—Have you not said it already to kill all the father in my heart? Wretch! I tell you once again, you ought

now to persuade me, were it possible, that you never had been false! Restore me my blessed ignorance, if you can; fool me again into the belief that he is my own; cheat me to take him back to my bosom and bed! Would you make your peace with God before you die—die with that merciful lie upon your lips, crying 'He is your own—he is your own!' but, no; it is too late."

With brilliant, yet ghastly smile, and her hectic blush now heightened to a burning crimson, Margaret sprang up of her own sudden strength, supplied by the violence of her emotion, and threw her arms round her husband's neck ere he was aware, and cried.

"And so he is! on the word and oath of a dying woman he is your own! I meant, that I confess a wicked lie told to you lately; I meant, that I was false when I joined my cruel brother in his wicked lie; but you stopped me short. And I was false when I accused myself—on my life, and my soul's life, I was!" He shook his head as if incredulous. "You don't believe me, then?" said she, still wringing her hands. "Then it is indeed too late. My poor wronged little boy!"

"Foolish, miserable woman," he said mournfully, "did you think me earnest when I said you ought to deceive me? Are you obeying that foolish, wild injunction of mine? 'Twas but my passion."

"Alas! what can I say?—how undo what I have done!—and my breath is spent. Oh, God of truth, speak for me! Some pitying mother, now a saint in heaven, witness for me; whisper to his heart, convince my husband, do my dear child right before I die!"

A dawn of comfort grew visible in the gloomy eyes of the father.

"Wife!" he said solemnly, "remember—this is perhaps your death-bed."

"I do—I do! I hope it is, for I have nothing to live for; and revenging God so deal with me as I speak true or false when I say—He is your own! he is your own! And I too, I am—*was*—your own, ever yours; but that you regard not. I was true to you, David—loved you—love you, David *bach!* I came to your bosom even as I left my mother's at weaning time, pure as a child; and I go to my bed in the cold ground just as I left yours! Believe no other, David—do me justice when I am there laid, husband dear! I feel we shall have no more dispute about the keeping of poor Peter. Death will soon settle that now—for ever."

David pored on her face as she spoke, as if to read her inmost soul. He was a suspicious man, and deep melancholy now made him slow to hope, and, therefore, to believe.

"Margaret!" he said tremulously, and held her hand, "I implore you not to deceive me in kindness!—Truth, truth is what I pant for. Can you, dare you take an oath that sweet and precious child is mine!"

"For God's sake bring me a Bible! There lies one, hand it me, quick!" she exclaimed, smiling brightly, though her agitation increased the frightful expectation every moment. "Invent any form of oath the most dreadful," she continued. "On the soul's peril of a dying woman, one who knows herself dying, I kiss this word of God, and swear he is your child. Look! I have sealed it with my blood; the impression of a bloody lip is on the leaf! Yours, David, your own dear boy! Now shall I be believed? Now do you—can you forgive my foul—my unnatural lie? If you can indeed, kiss me once; once more in token of it, and that we part in peace, in love—"

"A hundred, my own dear Margaret," he cried rapturously; "from my heart I forgive you, from my soul I believe you, and kissed her as rapturously, while the happiness of being at last believed lit up the careworn features of the wife with such a beauty from within, that every vestige of sickness and impending death flew before it.

"You have heaved a mountain from off my breast, my dear, dear Peggy. 'Twas I who wronged you, by separating you from our darling. But we shall have no more dispute; we shall all three be happy yet."

She shook her head, and wept, for her extreme exhaustion now admonished her against indulging that hope of life which new incident prompted so powerfully.

"Now, hear me swear, Margaret, solemnly swear, and believe me, you never had rival in my heart or bed but that dear child—never! You shall come to Llan-defelach, we will nurse him together, we will—"

As he spoke, the chamber-door was thrown open in haste, and one of his shepherds entered, who had ridden after him in haste, to say that the 'womankind' thought there was a 'change' in little Peter, by which expression David too well knew that the Welsh attendants mean some indication of approaching death, although their observation is sometimes fallacious. To David the words struck dismay through his very soul, and a ghastliness like death's own overspread his face, while all the husband forsook his heart, and he once more saw only before him the woman who had estranged him from his child, who had caused him to beat this moment at a distance from him.

"And I must be here—at this horrid distance! I must leave him among strangers in perhaps his last—!" and he scowled a dumb curse of infuriated misery at his ill-fated wife, who once more seemed to him the murderess of his life's companion—his life's darling.

A bruptly he broke from her. Not a kiss, or embrace, or word more did he vouchsafe, but almost while her face yet remained turned after him, he vanished through the door. She was shocked by the sound of his horse's hoof rattling with reckless and dangerous speed along the naked and rugged rock of the mountain track which gave access to the wild residence of a mountain farm which she had chosen.—Her heart seemed to die within her, as the sound died away in the high distance of the declivity he was ascending.

Little did the impatient father, see or heed of his road, except its dreadful length. An obstructed journey of many mountain miles was before him. He pictured to himself his darling turning his poor wan face incessantly to the door for him each time it opened; he heard him faintly asking for him; he imagined his life ebbing fast away, and only strangers round; and every craggy water-course, every broken gully, where the dingy peat-water formed a rivulet; every round of pale green verdure indicating the dangerous quagmire which he must avoid; the clogging soil of the mountain's base, spongy with springs; all these seemed to his sad eye and soul as so many inhuman foes deaf and blind to his agony, and groan, and sweat, rising up between him and that house, (that deathbed to his fancy,) wherein and by which he had already arrived in mind, and stood—a childless man. His soul, indeed, was there, but round him, eternally recalling it, was the same dismal far-stretching distance, the fading horizon of mountain rock (for it grew dark) while the only life near was that of creatures alien to the nature of man, and his strong sympathies—the kite, the fern-owl, and the dismal bitters of the dark-brown marsh.—No severer trial of mortal patience can perhaps exist than that he was doomed to suffer; that constant conflict between the fond spirit stretching forward, and throwing behind all obstacles, and the hindering body, in its gradual, tardy, laborious progress, impeded by every one, even the least.

This trial, however, like all human trials, had its end. He approached his house. And now every unkind look and tone of the few last dismal weeks, which he had been betrayed into towards his uncomplaining, unoffending boy, were to be atoned for in one delightful embrace. For David had made a helpmate—a companion of him, young as he was; and therefore felt no less compunction and real remorse toward him, although a child, than toward an adult. With beating heart he pulled the string of the door-latch, paused to listen, and had the joy to find all noiseless within, proving that at least the worst had not occurred—that death was not in the house. It seemed that such an event must have caused something at least of confusion, akin to that tremendous commotion in his own nature which its mere conceit had been producing during the whole of his journey. He was already at his child's bedside ere any knew of his return. All was dim, by the light of the small rush taper. What was his sudden ease of heart to see one woman, only a nurse, tying on his darling's cap, in all tranquillity! The very suddenness of that ease, that stop of his heart's long palpitation was of itself a shock.

"Going to sleep, my precious? One kiss first, mine own darling—mine own sweet boy! Forgive foolish father—forgive him all his cruel—"

Bending over him in the dusk, he saw a pretty quiet smile on the wan little face, but it was not at him.—The lips had a dreadful formality in their closure; it was the chin-band applied to the falling jaw which the

woman was tying, and which he mistook for the cap.—The truth flashed upon him just as he uttered the word father, and he knew that he was now, indeed, no father. The frightful appearance of two eye holes instead of eyes (those beautiful eyes!) produced by two small coins, which the woman had placed there, (according to idle custom) confirmed the sad impression. He jerked back his head in horror, for his own lips and those of clay, his eyes and those eye-sockets, had nearly met. He uttered one deep groan, expressive of combined agony and horror, and fell at full length on the floor. It was but a minute's respite. Again he was on his feet, standing at the bedfoot, like some effigy, with its stony eyes fixed on vacancy, gazing stupefied on the sad object which the officious nurse had now covered with a sheet, so that he looked only at the ghastly outline of the small corpse, with projecting face and feet.

Up to the day of the child's burial David hardly left the fatal chamber, and moved about, looking a thousand dreadful emotions, but venting none, in almost total dumbness. He would not look on that last frightful duty imposed by a foul and dire necessity for the sake of survivors, but mounting horse, rode off in the direction of Cwm Carneddau, his wife's residence.—Whether revenge for the fatal lie which had desolated it was up and raging in his breaking heart, and hurried him towards that miserable mother, or that a reeling mind led to rush abroad without object, while a depth of earth was being interposed between that fair object, now becoming a horror and an offence, and the living, whom its beauty had so lately gratified—from one of these causes, David was absent till the middle of the second night. But of his return I shall speak in the conclusion.

I was summoned in haste soon after to Llandefelach. I was led upstairs, where I found the haggard form of the master, apparently searching everywhere for something lost, and followed mournfully by two of his shepherds. He turned his hollow eyes on me with a look of confused recollection, then giving up his search, said disconsolately, "He is not here; can you tell me where is Peter—my Peter? I look across the world, and he is not there. I look up to Heaven, and ask him of God, and God will not hear me—not answer me. I listen for his little voice all night, and cannot hear it; yet I hear it calling in my heart for ever. I shall never see him more—never hear it more!"

The unhappy man had, I learned, reached Carneddau, and found his wife in her coffin. The shock of his furious and abrupt parting had quickly overpowered her remains of life. Whether or no his intellects were at that time already gone, must for ever remain unknown, and unknown, therefore, what was the object of his visit. On his return he was wild in his deportment and looks; he had lost his hat; he appeared to have been immersed in a bog; his horse was discovered loose on the hill, among the pits of black peat (or *mawn*) where, doubtless, his frenzied rider had passed one dismal night.

Some years after the death of the child I was entering a town at a little distance from Llandefelach, one fine summer's night, by a cloudless moon. A peal of bells (a rather rare accompaniment of our Welsh churches) reached my ears, from the church seen dim on an eminence above the humble town, shrouded by venerable trees, from amidst which the mossy thatches of the houses, in their grey antiquity, peeped through thick foliage. Cows wandered about the rude streets of half green rock, steeply sloping down to a little river tumbling in a craggy channel, and keeping a perpetual gentle roar which, deadened by the banks, produced an effect as lulling, if not as melancholy, as those distant bells. The voices of a few children, tempted out to play round a huge oak tree, on a green sward in the middle of this lonely village town, alone broke the monotony of those mingled sounds, except when an owl was heard from a small ruin of a castle on a mound beyond that mountain brook.

Knowing this to be the native place of David Beynon, where his aged mother still resided, I thought of that unfortunate man, whom the last report I heard stated to be in the condition of raving insanity, in a receptacle for the mad. I thought of the time when he played like one of those little ones, round that tree, and obeyed the pretty summons, which I now heard from them, in English,

"Boys and girls come out to play,
Now the moon shines bright as day," &c.

On their chanting their song, I was startled by the sudden appearance of a tall old man, in tattered clothes, with long hair and beard quite white, who had been sitting at the foot of the tree, and who, on the children pulling him by the withered hands, laughed shrilly, and awkwardly joined in their wild dance, to their seeming great amusement. Nothing but his stature, and something mournful and infantile in his half hysterical laugh, distinguished his manners from those of the real children, whose companion rather than sport, he seemed to be.

It was not till I had inquired about this poor harmless being at the rustic inn, that I knew that this was David Beynon come home to his decrepit mother, to finish his mindless existence under the roof where it began.

DRAMATIC.

From the Knickerbocker of August.

LONDON THEATRICALS.

After breakfast with Knowles, we walked together to the 'Garrick Club,' where I passed an hour agreeably in looking over the departed heroes of the stage, who tapestry the walls of several large rooms and entries. To Mrs. Siddons I paid my first homage. I had already seen her in her glorious portrait by Reynolds. What a divine woman! One feels the dignity of human nature, in a simple contemplation of her features. You but fancy her in her fine tragic visions. Your blood is congealed, and hair erect, with the contagious inspiration. If the vain image has this power, what must have been the living form and expression? And O'Neal!—the feeble taper, scarce flickering in an Irish hut, that shone afterward the brightest, star of the British firmament! Is it true, that a woman ran mad at her 'Belvidera,' and died in Bedlam? And here, in stripling youth, and serious age, is Garrick and Kemble; and Cooke stands as a rock of Atlas; and Kean stalks with hyper-tragical strut in Richard.

The next hour I spent, alone in a box of 'Covent Garden' overlooking a rehearsal. It was the first time I had seen the two muses in their dishabille. A sham exhibition of the passions is close on the ridiculous, at best; and when the mummery is exposed in this manner, without the *prestige of costume and decoration*, it is ridiculous, outright. Imagine only a number of women and men rushing from behind a scene, making arms, and throwing themselves into comic or tragic attitudes. Oh that's horrid! says the manager. And then he casts himself into a situation, by way of model. They go out and rush in again upon the same sentiment; and then he jumps three feet in the air with joy, at the excellence of the imitation. I would rather see any comedy than this. I strolled, afterward, in the immense space filled with the apparatus of the scene. How interesting to see here the human passions reduced to their elements, in pots of rouge, in dishes of tallow, and burnt cork! Groves are here leaning sentimentally against the wall, and others, erect upon the area, are breathing with Arcadian freshness. I walked through the forest of Arden, and made the babbling gossip of the air cry out Olivia. I saw the thunder quietly reposing at the side of a snow-storm, and Cupid's wings fast asleep with Psyche's petticoat. I studied, too, the customs and manners of the artist, who have here social observances; exacting, rigorously, a respect corresponding with their rank in public favor. The *prima* has a large room, and several distinctive articles of furniture, and takes especial care not to admit you a second rate to the dignity of her acquaintance. If, by the necessities of the play, she does embrace you tenderly before the world, this is no reason why she should own you in private. Queen Catharine is crying here at her mirror; Richard attitudinizes; Anne being a bonnet, with a petticoat on a bed-post. 'Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman! You have seen Hogarth's 'Theatricals'; this is the original.

At no other period has the English drama been so degraded. Its pleasures, being forsaken by the genteel and educated classes, have migrated from the ears almost entirely. The opera, which is a sensual, not intellectual entertainment, is yet in repute; and a portion of good comedy also remains; but the tragic muse sits deplorably amidst her empty boxes; her lamp flickering and expiring; her limbs benumbed, and her wings dripping with Bæotian fogs. Macready has thrown his torn mantle upon her; Knowles poured wholesome liquor in her parched lips; but the principle of life is effete.

The age of the rope-dancers has come. An elephant usurps the place where Garrick stood like a god; and Harlequin flaunts in motley, where Siddons drew her tragic robe across the scene. 'Mother Goose' had a hundred nights, and 'Ion,' in its pure and attic spirit and polished composition, will be content with two or three, at Covent Garden; and at Old Drury, they give you such a clear and natural representation of hell, in Der Freyschutz, that you may dispense with seeing the original. I have seen these great theatres, on a few occasions, recalling their halcyon days, as at Talfourd's first representation, and Malibran's adieu for the season, last night. What vivacity, what splendor, what delightful and rational enjoyment!

AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER.

ALBANY, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1839.

AURORA BOREALIS.—The papers are teeming with accounts of 'the unusual brilliancy of this phenomenon, which manifested itself a few evenings since. It seems to have been visible over a vast extent of country. In this city, its appearance was indescribably grand, and may be termed a jubilee of the elements. It was visible from an early hour, and assumed every conceivable form and colour. At one moment, the entire zenith seemed canopied with a dense mass of crimson fires, radiating from the centre: at intervals emitting transitory streamers, which contained the variegated hues of the rainbow. Anon, a mass of ethereal fire would appear in bold relief by rendering visible some portion of the pure azure of the firmament, with scintillations of light radiating in every direction. Again it assumed the form of mountains, clouds, 'fiery shapes' of monsters, and then "like the baseless fabric of a vision, melted into thin air." Its brilliancy continued unabated until near midnight, when the heavens assumed their wanted appearance.

Philosophers of the most profound erudition, have each in their turn, advanced and advocated theories relative to the cause of this singular effect; none of which theories stand the test of close scrutiny, and there still seems to be no general settled belief on the subject. A few generations since, and such exhibitions, were conceived ominous of impending evil, and their recurrence was reverted to as having been the precursor of most moral and political revulsions. Is it not the mere workings of the grand engine of nature in the act of regenerating and resolving into its original elements of purity, the gasses vitiated in contributing their quota to the support of animal and vegetable life? "We are such stuff as dreams are made of." In whatsoever from matter is tangible, whether animal or vegetable, form its embryo germination, it expands and becomes perfected in its structure and attributes; it serves the ends of its creation, and is destined, to yield obedience to the imperious law of nature which dooms to mutation all sublunary objects. Putrescence supervenes and the noisome gasses are disengaged which ascend into the laboratory of nature preparatory to their being assimilated to the wants of a new growth. To effect this desirable object heat was destined to lend a powerful auxiliary aid, and for that purpose was disseminated over the entire face of nature in the form of electricity, either positive or negative, which is stimulated into action by the accumulation of a superabundance of vapour; and while in the act of its transmission into a state of primitive purity, the heavens manifest the appearance spoken of, the amount of light and situation of the planets accounting for the difference of its appearance at different times.

At all events the study and attempt to ratiocinate this point cannot but be attended with advantageous results to all ages and conditions of mankind; as its tendency is to elevate the mind, and imperceptibly lead to a more clear and proper appreciation of the infinite munificence and wisdom of the Creator

LITERARY.

WASHINGTON IRVING.—We are called to the consideration of the gentleman whose name begins our article, by an attack recently made upon him by the New-Yorker: a journal, by-the-by, save, we think in this instance, justly and universally admired. However, the reputation of Mr. Irving is of too substantial a kind, to be injured by any siege at this late day. The New-Yorker should recollect, the world looks upon Irving in letters, as upon Washington in arms, as the hero of country; and that he has built a shrine in almost every heart, which defies the strong arm of destruction. But what has been the crimes that could provoke so determined an attack? He has said there are more critics than are just. He has vindicated one of his own craft, Mr. Cooper: a writer, who by culpably entering the arena of politics, has greatly impaired a well earned and truly deserved literary fame. We have no excuse to offer for this "grievous fault" of Mr. Cooper's; yet we think the feeling that actuated Mr. Irving's remark towards him, is laudable in the extreme, and rather excites admiration than any other emotion. Nor can we help thinking, that Mr. Cooper has too long been the glass-house against which every hand has hurled the stone. The before beautiful structure seems to be shattered into atoms. This fact operating upon a fine mind like his, at length turned it into bitter misanthropy; and the result was, the world has been edified with a "Home as Found"—a work, which while it evinces the author's power still to write vigorously and well, had better for his own sake, never seen the light. His opinions between the time of writing these satirical volumes, and those of the "Travelling Bachelor," of former years, have undergone too serious a change to be correct; and renders one of these productions a brilliant absurdity. Nevertheless, who that has read the "Last of the Mohicans," and "The Pilot," does not look upon their author as one that has exalted American literature. His description of natural scenes—the Forest and the Ocean—are by all allowed to be unsurpassed. Mr. Irving, doubtless sensibly felt this, when he gave his remarks, unrestrained to the public; and if by so doing he has provoked the "hot haste" of some, he doubtless consoles himself, as he ought, with the natural reflection, that the most clubs are thrown in those trees that bear the best fruit; and likewise, if he has told an untruth, by signifying there is more criticism than justice, he doubtless has the comfort of not being alone in such an opinion.

FANNY AND OTHER POEMS.—For sale by W. C. Little.—Why Halleck should for so many years persevere in keeping the public from this delightful collection of verse, is more than we can imagine. It certainly cannot have been from the cause so often stated—that of being made up of severe personality. The most acrid parts are so finely flavored with other ingredients, that even the person for whom the dose was prepared, can, we are sure swallow it with perfect ease. Providing such has been the cause Mr. Halleck must labor under more than his proportion of that refined sensitiveness, so common to his fraternity. Although the Poem of Fanny possessed much of the poetic, it has been chiefly, and correctly, admired for its dramatic and satirical character. The incidents throughout are familiar and interesting; and the invention of the *finale* catastrophe—the falling chandelier, would be worthy of an origination from Shakespeare. How strongly it reminds us, for simplicity and ingenuity, of the "stolen kerchief"—the hinge on which the whole machinery of Othello turns. The entire writing of Halleck are peculiar for shrewd observation, and fine mental imagery. He is not the poet of Fancy, but that of thought, vivid and intense. This, combined with lively sallies

of wit, has made his works admired as well in the counting-house, as the college. His style of blending pathos and humour in almost the same sentence at the same time, being alike free from the morbidity of grief and the broad-grin of vulgarity, has made him more generally read than any of our Poets. As an instance of pleasure derived from this style of writing, the concluding song of Fanny, quoted in another column, is scarcely surpassed in the language.

However, we do not look upon FANNY as the best production contained in this elegant volume. The Recorder is infinitely its superior. In the last mentioned, poetry less frequently dwindles into prose. Above all, we like it from the liberal compliments showered upon his cotemporaries in song. They show him without envy; possessed of that true nobleness of spirit, which do honor to himself, and rank him among the most generous, as well as best of poets. To verify our remarks, we select the following detached parts of the Recorder, which we think are beautiful:

But let that pass. As I have said,
There's naught, save laurels, on your head,
And time has changed my clustering hair,
And shower'd the snow flakes thickly there;
And though our lives have ever been,
As different as their different scene;
Mine more renown'd for rhymes than riches,
Yours less for scholarship than speeches;
Mine pass'd in low-roof'd leafy bower,
Yours in high halls of pomp and power,
Yet are we, be the moral told,
Alike in one thing—growing old,
Ripen'd like summer's cradled sheaf,
Faded like autumn's falling leaf—
And nearing, sail and signal spread,
The quiet anchorage of the dead.
For such is human life, wherever
The voyage of its bark may be,
On home's green-bank'd and gentle river,
Or the world's shoreless, sleepless sea.

I know that you are modest, know
That when you hear your merit's praise,
Your cheeks quick blushes come and go.
Lilly and rose-leaf, sun and snow,
Like maidens' on their bridal days.
I know that you would fain decline
To aid me and the sacred nine,
In giving to the asking earth
The story of your wit and worth;
For if there be a fault to cloud
The brightness of your clear good senses,
It is, and be the fact allow'd,
Your only failing—DIFFIDENCE!
An Amiable weakness—given
To justify the sad reflection,
That in this vale of tears not even
A ***** is complete perfection,
A most romantic defestation
Of power and place, of pay and ration;
A strange unwillingness to carry
The weight of honour on your shoulders,
For which you have been named, the very
Sensitive Plant of office-holders,
A shrinking bashfulness, whose grace
Gives beauty to your manly face.
Thus shades the green and growing vine
The rough bark of the mountain pine,
Thus round her freedom's waking steel
Harmodius wreathed his country's myrtle;
And thus the golden lemon's peel
Gives fragrance to a bowl of turtle.

True, "many a flower," the poet sings,
"Is born to blush unseen"
But you, although you blush, are not
The flower the poets near.
In vain you wooed a lowlier lot;
In vain you clipp'd your eagle-wings—
Talents like yours are not forgot
And buried with earth's common things.
No! my dear ***** I would give

My laurels, living and to live,
Or as much cash as you could raise on
Their value, by hypothecation,
To be, for one enchanted hour,
In beauty, majesty, and power,
What you for forty years have been,
The Oberon of life's fairy scene.

THE CONCERT.—Mr. Knight's of Monday evening last, at Stanwix Hall, was all the heart could desire.—We had expected much from the reputation that preceded his entrance among us, and we realized every expectation. He possesses a delightful tenor voice, and uses it skilfully. Many of the melodies were his own composition—"Cupid among the roses," which, to his shame be it said, still remains in manuscript is as rare a song as we in a long time have listened to. The incident contained therein, is exceedingly happy.—"She wore a wreath of roses"—according to his own singing of it—especially the last stanza, is beyond description beautiful. Mr. K. was assisted through the evening, by Miss Jackson, of our city, on the Piano, and Mr. Andrews of Troy, on the violin. The Fantasia by Miss J. displayed a perfect knowledge of musical effect. Her delicate and rapid performance, her fingers running over the keys like electric sparks, producing sounds, that for the time, gives a taste of Eden; would convince greater stoics than ourselves that "music is divine." Nor did Mr. Andrew's play "second fiddle." There was peculiar brilliancy in his style upon the violin, which thrilled us continually. We hope to have our city visited often by such concerts, and we also hope it will receive a larger attendance.—The thin audience of Monday evening was enough to discourage not Mr. Knight, but one accustomed to disappointment. However, the sultry air of the evening must have kept numbers away. Should Mr. K. at any future time appear, we are confident, he will meet a reception more to his liking.

Juvenile Depository, and Youth's Mental Casket.—This is the title of a very interesting little publication, the first and second number of which, we have just received. The Depository is conducted by Mr. Luther Pratt, of Skeneateles, already favorably known to the public, as the editor of several interesting and useful works. The Depository is chiefly designed for youth, and from the numbers before us, we can with great pleasure recommend it to the favorable notice of all who have the charge of youth. Each volume, when completed, contains 432 pages, at the price of one dollar per annum—cheap enough in all conscience.

Mr. James S. Gould, of the Albany Apprentice Library, is authorised to receive subscriptions.

OUR POLITICS.—A circumstance transpired a few days since, which has brought us a communication from a friend in which he wishes to know whether our paper is to meddle with the politics of the day. We distinctly answer no. Our paper is to be strictly a *Masonic and Literary Journal*, and asking as we do the patronage of our brethren and friends of both parties, propriety and fair dealing leaves us but one course to pursue, which we shall most strictly adhere to. We have, in common with every citizen, our particular notions of men and things, and in the exercise of our principles as a freeman, we shall take the liberty of belonging to either party, or both as is most agreeable. This belongs to us and not to our patrons. Our readers have now our political views, and we trust they will be satisfactory.

HARVEST.—From every section of this vast union, accounts continue to be received proclaiming this season as unusually prolific in its "yield," in requital of the toils of the husbandman. Smiling plenty is an inmate of the house of every frugal farmer and his conscious independence places him, in the scale of happiness far

above the denizens of cities. The machinations of politicians and speculators can have but little effect in clouding serenity of his existence. He draws his support from the bowels of the earth, and the consciousness of his usefulness bids him persevere; "for he who makes, by tillage, two blades of grass grow, where but one grew before, is of more intrinsic use in community than the subduer of nations."

Melancholly Occurrence.—Thomas Lockwood, a respectable English resident, of this city, drowned himself a few days since, while laboring under a fit of partial derangement. Although somewhat beforehand, he has of late been anticipating want; and it is supposed this unhappy state of mind, has produced the sad result which we have stated. His body was found on Monday last. He has left a wife and three children to mourn his untimely fate.

At a regular meeting of Temple Encampment No. 2, held at St. John's Hall, in the city of Albany, on Friday, the 6th day of Sept. 1839,

The following officers were elected:

- M. E. S. Jonathan Eights, Grand Commander.
- " James McKown, Generissimo.
- " John O'Cole, Capt. General.
- " John M. Garfield, Prelate.
- " William F. Walker, Sen. Warden.
- " George B. Glendening, Jun. Warden.
- " William Voorhees, Treasurer.
- " John I. Goewey, Recorder.
- " Jesse P. Mitchell, Warder.
- " Augustus Wilder, Standard Bearer.
- " Gerrit W. Ryckman, Sword Bearer.
- " Abraham Sickles, Sentinel.

TRIBUTE OF RESPECT.

At a meeting of Apollo Lodge No. 49, held at St. John's Hall in the city of Troy, on Wednesday 11th inst., to pay the last respects to the remains of the late Lewis Lyon of this city, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:—

Whereas, Almighty God, in the exercise of a wise but mysterious Providence, has suddenly and unexpectedly taken from the world the soul of our dear lamented brother, Lewis Lyon and thereby called a large circle of friends, the members of the Masonic Fraternity, and a fondly attached family, severely to mourn their loss.

Resolved, That while the way of the Providence we are now called to lament, is inscrutably and deeply affecting, we bow with submission and reverential awe.

Resolved, That this fraternity sympathize deeply in the sorrows of the friends, and particularly those of the immediate family, now so sorely bereaved.

Resolved, That we view in this dispensation a solemn and impressive admonition to us of the shortness and uncertainty of life, and the great duty to be also ready.

Resolved, That we commend ourselves and the friends who on this occasion are called to mourn, to the keeping of Almighty God, who has promised to be the stay and the comfort of all the afflicted.

Resolved, That the secretary be authorised to transmit a copy of the foregoing to the family of the deceased, and that these resolutions be published in the American Masonic Register.

S. C. LEGGETT, Sec.

ITEMS.

A new sort of Clover has been imported into England from Asia, which is said may be cut every month or if allowed will grow to the enormous height of 12 to 15 feet. Each grain produces 300,000 seeds.

We understand that the Rev. Mr. Kirk, Mr. John H. Prentiss and Family of this City, and the Rev. Dr. Beman, of Troy, who returned from Europe in the Great Western.

Sunday School Union.—The Sunday Schools celebrated their Anniversary on Tuesday last. The Park was filled with Teachers and Pupils, who moved in Procession down either side of State to Market street, and thence North and South to the North Dutch and 1st Presbyterian Churches, where interesting and ap-

propriate exercises were observed. The day was bright, and the scene one of great moral beauty.

Yellow Fever in the Mississippi Steamboats.—The *Wheeling* (Va.) Times of Saturday says, that this dreadful disease has made its way into the steamboats on the Mississippi. The *Mormon* and *Fusileer*, which arrived recently at the mouth of the Ohio, had fifteen deaths on board by the yellow fever, the former 4, the latter 11. They were all buried at the mouth.

The Archbishop of Sweden, Wallen, died lately at Stockholm. He was the author of the translation of the psalms.

Sir Robert Clayton died on the 15th of August, aged 93 years. He was a major in the army in 1785.

One of the Africans, belonging to the company recently captured in the *Amistad*, died in jail at New Haven, on the 4th inst. His disease was a sort of dysentery.

General Sir James Stewart died at Sheltenham on the 19th of August. He was the oldest officer in the British army, having entered as a cornet in 1761.

MARRIED.

On Wednesday, 11th inst. at Minaville, Montgomery co. by the Rev. James Stevenson, Elias A. Brown, to Louisa A., eldest daughter of J. Cady, Esq.

At Chatham, N. J. on the 15th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Milnor, the Rev. John S. Stone, D. D. to Mary, daughter of James Kent, Esq.

DIED.

On the 2d inst. at his residence in the town of Black Rock, Adiel Sherwood, Esq. aged 55 years.

On the 2d inst. at Marshall, Mich., Mrs. Jane E. Crary, wife of Hon. Isaac E. Crary.

On Saturday last, at the residence of his son-in-law C. R. Anderson; Esq. Ezra Cloyes, aged 62, of Morrisville, Madison co.

At Hamburg, N. Y. on the 21st ult. of hydrophobia, Loretta L. daughter of Paul and Hannah Wheeler, aged 7 years and 6 days. She died on the 13th day after bite of the dog, and the 5th after the commencement of the hydrophobia symptoms.

At Carolina, Montgomery co. Texas, on the 16th July Mr. Joseph Walden, in the 32d year of his age, son of Jacob J. Walden, of Walden, Orange co.

On Tuesday last, at Troy, Lewis Lyon, aged 41 years,

[His remains were attended to their last home, by the brethren of Appollo Lodge, and invited brethren from Albany, escorted by the Troy Citizens' Corps, and Troy Greys. The church funeral service, was performed by the Rev. Br. Van Kleeck; after which the usual Masonic services were gone through by Br. A. J. Rosseau, in a solemn and impressive manner, before a large concourse of brethren and citizens, each vying with the other, in rendering honor, to where honor was so justly due.—Ed.]

Another Revolutionary Pensioner gone.—Died, near Hopewell, N. J., on the 24th ult. William Stives, aged 82, a respectable member of the Baptist Church for the past 40 years.

In New York, on the 10th inst. after a short illness, David Graham, Esq. counsellor at law, in the 69 year of his age.

On the 6th inst. of consumption, Lieut. Wm. H. Campbell, U. S. Navy, aged 43 years. His remains were interred with military honors from the Navy Yard at Brooklyn.

WANTED.—A boy between 14 and 16 years, to learn the Printing business. Enquire at this office.

FITZ GREENE HALLECK'S POETRY.—A new edition. Fanny, and other Poems, with a plate. Life of Wilberforce, by his sons, Spark's Life of George Washington. The Works of Benj. Franklin. Prescott's Ferdinand and Isabella. Bencroft's History of United States. Writings of Charles Dickens, Boz. The Cheap Edition of Waverly Novels, at 2s only. Works of Benj. Johnson, complete in 1 vol. Constantinople Illustrated. American Scenery, Lakes, Rivers, &c. &c. by Bartlett for sale by

W. C. LITTLE, corner of State st.

POETRY.

For the American Masonic Register and Literary Companion.
SONNETS.

TO RUIN.

Where Nature stands aghast
And wrings her hands in silent agony—KIRKE WHITE.
Grey tombstone of the Past—arts, domes and feuds,
Like those who gave them birth, beneath thee rest;
And undisturbed the sea bird builds his nest,
Where god-like Ceasars once led multitudes
To fame sublime! And too—frail monument
At glory's sepulchre—bright forms that lent
A rain-bow loveliness to life, have pressed
The dust where thine oblivious shadow falls!
While gazing on thee, how the living heart appalls,
And ah, how all ambition's phantoms fade!
Hope's myriad sunbeams quench their bright array
Within a coming storm. Lo! e'en the blade
The warrior trusted, fails; and mid the fray
His form is stretched in desolate decay.

THE SLANDERER.

By treacherous ambush, or more treacherous smiles,
Embracing while he stabs the heart that met
His specious seeming with unguarded breast—MONTGOMERY.
Thou living Leprons, whose contagion spread
Sear spots of shame on brows where beauty shone;
Thou human Upas, breathing poison on
Aught daring to approach thy region dread;
Thou walking reptile, by whose venom'd tongue
Was friendship's trusting heart deep pierced and wrung;
Black darkness follows thy malignant tread!
The good do shun thee as a fire-dreg'd bowl
That burns life's growing verdure from the soul;
And, doomed within thy loathsome self to dwell!
Guilt looks thy form upon, and breathes so free,
That all of vice at once seems changed to thee;
Nor would *Death* break thy green-heart's saffron shell,
To let from earth-born breast arise the fumes of Hell.

TO—

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream—BRON.
Night draws its sweet serenity of air
Around, and soothes me as the looks I love
Have soothed me oft. The moon sails like a dove
Far up the sky, on some kind errand there.
As its soft brilliance lights the stars, and thro' wa
A silver lustre through the dark expanse,
I think of one, who on life's morning rose
So beautiful I could not believe her glance
Was real—And while scenes return so sweet,
Through every vein a thrill of rapture glows;
Yes—Empress of my soul! I think of thee,
To bend my heart in homage at thy feet;
For life would all be midnight dark to me,
Without thine angel beaming ministry.

Albany Sept. 1839.

THE WINDS,

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Ye winds, ye unseen currents of the air,
Softly ye played a few brief hours ago;
Ye bore the murmuring bee; ye tossed the hair
O'er maiden cheeks, that took a fresher glow;
Ye rolled the round white cloud thro' depths of blue;
Ye shook from faded flowers the lingering dew;
Before you the catalpa's blossoms flew,
Light blossoms, dropping on the grass like snow.

How are ye changed! Ye take the cataract's sound,
Ye take the whirlpool's fury and its might;
The mountain shudders as ye sweep the ground;
The valley woods lie prone beneath your flight.
The clouds before you sweep like eagle's past;
The homes of men are rocking in your blast;
Ye lift the roofs like autumn leaves, and cast,
Skyward, the whirling fragments out of sight.

The weary fowls of heaven make wing in vain,
To scape your wrath; ye seize and dash them dead.
Against the earth ye drive the roaring rain;
The harvest field becomes a river's bed;

And torrents tumble from the hills around,
Plains turn to lakes, and villages are drowned,
And wailing voices, midst the tempest's sound,
Rise, as the rushing floods close overhead.

Ye dart upon the deep, and straight is heard
A wilder roar, and men grow pale, and pray;
Ye fling its waters round you, as a bird
Flings o'er his shivering plumes the fountain's spray.
See! to the breaking mast the sailor clings;
Ye scoop the ocean to its briny springs,
And take the mountain billow on your wings,
And pile the wreck of navies round the bay.

Why rage ye thus?—no strife for liberty
Has made you mad; no tyrant, strong thro' fear,
Has chained your pinions, till ye wrenched them free,
And rushed into the unmeasured atmosphere:
For ye were born in freedom where ye blow;
Free o'er the mighty deep to come and go;
Earth's solemn woods were yours, her wastes of snow,
Her isles where summer blossoms all the year.

O ye wild winds! a mightier Power than yours
In chains upon the shores of Europe lies;
The accepted throng, whose fetters he endures,
Watch his mute throes with terror in their eyes—
And armed warriors all round him stand,
And, as he struggles, tighten every band,
And lift the heavy spear, with threatening hand,
To pierce the victim, should he strive to rise.

Yet oh, when that wronged Spirit of our race
Shall break, as soon he must, his long-worn chains,
And leap in freedom from his prison-place,
Lord of his ancient hills and fruitful plains,
Let him not rise, like these mad winds of air,
To waste the loveliness that time could spare,
To fill the earth with wo, and blot her fair
Unconscious breast with blood from human veins.

But may he like the Spring-time come abroad,
Who crumbles winter's gyves with gentle might,
When in the genial breeze, the breath of God,
Come spouting up the unsealed springs to light;
Flowers start from their dark prisons at his feet,
The woods, long dumb, awake to hymnings sweet,
And morn and eve, whose glimmering almost meet,
Crowd back to narrow bounds the ancient night.

BRILLIANT RHYMES.

FROM THE POEM OF FANNY.

He took at Jupiter a shilling's worth
Of gazing, through the showman's telescope;
Sounds as of far-off bells came on his ears,
He fancied 'twas the music of the spheres.

He was mistaken, it was no such thing,
'Twas Yankee Doodle play'd by Scudder's band;
He mutter'd, as he linger'd listening,
Something of freedom and our happy land
Then sketch'd, as to his home he hurried fast
This sentimental song—his saddest, and his last.

Young thoughts have music in them, love
And happiness their theme;
And music wanders in the wind
That lulls a morning dream.
And there are angel voices heard,
In childhood's frolic hours,
When life is but an April day
Of sunshine and of showers.

There's music in the forest leaves
When summer winds are there.
And in the laugh of forest girls
That braid their sunny hair.
The first wild bird that drinks the dew,
From violets of the spring,
Has music in his song, and in
The fluttering of his wing.

There's music in the dash of waves
When the swift bark cleaves their foam;
There's music heard upon her deck,
The mariner's song of home,
When moon and star beams smiling meet
At midnight on the sea—

And there is music—once a week
In Scudder's balcony.

But the music of young thoughts too soon
Is faint, and dies away,
And from our morning dreams we wake
To curse the coming day.
And childhood's frolic hours are brief,
And oft in after years
Their memory comes to chill the heart,
And dim the eye with tears.

To-day, the forest leaves are green,
They'll wither on the morrow,
And the maiden's laugh be changed ere long
To the widow wail of sorrow.
Come with the winter snows, and ask
Where are the forest birds?
The answer is a silent one,
More eloquent than words.

The moonlight music of the waves
In storm is heard no more,
When the living lightning mocks the wreck
At midnight on the shore,
And the mariner's song of home has ceased,
His corse is on the sea—
And music ceases when it rains
In Scudder's balcony.

TO PRINTERS.—The following reduced prices will hereafter be charged for printing types, at BRUCE'S New-York Type Foundry, 13 Chambers-st. and 3 City Hall Place.

Pica,	38 cents a lb.
Small Pica,	40 do.
Long Primer,	42 do.
Bourgeois,	46 do.
Brevier,	54 do.
Minion,	66 do.
Nonpareil,	84 do.
Agate,	108 do.
Pearl,	140 do.

Ornamental letter and other type in proportion.
These are the prices on a credit of six months; but we wish at this time to encourage short credit or cash purchases, and will therefore make a discount of five per cent New York acceptances at ninety days, and ten per cent for cash.

We have recently added to our former extensive assortment seventy-five different kinds and sizes of ornamental letter, embracing Condensed, Extra Condensed, Extended, Outline, Skeleton, Shaded, Ornamental, modern thin-faced Black, &c. 100 new Flowers, and a great variety of Ornaments, forming altogether the most extensive and elegant assortment of Printing Types in the United States, and absolutely an unrivalled one. We also furnish every other article that is necessary for a printing office.

Printers of newspapers, who publish this advertisement three times before the 1st of November, 1839, sending us one of the publications, will receive payment when they purchase from the foundry four times the amount of their bill.

GEORGE BRUCE & CO.

New York, Sept. 1839.

SHERIFF'S OFFICE—City and county of Albany, August 17, 1839.

ELECTION NOTICE—A general election is to be held in the county of Albany on the 4th, 5th, and 6th, days of November next, at which will be chosen the officers mentioned in the notice from the Secretary of State, of which a copy is annexed.

MICHAEL ARTCHER, Sheriff,
State of New York, Secretary's Office,
Albany, Aug. 15, 1839.

Sir—Notice is hereby given you that the term of service of James Powers, a Senator of the Third Senate District of this state will expire on the last day of December next, and that a senator is to be chosen in that district, to which the county of which you are sheriff belongs at the general election to be held on the fourth, fifth and sixth days of November next.

You will also take notice, that a vacancy has been caused in the representation of the Third Senate District, by the death of Noah Johnson, a senator from that district, whose term of office would have expired on the last day of December, 1840; and that a senator to supply the said vacancy is to be chosen at the said next general election.

You will also take notice, that a proposed amendment to the constitution is to be submitted to the people at the said election, at which the electors are to vote, "For the election of Mayors by the People," or "Against the election of Mayors by the People." At the same election the following officers are to be chosen, viz: Three members of Assembly.

JOHN C. SPENCER, Secretary of State.

N.B. You are to give notice of the aforesaid election, in writing to one of the inspectors of each town and ward in your county, and annex thereto a copy of this notice. You are also to publish the said notice and copy in all the public newspapers printed in your county.

THE AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER,

Is Published every Saturday by L. G. HOFFMAN
OPPOSITE THE EAGLE TAVERN, ALBANY.

TERMS.—To city subscribers, *Two Dollars and Fifty Cents* a year. To subscribers who receive their papers by mail, *Two Dollars*, payable on the receipt of the 4th Number. No subscription received for a less term than one year. Back numbers at all times furnished.

AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER AND LITERARY COMPANION.

VOL. I.

ALBANY, N. Y. SATURDAY SEPTEMBER 31, 1839.

NO. 2

MASONIC.

From the Olive Branch:

OBJECTIONS TO MASONRY—ANSWERED.

The accompanying letters were written under peculiar circumstances, and without the least reference to publication. I kept copies of them because I wished my brethren to be informed of what I had done, that they might sustain me if right, or point out my errors if wrong. Some of my friends expressed a favorable opinion concerning the performance, as well as the design, and solicited that they should be made public; but I resisted every application of that nature, and should never have consented if your paper had not offered the only proper channel through which they could appear.

They were addressed to an eminent minister of the Baptist Church, who had taken great pains, by the circulation of anti-Masonic books, pamphlets and papers to aid the fanatical opposers of masonry in the unsparing crusade which they were carrying on against it. He spoke of the Institution, both in public and private as one designed to impose upon the community, to undermine all religion, and to subvert the free principles of our government; and gave it as his opinion that all good persons ought to unite in putting it down. It was necessary, under these circumstances, that some of the Fraternity should defend it; and as no other person seemed willing to undertake it, and I was moreover, the representative of the Order in this place, I determined to lay aside any diffidence I might feel on the subject and commenced the correspondence of which I send you a copy.

It is but justice to say, that before the death of that gentleman, which took place not many years after, all unfriendly feeling, and all want of confidence had been entirely removed from the minds of both parties, if any had ever existed; and there was a kindness and affection in their intercourse which has left a deep and lasting impression on the mind of the survivor. I take great pleasure, also, in saying that no allusion was ever made to our former difference; and I never afterwards heard of his mentioning the subject of Masonry, except to regret that he had ever interfered with it.

REVEREND AND DEAR SIR,—I have lately been informed that you are unfriendly to the Institution of Freemasonry, and that certain books on that subject have been sent to you for distribution, with a view to denounce that Institution as injurious to the cause of morality, social order and religion; and I hope you will allow me so far to call on your patience, and to trespass on your valuable time, as to offer a few remarks in its defence.

I have never read any of the publications to which I allude; and if I had, I could not, in the limits of a letter, give a formal answer to all the objections which may have been urged in them. One of the principles of the Institution teaches us never to engage in controversies and arguments, with those who may ridicule it, through an ignorance of its character. But we are not forbidden to offer a reasonable defence, when there is a probability of throwing some true light on the subject, without the danger of incurring the evil consequences of passionate argument.

I will begin with the objections I have heard brought forward against Masonry, and endeavor to answer them as they occur to me.

1. *It requires no religious test; and admits those who*

are not Christians. Masonry, in its present form, is derived from the time of Solomon, who was at the head of the order. How long it may have existed, or whether it did exist as a separate body, previously to his time, is not certainly known to us. There have been, undoubtedly, some changes in the ceremonies, and some additions taken from those parts of the Bible which have been written since that period, together with the unavoidable alterations in phraseology which must have taken place, in the numerous successive translations which human language has undergone; but the mysteries, as we are informed by Masonic tradition, have remained the same. This assertion is supported by the fact, so well known among us, that they continue to be used, without any variation, in all countries, and in all languages. Seeing, then, that the Institution derives its origin and organization from a period anterior to the Christian religion, and that at the introduction of the gospel it had already extended itself over different nations, it is not to be wondered at that we find it among those who do not believe in the Christian faith. The Jews and Mahometans are as much entitled to its privileges as Christians; and the only religious test which we make indispensable is a belief in the being and existence of God. We are informed by Masonic tradition that many of the zealous supporters of the Christian Church, in its infancy, were members of the Masonic Order, among whom were St. Paul, and the two St. Johns. All Christian Lodges, in whatever country they are held, are to this day dedicated to the two last named Saints.

2. *It is objected to because it is not made known to the world.* The mysteries of Masonry are, of themselves, of no importance, except so far as they go to perpetuate the Order, and to keep it distinct from all others. If its benefits were calculated to bear exclusively upon the future condition of mankind; or if it offered the means of salvation to the whole human race, then it would be both improper and criminal to withhold it from any one. It is not, however, of this character. It was, at its first institution, an operative profession, all the members of which were associated by particular ties and duties, and possessed certain mysteries, by which they were enabled to distinguish each other, to make themselves known, and to prove their claim to the charity, protection, and support of the Fraternity. In this situation it existed for many centuries, until some persons of distinction, who were not operatives, were admitted; and it became from that time a speculative Order. They were at all times ready to admit to equal privileges all who were found worthy; but extending them to all, whether worthy or unworthy, would effectually destroy the Institution, and break up the correcting ties of the individual members. The strongest duties of Masons are those which they owe to each other. These are so blended with their secret ceremonies, that it is impossible for any but themselves to know and feel them; and if they were extended to all the world, good bad and indifferent, the burden would fall only upon those who would obey the dictates of conscience, while the abandoned and desperate would derive the only advantage from the social compact. What sort of a Christian Church would it be, which would admit all the world, without inquiring whether they possessed the requisite qualifications? Yet Christianity is designed for the salvation of all. What would you think of an association which would compel you to take up the merest sot that ever rolled in a kennel, embrace him as a brother, and receive him upon terms of

perfect equality? You would immediately renounce it. You see, then, the impropriety of extending it to all.

I believe that many are displeased with Masonry, after having taken its degrees. The reason of this is, that it calls on them for feelings which they have not, and enjoins on them certain performances which are repugnant to their natural tendency. You can imagine the situation of one who has professed the Christian religion, and afterwards found that he had deceived himself. His heart still inclines to evil, and he wears the restraint which his professions have placed on his conduct as a galling chain. He is finally compelled either to retract, or to cover the natural wickedness of his heart with the veil of hypocrisy—thereby becoming the most miserable, as well as the most despicable of human beings. Such, to a certain extent, is the situation of one who takes upon him the performance of moral and social duties at which his heart revolts.

3. *It does not admit females.* This objection is at once overcome, when we recollect, that it was formerly an operative profession, and as it was not customary for females to perform the labors of a carpenter, or a stone mason, so, when it became a speculative Order that ancient regulation could not be altered. I have seen only one instance on record of a female who had taken the degrees of the Order. She was the daughter of a nobleman in England, who held a Lodge in his own house. By some means this young lady became acquainted with the ceremonies, being detected, was regularly taken into the Lodge. She made great proficiency in the degrees, and was several times called to preside as *Master*. She lived to an advanced age, a pattern for the female character, exemplary in all her conduct, and died regretted by all, after having liberally bestowed charity upon all the distressed within her reach. It was her uniform custom to take the head of all Masonic professions in her carriage.

4. *It is said to encourage dissipation.* This objection has been, in some degree, founded in truth. They who had assembled as Masons would, sometime, when the duties of the Lodge were over, remain together as friends, and allow their enjoyments to go beyond the bounds of prudence; and a fault which has brought discredit upon the Fraternity. But I assure you that all kinds of disorderly conduct, immorality, and dissipation are in direct opposition to the principles of the Order; and so long as I have been a member of it, I have never once seen ardent spirit or wine in a Lodge. I have known many Masons to be expelled forever, from all the benefits and privileges of the Institution, on account of dissipation, or other unmasonic conduct.

I am willing to acknowledge that there are many unworthy members, who bring scandal upon the Fraternity; and a happy thing would it be for us if we could get rid of them. But this is the misfortune to which all human societies are liable; and until the nature of man can be made more perfect, there will be this misfortune grafted upon his constitution. When we examine the chain of creation, we find

"There must be, some where, such a link as man, poor, weak fallible man, with all his frailties and imperfections upon him. Wherever human nature and human feelings are brought into action, there must be something wrong. The Christian religion, with the purity of which nothing earthly can dare to compare, is not free from this evil; and even the Saviour of man-

kind had a Peter to deny, and a Judas to betray him.

5. *It is believed by many that the members of this Order rely on it as a means of salvation.* Nothing can be more incorrect than this opinion. It cannot be considered as going further than the social and moral virtues. But I may safely assert that, if we would faithfully pursue the excellent precepts and tenets laid down for the government of our conduct, we should come as near to perfection as the nature of man could arrive without revelation. Our system of ethics is taken from the Holy Bible, and there are blended with the ceremonies and charges many of the precepts delivered by the fathers of the Christian Church.

6. *It is thought by some to be designed only as an imposition on the credulity of the ignorant.* The high character for intelligence and piety possessed by many of its members will, at once, set this objection at rest, in the minds of all liberal people. Many ministers of the gospel are, of my own knowledge, conspicuous and zealous members of the Fraternity, and are not ashamed, at all times, and in all companies, to avow their partiality for its principles. Its good offices are sometimes exerted in aid of the doctrines of the Christian Church. The Rev. Mr. W. once presented to the Presbytery of North Carolina the sum of fifty dollars, as a donation from the Lodge in Hillsborough, of which he was a member, to be applied to the use of the Bible Society. Many other instances might be added to prove the sincerity of their charitable purposes, and the benevolence of their designs.

7. *It is said to make no beneficial change in the lives and characters of its members.* This is in many instances true; but it would be equally illiberal and unfounded to say that it was always so. There is nothing in the constitution of Masonry to make any person worse; but there are many inducements for them to become better. As I before remarked, the principle duties incumbent on us are blended with the secret ceremonies, and are practised toward each other, in such a manner that they are not presented to the world: and if we do not avail ourselves of the instructions and admonitions which our Institution gives us, with regard to our general character, it is not the fault of the Institution, but of us. If sinners be lost, they have to blame themselves for refusing the terms offered to them and not the Bible which offers them. I can say with truth, and without fear of contradiction, that where none are made worse, many are made better.

8. *Some of its members have been accused of the abduction and Murder of Morgan.* Of this accusation I can only say I am entirely ignorant; and if it be true, the act is looked upon with abhorrence by all good citizens and lovers of public order—and by none more so than the body of Masons themselves. I consider it entirely questionable, however, whether the charge be true to the full extent alleged. Were we to admit the fact, however, it does not prove that the general tendency of Masonry is evil, or that it is an Institution which ought to be put down. It only proves the misguided zeal of a few ignorant brethren, whose error we ought to pity, at the same time that we wish justice to fall upon them. If it be true, it affords the only instance of oppression or violence committed by the Fraternity, since the existence of the Order—and that not sanctioned by authority, but undertaken on the responsibility, and at the risk of individuals.

[To be concluded next week.]

MISCELLANY.

THE WITNESS BOX.

BY THEODORE S. FAY.

The nominal purpose of a court of justice is to seek the truth; but I question whether the truth is ever in other places more attacked, sneered at, brow-beaten, ridiculed and put out of countenance. It is the truth, which every one in his turn finds it his interest to conceal. It is truth that every one is afraid of. Even the party most unequivocally in the right is anxious to exclude the truth from the other side, lest it may seem to contradict his own; and all the lawyers, and even the judge, seem as much on the watch to stop the witness's mouth every two minutes, as they have been to make him come there to open it. To me, one of the most ridiculous things in the world is a witness in the box, trying (poor fellow!) to give in his testimony. He is, we will suppose, not in the slightest degree interest-

ed in either of the parties, and doubtless, wishes them both tied together by the neck, and at the bottom of the Thames. He comes into court, not voluntarily, but dragged, if he resists, by two or three scowling ministers of the law, who, from the mere fact of his being presumed to know something about the pending suit, think themselves entitled to treat him as if he had been brought up for robbing a hen roost. He is forced from his business or amusements for the purpose of speaking the truth, and he inwardly resolves to tell the whole story as soon as possible, and get rid of the business. He thinks he knows the worst. He thinks the loss of time, and the awkwardness of speaking the first time in his life in public are the extent of his sufferings. Unsuspecting victim! He no sooner enters the box than he finds himself at once the centre of a circle of enemies, and holding a position not greatly unlike that of a prisoner in an Indian war-dance. He tries to tell his story.

Witness. I was going down Maiden-lane—

Mr. Sergeant Bowwow. Stop sir.

Counsellor Botherall. Don't interrupt the witness.

Counsellor Badger. The witness is ours.

Counsellor Bluster. (fiercely and indignantly.) We want the fact.

Judge. Let the witness tell his story.

Witness. I was going down Maiden-lane, where I live—

Bowwow. We don't want to know where you live, sir.

Botherall. That is part of his testimony.

Badger. You can take the witness into your own hands when we have done with him; at present he is ours.

Bluster. (sarcastically.) Very well, sir.

Judge. Gentlemen, I beg you will sit down.

One of the Aldermen. Officer, keep order.

Officers. (in a tone of thunder, and with a scowl of more than oriental despotism upon the spectators, who are not making any noise that they are aware of) Silence.

Witness. I was going down Maiden-lane, where I reside, as I said before, when—

Bowwow. You don't come here, to repeat what you said before!

Botherall. I beg.

Badger (starting to his feet). I demand.

Bluster. My Lord, I appeal to you to protect me from the impertinence of this witness.

All the Counsellors and Judge together. The witness must.

Officer (looking at the audience again, and in a voice of thunder). Silence!

Judge. Gentlemen, it seems to me that the best way to come at the truth is to let the witness go on, and I will call him to order if he wanders from his duty.—*Witness.*

Witness. My lord.

Judge. Tell the plain fact of this assault—tell the jury what you know about it. Remember you are here to speak the truth. Raise your voice, and turn your face to the jury. What do you know of this affair?

Again the witness commences, the lawyers continuing to skirmish around him all the while, like a parcel of wild Arabs fighting for the clothes of some unhappy prisoner. So far from getting a chance to say the truth the witness cannot get a chance to say anything. At length, bewildered out of his recollection—frightened, insulted, and indignant—however really desirous of telling the truth, he stumbles upon some inconsistency: some trifling, or not trifling paradox—accounted for at once, and to every one's entire satisfaction, by the idea that he has forgotten. But then comes the cross-examination: then the scientific artillery of a cool, able lawyer sharpened by thirty years of similar practices, is brought to bear upon one trembling and already nervous stranger—perhaps ignorant, perhaps a boy. Then comes the laugh of judge and jury, the murmur of astonishment from the crowd, that a person could be found degraded and base enough to say that “the defendant wore a little-rimmed hat,” when he acknowledged subsequently, off his guard, that the hat had “a tolerably large rim.” Then the poor fellow, sore all over, and not quite sure that he will not be sent to prison and hard labour, for perjury, before the week has rolled away, although he is the only person in court who does not in a greater or less degree merit that punishment, is dismissed to a bench a few yards off, where he is obliged to remain to hear the lawyers, in

their address to the jury, tear his character to pieces with fine turns of rhetoric, and yet finer gesticulations.

“What, gentlemen of the jury,” said Mr. Sergeant Bowwow, in a tone of deepest contempt, what does the next witness, this Mr. John Raw, say? Gentlemen, he comes forward under the most peculiar circumstances. A dark mystery shrouds his motives, which I shall not endeavor altogether to dissolve; but he comes forward, and he takes his place in that witness-box with the open, the avowed, the undisguised, the unaffected, the determined resolution to fix upon my client, the injured Mr. Savage, this foul and unnatural assault and battery. You saw him, gentlemen, when I cross-examined him, tremble under my eye—you saw him hesitate and turn pale at my voice.” (*Sergeant Bowwow, very probably, has a voice that would intimidate a bear.*) “You heard him stammer and take back his words, and say he did ‘not recollect.’ Is this, gentlemen of the jury, an honest witness? The language of truth is plain and simple—it requires no previous calculation. If I ask you if you saw the sun set to-day, you answer yes or no—you do not hesitate, you do not tremble. You do not say, ‘yes, I did,’ and in the very next breath, ‘no, I did not.’ You do not first tell me, ‘I walked ten miles yesterday,’ and afterwards say, ‘yesterday I was all day ill in bed.’”

(Here one of the jurors puts his nose by that of another, and utters something in approbation of this argument, and the other one nods his head, and looks at the speaker, as much as to say, “there is no use in trying to elude the sagacity of this keen-sighted lawyer.—The witness had much better have told the truth.”)

“Now, gentlemen, what does this witness say? He commenced by telling you, gentlemen, that he lived in Maiden-lane; that he was going home on the day when this ridiculous and unnatural assault is said to have taken place; that he saw a crowd; that he approached; that he saw Mr. Savage, my client, the defendant in this action, come up to the plaintiff, Mr. Wiggins, hit said plaintiff, a blow with a bludgeon.—But, gentlemen, when I come to sift this plausible story, you heard him equivocate, and contradict himself. ‘What sort of a hat had Mr. Savage on?—A black one. ‘Of what breath was the rim?’—‘About an inch.’ He thought, doubtless, that he was to have everything his own way, till I brought into the witness-box to confront him the hatter who made and sold the hat, and who proves to you that the rim was broad. You cannot morally doubt that the hat worn on that day by Savage was a broad-brimmed hat; all the witnesses for the defendant swear it, and even Mr. John Raw himself, when closely questioned, acknowledged that it might have been a broad-brimmed hat. Next, gentlemen, the pantaloons. ‘What colour were Mr. Savage’s pantaloons?’—‘Black,’ said this Mr. John Raw. Gentlemen, I have produced these pantaloons in court. They have been identified beyond the possibility of doubt. What was the result? You saw, yourselves, gentlemen, the pantaloons were pepper and salt.

A cry of admiration throughout the court. The officer cries order.

The poor witness unfortunately occupied a conspicuous seat, and all eyes are fixed upon him with the most virtuous indignation.

“Furthermore, gentlemen, I asked this witness to describe the bludgeon. He could not. ‘Had it ivory or gold on the handle?’ He could not tell. ‘Was there a ferule upon the end?’ Did not know. ‘Was it heavy?’—‘Yes.’ ‘Had he ever handled it?’—‘No.’—How could he tell the weight of a thing which he had never handled? (Another buzz of admiration.) ‘Was he personally acquainted with Mr. Savage?’—‘No.’—‘Had he ever seen him?’—‘No.’ ‘Since?’—‘No.’—‘Could he tell whether he had an aquiline nose or not?’—‘No.’ ‘Was he not a friend of Mr. Wiggins?’—‘Yes.’ ‘Had he not expressed an opinion upon this case?’—‘Yes; he had said the scoundrel ought to have been ashamed of himself. ‘Was Mr. Wiggins’s hat knocked off?’—‘No.’ But, before he left the witness-box, he said he saw the blood on the top of the plaintiff’s head. How could he see the top of his head unless the hat had been knocked off?

Another buzz. The witness here rose, and said, “Mr. Wiggins took it off to show me.”

Officer. Silence, there! *Judge.* Witness, you must not interrupt the counsel. You have had the opportunity of saying what

ver you pleased. If you are again guilty of so great an indecorum, I shall be obliged to commit you.

Witness stands stupid.

Officer. Sit down! (in a tone of indignant command.) Witness sits down. Officer scowls at him as if he would snap his head off.

I shall not follow the learned gentleman further. I only appeal to every witness that has ever been brought into a court of justice, whether he has not found it often the most difficult place in the world to tell the truth in, and whether, when the truth was at length told, there ever were so many attempts made to mystify it? Whether so much of what every one present knew in his heart to be the truth, could anywhere else be so deliberately rejected, and whether, when this poor, lacerated, mutilated, unhappy truth, so much demanded, was at length produced, it did not have such an aspect so disguised that its own mother might not have known it?

THE DEAD.

To those whose thoughts are prone to dwell upon the 'cold obstruction' of the grave; who are wont to look upon the lowliest stone, in a durable erection, with the thought that it will exist, when the artisan's hands that placed it there, have mouldered into clay, and his own form shall have become a brother to 'the clod that the rude swain turns with his share and treads upon;' to such, we recommend the following from Smith's 'Theory of Moral Sentiments.' It explains and exposes a delusion, that is the fruitful source of wide unhappiness. 'It is a common thing,' says an old writer, 'for the countenances of the dead, even in their fixed and rigid state, to subside into the long-forgotten expression of sleeping infancy, and settle into the very look of early life; so calm, so peaceful, do they grow again, that those who knew them in their happy childhood, kneel by the coffin's side in awe, and see the angel even upon earth.' There is something in this beautiful passage, confirmatory of the accuracy of the following reasoning:

'We sympathize even with the dead; and overlooking what is of real importance in their situation, that awful futurity which awaits them, we are chiefly affected by those circumstances which strike our senses, but can have no influence upon their happiness. It is miserable, we think, to be deprived of the light of the sun; to be shut out from life and conversation; to be laid in the cold grave, a prey to corruption, and the reptiles of the earth; to be no more thought of in this world, but to be obliterated, in a little time, from the affections, and almost from the memory, of their dearest friends and relations. Surely, we imagine, we can never feel too much for those who have suffered so dreadful calamity. The tribute of our fellow-feeling seems doubly due to them now, when they are in danger of being forgotten by every body; and by the vain honors which we pay to their memory, we endeavor, for our own misery, artificially to keep alive our melancholy remembrance of their misfortune. That our sympathy can afford them no consolation seems to be an addition to their calamity; and to think that all we can do is unavailing, and that what alleviates all other distress, the regret, the love, and the lamentations of their friends, and yield no comfort to them, serves only to exasperate a sense of their misery. The happiness of the dead, however, most assuredly, is affected by none of these circumstances; nor is it the thought of these things which can ever disturb the profound security of their repose. The idea of that dreary and endless melancholy which the fancy naturally ascribes to their condition, arises altogether from our joining to the change which has been produced upon them, our own consciousness of that change, from our putting ourselves in their situation, and from our lodging, if I may be allowed to say so, our own living souls in their inanimated bodies, and thence conceiving that would be our emotions in this case. It is from this very illusion of the imagination, that the foresight of our own dissolution is so terrible to us, and that the idea of those circumstances, which undoubtedly can give us no pain when we are dead, makes us miserable while we are alive. And from thence arises one of the most important principles in human nature, the dread of death, the great poison to the happiness, but the great restraint upon the injustice of mankind, which, while it afflicts and mortifies the individual, guards and protects society.—Knickerbocker.

DOMESTIC HABITS OF NAPOLEON.

At nine o'clock the Emperor came out of his sleeping apartments, dressed for the whole day. First the officers on duty were admitted, and received their orders for the day. Then the *grandes entrees* and the officers of the household not on duty were introduced; and if any one had any particular communication to make, he staid till the public audience was concluded. At half after nine o'clock Napoleon breakfasted, on a small mahogany table with one leg, and covered with a napkin. The prefect of the palace stood close by this table, with his hat under his arm. The breakfast rarely lasted beyond eight minutes. Sometimes, however, men of science or literature, or distinguished artists, were admitted at this time, with whom Napoleon is represented to have conversed in an easy and lively style. Amongst these were M. Monge, Costax, Denon, Barthelet, Corvisart, David, Gerard, Isabey, Talma, and Fontaine. Dinner was served at six o'clock; the emperor and the empress dined alone on the common days of the week, but on Sunday all the imperial family attended, upon which occasion Napoleon, the empress, and Madame Mere had arm-chairs, and the rest chairs without arms. There was only one course.—The emperor drank no wine but Chambertin, and that usually mixed with water. Dinner lasted in general from fifteen to twenty minutes. All this time the prefect of the palace had to superintend the affair *en grand* and to answer any questions put to him. In the drawing-room a page presented to the emperor a waiter with a cup and a sugar stand. Le chef d'office poured out the coffee; the empress took the cup from the emperor, the page and the chief d'office retired; the prefect waited till the empress had poured the coffee into the saucer and given it to Napoleon. After this the emperor went to his papers again, and the empress played at cards. Sometimes he would come and talk a little while with the people of the household in the apartments of the empress, but not often, and he has never staid long. Upon his retiring, the officers on duty attended the audience *du coucher*, and received their orders for the morrow. This was the ordinary economy of the emperor's time, when not with the army.

Napoleon read the English newspapers every day in French, and M. de Bausset says the translation was rigorously exact. One day in January, 1811, the emperor gave some of these extracts to de B., and ordered him to read them aloud during dinner. The prefect got on pretty well, till he stumbled at some uncouth epithets, with which he was puzzled how to deal, especially in the presence of the empress, and a room full of domestics. He blew his nose, and skipped the words—"No!" said Napoleon, "read out! you will find many more." "I should be wanting—" "Read, I tell you," repeated the emperor, "read every thing!" At last de B. ran upon "tyrant or despot," which he commuted for "emperor." Napoleon caught the paper, then ordered M. de B. to continue. These translations used to be made by Mare, Duke of Bassano.

HATCHING FISH.

The Chinese, it is said, have a method of hatching the spawn of fish, and thus protecting it from those accidents which ordinarily destroy so large a portion of it. The fishermen collect it on the margin and surface of waters, all those gelatinous masses which contain the spawn of fish. After they have found a sufficient quantity they fill with it the shell of a hen's fresh egg, which they have previously emptied, stop up the hole, and put it under a sitting fowl. At the expiration of a certain number of days, they break the shell in water warmed by the sun. The young fry are presently hatched, and are kept in pure fresh water till they are large enough to be thrown into the pond with the old fish. The sale of spawn for this purpose forms an important branch of the trade in China.

Advertising Flour.—At what is called a "Pretracted Religious Meeting," held in a neighboring city Brother W—, a staid, respectable man, engaged in the flour business, rose to exhort. He said—"Brethren and sisters, it is our duty to attend immediately, to the ensuring of our salvation, and in order to this we must believe in the Scriptures. Brethren, I fully believe in them, as fully as I do that I shall receive for sale tomorrow, 200 barrels Howard street flour, and very good flour it will be too." At this moment the good old par-

son present, rose and said, "tut, brother W—, do not advertise your flour here, if you please."

Awkward position of a British Deserter.—When the steamboat Hamilton was about leaving Toronto last week, the mate escorted a large box to the wharf, which was directed to an individual in Coburg. The Captain of the Hamilton was on the boat when the mate came on board: and observing that he was intoxicated, he discharged him, but took the box on board. Of course the box was stowed away among the other freight, and nothing more was thought of it, until it reached its place of destination, where the *denouement* occurred.

When the hands were removing the box in question to the wharf at Coburg, it was, that the top fell off and unfolded to the astonished beholders, the living lineaments of a human face!

Gazers and gazee were equally astonished—the one to find such singular freight, and the other to be frightened so singularly. Of course, the boxed bundle of humanity was overhauled; and upon being questioned, acknowledged that he had been induced, when intoxicated, to attempt desertion in this novel mode.

He was servant of one of the Colonels at Toronto, and, from letters found with him, it is supposed he intended to go back of Coburg some distance, marry his sweetheart, and make tracks for the land of the free.—The drunkenness of the mate and his consequent discharge, of course, frustrated all the arrangements, as it is supposed that he was a party in the affair, and intended, during the night, to uncover the box, let out the gentleman, dress him in citizens clothes and then pass him off as a regular deck passenger. Instead of this, however the poor fellow was kept caged up for twelve or fourteen hours, only to be caught and punished.

The mate should share the punishment—if not for assisting in the desertion, at least for getting drunk when business so important was entrusted to him.—Rochester Dem.

Captain Marryat gives in his "Diary the following specimen of a left handed puff:

An American told me one day, that a company had been working a coal mine in an Eastern State, which proved to be of a very bad quality, they had sent some to an influential person as a present, requesting him to give his opinion of it, as that would be important to them. After a certain time he forwarded to them a certificate couched in such terms as these; "I do hereby certify that I have tried the coal sent me by the company at—, and it is my decided opinion, that when the general conflagration of the world shall take place, any man who will take his position on that coal-mine will certainly be the last man who will be burnt."

That most amusing and really gifted author, Thomas Hood, has addressed a memorial to the British Parliament concerning Sergeant TALFOURD's law of copyright. It is marked with his usual punning characteristics which to Philadelphiaans especially, as well as to several counties, have rendered him extensively and favorable known.—Phil. Gaz.

"That your petitioner hath two children, who look up to him not only as the author of the Comic Annual, but as the author of their being. That the effect of the law, as regards an author, is virtually to disinherit his next of kin, and cast him off, with a book instead of a shilling. That your petitioner is very willing to write for posterity on the lowest terms, and would not object to a long credit, but that when his heir shall apply for payment to posterity he will be referred back to antiquity.—That as a man's hairs; whereas, on the contrary, your petitioner has ascertained by a nice calculation that one of his principal copyrights will expire on the same day that his oldest son should come of age. The very law of Nature protests against an unnatural law, which compels an author to write for every body's posterity—except his own.

Finally, whereas it has been urged 'if an author writes for posterity, let him look to posterity for his reward'—your petitioner adopts that very argument, and on its very principle prays for the adoption of the bill introduced by Mr. Sergeant Talfourd, seeing that, by the present arrangement, posterity is bound to pay every body, and any body but the true creditor. And your petitioner shall ever pray. THOMAS HOOD."

POPULAR TALES.

THE PHANTOM FUNERAL.

At the distance of several miles from the scene which in a former legend we described, there is a winding passage through the hills, which leads to a very narrow and precipitous defile, called *Glenshee*, or *Glensheich*—that is to say, the Valley of Spirits.—The glen itself is formed by the bases of the mountains, which fall, many of them, in a sharp declivity, for several hundred feet, and is in its gorge filled with the waters of a small dark lake over which no ray of sunshine has ever been known to shed a character of gladness. Along its farther margin there occur here and there nooks or corners of table-land. Narrow they are, and always of a grotesque formation; for the hills are peculiarly wild and sterile in their character, inasmuch as a shelving mass of *debris* is the only surface which many of them present, while others are composed entirely of broken and rugged rocks. Yet, although narrow, there was a time when one, and not the broadest, of these table lands sustained a hearth round which a poor but honest family were wont to assemble. The hut which contained that hearth was indeed of the very humblest order. It lay beneath the shelter of the precipice; and, save that its wicker chimney emitted at all seasons a delicate wreath of smoke, something more than a careless glance would have been required to convince you that such a thing was there. Moreover, round it, or near at hand, were such traces of man's industry as such a spot might alone be expected to exhibit. A patch of green was beside the cabin door, which, from the strong contrast it presented to the brown and stunted herbage near, you were at no loss to determine must be a potatoe field. A couple of goats, too, were tethered beside the threshold; while a few fowls, less than half-domesticated, scraped a scanty subsistence for themselves from among the roots of the heather. But in other respects sign there was none, that in this melancholy defile man had set up his rest; for the very roof of the cottage waved with long rank grass, and the blue-bell and wild thyme were abundantly intermixed with it.

Wild as *Glenshee*, is, however, and desolate and lonely, there are not wanting features here and there which effectually redeem it from the hazard of being condemned as utterly repulsive. A clear mountain stream comes tumbling down the hill, making the ear glad with its everlasting music, and falls into the lake, not till it has threaded its way for a long space amid overhanging rows of mountain-ash and the delicate alder. Over its banks, too, the sward grows rich and sweet, as if the soil were fertilized by the course of the torrent; while here and there the intervention of a rock gathers the waters into a heap, that they may spring off again in a tiny cataract of the most pellucid beauty. But this is not all. The rivulet in question flows *westward* a circumstance not to be overlooked, as connected with the burthen of our history; for streams which take this course have a virtue peculiarly their own. When the shadows of the trees fall on them, or of the rocks, or even of the clouds above, they become scrolls in which the favoured among men "may read strange matters;" and many a time and oft has this particular rivulet shown to the eyes which studied them events that were to come.

A good many years ago, the hut of which I have spoken was inhabited by old Robin Ure, the shepherd of *Glenshee*, a thoughtful and somewhat contemplative man, who had arrived at one of the latter stages of human existence, through some enjoyment, and a good deal of suffering. Robin was one of those philosophers of nature's forming, who feel that happiness is not to be expected upon earth, and who therefore school themselves to bear with patience, to look back with resignation and forward in hope. Robin was also a religious man in his own peculiar way; for, though he seldom went to church, from which, indeed, his occupation cut him off, he carried his Bible with him to the hill-side, and read it gratefully. And much need there was that Robin should find both there, and in the world of imagination which his native poetry created, some solace for the trials which the world of busy men brought him. He had a kind, cheerful, and industrious partner, to be sure, who used her best endeavours to render his home happy; but, woe is me! even the tenderness of a wife will not always suffice if it come alone. Out of the seven children, all of them daugh-

ters, whom God had given them, one only survived; and she, albeit the very apple of their eyes, was to her parents of a source of unrelenting anxiety. She was a fragile and a delicate thing, tender, and sensitive in her frame, which was but little adapted to struggle against the rude blasts of her native glen, and the privations to which at times she was subjected. Indeed Mary, or, as the wild and poetic dialect of the glen has it, *Mari*, was a living instance of that caprice of nature, which plants flowers in a glacier, and scatters rills through a desert waste. Yet hers was not a mere physical debility, that is to say, the feebleness of the frame had a deeper source than ordinary disease. The order of her destiny had entailed upon *Mari* a supernatural gift, which sapped the foundations of her life, and stript her of every source of interest and enjoyment belonging to her sex and to her nature. She was born to the inheritance of the second-sight—that strange and most mysterious faculty, which may be traced no where except in the Highlands of Scotland, and the consequence was, that from her very cradle she had been an object of awe, I had almost said of terror, even to those who loved her with the tenderest affection. Accordingly the poor child grew almost to woman's estate without having even an ordinary acquaintance with any beyond her own narrow family circle; and, as Robin and his wife could not fail to fall in some degree under the shadow of their unhappy child's proscription, a stranger within the narrow vale of *Glenshee*—unless, indeed, it might be Murdoch, the shepherd of the opposite mountain, who sometimes came with a bonnet-full of black-berries, or a lamb's-skin for *Mari*'s winter bed-quilt—would have been almost as much an object of curiosity as Gulliver in Brobdingnag, or the first ship to the South Sea Islanders. Yet, as matters stood within, the household of *Glenshee* was by no means an unhappy one, when the spirit of the lonely maiden rested from the trouble of its waters; for in the long nights of winter, when the wooden boards were drawn snugly over the window, and the logs of dried fir glowed and crackled on the hearth, the good wife turned her wheel cheerily, and *Mari* rested her chin upon her father's knee, and turned up to him the lustrous eyes which seemed to form quite the largest half of the pale face they lighted, to listen to the wonders of wild poetry which he drew from a Gaelic volume of Ossian—the commonest study of such among the Highlanders as study at all. When summer came again, the wizard maiden loved well to carry to the mountain's brow afar off the broth or sowens which formed her father's simple meal, and to linger upon some bare peak which overhung the lake, till the sun went down in his glory, and the stars came forth in their gentleness. For it is one of the peculiarities of this strange malady, if malady it may be called, that the fit of inspiration neither comes when the seer may desire its coming, nor admits of control or repression. There is, and there has been, divination everywhere. The Pythoness of old, the astrologer of the middle ages, the fortune-teller of our own times, all have, or pretend to have, intercourse with unseen powers which they control; but the second-sight is peculiar to the Scottish Highlanders, a heavy burthen it is upon those individuals on whom destiny may lay it.

Mari was standing on the threshold of her fifteenth year when my tale commences, though her weak frame and stunted proportions did not seem to claim, by several years, a period of life so far advanced towards maturity. If the healthful breeze of the mountains had blown upon her cheek with the invigorating influence which so often attends upon it, she would probably have been a beautiful specimen of her peculiar style of peasant loveliness; for her features were regular and open, and in the period of health, which she occasionally enjoyed, wore an expression of touching sweetness which spoke to the heart. She had a beseeching light in her deep grey eyes, which gave you an impression that there was some fervent and unuttered desire within which this world could not grant; and the melancholy languor of the other features, and the frequency with which her face was turned towards heaven, suggested the idea that her longing was to be at rest.

One clear, blue, biting evening at the end of October, that beautiful Scottish season when the varied covering of tree and mountain is yet stationary under the bright frosty atmosphere of winter, Murdoch, the shepherd, took his way up the margin of *Lochshee* with his plaid drawn round him, and his bonnet pulled over his eyes, in testimony of the sharpness of the air. The

breeze came keenly over the mountain-tops, and swept the atmosphere of every trace of cloud or haze; but without rippling the surface of the water, which lay, as usual, dark, clear, and motionless, as if under the spell of some viewless influence. The leaves of the mountain-ash were falling with that sad sighing motion, which seems to say that they are grieving to resign their bright and brief existence; but the hardier *wychelms* yet retained their dark green foliage, and, though rare and straggling, they connected the bright blue sky and the delicate tint of the sunset with the departing season to which they seemed to belong.

Murdoch took less heed of the beauty of the evening than we have done, for he was pushing briskly forward, and appeared to view with some complacency the unusual breath of the column of smoke which rose from the cottage chimney, as if betokening the additional warmth of the blaze within. The shepherd had rounded the last turn of the rocky footpath, which led him by a long sweep from the opposite margin of the lake, and had put his foot upon the nearest of the stepping-stones which were to take him dry-shod over the broad part of the stream, as it flowed over the level ground, when his eye caught the flutter of a plaid, and he looked hastily up the river to discover the owner of it, not doubting that *Elspeth*'s hour of milking had arrived, and that she had wrapt herself up to follow its duties out of doors. The plaid, however, as his quick eye soon perceived, was suspended from a tree, and its folds prevented him from tracing any figure to whom it might belong, or which might have sheltered behind it. The thought glanced across him that that *Mari* might have retreated to her favourite haunt, and he pushed his way through the *brechans*, with the intention of winning her home out of the chill autumn air to her mother's warm hearth; but when he drew aside the plaid, which hung like a screen from some hazels, he became like one transfixed at the vision which met him. The poor child stood like one spell-stricken, close by the verge of the streamlet, with her small fleshless feet touching the water, her hands pressed convulsively over her breast, and her eyes fixed with a wild and rigid stare upon the surface of the stream, while the masses of long black hair, which waved by the action of the wind back from her unearthly and colourless features, gave her, even in the eyes that were familiar with her wildest moods, an expression of frenzied excitement.

Murdoch hesitated for a moment, in doubt whether or not he could with safety arrest the young Pythoness in her mood of inspiration; but apprehension for the afflicted creature's bodily health prevailed, and he advanced slowly, yet with a warning noise, to her side, and said softly.

"The burn side is ower chilly for you, *Mari* dear; come with me to your mother's fire. See how the chimney smokes; I warrant it is cozier by the nook this better even than standing there without plaid or brogues upon you. Come your ways, *Mari*."

And he advanced nearer and nearer, with always a deeper tone of entreaty. The maiden stretched out her hand without looking towards him, and drew her friendly visitant closer to the water's edge.

"Look you there, and see what your morning work will be. You are come to ask Robin Ure to hunt the fox on Craig Caillach—ay, ay; but Heaven sends me the power to keep him. And I would keep you too; for you are one half o' my treasure of dust. There! there! Will you do as I have warned you, or will ye dree the weired that mun surely come!"

Murdoch looked eagerly into the water, but his gaze discovered nothing, except a dark spot upon its surface, caused by the shadow from one of the sharp cliffs as it deepened in the increasing twilight.

"Well, well, *Mari* dear," answered he at last, "there is nothing but the figure of the craig—there is surely nothing to frighten you in a rock near which you have lived all your life. And if I do wile your father to the fox-hunt the morn, he kens all the wild places in the corriower well to make it a dangerous chase to him."

Mari made a movement of impatience, and exclaimed hastily, and as it seemed angrily.

"Ah! dull dark eye-balls—clogged with worldly wisdom—see you not that withered cluster of beechen leaves that floats upon the burn—there is blood in its track, and it has lodged in the shadow of the Devil's Dyke. See!—see!—it shivers and trembles, and the water gurgles under it. Blood—blood and brains!—God be with us, Murdoch!—one of ye will find his last

chase on you crag to-morrow. Come—come!"

The unfortunate young prophet, overcome by the terrible frenzy of her vision, staggered backwards, and fell into the arms of the terrified and compassionate shepherd.

Murdoch's blood ran cold at the mysterious language of the excited creature before him. That he had sought the cottage of Glenshee for the express purpose of persuading Robin to join in the sport to which she had alluded was true; but it was equally certain that no living thing had as yet been apprised of that intention; and the information of Mari must have been conveyed by a channel which Murdoch was too genuine a Highlander to contemplate without a shudder. He carried his unconscious burthen to her home, and committed her to the mournful and anxious attendance of Elspeth, who found a ready solution to the riddle of Murdoch's scared and solemn looks in the situation of the poor little sufferer, whom he loved, as she well knew, like a sister, and whom he had but seldom before seen in the paroxysms of her disease. Robin was from home far over the mountain, and although the good wife was in hourly expectation of his return yet Murdoch was not to be prevailed upon to wait for him, but avowed his intention of returning straight to his home, as the business which brought him to the glen was not of so pressing a nature as to demand his longer sojourn. He satisfied himself, accordingly, that the hour of Robin's return from a toilsome trudge over the hill would place his accidental attendance on the fox-chase out of the question; and having so secured the safety of the old man from the perils which threatened him, he availed himself of the good wife's proffered repast of cheese and bannock's and once more retraced his steps down the side of the lake, forbearing, from motives which may be traced to the sensitiveness of the superstitious, to lighten the load that weighed him down with its mystery by imparting any portion of it to the maternal heart of Elspeth.

A fox-chase over the giant hills, cliffs, and crags of the Highlands is, no doubt, a piece of amusement that may prove somewhat startling to the ear of a southern sportsman; but when the hunt is described as performed on foot, and for the sole purpose of exterminating the creature, which the sheep-farmer finds so inimical to the interests of his fold, the practicability of the exploit may be admitted, though the perils attending it continue as before; for they who have had an opportunity of seeing the stout and fearless agility with which the young Highlander springs from crag to crag after his prey, or follows the hounds down the shelving sides of scaur and corrie, will confess that the chamois is won through scarcely superior hazard. Accordingly, Mari's prediction of danger to the hunters on that rugged and most dangerous promontory of the mountain called the Devil's Dyke was by no means chimerical, as Murdoch with all his strength of limb and nerve, acknowledged; and he waited in considerable anxiety the reports of the chase throughout the early part of the morning that followed its occurrence. It was not long that his suspense continued; for before noon a gilly from the other side of the hill came over to tell him that Angus Bane had slid from the uppermost pinnacle of the crag, and dashed his head to atoms among the rocks at the foot of the corrie called the Devil's Stair, and to bid Murdoch come over to his funeral on the day following.

A thoughtful and an awe-stricken man was Murdoch that evening, as he once more took his solitary way over the path that led him to Glenshee. His blood curdled in his veins as he considered the verification of Mari's prophecy, with the natural timidity which, even among the most steady believers in the supernatural, fails not to assail them on any immediate experience of its effects. He longed to be himself the first to communicate to the girl the fulfilment of her wild prediction, partly because he wished to judge of her faith in her own powers by her manner of receiving it, and partly because he was apprehensive of evil consequences, should she hear of the accident from a less heedful informant. His heart beat quickly as he passed the scene of his last night's adventure, and he asked himself if it were possible that a frame so feeble could struggle long with such fierce emotions as he had witnessed there; and, as the question arose, he involuntarily quickened his pace, as if in anxiety to learn the well-being of the unfortunate Mari. The shadows had deepened as he sped along, and before Murdoch

had crossed the burn, its surface was dimmed by the descending night; but a bright spark glowed from the cottage window, and the wayfarer strode forward enlivened, and almost reassured, by the picture his fancy presented of the snug group, and the warm welcome which awaited him. His visions, were interrupted; for before he crossed the threshold the door was open, and a figure closely muffled, which he, nevertheless, recognized to be Mari, stepped out into the darkness. He drew aside for an instant to watch her motions, half afraid to cross the young prophetess for the second time by his presence, and yet determined, if possible, to prevent so dismal a triumph of her disease as that to which he had been witness on the previous night. He was concealed under the hazel bushes as she passed, but her garments touched him, and from within the folds of her plaid he heard a loud sob and pining sound, that convinced him she was weeping bitterly, and there was something in the natural and familiar evidence of such suffering which transformed the afflicted being before him from an object of dread and horror to one of sympathy and compassion.

"Is it you, Mari dear?" said he, in a gentle voice, and walking up to her from behind. "What's takin' you at this time o' night, an' the sky sae dark an' the wind sae snell as it is e'en now? Surely the beasts are a' closed in by this time; an' your mother could ha'e nae bit errand to tak' ye doon the loch side after gloaming. Come your ways hame again, dearie, and leave that silly moon to look frae behind the clouds at her ain white face in the water, an' ye shall see her some other night, when there is nae wind to drive the black curtain ower, an' to cut ye through as this does."

The girl turned round to him at once, and answered in a plaintive and sorrowful tone as she withdrew the screen from her face.

"Is it you, Murdoch? I am thankful to God for sending you to me. I would have had a cold walk over Ben Shee if you had not come."

"Ben Shee!" repeated the Shepherd. "Was it over Ben Shee that you were bound, Mari, and in search of me? What can I do for you? Tell me that. I'll do it, whatever it may be," and he drew her towards him, and wrapped the sheltering plaid closer round her shivering frame, while she continued to weep piteously, and clung to his strong arm, as if in entreaty.

"Promise me one thing, Murdoch of Ben Shee—promise me," said she, in a paroxysm of anxiety—"promise, as you would on a dying bed, one thing that I shall ask you; if you refuse, it will bring me to the grave. Old Robin Ure, my father, the kindest of fathers, and the wisest and the best, he that would not break one of the least of the commands of God's nor teach others to disregard them, has refused me, and the sin shall be upon his head, and the suffering upon mine. Promise me that you will be less headstrong, Murdoch, and that you will add your words to mine, that we may move the old man from his purpose; promise that you will not attend the funeral of Angus Bane."

TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.

HISTORICAL.

For the American Masonic Register and Literary Companion.

THE MAHOMEDAN CREED.

Mr. Hoffman—In your last paper, I read with interest, an article on the subject of this Impostor. If the following account of the absurdities of the *Mahomedan Faith*, which I have taken the trouble to condense, from the best authorities, will interest your readers, I shall conceive myself richly repaid for my trouble.

That both Mahomet, and those among his followers who are reckoned orthodox, had and continued to have just and true notions of God and his attributes, appears so plain from the Koran itself, and all the Mahometan divines, that it would be loss of time to refute those who suppose the God of Mahomet to be different from the true God, and only a fictitious deity or idol of his own creation.

The existence of angels and their purity, are absolutely required to be believed in the Koran; and he is reckoned an infidel who denies there are such beings, or hates any of them, or asserts any distinction of sexes among them. They believe them to have pure and subtle bodies, created of fire; that they neither eat nor drink, nor propagate their species; that they have various forms and offices, some adoring God in different

postures, others singing praises to him, or interceding for mankind. They hold, that some of them are employed in writing down the actions of men; others in carrying the throne of God, and other services.

As to the Scriptures, the Mahometans are taught by the Koran, that God, in divers ages of the world, gave revelations of his will in writing to several prophets, the whole and every one of which it is absolutely necessary for a good Moslem to believe. The number of these sacred books were, according to them, one hundred and four; of which ten were given to Adam, fifty to Seth, thirty to Edris or Enoch, ten to Abraham; and the other four, being the Pentateuch, the Psalms, the Gospel, and the Koran, were successively delivered to Moses, David, Jesus and Mahomet; which last being the seal of the prophets, those revelations are now closed, and no more are to be expected.

The number of the prophets which have been from time to time sent by God into the world, amounts to no less than 224,000, according to one Mahometan tradition; or to 124,000, according to another; among whom 313 were apostles, sent with special commissions to reclaim mankind from infidelity and superstition; and six of them brought new laws or dispensations, which successively abrogated the preceeding: these were Adam, Noah, Abraham, Moses, Jesus and Mahomet.

The time of the resurrection the Mahometans allow to be a perfect secret to all but God alone; the angel Gabriel himself acknowledging his ignorance in this point, when Mahomet asked him about it. However, they say, the approach of that day may be known from certain signs which are to precede it.

As to the punishment of the wicked, the Mahometans are taught, that hell is divided into seven stories or apartments, one below another, designed for the reception of as many distinct classes of the damned.

Mahomet has, in his Koran and traditions, been very exact in describing the various torments of hell, which according to him, the wicked will suffer both from intense heat and excessive cold.

The righteous, as the Mahometans are taught to believe, having surmounted the difficulties, and passed the sharp bridge above-mentioned, before they enter Paradise, will be refreshed by drinking at the pond of their prophet, who describes it to be an exact square, of a month's journey in compass; its water, which is supplied by two pipes from al Cawthay, one of the rivers of Paradise, being whiter than milk or silver, and more odoriferous than musk, with as many cups set around it as there are stars in the firmament; of which water whoever drinks will thirst no more for ever. This is the first taste which the blessed will have of their future and now near approaching felicity.

Though Paradise be so very frequently mentioned in the Koran, yet it is a dispute among the Mohometans, whether it be already created or to be created hereafter.

They say it is situated above the seven heavens, (or in the seventh heaven,) and next under the throne of God; and, to express the amenity of the place, tell us, that the earth of it is of the finest wheat-flour, or of the purest musk, or as others will have it, of saffron; that its stones are pearls and jacinths, the walls of its building enriched with gold and silver, and that the trunks of all its trees are of gold; among which the most remarkable is the tree called *tuba*, or the tree of happiness. Concerning this tree, they fable, that it stands in the palace of Mahomet though a branch of it will reach to the house of every true believer; that it will be laden with pomegranates, grapes, dates, and other fruits, of surprising bigness, and of tastes unknown to mortals. So that if a man desire to eat of any particular kind of fruit, it will immediately be presented him; or, if he choose flesh, birds ready dressed will be set before him, according to his wish. They add, that the boughs of this tree will spontaneously bend down to the hand of the person who would gather of its fruits, and that it will supply the blessed not only with food, but also with silken garments, and beasts to ride on ready saddled and bridled, and adorned with rich trappings, which will burst forth from its fruits; and that this tree is so large, that a person mounted on the fleetest horse, would not be able to gallop from one end of its shade to the other in one hundred years.

But all these glories will be eclipsed by the resplendent and ravishing girls of Paradise, called, from their large black eyes, *Hûr al oyun*, the enjoyment of whose company will be a principal felicity of the faithful.—

These, they say, are created not of clay, as mortal women are, but of pure musk; being as their prophet often affirms in his Koran, free from all natural impurities, defects, and inconveniences incident to the sex; of the strictest modesty, and secluded from public view in pavillions of hollow pearls, so large, that, as some traditions have it, one of them will be no less than four parasangs (or, as others say, sixty miles) long, and as many broad.

God's absolute decree and predestination both of good and evil. The orthodox doctrine is, that whatever hath or shall come to pass in this world, whether it be good, or whether it be bad, proceedeth entirely from the divine will, and is irrevocably fixed and recorded from all eternity in the preserved table; God having secretly predetermined not only the adverse and prosperous fortune of every person in this world, in the most minute particulars, but also his faith or infidelity, his obedience or disobedience, and consequently his everlasting happiness or misery after death; which fate or predestination it is not possible by any foresight or wisdom to avoid.

Religious practice. The first point is prayer, under which are also comprehended those legal washings or purifications which are necessary preparations thereto.

Fasting is a duty of so great moment, that Mahomet used to say it was *the gate of religion*; and that the *odour of the mouth of him who fasteth is more grateful to God than that of musk*.

The pilgrimage to Mecca is so necessary a point of practice, that, according to a tradition of Mahomet, he who dies without performing it, may as well die a Jew or a Christian; and the same is expressly commanded in the Koran.

AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER.

ALBANY, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1839.

The Editor of the Canajoharie Radii, who is a mute, proposes publishing a Mute's Almanac, which is to be ready for sale in about two weeks.

The following gentlemen have kindly offered to act as our Agents, in receiving subscriptions and monies, on account of the Register, in the vicinities in which they reside:

Br. S. C. Legget, Troy.
 " Abel Whipple, Lansingburgh.
 " Joel D. Smith, Castleton, Rens. Co.
 " Cornelius Hovey, Watervliet.
 " Blanchard Powers, Bennington, Genesee Co.
 " James Cavanagh, Watertown, Jeff. Co.
 " James Tefft, Coeymans.
 " Talmage Fairchild, Coxakie, Greene Co.
 James Richinson, Esq. Schodack Centre.

To Correspondents.—What has become of Triptolomous Tindall, z. z. His strictures were well received, and we should like to hear from him again.

Philotheorus, has been received, but at too late an hour for to-day's paper. His subject, we must confess is a *queer* one. We like the structure of his verse, and think the interest would be heightened, by dropping one or two stanzas.

The "Tale of Slander," commenced in our first No. is from the pen of a young lady, residing two hundred miles from here. We have received the second part, but as it is yet unfinished, we have concluded to wait for the remainder, before publishing it, which will probably be the next week.

We have several other communications on hand, which were undoubtedly dug from the ruins of Pompeii, or some other classic place. We shall insert them as soon as they can be translated. If Dr. Mitchell was living, they would hold an enviable place among his curiosities. Foster would frame them as unique specimens of chirography. How unfortunate it is, that writing a readable hand, is considered so vulgar now-a-days.

City Improvements.—We rejoice to see so many parts of our city rapidly changing from their before neglected, and in some instances, dismal appearance to

those of comfort and elegance. The improvements, Mr. McIntyre, one of our most enterprising citizens is making in the vicinity of Pearl street, are alike creditable to himself and the city. The old-elm, corner of State and Pearl must feel gladness of heart, as he reflects upon the difference between the scenes that surround him now and those of former years. Truly the originators of that improvement deserve the thanks of all who chance that way. The new Sate House, Exchange and several buildings about being completed, are monuments of enterprise and taste, that will not soon pass away. We look upon our city as being possessed of the right spirit in reference to all her public works. She seems to begin them not with the mere thought for the present, to answer temporary purposes; but the future—"the bright the glorious future"—seems to share her consideration.

The Annuals.—Many of the annuals for the coming year have already been received by Mr. Little of this city. To say that they are equal to those of any former year, would be but a poor compliment. We have never looked at a better collection, both for mechanical skill and literary merit. Those of American origin are not inferior in either of these points to those of English origin. The engravings are by the best artists, giving stronger indications of a spirit that will not stop this side of perfection. The articles, both poetic and prose, defy criticism; not because they "smell of the lamp," or were written in the attic, but because they claim their parentage in the nobility of mind. Among all of them we notice one in particular viz: "American Poets" by John M. Keese. This should be preferred above all the rest, principally because it is a plant of indigenous growth. We have too long neglected our own parterre to cull the sweets from exotic plants. Now that a work has made its appearance purely American both in its literature and pictorial embellishments, let us patronize it to the utmost of our abilities. It is as proper an annual for the drawing room, as those which come recommended by and dedicated to princes and kings. Let us show our republicanism by encouraging the products of republican soil.

There is an occasional bright spot in the cares and perplexities, incidental to the labors of the "craft"—we mean the type craft this time. Br. — of Watertown, to whom we sent our first No. and a prospectus, writes us,—"I think the whole fraternity feel the necessity of your paper, and I believe it is deservedly appreciated. Please send twelve copies to the following brethren. I think you may expect many more subscriptions from this section, which I will forward."

If every br. to whom we have sent a prospectus, will feel the "necessity" of having a paper, devoted to the interests of the Order—and then feel the kindred "necessity" of going and doing likewise, a fraternal communication can be established as in by-gone days. Our brethren must be aware of the difficulties we are compelled to labor under, in the present peculiar state of things, in the apathy of some, and the prejudices of others. We therefore look to those who have not forgotten their "first love," to make a little extra exertion, and the thing is accomplished. *Light is dawning in the East.*

Riding a Horseback.—We perceive, with much pleasure, this amusement is fast becoming fashionable. Hardly a day passes but that parties of ladies and gentlemen make their way to the environs of our city, enjoying this healthful exercise. We shall hazard no part of our reputation as prophets, by predicting for those who pursue this delightful sport, ruddy cheeks, and spirits as free as the air around them.

The Guitar.—We listened, and with great satisfaction, a few evenings since, to the performance of Mr. Ricci, upon the guitar. He intends becoming a permanent resident of Albany, and we feel assured all amateurs upon this favorite instrument, will not neglect this opportunity of acquiring a perfect knowledge of it. Mr. Ricci, beside having had a natural fondness for his art, has had the advantage of the best instruction, Italy, his native land, could afford.

* * The article on our first page, entitled "Objections to Masonry, Answered," we particularly commend to the perusal of those of our readers, who are not Masons. It answers the various objections, which have been from time to time strongly urged against the order, in an argumentative and candid manner. It asks for the institution, only what its friends claim for it, and fairly meets the prejudices which the fraternity have been compelled to sit under so long.

INTELLIGENCE.

THE LATE LADY FLORA HASTINGS

The following touching letter was written by Lady Flora Hastings, and addressed to her uncle, and by him recently made public. Its publication caused considerable sensation:

From the Lady Flora Eliz. Hastings to Hamilton Fitzgerald, esq.

Buckingham palace, March 8, 1839.

My Dear Uncle—Knowing what a very good natured place Brussels is, I have not a hope that you have not already heard a story with which I am told London is ringing; but you shall at all events have from my own pen the account of the diabolical conspiracy from which it has pleased God to preserve the Duchess of Kent and myself; for that it was intended to ruin the whole concern, though I was to be the first victim, I have no more doubt than that a certain foreign lady, whose hatred to the Duchess is no secret, pulled the wires, though it has not been brought home to her yet.

I told you I was ill when I came to town having been suffering for some weeks from bilious derangement, with its disagreeable accompaniments, pain in the side and swelling of the stomach. I placed myself immediately under the care of Sir Jas. Clark, who being physician to the Dutchess as well as to the Queen, was the natural person to consult. Unfortunately, he either did not pay much attention to my ailments, or did not understand them, for in spite of his medicines the bile did not take its departure. However, by dint of walking and porter I gained a little strength; and, as I did so, the swelling subsided to a very remarkable degree. You may therefore, guess my indignant surprise, when, about a fortnight since, Sir James came to my room, and announced to me the conviction of the ladies of the palace I must be privately married, or at least, ought to be so; a conviction into which I found him completely talked over. In answer to all his exhortations to confessions, "as the only means of saving my character," I returned, as you may believe, an indignant but steady denial that there was any thing to confess.—Upon which he told me that nothing but my submitting to a medical examination would ever satisfy them and remove the stigma from my name.

I found the subject had been brought before the Queen's notice; and all this had been discussed, and arranged, and denounced to me, without one word having been said to my own mistress, one suspicion hinted, or her sanction obtained for their proposing such a thing to me. From me Sir James went to the Dutchess, and announced his conviction that I was in the family way, and was followed by Lady Portman, who conveyed a message from her majesty to her mother, to say that the Queen would not permit me to appear till the examination had decided matters. Lady Portman (who and, you will grieve to hear, Lady Tavistock, are those whose names are mentioned as most active against me) took the opportunity of distinctly expressing her conviction of my guilt. My beloved mistress who never for one moment doubted me, told them she knew me and my principles, and my family, too well to listen to such a charge. However, the edict was given. The next day, having obtained the Dutchess's very reluctant consent, for she could not bear the idea of my being exposed to such a humiliation. (but I felt it right to her, and to my family and myself, that a

point blank refutation should be instantly given to the lie) I submitted myself to the most rigid examination, and I have the satisfaction of possessing a certificate signed by my accuser, Sir James Clark, and also by Sir Charles Clark, stating as strongly as language can state it, that "there are no grounds for believing that pregnancy does exist, or ever has existed."

I wrote to my brother, who, though suffering from influenza, came up instantly. It would be too long to attempt to detail all his proceeding, but nothing could be more manly, spirited, and judicious than his conduct. He exacted and obtained from Lord Melbourne a distinct disavowal of his participation in the plot, and would not leave town until he had obtained an audience of the Queen, at which, while distinctly disclaimed his belief of any wish on the part of her majesty to injure me, he very plainly, but respectfully, stated his opinions of those who had counseled her, and his resolution to find out the originator of the slander, and bring him or her to punishment.

I am quite sure the Queen does not understand what they betrayed her into. She has endeavored to show her regret by her civility to me, and expressed it handsomely with tears in her eyes. The Duchess was perfect. A mother could not have been kinder, and took up the insult as a personal one, directed as it was at a person attached to her service, and devoted to her. She immediately dismissed Sir James Clark and refused to see Lady Portman, and would neither re-appear nor suffer me to re-appear at the Queen's table for many days—She has crowned her goodness by a most beautiful letter she has written to poor mamma, whom the accounts, kept from her while there was a hope that matters might not become public, would reach to day. I am told there is but one feeling, as respects me—sympathy for the insult offered to one whose very name should have been a protection to her, and that in many places the feeling is loudly expressed that a public reparation should have been offered me by the dismissal of the slanderers. This does not however, appear to be the view of ministers; and as personally I wish for no revenge on those who have insulted me, I cannot say I much regret it, though I doubt whether they are quite judicious as respect the general feeling. As respects parliamentary majorities they are, with regard to the ladies—And poor Clark, who has been the woman's tool, could hardly be sacrificed alone.

The Dutchess has stood by me gallantly, and I love her better than ever. She is the most generous-souled woman possible; and such a heart! This business made her very ill. It shattered me, too, very much, and I am wretchedly thin; but under Dr. Chamber's good management, I am getting round and hope soon to be well. Hasting says he has not yet done with the business, nor ever will while there is left to sift.

Good bye my good uncle; I blush to send you so revolting a tale, but I wish you to know the truth—the whole truth, and nothing but the truth—and you are welcome to it right and left.

You affectionate niece,

FLORA ELIZABETH HASTINGS.

To Hamilton Fitzgerald, Esq.
17 Rue de Namur, Brussels.

THE WHEAT CROP WEST.—The Michigan City Register says, in Le Porte county, as a general thing, wheat has averaged 40 bushels to the acre, and better cannot be found. A similar yield, we learn, has rewarded the labor of the husbandman in Wisconsin, but owing to the great scarcity of field hands, a vast deal will remain unharvested. In some parts of the country they are able to cut the grain, but having no barns to store it in, or conveniences for thrashing it out and getting it to market, have stacked it on the field. *Buffalo Journal.*

A large Beet.—Messrs. D. and J. Edwards, of Genesee, Allegany county, have now growing in their Garden a Seed Beet, of the common red or blood species, 9½ feet high.

Census of Utica.—Eleven thousand six hundred and ninety four, being an increase of about three per cent. per annum, since the census of 1835.

Hudson River Improvements.—The Schooner Hannibal, Capt. Newberry, from York River, Virginia, with 156 tons coal, and drawing nine feet water, came up yesterday without hindrance at the Overslaugh.—We now begin to realize the benefits of unobstructed navigation. The results must be truly gratifying to

early and steady friends of this important improvement. —*Journal.*

Casualty.—The Jefferson, steam packet, came in this morning. We are informed that the wife of a Methodist Preacher jumped over board last night, about midnight two miles west of Dunkirk, and was drowned. Her husband and an infant about 9 months old were on board at the time. She was evidently laboring under aberration of mind. —*Buffalo Com. Adv.*

Two large arrivals of flour and wheat this morning. The schooner Franklin, Martin, master, brings 2227 bushels wheat, and 678 barrels flour from St. Josephs, Michigan, and the Harve, has 4358 bushels wheat 310 barrels flour and 30 barrels corn from Cleveland. The cargo of the Harve is of the new crop. —*Buffalo Adv.*

Big Business.—We learn from the Picayune, that a man named Staples alias Dickens, has been arrested in that city, with forged drafts about him to the amount of \$6000. He had also forged letters of recommendation and credit. Booked for the Criminal Court.

The New York Commercial Advertiser states that the Rev. Dr. Kirk, of this city, who recently returned from Europe in the Great Western, has received a call to be the pastor of the congregation worshipping in "Lady Huntington's Chapel in Spa Fields," London, to which he has not yet given a definite answer.

Pedemotive Carriage.—A Mr. Merryweather, of England, has invented a carriage to be propelled by the hands and feet of the persons using it, on a level road, has travelled a mile in three minutes! The machine can, it is said, be comfortably worked at the rate of eight miles an hour by one person on a common road. There are three wheels, the two behind six feet in diameter, with a tripple or three crow crank axle, beneath which are pedals to be worked by the feet.

The cause of ladies' teeth decaying at so much earlier a stage of life than those of the other sex, is attributed to the great friction of the tongue upon them. —*Exchange Paper.*

A ladies' man of our acquaintance demurs to this theory altogether. He says it is entirely owing to the sweetness of their lips, as it is a fact established by every body's say so, that sweet things rot the teeth. —*Hartford Courier.*

Femalism.—A Mrs. Van Buren, of Canajoharie, N. Y., having suffered from a decline of health, was about two weeks since so terrified by a clap of thunder that she refused to take any sustenance. She fancied that the Lord had spoken to her and commanded her never to eat or drink more. After lingering for fifteen days, she died.

Shocking Death.—Samuel Wildrick, a steady, industrious young man, at the time engaged on the Auburn and Syracuse Railroad as a collector, was killed on Friday evening last, at the rail road depot in this village, by being caught between one of the cars and a door post as the train was leaving for Auburn. He attempting to get into the car. He expired in about 20 minutes during which time he was wholly insensible. We believe he had saved several hundred dollars from his earnings in this vicinity. —*Onondaga Standard.*

DEATH OF MATHEW CAREY.

We announce with sincere regret the death of Mathew Carey. A few days ago Mr. Carey was thrown from his carriage, receiving a contusion of the head and being otherwise hurt. It was believed that his injuries were by no means serious, but they may have aggravated an intermittent fever which proved the cause of his death. Mr. Carey was in his eightieth year. A native of Ireland, he came to this country during the last century and was engaged for many years as a printer and publisher, in which professions he realized an ample fortune. During his business life, but particularly since his retirement, Mr. Carey was actively employed in philanthropic pursuits. With a clear intellect, a sound education, a disposition to seek out objects of reform and amelioration in society, and the energy to carry out approved means, he possessed also the unbounded liberality which is the purest evidence of sincerity and soul of success.

As a writer he is remarkable for the concise array of facts which are brought to sustain his opinions. In questions of political economy Mr. Carey always evin-

ced a deep interest, and even those who dispute his position must admit the ability and candor with which he maintained them. His latest writings, produced within the last two months are a series of papers entitled the 'Querist,' concerning the cotton trade, evincing industrious research and a mind unimpaired by the lapse of four score years. The attention of Mr. Carey was also directed to plans of public education and various means of elevating the condition of the laboring classes. His exertions in favor of indigent women were unremitting, and it is believed that in this city they were attended with gratifying changes in the condition of that unfortunate class.

We cannot at this moment present a biographical sketch of Mr. Carey or attempt to do justice to his memory. His name is familiar in this country and in Europe as a firm supporter of rational liberty, and a sufferer in its cause. Through a long life he devoted his energies with unquenchable enthusiasm to great and good purposes. His purse was as open for them as his counsel. In the death of Mathew Carey, the cause of sound republicanism has lost an advocate, the poor a benefactor, the oppressed a patron, and society a friend.

Physical infirmity limited the sphere of his personal exertions, but the scope of his benevolent desires reached the farthest verge of enlightened philanthropy. —*National Gazette.*

MARRIED.

Last evening, by the Rev. E. Allen, Mr. Robert H. Wier, to Miss Almira Putman, all of this city.

On Wednesday evening, the 11th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Welch, Mr. Lodawick, Sprang, to Miss Debora A. White of this city.

By the same, on Thursday afternoon, at Mount Hope, Mr. Samuel H. Comstock, of Hartford, Conn. to Miss Pamela Parmelee.

On the 12th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Castle. Mr. Henry Chandler, to Miss Julia A. Rheinehardt, all of this city.

At Auburn, on the 3d inst. Mr. C. P. Wood, to Miss Mary E. daughter of J. M. Sherwood, Esq. all of that place.

At Windsor, Mass. on the 16th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Clarke, John B. Wasson, of Albany, to Miss Nancy Maria Dorn, of the former place.

In Canajoharie, Cornelius Mabce, esq. of Palatine, to Miss Maria M. Gross, of the former place.

In Paris Oneida co. Henry Simmons, of Marshall, to Mary E. daughter of Wm. Walker, of the former place.

DIED.

In this city, Thomas Robison, in the 42d year of his age.

At Irving, Westchester co. on the 13th inst. Samuel Youngs an officer of the revolutionary army, in the 80th year of his age.

At Mobile, on the 1st inst., of yellow fever, Covel Lamoureux, aged 32 years, formerly of this city.

At New Orleans, La., Josiah Gladding, aged 70 years, formerly of Randolph Vt. Mr. G. was the father of William, and brother of Joseph and Timothy Gladding, of this city. He went to New Orleans last fall on a visit, by request of his son Joseph H. Gladding, and now the same tomb contains the remains of both. The latter had been a resident of New Orleans for 15 years.

NEW BOOKS, Engravings, & the Periodicals, received at W. C. Little's Bookstore.

Several cases of English Books.
Paris editions of Corneille; Gil Blas; Don Quixotte; Moliere Floriani; Goethe, &c.
McCulloch's Statistical account of the British Empire.
Cudworth's Intellectual System of the Universe.
Encyclopedia of Geography.
Specimens of Foreign Literature.
Perry's Reliques of Ancient Poetry.
Beauties of the Court of Charles 2d, quarto, plates.
Pictorial Editions of Shakespeare, Greece, Common Prayer, Fables, Constantinople The Waldenses, American Scenery, Romance of Nature; Spirit of the Woods.
Our Wild Flowers; Flora's Gems.
The Poets of America, Illustrated.
India Scenery, the Himalay Mountains.
The Gift, the Token, and the Literary Souvenir, for 1840.
Blackwood, Bentley, Metropolitan, Edinburgh Quarterly, Knickerbocker, Museum, Lady's Book, and Lady's Companion, Cor-sair, &c.
Blanche of Navarre, a play, by G. R. P. James, Esq.
Nicholas Nickleby, Nos. 1 to 17; and all the late novels.

POETRY.

For the American Masonic Register and Literary Companion.
SERENADE.

Let me break thy gentle slumber,
Arbitress of all I feel—
Let my lute's devoted number
Within thy waking bosom steal!
It will tell of each emotion,
That the lip must fail to speak;
How the heart may feel devotion,
Though, like gems within the ocean,
Hidden from the owner's cheek.

List, oh, listen to its story,
Or I sink in fond distress—
With thy beauty bending o'er me,
Let me die in love's excess!
Can there be pain in dying,
If 'tis looked upon by thee?
No! each thought within me vying,
Tells the luxury of sighing,
And how sweet a pain may be.

Luna's silver rays soft glancing
Through the lattice, woo thee now;
Conscious breezes there are dancing,
Perfumed sweet, to kiss thy brow.
Rise, then, dear one—lo, the brighten
Tells thy hallowed form is near—
Purer than the marble's whiteness,
Shedding love's own gleam of lightness—
Dearest, let me linger there.

GOD—A POEM.

Translated from the Russian of *Derzaviny* by Mr. Bowring. It has been translated into Japanese, by order of the emperor, and is hung up, embroidered with gold, in the Temple of Jeddo. It has also been translated into the Chinese and Tartar languages, written on a piece of rich silk, and hung up in the imperial palace at Pekin.

O thou eternal One! whose presence bright
All space doth occupy, all motion guide,
Unchang'd through time's all-devastating flight:
Thou only God! there is no God beside!
Being above all beings! Mighty One!
Whom none can comprehend, and none explore;
Who fill'st existence with Thyself alone:
Embracing all—supporting—ruling o'er—
Being whom we call God—and know no more!

In its sublime research, philosophy
May measure out the ocean-deep—may count
The sands, or the sun's rays—but God! for Thee
There is no weight nor measure none can mount
Up to Thy mysteries; Reason's brightest spark,
Though kindled by Thy light, in vain would try
To trace Thy counsels, infinite and dark:
And thought is lost ere thought can soar so high,
Even like past moments in eternity.

Thou from primeval nothingness didst call
First chaos, then existence—Lord! on Thee
Eternity had its foundation—all
Sprung forth from Thee—of light, joy, harmony,
Sole origin— all life, all beauty Thine:
Thy word created all, and doth create,
Thy splendor fills all space with rays divine.
Thou art, and wert, and shalt be! Glorious, Great
Light-giving, life-sustaining Potentate!

Thy chains the unmeasur'd universe surround—
Upheld by Thee, by Thee inspir'd with breath!
Thou the beginning with the end hast bound,
And beautifully mingled life and death!
As sparks mount upwards from the fiery blaze,
So suns are born, so worlds spring forth from Thee
And as the spangles in the sunny rays
Shine round the silver snow, the pageantry
Of heaven's bright army glitters in Thy praise.

A million torches, lighted by Thy hand,
Wander unwearied through the blue abyss;
They own Thy power, accomplish Thy command,
All gay with life, all eloquent with bliss.
What shall we call them? Piles of crystal light—
A glorious company of golden streams—

Lamps of celestial ether burning bright—
Suns lighting systems with their joyous beams!
But Thou to these art as the noon to night.

Yes! as a drop of water in the sea,
Yll this magnificence in Thee is lost.
What are ten thousand worlds compared to Thee
And what am I then? Heaven's unnumber'd host,
Though multiplied by myriads, and arrayed
In all the glory of sublimest thought,
Is but an atom in the ballance weigh'd
Against Thy greatness, is a cypher brought
Against infinity! What am I then? Naught!

Naught! But the effluence of Thy light divine,
Pervading worlds, hath reach'd my bosom too;
Yes! In my spirit doth Thy spirit shine,
As shines the sunbeam in a drop of dew.
Naught! But I live, and on hope's pinions fly
Eager towards Thy presence; for in Thee
I live, and breath, and dwell; aspiring high,
Even to the throne of Thy divinity,
I am, O God! and surely Thou must be!

Thou art! directing, guiding all, Thou art!
Direct my understanding then to Thee:
Controul my spirit, guide my wandering heart;
Though but an atom 'midst immensity,
Still I am something, fashion'd by Thy hand!
I hold a middle rank 'twixt heaven and earth,
On the last verge of mortal being stand,
Close to the realms where angles have their birth,
Just on the boundaries of the spirit-land!

The chain of being is complete in me;
In me is matter's last gradation lost,
And the next step is spirit—Deity!
I can command the lightning, and am dust!
A monarch, and a slave; a worm, a god!
Whence came I here, and how? so marvellously
Constructed, and conceived? Unknown! This clod
Lives surely through some higher energy;
For from itself alone it could not be!

Creator, yes! Thy wisdom and Thy word
Created me! Thou source of life and good!
Thou spirit of my spirit, and my lord!
Thy light, Thy love, in their bright plenitude,
Fill'd me with an immortal soul, to spring
O'er the abyss of death, and bid it wear
The garments of eternal day, and wing
Its heavenly flight beyond this little sphere,
Ev'n to its source—to Thee—its Author there.

O thoughts ineffable! O visions bless'd!
Though worthless our conceptions all of Thee,
Yet shall Thy shadow'd image fill our breast,
And waft its homage to Thy Diety.
God! thus alone my lowly thoughts can soar;
Thus seek thy presence—Being wise and good!
'Midst Thy vast works admire, obey, adore;
And when the tongue is eloquent no more,
The soul shall speak in tears of gratitude.

MASONIC ODE.

"Let there be light!" th' Almighty spoke!
Refulgent streams from Chaos broke,
To illumine the rising earth!
Well pleas'd, the great Jehovah stood,
The Power supreme pronounc'd it good,
And gave the planets birth.
In choral numbers Masons join.
And bless and praise this light divine.

Parent of Light! accept of praise!
Who shed'st on us thy brightest rays.
The light that fills the mind;
By choice selected, lo! we stand
By friendship, a social band,
That love—that aid mankind.
In choral numbers, &c.

The widow's tear—the orphan's cry—
All wants, our ready hands supply,
As far as power is given;
The naked clothe, the prisoner free;
These are thy works sweet Charity.
Reveal'd to us from heav'n!
In choral numbers, &c.

WOMAN.

Ah, woman! in this world of ours.
What gift can be compared to thee?
How slow would drag life's weary hours,
Though man's proud brow were deck'd with flow'rs,
And his wealth of land and sea,
If still ordained to breathe alone,
And ne'er call woman's heart his own.

My mother!—at that holy name,
Within my bosom there's a gush
Of feeling, which no time can tame,
A feeling, which for years of fame,
I would not—could not hush.
And sisters, they are dear as life,
But when I look upon my wife
My life's blood gives a sudden rush,
And all my fond affections blend
In Mother, Sisters, Wife and Friend.

Yes!—woman's love is free from guile,
And pure, as bright Aurora's ray
The heart will melt before its smile
And earthly passions fade away.
Were I the monarch of the earth,
Or master of the swelling sea,
I would not estimate their worth,
Dear woman—half the price of thee!

TO PRINTERS.—The following reduced prices will hereafter be charged for printing types, at BRUCE'S New-York Type Foundry, 13 Chambers-st. and 3 City Hall Place.

Pica, - - - - -	38 cents a lb.
Small Pica, - - - - -	40 do.
Long Primer, - - - - -	42 do.
Bourgeois, - - - - -	46 do.
Brevier, - - - - -	54 do.
Minion, - - - - -	66 do.
Nonpareil, - - - - -	84 do.
Agate, - - - - -	108 do.
Pearl, - - - - -	140 do.

Ornamental letter and other type in proportion.

These are the prices on a credit of six months; but we wish at this time to encourage short credit or cash purchases, and will therefore make a discount of five per cent New York acceptances at ninety days, and ten per cent for cash.

We have recently added to our former extensive assortment seventy-five different kinds and sizes of ornamental letter, embracing Condensed, Extra Condensed, Extended, Outline, Skeleton, Shaded, Ornamental, modern thin-faced Black, &c. 100 new Flowers, and a great variety of Ornaments, forming altogether the most extensive and elegant assortment of Printing Types in the United States, and absolutely an unrivalled one. We also furnish every other article that is necessary for a printing office.

Printers of newspapers, who publish this advertisement three times before the 1st of November, 1839, sending us one of the publications, will receive payment when they purchase from the foundry four times the amount of their bill.

GEORGE BRUCE & CO.

New York, Sept. 1839.

SHERIFF'S OFFICE.—City and county of Albany, August 17, 1839.

ELECTION NOTICE.—A general election is to be held in the county of Albany on the 4th, 5th, and 6th, days of November next, at which will be chosen the officers mentioned in the notice from the Secretary of State, of which a copy is annexed.

MICHAEL ARCHER, Sheriff,
State of New York, Secretary's Office,
Albany, Aug. 15, 1839.

Sir—Notice is hereby given you that the term of service of James Powers, a Senator of the Third Senate District of this state, will expire on the last day of December next, and that a senator is to be chosen in that district, to which the county of which you are sheriff belongs, at the general election to be held on the fourth, fifth and sixth days of November next.

You will also take notice, that a vacancy has been caused in the representation of the Third Senate District, by the death of Noddiah Johnson, a senator from that district, whose term of office would have expired on the last day of December, 1840; and that a senator to supply the said vacancy is to be chosen at the said next general election.

You will also take notice, that a proposed amendment to the constitution is to be submitted to the people at the said election, at which the electors are to vote, "For the election of Mayors by the People," or "Against the election of Mayors by the People." At the same election the following officers are to be chosen, viz: Three members of Assembly.

JOHN C. SPENCER, Secretary of State.

N.B. You are to give notice of the aforesaid election, in writing to one of the inspectors of each town and ward in your county, and annex thereto a copy of this notice. You are also to publish the said notice and copy in all the public newspapers printed in your county.

THE AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER,
Is Published every Saturday by L. G. HOFFMAN
OPPOSITE THE EAGLE TAVERN, ALBANY.

TERMS.—To city subscribers, *Two Dollars and Fifty Cents* a year. To subscribers who receive their papers by mail, *Two Dollars*, payable on the receipt of the 4th Number. No subscription received for a less term than one year. Back numbers at all times furnished.

AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER

AND LITERARY COMPANION.

VOL. I.

ALBANY, N. Y. SATURDAY SEPTEMBER 28, 1839.

NO. 4

MASONIC.

From the Olive Branch:

OBJECTIONS TO MASONRY—ANSWERED. [CONCLUDED.]

In this particular our Institution presents a conspicuous exception to all others, of whatever origin or date. The propagation of the Christian religion, and the numerous and fierce contests among its different sects, have been stained with many crimes, and much bloodshed. Witness the thousands who were sacrificed in the Crusades; the horrors of the Inquisition; the scenes in India and South America; the persecutions of heretics in all countries the condition of the Huguenots in France—of the reformers in Germany—of the Puritans in England and Scotland—of the Catholics in Ireland—and of the different dissenters in every country—together with the consequent scenes of discord, crime and blood! But all these do not affect the truth, and purity, and beauty of the religion of Christ. These, and a thousand times as many, could not take away from the sincere Christian that hope which forms his only reliance in futurity, and his greatest consolation in the hour of death. Would it be fair, then, to allow a single outrage, and that of a questionable nature, to overbalance centuries of peacefulness, and usefulness, and kindness and brotherly love? Is it just to visit the sins of a very diminutive portion of any community upon the whole; and with unrelenting, and unforgiving cruelty, "shut the gates of mercy" upon all—even those who disavow it?—and that too, against a community, the annals of existence cannot show another stain upon their character! Would it not be contrary to the requisitions of whose Christian charity—that charity which "suffereth long and is kind"—to condemn many thousands of worthy, enlightened, useful and pious citizens, all over the world, for a single crime of a few obscure individuals in the State of New York? and that even when they blame the rashness of the act as much as others. Instead of forgiving our brother "seventy times seven" offences, this would be denying him forgiveness even for one.

The savage, in the exercise of that revenge which has been taught him as the greatest virtue, retaliates indiscriminately on any of the kind of him from whom he has received an injury; but no one is condemned, in any civilized country, till he has been first accused, and put upon his defence, and then convicted.

The ferment which was excited against Masonry a few years past has been since continued for political purposes; and I have no doubt that many honest men have engaged in the opposition, who, if they would allow themselves to examine impartially in the case, would likely regret that their services had ever been lent to a party whose purposes were so base.

I am far from wishing to dictate to any one, particularly one who is so much better qualified to prescribe rules of conduct for me; one to whose instructions I have frequently attended with pleasure, and from whose advice and example I may yet hope to derive benefit. But so far as I may be allowed to speak of my own feelings, I am free to declare, that if Masonry inculcated any immorality of conduct, or had one individual principle, the practice of which tended to corrupt the mind and feelings, or injure the cause of humanity, civil order, or religion, I would not only renounce it myself, but would use my best exertions towards its entire destruction. I will say further, that although it is an in-

stitution in which I live, and expect to die; although I am willing to defend it with my best efforts, with my treasure, and with my blood; if any man can offer one argument which can shake my faith in it, or convince me of its evil tendency, I pledge myself to renounce it forever: and I could safely offer the same pledge for all the members of the Lodge over which I have the honor to preside.

With regard to the book, or books which have been published, purporting to reveal the mysteries of Freemasonry, there can be but one opinion in the minds of all who will give the subject an impartial examination. They are obliged to be, from the nature of the case, but garbled statements, brought forward by the exercise of some evil passion, or some interested feeling. No one can rely upon the authority of a man who in the face of his statement, acknowledges that he has violated a solemn obligation. What is the general impression with regard to the character of a perjured man? Would it not be most preposterous for me to solicit your confidence by gravely telling you that I had just sworn to what I knew to be false—or had violated an oath which I had taken in good faith?

But suppose, for a moment, that the mysteries have been revealed, of what use can they be to the world? or how can they be employed to our prejudice? They who had obtained them in an improper manner would never be certain they had the right, and could never make use of them, even if they had that certainty. They would be exactly in the condition of a person who had got a book he could not decypher, or an instrument of which he could never learn the use.

I have already told you that the mysteries are nothing, when unconnected with the principles, and precepts, and practices to which they lead; and consequently would be entirely useless to those who had obtained them clandestinely. What would be the value of your baptismal ceremonies, your prayers, devotions, and sacraments, if they did not point out to you the way to insure an eternal inheritance in Heaven? If they could be introduced into a community where the objects of religion were entirely unknown, and not explained to them, they would be as useless to them as the Masonic mysteries are to the uninitiated.

I do not wish to draw any invidious or improper comparisons with respect to the holy religion which you profess; but as it is the highest authority to which I can look, I have endeavored to take some examples from it. I have too great a reverence for it, and too high a regard for its worthy professors to say any thing which would indicate a want of proper feeling on the subject.

In one of the addresses which I take the liberty to enclose you, I have said that "Masonry has in all countries, and ages, been intimately connected with the progress of moral improvement." It will be acknowledged by all, that whatever has the effect of assisting man in advancing from his natural state of depravity and sinfulness, towards that moral condition at which he arrives in his highest degree of improvement must be highly beneficial to him, both as an individual, and a member of society. It must also be admitted, and the encouragement of all the social and moral virtues goes very far in preparing him for the reception of the reception of the Christian doctrines. Morality is evidently one step towards Christianity.

In order to prove the tendency which this Institution would have towards the attainment of these ends, we must refer to the principles established for our moral

government. In the first place, we have the Holy Bible, which we are taught to regard as the rule and guide of our faith. That great light will direct us to all truth, and point out to us the whole duty of man. We have the *Square* to teach us morality—the *Level* equality—and the *Plumb* rectitude of life—the *Rule* and *Line* are to admonish us to press forward in the discharge of our duty, inclining neither to the right nor to the left—the *Compasses* are emblematically given us, to circumscribe our desire and keep our passions within due bounds, the *Circle* prescribes the boundary line of our duty towards God and man, beyond which we ought never to allow our passions, our prejudices, or our interests to betray us on any occasion—*Bee-hive* is to teach us industry, and recommends to us that we should never be contented while our fellow-creatures around us are in want, and it is in our power to relieve them, without injury to ourselves—the *Pot of Incense* is an emblem of a pure heart, which glows with gratitude to our great Creator for the many blessings he has bestowed upon us—the *Hourglass* serves to remind us how swiftly our time passes away, and how rapidly our lives are drawing to a close—the *Scythe* is figurative of time, and assures us that death approaches us all with rapid strides, and has no respect of persons. We have also the *Spade* and the *Coffin*, as emblems of mortality, and the *Sprig of Evergreen* to remind us that we have within us an immortal part which can never die. These last also admonish us, that as this transitory state is uncertain, and at best, of short duration, it becomes us to make preparation for that which is to endure forever. The tenets of our Order are *Brotherly Love, Relief and truth*—and its cardinal virtues are *Temperance, Fortitude, Prudence and Justice*.

I insist upon it that when these precepts are acted on, according to the spirit and intent of the Institution, so far presenting any thing inimical to religion, or at variance with morality, they would afford a powerful assistance to the progress of both. I pledge myself as a man of truth and moral honesty, that these are the legitimate purposes for which these emblems are designed and that that no figure, character, or emblem is employed in a Lodge, but such as have some moral application, recommending the exercise of some social duty, or forcibly inculcate the practice of virtue. I further assert that it is the indispensable duty of the Master of every Lodge frequently to impress these truths upon the minds of the brethren.

Many of the beneficial tendencies of Masonry I am not at liberty to explain; because they are associated with the secret mysteries, and are to be derived from the particular duties we owe the Order, or the individual members.

Who among us in this happy country can contemplate the glorious events of the Revolution, and the political, civil, and religious liberty we thereby enjoy, without the most sincere gratitude to that Almighty Power, whose agency was so visible in that contest, and at the same time associating with that gratitude the warmest thanks to the human agents employed in it? Let us now inquire whether we are not indebted, in some degree, to the Order of Freemasonry for some of those liberties; and we shall find that without the direct agency of the members of that Institution, which has been so much reviled and scoffed at, and against which the bitterest feelings of human nature are now arrayed, those who are the foremost in calumniating it and would gladly blot it out of existence, would at this

moment, have been bowed down by the oppressions of tyranny, and would not have dared to raise their voices in their own defence. This opinion is founded on the fact that all the Generals of the Revolutionary armies, (to say nothing of inferior officers and privates) including the commanders of the French fleets, were members of this Fraternity, except a solitary instance; and that individual would have brought no credit upon any cause, when honor and humanity were concerned, for he became a dishonored man, and a traitor to his country.

If you will allow me again to mention myself I can say that I have enjoyed, perhaps, as good an opportunity of being instructed in the principles of Masonry as any other person you may ever meet with; having taken nine regular degrees, comprehending all that is known of ancient Masonry—been regularly installed Master of three separate Lodges, and admitted to the order of High Priesthood. All these degrees are as familiar to me as the alphabet, including mysteries, ceremonies, precepts, duties, lectures and charges. I state this to you, not for the purpose of boasting of my proficiency, but to prove that I have the means of forming correct estimate of the value of the Institution—so far as my judgment will go—of its tendency when applied to the different relations of life, and the moral influence it is calculated to exert under all circumstances. And I declare to you in the honesty of my heart, that there is not a single precept or principle in the whole, which would be unworthy of the Christian character, or which might not, with great propriety, be inculcated from the sacred pulpit. Were you in possession of the same means of judging, I feel assured that you would be as far from offering any injury to Freemasonry as I am, at this moment, from interfering with the spread of the holy religion which you profess.

This communication is not intended as a challenge, for yourself or any other person, to enter into controversy or argument on this subject; for that, as you must see, I would be bound to decline. But I offer it in that spirit of conciliation and friendship, which I hope always to entertain towards yourself, and all others for whose private virtues and public usefulness I entertain so high a regard. I offer it as a solicitation that, before you allow your feelings to be poisoned against an Institution which never has injured, and never wished to injure the cause of religion and its professors—an Institution of which I am a member, and the unworthy representative in this place, you would examine for yourself the evidences as well for as against it, "*Audi alteram partem*" is a maxim which charity would recommend, and which I am sure your own candor and liberality would approve. This is all I can ask—all I wish. We do not solicit the countenance, support or protection of any body; we do not expect or desire to make proselytes; but the only favor we ask of the world, is to be left alone, to the enjoyment of our peaceful privileges, and unobtrusive exercises. When we interfere with the will, it would be but an act of retributive justice that we should receive the same treatment in return; but before that time, charity would dwell upon the hope that we might be allowed to live in peace. I need not remind you that the Book from which we derive all wisdom, and all truth, recommends to us charity for the failings, as well as the misfortunes of our fellow-creatures, and admonishes us in the most impressive manner, to "judge not."

Your life has been spent in acts of benevolence, and endeavors to render services of vital importance to your fellow-creatures. Your mission is one of charity, and I sincerely hope it may be one of success. In the performance of the duties to which our sacred office calls you to cry out against every thing which carries with it even the appearance of vice; and if, in your laudible zeal to discharge this duty, you should raise your voice against that which is not vicious, I believe it is not the consequences of your having mistaken its real character.

I do not pretend to offer a defence, nor even a palliative, for all which has been done by Masons; it is only the true character of Masonry which I wish to bring to light. It is not in my power to correct all the abuses which have grown up under it; but so far as my poor influence will go, it is, and constantly shall be employed towards the correction of as many as may come in my way. Had I the power, I would with an unsparring hand, and a joyful heart, lop off many excrescences, which hang upon us like a morbid growth, or

stand "like a mildewed ear, blighting its wholesome brother."

I shall not presume so far to question your sense as to caution you against the many libels contained in those scurrilous periodicals which call themselves "Anti-Masonic." All I have to request is that you would examine both sides, and carry into that examination an unprejudiced mind, and your own judgment, upon such evidences as may be presented to you. I take the liberty of inclosing two addresses I delivered to a Lodge over which I presided in 1826 and 1827. These, as you may see, were not intended for publication, but were designed exclusively for the instruction and benefit of that Lodge. I hope that this occasion will afford sufficient apology for my having converted them to a different purpose from that originally intended. They will serve to prove to you, that this vindication is no trick, got up for the occasion; and by giving you a peep behind the scenes, will let you see what the actors do in their own proper capacity. I would also hand you a copy of the by-laws by which this Lodge is governed, but that they are now under revision, and are in the hand of a committee. As soon they shall have been regularly adopted, they may be seen at any time, by any body. We have, also, several printed books on the subject, which are at all times open to the inspection of all persons who do not evade or fear examination.

I must here apologize for the trouble I have given you, and shall rely confidently on your pardon, for any apparent impropriety into which my zeal may have carried me, when I assure you, that whatever I have done, has been done, under the influence of the highest personal regard for your self, and a proper reverence for the sacred office which you fill, with so much credit to yourself, and so much benefit to the community. I beg leave also, to offer you the assurance of my best wishes.

Rev. . . .

HISTORICAL.

From the London Magazine.

CAPTURE OF MADRID BY NAPOLEON.

After the tumult of the 2nd of May, the city of Madrid remained in quiet submission to the French, until the close of July, when the surrender of General Dupont's army to the Spaniards, at the battle of Baylen, induced Joseph Buonaparte, who had been placed on the throne by his brother Napoleon, to withdraw from the capital, and take a more secure position in the north. But the release which the inhabitants enjoyed from the presence of their invaders was of short duration; Napoleon himself came from France to ensure the subjugation of Spain, and, at the close of November, appeared at the foot of the mountains which cover the approach to Madrid from the north. The pass of Somosierra, through which his route lay, being forced, the way to Madrid was open to the French; and certainly the state of the capital offered little that was likely to impede its capture. Before the pass had been forced, orders had been issued to arm and embody the inhabitants; other measures were also taken; but the preparations had been delayed too long to be now of any essential service. The people were ready, and willing to do their duty; but there was none to guide them in such an emergency. They demanded ammunition, and among the cartridges which they received there happened to be some which contained sand instead of gunpowder. A cry of treason was instantly raised, and the mob began to look for victims on whom to wreak their fury. Some one accused the Marquis of Perales; the rabble at once rushed to his house, murdered him, and dragged his body through the streets, exulting in what they believed his deserved punishment. "Many others, of inferior note, fell victims to this fury," says Colonel Napier; "for no man was safe, none durst assume authority to control, none durst give honest advice: the houses were thrown open, the bells of the convents and churches rang incessantly, and a band of ferocious armed men traversed the streets in all the madness of popular insurrection."

On the 2nd of December, the French cavalry came within sight of Madrid, and took possession of the heights; Buonaparte arrived at noon, on the same day and then gave orders for summoning the town to surrender. An advance camp of Marshal Bessieres was sent on this duty; he was seized by the people, and was on the point of being massacred, when the Spanish

soldiers, ashamed of such conduct, rescued him. The infantry came up the same night, and in the following day an attack was made on the palace of the Buen Retiro, a weak irregular work, which was of importance as commanding the city. A thousand Spaniards fell in its defence, but the place was carried; other advantages were gained by the French; and on the 4th, the town was again summoned by Marshal Berthier, who used the most terrifying arguments to enforce the necessity of a surrender. "Immense batteries," he said, "are mounted; mines are prepared to blow up your principal buildings; columns of troops are at the entrances of the town, of which some companies of sharpshooters have made themselves masters. But the emperor, always generous in the course of his victories, suspends the attack till two o'clock. To defend Madrid is contrary to the principles of war, and inhuman toward the inhabitants." The leaders of the people were not the men whose daring boldness might lead them to resist such arguments as these, even if they had been true to their trust; the treachery of one of them, that one in whom the people placed their highest confidence—Don Thomas Meria—is now undisputed.

This individual, accompanied by another Spaniard, went out to Berthier's tent, and assured him of the willingness of the chiefs to surrender the city, but presented that they were unable, at the moment, to persuade the people to agree to such a step; accordingly, they requested a suspension of arms for a short time.—The "unworthy deputies," as Mr. Southey calls them, were then introduced to the presence of Buonaparte, who exhibited, on the occasion, one of those theatrical displays in which he delighted to indulge. "You use the name of the people to no purpose," he said; "if you cannot appease them and restore tranquillity, it is because you have inflamed them, and led them astray by propagating falsehoods. Call together the clergy, the heads of convents, the alcaldes, the men of property and influence, and let the city capitulate before six o'clock in the morning, or it shall cease to exist." He then reproached the Spaniards in bold language for their conduct towards himself, and read them a lecture on their bad faith, in not observing the treaty of Baylen—in suffering Frenchment to be assassinated, and in seizing upon the French squadron at Cadiz. "This rebuke," says Sir Walter Scott, "was gravely urged by the individual who had kidnapped the royal family of Spain while they courted his protection as his devoted vassals; who had seized the fortresses into which his troops had been received as friends and allies; who had floated the streets of Madrid with the blood of its population; and, finally, who had taken it upon him to assume the supreme authority, and dispose of the crown of Spain, under no better pretext than that he had the will and the power to do so. Had a Spaniard been at liberty to reply to the Lord of Legions, and reckon with him injury for injury, falsehood for falsehood, drop of blood for drop of blood, what an awful balance must have been struck against him!"

The conclusion of this harangue was decided. "Return to Madrid I give you till six o'clock in the morning; come back at that hour, if you have to announce the submission of the people; otherwise, you and your troops shall be put to the sword." "Had there been a Spaniard present," says Mr. Southey, "to have replied as became him on behalf of his country, Buonaparte would have trembled at the reply, like Felix before the Apostle." There was none such, however, to be found; and Napoleon's threats produced their full effect. On the morning of the 5th, Madrid surrendered; General Belliard marched in and took possession of the city, the Spanish troops having quitted it on the opposite side during the night.

The capital remained in the possession of the French until the middle of 1812; the decisive victory gained by Lord Wellington at Salamanca, in the month of July in that year, compelled Joseph Buonaparte, to quit Madrid, leaving in it only a small garrison.

Proscription of Mourning Apparel.—A meeting has been held by the citizens of Cazenovia, N. Y., when it was resolved that the wearing of mourning clothes for the dead was useless, and proceeded more from ostentation than sincere regret. The meeting therefore, determined to use their influence to abolish the fashion, from society.

SKETCHES OF TRAVEL.

THE GRAVE OF BYRON.

The church stands rather apart from the village, at the further end of it. It is a modest, quiet, lowly country sanctuary, and presents no subject for observation, either in its architecture or ornaments. The clerk shows the church, and rejoices in the very uncommon name of Green. He is a little, active old man, bordering on seventy, with dark eyes, and nimble gait, and is blessed with a most voluble tongue. He lives at some little distance from the Church; but, as he holds the keys, his presence and good offices are indispensable.

The poet lies under the chancel; his feet pointing to the outer wall. His coffin is placed upon his mother's, and exactly covers it. The children of the Sunday school—for it is kept in the chancel—are taught over his grave! The inscription on his mother's coffin runs thus:

The Honorable Catherine Gordon Byron,
of Gight;

Mother of George, Lord Byron,
and lineal descendant, of the
Earl of Huntley, and Lady Jean Stuart,
daughter of

King James the First of Scotland;
Died in the 45th year of her age.

August 1st, 1811

The family pew is a large square seat, close to the pulpit, and belongs to the estate. Lord Byron, when a boy, and his mother, are recollected to have occasionally occupied it.

At the back of the seat, and between it and the small chancel door, is the simple marble tablet erected by the poet's affectionate sister, the Honorable Augusta Mary Leigh, to his memory. "She waited," the clerk said, "a whole year, in the hope that one nearer allied to him than herself would do honor to his memory; and yet, at the end of that period, finding no step had been taken, planned the tablet you see, and wrote the inscription,

In the vault beneath,

Where many of his ancestors and his mother
are buried,

Lie the remains of

George Gordon Noel Byron,

Lord Byron, of Rochdale,

In the county of Lancaster;

The author of *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*.

He was born in London, on the

22d of January, 1785.

He died at Missolonghi, in Western Greece, on the

19th of April, 1824,

Engaged in the glorious attempt to restore that
country to her ancient freedom and renown.

His sister.

The Honorable Augusta Mary Leigh,

Placed this tablet to his memory.

Below the tablet are his arms, and the motto, *Crede Byron*.

The three concluding lines of the inscription will always excite very painful feelings. Strange that on his sister should devolve the duty of perpetuating his memory! Where was his wealthy widow! Where his only child? Was the remark, then, just, which the most melancholy of all his letters contains, that "the only being who ever really loved him was his sister!"

The visitors to his grave have been most numerous. The names of many distinguished foreigners are to be found in the album kept by the clerk; and during the summer months rarely a day elapses without bringing to this remote sanctuary one or more parties desirous of doing homage to the poet's shade. Among the many distinguished names which the clerk's record contains, I noted his who has written such a touching account of his visit to Newstead. It is entered thus:

"Washington Irving, January 8th 1832."

"Ah!" says the clerk, he was a very sensible, feeling, reflecting gentleman! I remember him well. He was calm and quiet; lost in thought, seemingly; and did not seem to conduct himself in the extravagant and unaccountable manner some of many customers are pleased to do."

"Extravagant! how so?"

"Why, sir," says Mr. Green, seating himself somewhat daintily upon a little round stool that was considerably the worse for wear, and assuming an oratorical attitude, "we have visitors here from all parts of the world: and the manner in which some of them conduct themselves is, to my mind, quite irrational. Some weep when they see his grave, and others appear stupefied—quite overcome by their feelings. Some stand upon it, and repeat stanzas from 'Childe Harold,' or 'Lara'; some—I'm shocked to say it—verses from 'Don Juan.' One young gentleman—he was an American poet—wanted to be shut up in the church all night by himself!—as if, in my responsible situation, I could listen to such proposals for a moment! Some—*They* were foreigners—have knelt down upon the stone and kissed it. In truth, sir, there's no end to the megrims of the gentlefolks who come here."

"They should have buried him elsewhere," said I, musingly.

"Why, so they would—in Westminster Abbey, no doubt; but, you see, nothing sacred found favor in his eyes, nor had he any very great respect for constituted authority! So the dean declined having him. And a very happy thing it was for me, that the dean came to such a proper resolution.

"But he should have been buried there, nevertheless."

"Why so?" says the clerk, pettishly. "After all, what did he do for mankind? Did he discover the steam engine, like Watt? or the safety-lamp, like Davy? or the spinning-jenny, like Arkwright? He was a fashionable poet, and wrote fine verses with bad morals."

"Amid the multitude," said I, anxious to change the subject, "who have bent their steps hither, do you chance to recollect whether his widow or daughter is included."

"Not to my knowledge. I rather think not. I invariably keep the key, and I am quite sure I should recollect the person of Lady Byron. The Duke of Orleans, and I rather think the Duke of Sussex, asked me the same question, and so did Sir Robert Wilmot Horton. His sister, Mrs. Leigh, visited his grave soon after the erection of the tablet, and wept over him long and silently.—She loved him fondly, sir, and so does Col. Wildman, of the Abbey. He's a fine specimen of an English gentleman. He buried old Joe Murray, the boatman, an old retainer of my lord's, very near him—just were you are standing, sir—because he recollected my lord's partiality for old Joe, and thought it was 'a fellowship in death' which even he would not disapprove."

The moon by this time had risen, and beaming through the chancel window, fell brightly on the burial vault, and tipped the marble tablet with softened and silvery radiance. Burke's affecting apostrophe occurred to me, "What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue!" I turned to gaze for the last time on the poet's resting place.—The thought of talents abused, and opportunities wasted, and energies misdirected rushed painfully across me; and forgetting for a moment that I belonged to another and a purer communion, humbly and earnestly did an ejaculation escape me for the rescue and repose of his soul!

HUMOUR.

Definition of Humbug.—An English journal contains the following clever and humorous observations respecting *humbug*. We find it in *Sylvester's New Reporter*. The editor has stripped it of the political allusions, and given it an American dress.

"There is a word, a plain English word, the strict orthodoxy of which is less clear than its conventional force. That word is *humbug*—a word much in use, but never yet, we believe, properly defined. *Humbug* is either abstract or personal—either a certain thing or a certain individual practising, professing, or otherwise remarkable for, that thing. But let us set forth, with due ceremony, and transfer the word at once to the pages of the dictionary. The reader must not be startled at some novel derivatives from the great word, which are demanded by the times.

Humbug—(*hum* and *bug*, probably from the Latin—

"*Quo non atrocior unquam.*

Verily do thinko, terris apparuit *humbug*.)

1. Any gabble, hubbub, hollabalo, row; fuss, or other commotion, raised about nothing at all, with intent

to mystify and bamboozle simple people.

2. One who raises or conspires to raise any such gabble, hubbub, hollabalo, row, fuss, or other commotion, with intent to mystify, &c.

Humbug (verb)—To mystify and bamboozle simple people, by raising any gabble, hubbub, hollabalo, row, fuss, &c. To do the public. To behave humbugously.

Humbugeous (the *g* soft)—Of or belonging to any gabble, hubbub, &c.

Humbugeously—In an humbugeous manner.

Humbugeousness—A natural alacrity in humbug.

A general disposition to humbugeous principles.

We have thought it right to carry out our derivatives thus far, for we conceive that a practical philologist never does a more acceptable service than when he recognizes the conversational wants of the public. Besides, neologism is allowed to be necessary in proportion to the spread of science—words ought to keep pace with things. *Humbug* is that mighty principle which controls, and, as it were, conducts the operations of mankind. It may be said to be "the air we breathe." The whole town is infected with it; it flies from house to house—darts, like the electric fluid, hither and thither—through the key-hole, down the chimney, along the bell-wires. It arrests us in the street, takes us by the button, overwhelms us, sends us home choking. Persons the least addicted to humbugeousness are found discharging on others the subtle elements with which they have themselves become unconsciously filled. The truthful and mendacious alike uphold the battery of falsehood—those at the nega.

Conveniences of a House.—A gentleman who had lately built a house, was showing it to a friend and with great glee was pointing out all its various accommodations. "My dear sir," interrupted the other, "have you made the staircase wide enough to bring down your own coffin?"

BY WORDS.

Hunt's Dog.—He is like Hunt's dog, will neither go to church nor stay at home. One hunt, a laboring man at a small town in Shropshire, kept a mastiff, which, on being shut up on Sundays, whilst his master went to church, howled so terrible as to disturb the whole village; wherefore his master resolved to take him to church with him. But when he came to the church-door, the dog, having perhaps formerly been whipped out by the sexton, refused to enter; whereupon Hunt exclaimed loudly against his obstinacy, which would neither go to church nor stop at home.—This shortly became a by-word for discontented and whimsical persons.

Blarney.—He has licked the Blarney stone; he deals in the wonderful. The Blarney stone is a triangular stone on the very top of an ancient castle of that name, in the county of Cork in Ireland, extremely difficult of access, so that to have ascended to it, was considered as a proof of perseverance, courage and ability, whereof many are supposed to claim the honor who never achieved the adventure: and to tip the Blarney, is figuratively used for telling a marvellous story, or falsity, and also sometimes to express flattery.

Curse of Scotland.—The nine of diamonds: diamonds it is said, imply royalty, being ornaments to the imperial crown, and every ninth king of Scotland has been observed for many ages, to be a tyrant and a curse to that country. Others say it is from its similarity to the arms Argyle; the Duke of Argyle having been very instrumental in bringing about the union, which by some Scotch patriots has been considered detrimental to their country. [Another explanation we have heard is, that the order for the massacre at Glenco in 1691 was written hastily on the back of a card which the commanding officer had that evening employed in playing with his victims.]

Choak Pear.—Figuratively, an unanswerable objection; also a machine formerly used in Holland by robbers; it was of iron, shaped like a pear; this they forced into the mouths of persons from whom they intended to extort money, and, on turning a key, certain interior springs thrust forth a number of points in all directions, which so enlarged it that it could not be taken out of the mouth; and the iron, being case-hardened, could not be filed; the only methods of getting rid of it were, either by cutting the mouth, or advertising a reward for the key. These pears were also called pears of agony,

POPULAR TALES.

THE PHANTOM FUNERAL.

[CONCLUDED.]

Murdoch gave the excited creature the promise she desired, and then stood silent for a few moments, surprised and bewildered.

"Oh, Murdoch! Murdoch!" said Mari, in a voice of utter despair, "what shall we do to keep my father at home? Remember my words last night, and then ask if any childish whim is on my spirit now. Murdoch, you can testify to the truth of mine observance. You can say whether phantasies struggle with truth within my brain till it be crazed. Oh, Murdoch! Murdoch! tell you the old man, that if he go to the burial, he will not return. Tell him that he will leave his child an orphan, and his wife a widow, and that his old bones shall whiten where never a voice will wail his coronach, nor kindly hand be nigh to close his eyelids, or to streak his corpse; that no lyke wake will be held over him, nor grass grow green upon his heart. Oh, Murdoch! Murdoch! is it not an awful thing to die unblest, and by our own wilful agency? to sleep with unhallowed things, and to leave those we love best without a prayer for them or ourselves?"

The poor girl stopped her gasping address, and her whole form seemed to heave with agitation. Murdoch soothed her for a while with promises of his utmost endeavours to move the resolution of her father, and she grew calmer under the hopes of success with which he strove to reassure her.

"An' what for should we no follow poor old Angus to his lang hame, Mari?" asked he at last. "Angus was one of your father's oldest friends on all Ben Shee; an' he must hae a gude reason for't before he agree to stay at hame, an' let others mourn for him. Tell me, Mari dear, what ye are afraid for?"

Mari flung the plaid far back from her face and head, and turned her forehead up to the white moonshine, till Murdoch could see that the beam itself was not more wan and deathlike. Her features were all at work with the spell of her malady; she waved her arms for him to follow, and then flitted past him to a small ridge, or knoll, on the margin of her favourite stream. When she had gained the summit, she stood with her back towards the waters, her face turned fully up to the sky, and her arms stretched out over the valley at her feet, the impersonation of an inspired priestess.

"See, see, they are coming," said she, in an eager and concentrated tone, and with her eyes fastened upon some object in the valley, which Murdoch fancied the dim night alone prevented him from tracing; "they are coming slowly—slowly—a bonny burial, an' six mourners at the bier; they are coming o'er the moor o' Chrom Dhu, and their black shadows are following them like spirits. Stand aside, Murdoch; they will pass even now, and we may count the bearers, and see if Robin Ure be among them."

Murdoch stared wistfully at the spell-bound creature before him, and, as he scanned the deathly features and gleaming eyes, his heart swelled with a compassionate longing to arrest, even in its progress, the destroying influence that was upon her. He felt that it could be no visible shadow on which her gaze was fixed with such a fearful intensity, for the moor of Chrom Dhu was far away over the other side of the mountain. He took both her cold hands, and, chafing them gently with his own, spoke kindly to her in words of comfort and remonstrance.

"Yon's no Chrom Dhu, Mari dear; it's your ain bonnie Glen-shee, an' there's nae living shadows moving on it; but the waving of your ain black firs you are looking at, and the clouds that are scudding so mirkly ower the moor. Let us go, Mari; ye will catch your very death in this dreary night."

"Trees and clouds!" said the maiden with a terrible laugh; "do they bury each other, and walk in such goddy ranks as these do? Kneel down, poor clay, and you shall see."

Murdoch almost unconsciously obeyed her, and she stood hanging over him, so as to bring their figures into the closest possible contact; then placing one hand upon her side, she made him look through the angle formed by her elbow, and speak not till his gaze was done. The prohibition was unnecessary. Murdoch drew his breath between his closed teeth, the blood stood still in his veins, his flesh moved, and his brain sickened with horror.

A funeral procession, in solemn and regular array, moved steadily along within a few paces of the spot where he stood. The pall, the bier, the coffin, and the mourning habiliments, all were as distinct and palpable as the commonest occurrences of life, and they gradually approached nearer and nearer with their slow and measured movement, and their noiseless tread, till the gazer felt his eye-strings crack as he measured the diminishing distance. On they come, dark, dismal, and solemn—nearer, nearer, and nearer—on they came with a dread which was the more horrible because it gave back no sound. Murdoch felt the atmosphere of a crowd; felt their garments stir the air as they passed him; felt the burial-pall flap beside his very cheek, and his soul shuddered with horror. The faces of friends and kinsmen were among that company of wraiths, and Murdoch felt the arm of Mari grasp his neck with a convulsive clutch as the last stragglers passed the spot. Another, and another lingered; one more—it was Robin Ure. A white mist fell upon the vision of Murdoch, and with a scream of agony, he fell senseless upon the heather.

When Murdoch awoke from his trance he was alone. Mari had disappeared, the sky was pure and cloudless, and the full moon shed light and gladness over the valley. The shepherd arose, with a heavy sickness at his heart, and a bewilderment in his brain, that rendered his memory dim. He was gradually conscious of some deadly peril that hung over his old and valued friend; a peril which he had promised all his efforts to avert, and which rendered his presence in the cottage an immediate necessity.

The next moment he had turned his back upon the shealing, and was wending his way with enfeebled steps towards his home. "I have seen the future," was his reflection, "and is mine hand to change the decrees of Providence?" Human companionship at that moment would have shaken again the scarcely-established intellect, and he walked homeward. Sleep was not destined to visit the eyes of Murdoch during that, nor many succeeding nights of his existence, and the whole of the next day he walked about like one in a dream, with the horrible spell of his memory clinging to him like a fiend, and making the very sunshine black with its presence.

A dreadful mystery was before him; he knew not what evil it portended, but, to look upon the similitude of the living, he well knew, was to number them shortly with the dead, and he felt, as it were, instinctively that he had seen Robin for the last time. A feverish desire was upon him to make one in that company of wraiths; and, despite his solemn vow to Mari, the temptation rose strong and vivid to follow in the train of Angus's funeral, and witness, even at the cost of participating in, the danger that threatened it.

The burial would take place at early morning; and, as the churchyard lay far away, it was necessary that he should set out overnight, that he might join the procession in its march. He was resolved to go. The clouds of the previous night had fulfilled their omen, for a heavy fall of snow continued throughout the day, and, by the hour of starting, had rendered the mountain-path neither pleasant nor safe to traverse; but Murdoch was determined to share the peril of which he alone had received the warning, and by midnight he was prepared to start. The storm still raged, and the wind drifted the snow about in wreaths, till the density of the atmosphere became appalling; yet the spell-stricken shepherd did not waver in his purpose. He folded his plaid about him, and quenched his solitary fire, and was about to extinguish the lamp before he went forth, when a low knocking at the door, and a feeble and continued moan, sent the blood to his heart, and the tremor to his limbs, which a less mysterious incident might have lent them in the present fever of his imagination.

After a few moments of hesitation, however, the knocking was repeated, and Murdoch advanced to the door, wondering if any human applicant could indeed seek shelter on such a night. The gust blew out the lamp as he slowly undid the fastening of the door, and looked abroad upon the tempest. A dim object lay half across the threshold, and he moved it with his hand before he could be convinced that thence issued the piteous moaning which met his ear. A very slight exertion was sufficient to place the creature—by whatever denomination it went—upon its feet, and Murdoch turned it to the half-open door, that the vague light of the sky might give him the means, which the darkened

cottage withheld, of identifying it.

"God pity you, poor shorn lamb! is it you?" exclaimed the stout Highlander in a faltering voice, as the wasted lineaments, of Mari became visible from the folds of the plaid; "is it you, or is't your wraith that has breasted the wind and the storm for nae purpose but to scare the little sense that ye left me, clean awa?"

"Murdoch! Murdoch!" answered the poor maiden in a spent and feeble tone that sounded itself like the wail of the tempest, "come your ways; it was indeed the spirit that brought this wretched body over the mountain in life. Blessings on you, Murdoch, for expecting me; the laid and the brogues will not be to seek. Come quickly, Murdoch. My strength failed me, or I should have been earlier. Come—come! they are near the Chrom by this time," and she pulled the corner of his plaid, and turned once more towards the door.

"An' where is it ye would lead me now, Mari?" said the shepherd. "Ye are no able for a longer walk the night. Sit down, an' rest ye, Mari dear, and take off that snowy plaid, and I'll kindle up the logs again; and here's new milk in the corner, that I brought in, little thinking ye would need it, and you'll soon be warm and strong again; and by morning dawn, we'll set off to Glen-shee. Your poor mother will be half-crazed when she misses you." And he strove earnestly to lead her mind from the subject of her continued ramble, but it was all in vain; she stamped her foot upon the ground impatiently. "Warned and fed?" said she indignantly, "when I might be looking my last upon those who will never be warmed or fed again!—Man! I tell you to come with me, if you would not rue it to the last moment of your life," and she turned from him again with a gesture of command.

"Whither then, Mari," said the shepherd submissively, "whither am I to follow you? You cannot reach Chrom Dhu, were you as strong as I am, before morning, unless you climb the south shoulder of the Devil's Dyke; and, when ye are even on the top o' the crag, it takes a stronger limb and a firmer foot than yours to make its way down the other side."

"There is no need, Murdoch," answered the unfortunate in her former tone of helplessness. "We can but look upon the work of doom were we beside it, that may as well be done from the crag itself."

The storm was somewhat abated when they set forth, and, though the snow still fell heavily, there was no impenetrable mist of moving wreaths to make their progress one of danger as well as of difficulty. Murdoch was hurried along by his frail conductress with an activity that seemed the effect of some supernatural gift. She made her way through the drifted snow with a speed which taxed even his own powers; and glided up the toilsome ascent which led to the Devil's Dyke so quickly and easily, that Murdoch felt his blood chill with the remembrance that she was not gifted like himself. At length the summit of the crag was gained, and Mari stood fearlessly on its ridge, and looked over into the wild hollow of Chrom Dhu.

The Chrom was a lonely moor, or, rather a peat-hagg, leafless and trackless, that yawned in one long stripe of savage sterility at the foot of the precipice. In the middle of the waste lay a small sheet of moss-water, unfathomably deep, but generally discernible from all points, stagnant and motionless as it was, from the colour of its surface, which was esteemed a sufficient warrant for the safety of the cattle, that might otherwise have been tempted to its margin. The wild singularity of the Chrom was this night completely veiled by the pure covering of snow that lay deep and spotless upon its bosom. Even the black pool had been previously frozen up, and retained, in consequence, its share of the universal shroud. The dull white light of the sky, and the uniformity of the earth, made every object, even at the foot of the crag, distinctly visible; and Murdoch stood motionless, gazing downwards, expecting each moment that he numbered, to see, the funeral procession of Angus Bane enter the Chrom on its progress to the churchyard.

The snow had ceased, and the dawn was far advanced, leaving the whole sweep of the valley at their command; and before Murdoch had recovered breath from the steep ascent of the crag, the foremost of the train of mourners appeared in view. They came in one large group, closely gathered about the bier, and followed by one or two straggling lingerers, exactly as Murdoch remembered their arrangement in his vision of the

night. On they went—their black figures clearly traced upon the white ground, and each one casting a long shadow, that loomed far over the earth, with a strange and frightful appearance in the solitude. On they came; and Mari's breath came in suffocating gasps and she tossed her arms wildly to the sky. Murdoch watched them with an eagerness that bound every sense into one long gaze. On they came, slowly, steadily—on and on, till they had reached the middle of the moor. Murdoch's heart quailed and sickened within him, and Mari laughed in her agony with a cry of madness.

"God be merciful! The pool! the pool!" shouted Murdoch, till his broad chest heaved and strained with the effort.

It was in vain; the doomed train had missed their way on that trackless desert, and were all in the centre of the lake before the treacherous ice gave way. It was the work of an instant. One crackling sound reached even to the ears of the watchers—one fell plunge, and the bier and the mourners, the dead and the doomed, were engulfed for ever. Murdoch caught Mari in his arms, as in her frenzy she would have leapt from the crag at the moment of their immersion, and, flinging her over his shoulder like a three years' child, he took his sorrowful way to the desolate cottage of Glen-shee.

The afflicted creature moaned and sobbed for awhile in his arms, as if the fury of her paroxysm were subsiding, and as each gasp came feebler and feebler, Murdoch pleased himself with the thought that her terrible exertions were repaid by sleep. At last the sounds of her mourning ceased entirely; her head hung heavier and heavier on his neck, and Murdoch reached the shealing like one who walks in a dream. Mari was dead; and Murdoch gave to poor old Elsepeth the body of her child, and the news of her widowhood, at the same moment.

Murdoch's experience of second sight was not fatal. He is still alive, and,

A better and a wiser man
He rose the morrow morn.

EDUCATION.

For the American Masonic Register and Literary Companion

THE EDUCATION OF WOMAN.

Woman should be well educated. I apprehend there is no danger of educating her too well, though there may be, and there is, danger of educating her amiss.—All useful branches of science, every department of literature, demands a degree of her attention; but she should be careful not to allow any one study, or pursuit to engross her attention, to the neglect or exclusion of others, equally entitled to her notice. Placed, as she ever has been, and even must be, in a sphere where she is in constant intercourse with the young and the budding mind, which depends on her for its bloom, its beauty, and its growth, she should have no bias but towards goodness, no engagements that interfere with her agreeable duties, no pursuits that widely distract her attention—no thoughts even, whose impulse is not from a pure heart. To me, it seems proper that she should possess a balance of knowledge, (if I may be allowed the expression) or an equal acquaintance with all useful sciences and subjects, without aiming at high eminence in any particular one. Her general duties are the same in every station, or condition in life. Her sex is not like ours, obliged to sever into different professions or pursuits, and consequently, there is no necessity that she should excel in any one science more than another.

While much attention should be given to the education of the intellects of females, the most careful attention should be bestowed on their moral cultivation; for it is woman who is to give the tone of sentiment to future generations. On her, depends in a great degree, the welfare, and the happiness of the world, in coming ages. Let her mind, therefore, be trained in such a manner, as will best develop her good, her agreeable, and her useful qualities. Educate her not to aspire for those things which cannot heighten her usefulness, as well as her enjoyment, and be careful that you suppress not the moral, to educate the intellectual, faculties. I repeat, if the world is even to be reformed; and its moral condition improved; if the tempest of human passion is ever to be calmed; if the tumult of ambitions and worldly strife, is ever to be stilled, it must, and it will be effected by the influence of woman. The power to

accomplish great beneficial changes rests in her hands, and if she do not exercise it, she will fail in discharging an important duty, and it will be, because she deviates from the path of nature, forsakes the correct road, leading to useful eminence, and to eminent usefulness, to wander amidst mazy windings, and intricate bye-paths, where, although, she may find much to amuse, and to excite and gratify curiosity, she will meet with nothing sufficient to compensate for the pure delights which she foregoes, by bartering her Eden innocence to taste of the fruit of the tree of worldly knowledge. G.

Albany, September.

MISCELLANY.

INSTANCE OF LONG ABSTINENCE.

A Young man of studious and melancholy turn of mind, troubled with some symptoms of indigestion and internal complaints, and aided, perhaps by the strength of imagination, and by some mistaken notions about religion, resolved to cure himself by abstinence. He withdrew himself suddenly from his business and friends, took lodgings in an obscure street, and resolved to abstain from all solid food, and only to moisten his mouth from time to time with water, slightly flavoured with the juice of oranges. After three days abstinence, till the craving for food subsided, and he pursued his studies without further inconvenience. He used no exercise, slept but little, and spent the greater part of the night in reading. The quantity of water used each day was from half a pint to a pint, and the juice of two oranges, to flavour the water, served him a week.

He persisted in his regimen for sixty days, without variation. During the last ten days of it, his strength failed rapidly; and finding himself unable to rise from his bed, he began to be alarmed. He had hitherto flattered himself that his support was preternatural, and indulged his imagination with the prospect of some great event, which he expected would follow this remarkable abstinence. But his delusion vanished, and he gradually found himself wasting, and sinking to the grave.

About this time, his friends found out his retreat, and prevailed upon him to admit the visit of a respectable clergyman, who convinced him of the fallacy of his visionary ideas; and succeeded, finally in obtaining his consent to any plan that might be conducive to his recovery. Dr Willan, a respectable physician was then called in for advice, and visited him on the 23d of March 1786 and on the sixty-first day of his fast. The doctor found him reduced to the last stage of existence, and he states, "that his whole appearance suggested the idea of a skeleton, prepared for drying the muscles upon it in their natural situation. His eyes were not deficient in lustre; his voice was sound and clear, notwithstanding his general weakness, but attended with great imbecility of mind. He had undertaken in his retirement to copy the bible in short hand, which he showed the doctor; executed nearly as far as the second book of Kings; he had also made some improvements in short-hand writing. From the 23d to 28th of March, he was so much recovered, under a proper regimen, that he could easily walk across the room; but on the 29, he lost his recollection and ultimately died on the 9th of April, nature being quite exhausted.

Dr. Willan believes that this young man's case of fasting is longer than any recorded in the annals of physic; and that he could scarcely have supported himself through it, except from an enthusiastic turn of mind nearly bordering upon insanity, the effect of which, in fortifying the body against cold and hunger, is so well known.

Declivity of Rivers.—A very slight declivity suffices to give the running motion to water. Three inches per mile, in a smooth, straight channel, gives a velocity of about three miles an hour. The Ganges, which gathers the waters of the Himalaya Mountains, the loftiest in the world, is, at 1800 miles from its mouth, only 800 feet above the level of the sea—that is, about twice the height of St. Paul's Church in London (or the height of Arthur's Seat near Edinburgh), and to fall these 800 feet, in its long course, the water requires more than a month. The great river, Magdalena, in South America, running for 1000 miles, between two ridges of the Andes, falls only 500 feet in all that distance. Above the commencement of the thousand miles, it is seen descending in rapids and cataracts from the mountains. The gigantic Rio de la Plata has so

gentle a descent to the ocean, that in Paraguay, 1500 miles from its mouth, large ships are seen, which have sailed against the current all the way by the force of the wind alone; that is to say, on the beautifully inclined plane of the stream, have been gradually lifted by the soft wind, and even against the current, to an elevation greater than that of our loftiest spires.—*Arnott's Physics.*

Among the Chinese novelties to be seen in the vicinity of Canton, but more especially about Wampoa, are the duckboats, used as residence for the owners and their families, as well as for their numerous feathered charge. The fledged bipeds inhabit the hold of the boat, and the human bipeds, or keepers, the upper accommodations of the vessel. These boats are most abundant about the rice-fields, near the river, soon after the harvest has been gathered in, as at that time the broad-billed animals glean the fields, and have a better prospect of a supply of food than at any other period. The owner of the boat moves it from place to place, according to the opportunities that may be offered to him of feeding his flock. On the arrival of the boat at the appointed spot, or one considered proper for feeding the quacking tribe, a signal of a whistle causes the flock to waddle in regular order from their domicile across the board placed for their accommodation, and then, rambling about, undergo the process of feeding. When it is considered by their keeper that they have gorged sufficiently, another signal is made for the return of the birds; immediately upon hearing it, they congregate and re-enter the boat. The first duck that enters is rewarded with some paddy, the last is whipped for being dilatory; so that it is ludicrous to see the last birds, (knowing by sad experience the fate that awaits them,) making efforts *en masse* to fly over the backs of the others, to escape the chastisement inflicted upon the ultimate duck.—*Bennell's Wanderings.*

WOLF-CATCHING IN NORWAY.

In Norway, and perhaps in some other northern countries, the following very simple contrivance is used for the capture of the wolf:—In a circle of about six or eight feet in diameter, stakes are driven so close to each other that a wolf cannot creep through, and which are high enough to prevent his leaping over them. In the midst of this circle a single stake is driven, to which a lamb or a young kid is bound. Around this circle a second is formed, of which the stakes are as close and as high as the inner one, and at a distance not greater than will permit of a wolf to pass conveniently, but not to allow of his turning round. In the outer circle a door is formed, which opens inward, and rests against the inner circle, but moves easily on its hinges, and fastens itself on shutting. Through this door the wolves enter, sometimes in such a number as to fill the enclosure. The first wolf now paces the circle in order to discover some opening through which he can get to the lamb. When he comes to the back of the door which is in his way, he pushes it with his muzzle, it closes and fastens, he passes by, and goes the round for the second time, without being able either to enter the inner circle, or retreat from the outer. At length he perceives that he is a prisoner, and his hideous howling announces to those who have constructed the trap that he is taken who immediately come and dispatch him. It is said that this sort of trap is also used for foxes, and even occasionally for mice.

Progress and effects of Education.—The general desire for education, and the general diffusion of it is working, and partly has worked, a great change in the habits of the mass of the people. And though it has been our lot to witness some of the inconveniences necessarily arising from a transition state, where gross ignorance has been superseded by a somewhat too rapid communication of instruction, dazzling the mind, perhaps, rather than enlightening it, yet every day removes something of this evil. Presumption and self-sufficiency are sobered down by the acquirement of useful knowledge, and men's minds become less arrogant in proportion as they become better informed. There cannot be a doubt, therefore, but that any evils which may have arisen from opening the flood-gates of education, if I may so say, will quickly flow away, and that a clear and copious stream will succeed, fertilising the heretofore barren intellect with its wholesome and perennial waters.—*Bishop of Litchfield.*

Spanish Incongruities.—Late in the evening we entered Ovar, a long, straggling town, in which I naturally concluded that some house of accommodation must exist; but literally there was none. The Peninsula generally, although it may be said more of Spain than Portugal, abounds in these strange inconsistencies. I once stopped at a venta, in Andalusia, which not only possessed the necessities, but many of the comforts of life; meat and fowls, with tea, coffee, and chocolate, formed a sumptuous bill of fare for a Spanish country inn; forks abounded, but when I called for a knife, I was told that no such implement was kept in the house, on a principle of self-preservation. The reason given was eminently Spanish; but, in fact, the road was chiefly frequented by smugglers, who live well, but always carry their own knives, and this was the real cause of the deficiency. The same curious contradictions are occasionally found in the higher ranks. I remember sleeping at the house of a decayed noble, who received me with the utmost hospitality. My sleeping apartment was, however, destitute of the most common conveniences of life; my bed had no curtains, there was not a looking-glass, there was not a chair in the room. Such being the case, I was surprised and somewhat amused on seeing a menial, attired in a faded livery of green and gold, enter my apartment with much state, bearing a basin of massive silver, which he was himself compelled to hold, because there was no table on which he could place that ponderous relic of the departed splendor of the house.—*Portugal and Lisbon.*

A Marriage Certificate.—An Irish soldier once waited upon his commanding officer, with what he termed a very serious complaint. "Another man," he said, "upbraided him that he was not married to his own wife, whom he accused of being no better than she should be, and called her many names besides, which he would be ashamed to mention to his honor."—"Well, my good fellow," answered the officer, "have you any proof that you are legally married?" "Your honor, I have the best proof in the world." Here the soldier took off his hat, and exhibited a cut skull, saying, "Does your honor think I'd be after taking the same abuse from any body but a wife?"

At one of our fashionable watering places, recently happened a self-important foreigner, who, upon hearing the dinner bell rung at half-past three o'clock, exclaimed, "is it possible you dine at this early hour in this country? Why, I have not been used to dining till seven or eight o'clock in London."

"Our second table folks dine very late here also," was the reply of a Yankee present.

A runaway match came off at Washington city on Saturday last. The parties were from Alexandria—the bride a young lady of fifteen, the groom not out of his teens—each attended by a particular friend. The knot was tied by one of the resident clergymen, and the party sailed forth with a smile of satisfaction beaming on each countenance, and to cool their perturbed spirits, they took a stroll towards the Capitol. They sauntered along mute, with untold a piness and were about entering the capitol gate, when the bride's papa and her brother, who were laying in ambush, seized the lady and her attendant, and carried them to a carriage. The groom attempted a rescue, but he was knocked down, and his bride was spirited away before he recovered from the shock. She and her fair companion were conducted in the safe keeping of father and brother, to Alexandria.

The Death of Col. Pluck.—Colonel Pluck, died suddenly, yesterday morning, at the Blockley Hospital of disease of the heart. An hour before his death, he was walking about as usual, and had given one of the resident physicians the politest of his bows. A few years ago, the name of Colonel Pluck was in the mouths of the militia system bating people from "Maine to Georgia"—his name became as familiar as a household word, but when the Colonel became an inmate of the Alms House, his name died suddenly away, and now alas for military glory, he has died as suddenly himself.—*Phil. Herald.*

A happy Cure.—Lord Dormer and Mr. Edward Monckton, both stuttered dreadfully. Once, upon the occasion of their meeting in London, Mr. Monckton, seeing Lord Dormer making a vain attempt to give utterance to his words, said to him. "My dear lo—or—

hird, wh—y do—n't you go to the man that cu—cur—cured me."

"Hallo, friend, are you asleep?" "Why what do you want?" "I want to borrow five dollars." "Yes, I'm fast asleep."

AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER.

ALBANY, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1839.

LITERARY.

The Poets of America Illustrated—For sale by W. C. Little.—In our last, we gave this very desirable volume, a passing notice. Since, we have given it a more attentive perusal, and consider, as we then said, that it deservedly ranks among our country's literature, the "gem of gems." However, we should have been glad to have seen it arranged with an eye to the progress among us of poesy, from its earliest dawn to its present meridian height. Then should we have seen, as truly has been the case, spirit stirring verse grow in majesty and beauty, with the strength and refinement of a nation. Though in our early history attempts at poetry were not numerous, and but seldom by professors, yet much was the produce of rare brilliancy and power. Barlow's "Columbiad," Byron declared the only epic produced in his time. We doubt very much whether "Liberty's Tree," by Robert Treat Payne, has, as a lyric, many superiors. We could instance volumes of fine verse, that stamp their authors with the enviable name of poet, which this volume has passed without notice. The preserving of such, it seems to us, should be the first object in compiling such a work. They would afford a great novelty to many, and could not but be interesting to all. No collection of American poetry can be complete without them: And however much Mr. Keese, the editor of this magnificent collection, may differ with us—and that he will, his miscellaneous arrangement of it declares—still, we shall contend that whenever a volume can be dignified with a national title, as *American Poets Illustrated*. Such volume, must contain within itself that portion of its country's history to which it professedly belongs.

The "Books of Gems," by S. C. Hall, as we think, were compiled after the only plan that can endure. In them, besides having the poets in the order in which they come as to time, we have a pertinent biographical sketch of each. Nothing is more requisite to the proper appreciating, particularly of fugitive poetry, which much of the best of ours is, than a hearsay acquaintance with the poet. He is continually giving us transcripts of his own peculiar views and feelings. Before we can allow the spirit in which he writes to be natural, it becomes necessary for us to be familiar with the circumstances under which he labored. The writings of Byron, Burns, Shelly, Halleck, Bloomfield, and almost all the genuine Poets, partake in a large degree of the things and times in which they were produced. Burns is a shining instance of what we assert. Throughout his works, his habits and mode of life are uppermost. Without a knowledge of the accessory circumstances, the stanzas to "Highland Mary," are certainly beautiful; but how much more beautiful they become, when we recognise the relationship Burns himself holds to the song which he writes.—How soon the before simply fine pathos, deepens into sorrow; and how, from admiration of the author's imaginary verses, we turn to sympathize with his real grief.

Notwithstanding we are so much at fault as to consider the plan of this work incomplete, we concur to the fullest extent, with the editor as to its destination. He commends it to the library and boudoir. He trusts,

that the bright glance of the beautiful and accomplished, will always rest upon its pages with pleasure, and that even the sobriety of scholarship, and the sternness of criticism, will sometimes kindle into the enthusiasm of praise. There has been but few volumes published of which an American reader may be more justly proud. It contains not a thought but is ennobling, and not a line but is vivid with genius. What thinks the reader of the following, from the "Last Leaf," by Holmes?

"But now he walks the streets,
And looks at all meets
So solorn;
And he shakes his feeble head
That seems as if he said
'They are gone.'

"The mossy marbles rest
On the lips he has pressed
In their bloom,
And the names he loved to hear
Have been covered for many a year
On the tomb!"

Again, from the birth of a Poet, by Neale?

From a lone woody place,
There looked out a face,
With large blue eyes
Like the wet warm skies
Brim full of water and light
A profusion of hair
Flashing out in the air
And a forehead alarmingly bright."

For a moment or two he stood
On the shore of the mighty wood;
Then ventured out
With a bounding step and joyful shout,
The brave sky bending o'er him!
The broad sea all before him!

How the annexed stanzas, from the "American Forest Spring," by Street, "makes the blood start with a fresher glow."

"Hark, that sweet carol! with delight
We leave the stifling room;
The little blue-bird greets our sight
Spring, glorious spring, has come!
The south-wind's balm is in the air,
The melting snow wreaths every where
Are leaping off in showers
And nature, in her brightening looks,
Tells that the flowers, and leaves, and brooks,
And birds, will soon be ours."

Providing we should continue quoting from this volume until we were satisfied, its entire contents would be spread upon our pages. Our space will not permit us to select more than the following truly sublime conclusion to "Thamatopsis." Had Bryant but written that poem alone, it would have established his fame.

"So live, that, when the summon comes to join
The innumerable caravan, that moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon; but sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

As to the pictorial part of this volume, we are not particularly smitten—as like all sketches, when continued to any extent, always weary the beholder. They are but seldom little more than "the flickering of a vain conceit"—lack that substantial quality of light, shadow and firm drawing, which study and time only can give. Besides, it seems the artist has not had at all times a proper conception of his author's meaning. Who that ever read "Culprit Fay," has supposed its fairy hero six feet high? According to our artist, having been goaded by water spirits, he has stretched himself upon the shore; & from his fearful dimensions we should much sooner suppose him to be Joe Smith, the

Mormon Angel, than the tiny sprite we had so often imagined. Many of the ornamental designs, are evident copies and imitations from Raphael's illustration of the Vatican. Likewise, we should think our artist had, and be it said to his credit, a strong penchant for domestic matters. Without being over prudish, the editor of this volume might have dispensed with a few of the babes and nurses sprinkled so liberally throughout it. There are, however, other graceful delineations which evince a lively fancy. Among which we might mention the "Zephyr Spirit," and the poet lounging by the side of "Green River."

Theodore S. Fay, so well known of former years as the author of many admirable papers, entitled "The Little Genius," is about sending a new novel "upon the waters." From the success of his last, and first, Norman Leslie, we anticipate for this an extensive sale.—That it will be well gotten up as far as typography is concerned, the public need no other assurance, than that it is in charge of the enterprising publishers, Harper & Brothers.

Guide to the Economy in Fuel.—This is a neatly prepared chart, estimating the comparative value of woods and coals. Its price is so reasonable, one shilling, that no real economist ought to be without it.—We are sure it must pave the way to the saving of many and odd penny, if not shilling.

To Correspondents.—"The last of his tribe, by Isabel, is filed for an insertion in our next; mean time we should be glad to hear from her again."

The prose tale "Styly Twitter," which the author assures us in a fact, shall appear at an early date. We hope it contains no personal allusions.

The rhythm of "Lines addressed to a sister" is so imperfect, that we are compelled something against our will, to decline publishing them. Why will writers pay so little deference to rhetoric?

The Past, Present and the Future, a prose composition which, by-the-way, we think well of, would use more space than we could allot to it in a single number, and is also of a character that would not appear well published in parts. The manuscript is at the author's disposal.

Substantial Emigrants.—A western paper states, that about 100 families of Germans and Norwegians, arrived at Milwaukee, a short time since, seeking farms and occupation. Many of the families have large sums of money. Some of them as high as \$20,000. These are the right kind of people for the far west.

If the Secretaries of the different Lodges of I. O. F. will furnish a list of their recent elections, and other proceedings, we shall be happy to publish them.

INTELLIGENCE.

Destruction of the National Theatre, the French Protestant Church, the Dutch Reformed Church, and Zion's African Episcopal Church.—New York.

On Tuesday afternoon about half past four o'clock, the National Theatre, situated on the corner of Church and Leonard sts. was discovered that what is termed the gas room was on fire, and in a few minutes the whole of that large edifice was enveloped in flames. So rapid was the conflagration that very little, if any of the costly scenery, wardrobe, furniture, indeed any thing of value, could be saved.

The loss of property, exclusive of the burning, must have been very great, in the destruction of scenery furniture of the private boxes, green-room, dressing rooms, saloons &c, music, and wardrobes of the performers as well as that belonging to the manager.

The National Theatre was built by subscription some six or seven years ago, for the Italian opera, at a cost of \$110,000, not including the ground, for which \$65,000 was paid.

About two hundred and ten persons mechanics, labor-

ers, supernumeraries, &c, about the theatre, have with their families, been entirely thrown out of employ, and several hundred others, more or less dependent on the establishment, will suffer by its destruction.

Fatal Sport.—Several young men went racoon hunting, near Batavia, while attempting to cut down a tree where the animal was secreted, were crushed by the fall of the trunk and two of them killed.

On Sunday last a schooner was capsized near Oswego, the captain, Carlisle, and all hands lost.

A lady advertises for sale in a Southern paper, one baboon, three tabby cats, and a parrot. She states that being married she has no further use for them.

A friend in Norfolk writes us under date of September 11, as follows: "A very melancholy accident occurred here yesterday afternoon. The wife of Mr. Benjamin Hart, went out in company with several others to pick black-berries, when a tree blew down, which in falling struck Mrs. H. on the head and fractured her skull so badly that she survived only three hours. She was brought home a corpse. Her husband is absent at the West.—*St. Law. Rep.*

Sad Accident.—A little girl, nine years of age, was run over by a butcher's cart in Laight street, by St. John's lane, yesterday noon; and her thigh broken and one of her little fingers cut clean off. She is the daughter of Mr. Card, living near by the accident in Hudson street, and was taken home to her parents.—*N. Y. Dispatch.*

Sickness at the South. Extract from a letter dated Augusta, Sept. 18.—The fever has continued to rage with unabated violence, carrying off about seven per day, out of a scattered population of about 500; and at this time some of our most valuable citizens are on the verge of eternity—perhaps to-night will tell the sad tale that one or more of our very eminent medical men have paid the last debt of nature. The suffering continues to be immense. Every day seems to add to the gloom, for not a day passes without some falling victims to the plague, whose valuable lives are dear to their friends and to the city.—The disease seems now to be raging with perhaps more malignity than at a former period. As for—business, you seldom hear it spoken of: sickness and death is all. "What deaths," and "what new cases?" Since the report of the board of health to-day we lost one of our most valuable citizens, William Rankin, Esq. one of our aldermen, who was devoted to the city and to the suffering poor—we have no longer his services.—What will be the end of this scourge that has visited our city remains to be seen; it has so far proved an awful visitation.

Shocking Occurrence.—The Charlottesville, Va. Advocate states that, while Jesse Garth and his lady, of that neighborhood, were looking at their cattle on Friday evening of last week, his Durham cow, which had a young calf by her side, made a furious attack upon Mrs. Garth, knocked her down, and gored and trampled her in such a shocking manner that her life was despaired of. Mr. G. who ran to the relief of his wife, was also knocked down, and sustained considerable injury. This cow had been procured from Connecticut at great expence, and was a particular favorite with Mr. and Mrs. G., and before this occurrence was tractable and well disposed animal. Mrs. G. wore a red bonnet on that occasion, which is the only cause that we have heard assigned for the attack on her.

The French Protestant Church—its Destruction.—This beautiful temple to the living God was one of the most chaste and classical buildings in the city, and the only one in which the Word of Life was dispensed in the French language. Its history is peculiarly interesting to the living, as the church has been matter of consolation to the dead. It might with propriety be called the Huguenot Church—for it was this band of the Cross who erected and endowed it. Many of the early worshippers are yet living, and among them we recollect the venerable John Pintard. On the revocation of the famous Edict of Nantz, (an Edict whose protection the Huguenots had enjoyed from the year 1576 to 1685,) by the wickedness of Louis the XIV., more than half a million of this suffering and pious people fled from their native France, to find a home and an asylum in distant countries, where they could worship God after the dictates of their own consciences and enjoy that peace and quiet which their mother country so cruelly refused. Many of them found an

asylum in the New World, and settled in this city, New Rochelle, and in Ulster county. Soon after their arrival, viz: 1704, they built the ancient appearing church, which stood more than a century on Pine street, on the side on which now stands the Custom House. In 1814 this church was repaired, but not materially altered; its exterior form was nearly the same, there it stood, surrounded with its neat and silent burying ground, until 1832. It is a singular fact, that for many years the pious settlers at New Rochelle, having no place of worship, came on foot twenty miles to this church to worship, and returned on foot the same night. In 1832 the spirit of improvement had become so great, that the church and grounds were bought by speculators. The church was pulled down, and the dead were carefully removed. The church was then built at, and the congregation removed to, the corner of Franklin and Church sts. and was the beautiful building that is now in ruins. The congregation, having the means, will no doubt speedily rebuild it.

The number of pastors have been few indeed Mr. Rou was the first called; Mr. Moulinais followed; Mr. Verren, we believe, is his successor.—*New York Express.*

MARRIED.

On Monday morning, by the Rev. Mr. Leonard, Mr. Peter Leddy, to Miss E. Giffen, daughter of Mr. Wm. Giffen, all of this city.

On Wednesday afternoon, 25th inst. by the Rev. J. L. Hodge, Mr. Martin Blunt, of Pittsfield, Mass., to Miss Caroline. Cuyler, of this city.

At Troy, Charles Bellows, of Pittsfield, to Sarah E. Erkenbrach. Also, Gideon Safford, of Argyle, to Isabella Mathews. Also, James E. Hurd, to Angeline Rector. Also, James L. Bliss, of Mobile, to Lydia M. Brintnall. Also, Amos K. Hadley, to Eliza M. Hart. Also, Ami Brewster, to Louisa C. Davis. Also, Ariel Wager, to Harriet A. Ballou.

On Sunday evening, by the Rev. D. F. Page, Mr. James Patrick, to Miss Mary Ivery, all of this city.

On Wednesday evening, by the Rev. D. F. Page, Mr. Hamilton Trainor, of this city, to Miss Hester Neely, of New York.

On the 14th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Leonard, Mr. A. M. Purdy, to Miss E. C. Higham, all of this city.

At Vernon, on the 25th inst. by the Rev. H. P. Bogue Charles Kilbourn, Esqr. to Miss M. S. Sayles.

DIED.

At Washington, on the 18th inst. Mr. Mathew M. Cole, aged 39 years.

[Mr. Cole was a printer by profession, and for many years a resident of this city. Previous to his removal to Washington, where for the last 12 years he has been one of the head clerks in the Land Office, he was for several years connected with the public press at Sacket's Harbor, Hudson, and in this city. A close and unbroken intimacy, from early youth up, made us acquainted with his worth and talents; and we can with heartfelt affection blend our sympathies and tears with those of his bereaved connexions, in the loss which they and a large circle of friends, have sustained in this afflicting dispensation.—*Editor.*]

At Stillwater, Saratoga co., on the 22d inst. Miss M. J. Livingston, sister of the late Col. James Livingston, in the 80th year of her age.

At Mobile; on the 5th inst. Dr. Savillion Belknap, formerly of Cothen, Orange co.

At Goshen, Mrs. Abigail, wife of David Belknap.

In New York, on the 22d inst, J. Van Valkenberg, aged 29 years, formerly of this city.

In the village of Esperance, Schoharie co. Mrs. Hannah Pegg, wife of the Rev. John Pegg.

At Troy, Joseph Halsted, 62. At Petersburg, Jane, wife of Joshua A. Lewis, of Washington county. At Mobile, Job H. Greenman, 39.

NEW BOOKS, received at W. C. LITTLE'S Bookstore.

Opinions of Lord Brougham, 2 vols.

The Man about Town, 2 vols.

Life among the Lunatics

Some Whims of Hon. Mr. Waggle.

Hamilton King or the Smuggler.

Democracy in America. The Charter Oak.

Blanche of Navarro, Flora's Lexicon.

The Child's Gem for 1840.

POETRY.

For the American Masonic Register and Literary Companion.

THE BOY OF SHUNEM.

H. KINGS—CHAP. IV.

On Tablor's forehead, rising from the plain
To catch the breezes of the western main,
Where Kishon's waters start upon their race,
With their cool flood to lave old Carmels base;
From the proud apex of that lofty cone
Which stands a mountain, severed and alone,
Might Shunen's towers be seen, when Israel's glory
shone.

With weary steps and fainting heart there trod
Through Shunems streets, a holy man of God;
His vesture coarse, a leathern girdle bound,
Nor notice sought, nor resting place he found,
'Till woman's eye his needy state espies,
And woman's care his every want supplies:
Then grateful tears bedewd the faithful Prophet's eyes.

Of when he passed the Rule's board was spread,
And there his weary frame obtained a bed;
With pious care a room for him they made,
And "make you here a home" the couple said;
The Prophet answered. "Hence full many a mile
"My God commands. My home is in His smile.
"What token shall I give to cheer your hearts the while.

"From love to God you helped me in in my need,
"Think ye that God will not such succor heed,
"What honors from the crown would ye possess?"
"Nay, courts, than this our home," would please usless,
The woman answered, rich in wisdom grown,
"We need no more, we live among our own;
"But though contended here, we still are here alone."

Shunem rejoiced; for to the favored one
Of all her Rulers, now was born a son.
Though peaceful still and happy was their home,
Joy! a new joy with this new gift has come.
An infant prattles, and a father hears,
A mother sheds a mother's grateful tears,
New cares attend the pair, with novel hopes and fears.

But who can say that earth has seen that good
Which man might not make evil, if he would.
E'en so the blessing granted to this pair,
Becomes at once their trouble and their snare.
Pleased with their boy, they would almost forget
That God who gave him, claims their love as yet,
And He in mercy then, their stray affections met.

When to his father's field the boy had sped,
The Sun with fatal powers salutes his head;
Now borne, his fair locks lifted by the breeze,
He's placed (fit couch) upon his mother's knees.
How anxious and how kind the mother's care!
How eloquent in grief the mothers prayer!
'Tis noon. His hand is cold! A childless mother's
there.

How oft O woman! has the poet sought
To show the Love with which thy heart is fraught.
Be ours to view the source from whence it springs,
Thy Faith, the holy faith that trusts all things.
Though bending to each breath of sympathy,
In time of need a more than hero she,
While faith supports her bark on life's tempestuous
sea.

To Carmel's mount with dangerous speed she rides,
And Carmels seer scarce for her coming bides;
Anticipating now her tale of woe,
With hasty step he bids Gehazi go
To lay his staff upon the stiffened clay:
Gehazi goes, revolving in the way
The marvellous command he hastens to obey.

The mother knows too well the errand vain,
And now her anguished spirit pleads again,
Until the seer the weary way has sped
And kneels in prayer beside the infant's bed.
For stricken hearts the prophet intercedes
And for the child of prayer and promise pleads,
A condescending God the prayer and promise heeds.

Mother in Israel, is it well with thine?
To wisdom's ways wouldst thou their feet incline?
Then pray in faith, nor doubt nor dare to fear,
Thy Intercessor's stronger than the seer,
Now let the sequel of the tale revive
Your drooping powers more earnestly to strive.
Shunem is glad. *The boy was dead, and is alive.*
P. Jr.

For the American Masonic Register and Literary Companion.

LINES

ON THE DEATH OF AUGUSTUS C.

Thus all the brightest flowers close,—
Our fairest hopes are first to die—
The bliss that once serenely rose,
Hath sunk beneath the mourner's sigh!

Though his fair brow I never saw,
Yet his young fame had won mine ear;
And that which once a smile could draw,
Now claims the homage of a tear.

For Genius 'round the fragile stem
Had fondly oped each budding sense,
And beamed from youth's own diadem
The rays of man's intelligence.

But death, whose envy knows no love,
But marked the bloom and laid it low;
And mem'ry weeps the earth above
Where one so bright must sleep below.

Yet why grieve o'er the silent sleep
That hides him from this world of ill,
Or wish he'd won fame's dizzy steep
That ne'er requites the human will?

Ah—mourn him as a pleasant eve,
That changed, too soon, to darkness night,
And with the kindling rapture weave
His smile of love and eye of light!

Troy Seminary. LOUISA.

From the Vergennes Vermonter.

SONG—

A VINDICATION—BY T. H. CUSHMAN ESQR.

Oh, say not we soon can forget
The hearts that were fondly our own—
Oh, say not the tear of regret,
Is woman's, dear woman's, alone!
We part with a smile in our eyes,
Our farewells may lightly be sighed;
Yet dreary the earth and the skies,
When forms and not feelings divide.

We look then on days that are past,
As spectres deceiving our gaze;
We feel like a mariner cast
Where echo in mockery plays.
Oh, yes! man while stemming the storm,
Though seeming forgetful of love,
Still worships the heart and the form,
That came to his breast like a dove.
Albany, 1838.

WHAT I HATE.

I hate the toothach, when with maddening jumps,
Like torrent wild it raves among the stumps;
I hate the whole dire cotalouge of aches,
Distempers, fevers hot, and ague shakes.

I hate the mad dogs, snakes, dandies, fleas, and bugs,
Tea parties, wild cats, toads, and whiskey jugs,
Hard times, bad roads, spoiled fish, and broken banks,
Stale news, cold soup, light purse, and lawyers thanks.

I hate long stories, and short ears of corn,
A costly farm-house and a shabby barn.
More curs than pigs, no books, but many guns,
Sore toes, tight shoes, old debts and paper duns.

I hate tight lacing, and loose conversation,
Abundant gab and little information,
The food that sings in bed and snores in meeting,
Who laughs while talking and talks much while eating.

I hate the sot, who grappled to my cost,
Sens forth the nasty vapours of his throat,
It senseless jargon, fording me to smell
His stench emitting reservoir of swill.

THE FAULTS OF A MAN, BY A LADY.

A thousand faults in man we find—
Merit in him we seldom meet;
Man's inconstant and unkind;
Man is false and indiscreet;
Man is capricious, jealous, free,
Vain, insincere, and trifling, too;
Yet still the women all agree,
For want of better—he must do!

TO PRINTERS.—The following reduced prices will hereafter be charged for printing types, at BRUCE'S New-York Type Foundry, 13 Chambers-st. and 3 City Hall Place.

Pica,	38 cents a lb.
Small Pica,	40 do.
Long Primer,	42 do.
Bourgeois,	46 do.
Brevier,	54 do.
Minion,	66 do.
Nonpareil,	84 do.
Agate,	108 do.
Pearl,	140 do.

Ornamental letter and other type in proportion.

These are the prices on a credit of six months: but we wish at this time to encourage short credit or cash purchases, and will therefore make a discount of five per cent New York acceptances at ninety days, and ten per cent for cash.

We have recently added to our former extensive assortment seventy-five different kinds and sizes of ornamental letter, embracing Condensed, Extra Condensed, Extended, Outline, Skeleton, Shaded, Ornamental, modern thin-faced Black, &c. 100 new Flowers, and a great variety of Ornaments, forming altogether the most extensive and elegant assortment of Printing Types in the United States, and absolutely an unrivalled one. We also furnish every other article that is necessary for a printing office.

Printers of newspapers who publish this advertisement three times before the 1st of November, 1839, sending us one of the publications, will receive payment when they purchase from the foundry four times the amount of their bill.

GEORGE BRUCE & CO.

New York, Sept. 1839.

SHERIFF'S OFFICE—City and county of Albany, August 17, 1839.

ELECTION NOTICE—A general election is to be held in the county of Albany on the 4th, 5th, and 6th, days of November next at which will be chosen the officers mentioned in the notice from the Secretary of State, of which a copy is annexed.

MICHAEL ARTCHER, Sheriff,
State of New York, Secretary's Office,
Albany, Aug. 15, 1839.

Sir—Notice is hereby given you that the term of service of James Powers, a Senator of the Third Senate District of this state, will expire on the last day of December next, and that a senator is to be chosen in that district, to which the county of which you are sheriff belongs, at the general election to be held on the fourth, fifth, and sixth days of November next.

You will also take notice, that a vacancy has been caused in the representation of the Third Senate District, by the death of Noah Johnson, a senator from that district, whose term of office would have expired on the last day of December, 1840; and that a senator to supply the said vacancy is to be chosen at the said next general election.

You will also take notice, that a proposed amendment to the constitution is to be submitted to the people at the said election, at which the electors are to vote, "For the election of Mayors by the People," or "Against the election of Mayors by the People." At the same election the following officers are to be chosen, viz: Three members of Assembly.

JOHN C. SPENCER, Secretary of State.

N B. You are to give notice of the aforesaid election, in writing to one of the inspectors of each town and ward in your county, and annex thereto a copy of this notice. You are also to publish the said notice and copy in all the public newspapers printed in your county.

NEW BOOKS, Engravings & the Periodicals, received at W. C. Little's Bookstore.

Several cases of English Books.
Paris editions of Corneille; Gil Blas; Don Quixotte; Moliere
Florian; Goethe, &c.
McCulloch's Statistical account of the British Empire.
Cudworth's Intellectual System of the Universe.
Encyclopedia of Geography.
Specimens of Foreign Literature.
Perry's Reliques of Ancient Poetry.
Beauties of the Court of Charles 2d, quarto, plates.
Pictorial Editions of Shakspeare, Greece, Common Prayer,
Fables, Constantinople The Waldenses, American Scenery.
Romance of Nature; Spirit of the Woods.
Our Wild Flowers; Flora's Gems.
The Poets of America, illustrated.
India Scenery, the Himalay Mountains.
The Gift, the Token, and the Literary Souvenir, for 1840.
Blackwood, Bentley, Metropolitan, Edinburgh Quarterly, Knickerbocker, Museum, Lady's Book, and Lady's Companion, Corsair, &c.
Blanche of Navarre, a play, by G. R. P. James, Esq.
Nicholas Nickleby, Nos. 1 to 17; and all the late novels.

THE AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER,
Is Published every Saturday by L. G. HOFFMAN

OPPOSITE THE EAGLE TAVERN, ALBANY.

TERMS.—To city subscribers, *Two Dollars and Fifty Cents* a year. To subscribers who receive their papers by mail, *Two Dollars*, payable on the receipt of the 4th Number. No subscription received for a less term than one year. Back numbers at all times furnished.

AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER AND LITERARY COMPANION.

[VOL. I.—NO. 5.]

BY L. G. HOFFMAN.]

ALBANY, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1839.

MASONIC.

THE BEAUTIES OF MASONRY.

To the mind that delights in viewing the records of the past, Freemasonry presents an object that cannot fail to interest and please. The very obscurity which surrounds its origin, only tends to increase the deep interest it is calculated to excite.

Opinions have been various in relation to its origin. Some have supposed that it was instituted during the Crusades, and was designed as a milder and more peaceful form of chivalry, "smoothing the wrinkled front of war," and binding together as brothers, foes, of country and religion diverse. Others have placed its origin farther back—and others, still with feelings dark as Mahomed's angel of death, have denounced it as an *anti-social conspiracy*, dangerous to government, morals and religion; instituted to harbor in its secret chambers, the foe to both State and Church.

That Masonry has existed from remote antiquity, there can be no doubt. Yet we do not think that it can, in its speculative character, be traced farther back than the building of the Temple. Long previous to that time, it is stated there were Lodges in Egypt, in which the exact sciences were taught, and the secrets of architecture preserved. Numbers of the workmen, members of these Lodges, were doubtless employed by King Solomon, who seizing every occasion to magnify the God of Israel, and diffuse his name abroad, gave to the degrees then existing their speculative form, reserving a still higher honor for those who should prove worthy of its reception, on the completion and dedication of the house. In this, however, he was in some degree disappointed, but the sequel shows that an honor of this sort was conferred; and notwithstanding it is probable that the traditions of *that degree* have been in some measure vitiated by interpolations, it yet stands as convincing proof of its origin at the period referred to. I am induced to form these opinions from the character and design of the two first degrees, and the data furnished by the third; every Master Mason will understand.

A writer of considerable research, in "A History of Freemasonry," compiled for the "Amaranth and Masonic Garland," traces the Order from the earliest ages of antiquity, through the Elusian and Dionysian mysteries, to the building of the Temple, and from thence thro' the Essenes and Kadeans, to the fraternity of builders during the middle ages, and until the establishment of the Grand Lodge of York, England. The reasoning of this writer is strong, especially in relation to the identity of the Essenes and Masonry. We are disposed to think that this history is calculated to throw great light on the origin and progress of the Institution. Of one thing, however, we are certain, that Masonry is not of modern origin; but that it has existed from a period very remote; and from its very character, that of secrecy, and being confined to a favored few, it is difficult to follow its history.

But little more than a century has passed away since this germ of benevolence and good feeling was wafted over the blue waters of the Atlantic, and found a genial soil in this western world. The first Grand Lodge was established in Boston in 1733. In 1734, this body granted a charter for a Lodge in Philadelphia, appointing Benjamin Franklin, Master. In 1772, by virtue of a warrant from the Earl of Dumfries, Joseph Warren was appointed Grand Master of Masons in America. Different Lodges at this period existed in several of the

colonies, but the revolutionary struggle intervening, interrupted the intercourse between the brethren, and in some degree retarded the advance of the Order. It was not until the balmy breath of peace brove back the "red clouds of war," and spanned the dark and stormy heavens with the bow of friendship, the "sign and token" of reconciliation, that any extensive efforts were made to permanency to the operations of the Craft. The Grand Lodge of Massachusetts was the first to move in the grand design. In obedience to that fundamental principle of the craft which requires obedience to the constitutional authority of the country in which they reside, it assumed elective authority, and appointed Grand Officers. This example was followed in other parts of the Union. At present, independent Grand Lodges exist in every State.

In reviewing the history of our Institution we shall find in our father-land, and in our own country, few of their distinguished sons in the cabinet, the field, or the higher walks of literature and science, who have not laid their offering on the Masonic altar, and pledged their names in defence of its purity and innocency. And at the present day, no association of men bears upon its roll of members, so many distinguished names. Yet with all these external evidences of its character no institution has been so foully assailed.

We are convinced that in many instances the true line of the Institution has been lost sight of, and too much importance attached to ceremonials; the result has been, and ever will be, when this is the case, that what was valuable when united, becomes senseless when disjointed. Do not understand us as lightly esteeming our expressive ceremonies. I would not suffer the sacrilegious hand of modern innovation to touch one solitary act in performing them. We regard them as relics of antiquity, the error of disjointing them from their moral is what we censure. Think you that the skeptic's laugh at the simple ceremonials of Christianity would be empty and unmeaning mirth, if they were separated from the great events they are designed to teach? So with our own; and the man who rejects the weighty, because he cannot appreciate the lighter matters of the Order, gives but poor evidence of the soundness of his head, or goodness of his heart.

There is no lesson taught in the rituals of Masonry, that is calculated to make men worse than it finds them. There is no precept there which does not breathe the purest morality—that is not sanctioned by the Word of God, and the approval of good men. Believe us, my brethren, when we say, that a man's entering a Lodge no more makes him a Mason, than entering a Church makes one a Christian; for unless his heart be prepared by holy desires, and virtuous affections, the lessons of purity we teach will be to him as "the sounding brass and the tinkling cymbal."

Masonry may be regarded as a science of moral virtues, teaching by tools and implements of architecture, wise and salutary truths and duties. Through all the degrees of the Order, this important point is steadily kept in view, that as Masons we are bound by paramount obligations to society, and as component parts in the social compact, are pledged to the support of the laws by which its government is directed. No act which would in any degree disturb the perfection of the civil or moral code, can find one approving smile from the genius of Masonry. Arnold, in his "Dutch Dictionary," has beautifully remarked, "Freemasonry is a moral order instituted by virtuous men, with the praise-worthy design of recalling to our remembrance the most sublime truths,

in the midst of the most innocent and social pleasures, founded on liberality, brotherly love and charity. However much, therefore, Masons may disregard the solemn engagements they entered into, the principles of the Institution can never be charged with having corrupted their minds, or alienated their affections from the holy cause of virtue. Will the young Craftsman follow me in a very brief survey of the important lessons taught in the several degrees through which he has passed, in the pursuit of that knowledge taught by speculative Masonry.

The first lesson, secrecy, is one of vast importance. No negative virtue was more highly prized amongst the ancients, and none in its practice confers more extensive benefits on human society. It establishes private friendships, preserves peace in communities, and throws a holy charm around the domestic relation, which shelters it from the rude gaze of the prying eye. It produces a oneness of thought, feeling and affection, and assures us that we are safe in opening the inmost recesses of the soul, to the gaze of the being who keeps a silent tongue. Let the man who doubts the importance of this virtue, ask himself the question, if every thought uttered, or act committed, were held up to the public gaze, what would be the result? Would not friendly communion be at an end, and the sure ground of confidence be destroyed? That this virtue may not be abused, the mind is led in a most solemn manner to a recollection of its entire dependence upon Almighty God, and the necessity of unshaken faith to Him. I confess my brethren, I have never pronounced this important duty, together with its striking exhortation to confidence, that my mind has not been impressed with a sense of the glory and grandeur of Deity, and I have always thought that the candidate realizes, at least for the time being, the same emotions. The various symbols of light, and the holy Bible as the rule and guide of faith and practice, so opportunely presented, and so strongly recommended to your attention, together with the emblem of divided time, by attention to which you are enabled usefully to fill up your days, are not to be regarded as unnecessary appendages and useless instructions. There is no duty thus taught to be neglected. As Masons, your faith is pledged to the performance of the whole, as the emblem of innocence and badge of purity, which it is presented with the instructions alluded to, indicates; for it is by constant and unflinching attention thereto, that you will be enabled to prepare yourselves as living stones for that Temple not made with hands, **ETERNAL IN THE HEAVENS.**

The important relation you now sustain, brings fully to view the observance of strict temperance in the government of the appetite and passions; prudence in the regulation of all the desires and actions; fortitude to bear the ills of a wicked and perplexing world, and justice, strict, impartial justice to God, yourselves, and your fellow-men. But shall we proceed farther, and view the beauties of the Order as we progress step by step, towards the holiest place! Behold how the delightful riches of science present themselves to our view! Centuries gone by reveal their treasures, preserved in archives that "inundation and conflagration assail in vain."—Again is the solemn obligation to reverence and adore the glorious Creator and keep holy his Sabbaths, solemnly presented.

And let "that hieroglyphic bright," Which none but Craftsmen ever knew,
deeply, my brethren, impress its sublime interpretation upon your hearts, for then, and then only, will you

be prepared to enter the sad and silent chamber of mourning, to sympathize with the friends of departed merit, and to enjoy the triumph that breaks the moody silence of the tomb, and hails the sunlight form of immortality, as casting aside the gloomy drapery of the dead, and rising from the rubbish of the grave, it wings its glorious way to the feet of the Eternal, and amid the songs of adoring angels, and redeemed men, proclaims that through the merits of Judah's Conquering Lion, our bodies shall arise, and become as incorruptible as our souls! Hail glorious truth! transporting thought! that while

"An angel's arm can't snatch us from the grave,
Legions of angels can't confine us there."

As you progress beyond this interesting scene, new and increasing lights burst upon the mind, elucidating and confirming what precedes; until having passed the Overseer's square, and aided in the recovery and preservation of those valuable treasures that stamp with importance the history of the ancient Craft, you gain, by purity of heart and rectitude of conduct, the inseparable companions of truth, admission into the earthly sanctuary, faint emblem of that holy place on high, where our great High Priest has gone, by the sprinkling of his own blood, and to which we hope to gain admission by the signal of eternal truth.

If you have proceeded thus far, without having your moral feelings purified, your thoughts elevated and refined, I pray you review your past life, in order to its amendment, for be you well assured, you have not deserved the honors conferred upon you by misplaced Masonic confidence.

To render to the Deity "that rational homage which becomes the creature to his Creator"—to revere his Sabbaths, and receive his Word as the rule of faith and practice, is so obvious a duty, that its neglect is a strong evidence of a want of moral soundness, and correct notions of propriety; and especially so when Masons are the delinquents.

[To be continued.]

MISCELLANY.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

An old fellow, whose name we veil under that of Hunka, died in the adjacent town of Charlestown last week, who would have been a capital subject for Dickens, and might have sat to Scott for his inimitable character of Trapbois, in the Fortunes of Nigel. He was a miserly, close-fisted old hunka, a real skinflint, who, it was supposed by his neighbors had scraped together, as such characters will, in one way and another, a considerable amount of money. This was not known however. Some said that he had money concealed in the earth—others judged from the slovenly manner in which he lived and dressed, that he had nothing but the few acres which he cultivated. He lived like the poorest, shutting his door upon every intruder—till at last death knocked and he was obliged to open. During his sickness he was wont to send daily for a small purse of silver and gold, hid in the wall of his cellar, which he would count over with that feeling of painful delight which inhabits the bosom of the true miser alone. Disease, however, wore down his frame rapidly, and at last he was unequal to the task of going through his daily custom of counting pieces, in his purse, and could only, as they were displayed before him, pat them softly with his hands, as a lady pats her favorite dog on the back.

One day during the last stages of the disease, he sent for a neighbor, and expressed a wish to impart a secret to him. "Go down cellar (said he) and in the further corner you will find a tub. Raise it, and you will see a shingle, beneath which is a box." The individual followed the directions, and found a box of specie.—"Now go to another corner"—said the miser describing the place. Another box was found embedded in the earth. A day or two after when he found he must soon leave all his earthly treasures, he desired to be raised up in his bed. His request was granted, when he immediately reached out his skinny hand beneath his pillow, and lo! another box was found cunningly concealed, containing about five hundred dollars in French gold pieces, which it is understood he took from one of the banks about the time of the suspension of specie payments.

All these buried treasures were given in the keeping

of his neighbor for the benefit of others. He said there was one other box, but that he didn't like to tell where it was, as he might want it himself. He, however, consented to write the place of interment on a piece of paper, so that the secret might not perish with him. He died soon after, and his hidden treasures—no inconsiderable sum—were counted over at the close of the funeral ceremonies.

Thus died, at an advanced age, one whose only aspiration, through a long life, seems to have been the hoarding of specie and burying it, where it could be of no earthly benefit to any one—a perfect miser—a lover of money, not for the blessings which it might diffuse around him, but for its own sake—not for the name of possessing it—for he feigned and was thought to be poor—but because the mere habit of acquisition had become a passion, and the bare consciousness of possession was a pleasure—a phantom of delight, which he could hug with rapture to his bosom. Well will it be for such if they have laid up treasures in Heaven as well as on earth. But we will not sermonize—the lesson conveyed by the sketch is left with the reader—*Claremont N. H. Eagle.*

HOW TO MAKE A QUARTERN LOAF OUT OF A DEAL BOARD.

To make wood-flour in perfection, according to Professor Autenrieth, the wood, after being thoroughly stripped of its bark, is to be sawed transversely into disks, of about an inch in diameter. The saw-dust is to be preserved, and the disks are to be beaten to fibres, in a pounding mill. The fibres and saw-dust, mixed together, are next to be deprived of every thing harsh and bitter which is soluble in water, by boiling them where fuel is abundant, or by subjecting them for a longer time to the action of cold water, which is easily done by enclosing them in a sling sack, which they only fill, and beating the sack with a stick, or treading it with the feet in a rivulet. The whole is then to be completely dried, either in the sun, or by fire, and repeatedly ground in a flour mill. The ground wood is next baked into small flat cakes, with water, rendered slightly mucilaginous by the addition of some decoction of linseed mallow stalks and leaves, lime-tree bark, or any other such substance. Professor Autenrieth prefers marsh-mallow roots, of which one ounce renders eighteen quarts of water sufficiently mucilaginous, and these serve to form four pounds and a half wood-flour into cakes. These cakes are baked until they are brown on the surface. After this, they are broken to pieces, and again ground, until the flour pass through a fine bolting cloth; and upon the fineness of the flour does its fitness to make bread depend. The flour of a hard wood, such as beech, requires the process of baking and grinding to be repeated. Wood-flour does not ferment so readily as wheaten-flour; but the Professor found fifteen pounds of birch-wood flour, with three pounds of sour wheat-leaven, and two pounds of wheat-flour, mixed up with eight measures of new milk, yielded thirty-six pounds of very good bread. The learned Professor tried the nutritious properties of wood-flour, in the first instance, upon a young dog; afterwards he fed two pigs upon it; and then, taking courage from the success of the experiment, he attacked it himself. His family party, he says, ate it in the form of gruel or soup, dumplings and pancakes, all made with as little of any other ingredient as possible; and found them palatable, and quite wholesome. Are we, then, instead of looking upon a human being stretched upon a bare plank, as the picture of extreme want and wretchedness, to regard him as reposing in the lap of abundance, and consider henceforth, the common phrase, "bed and board," as compounded of synonymous terms.—*Quarterly Review.*

Coffee in the Desert.—It is astonishing what effects the smallest portion of the strong coffee made by the Arabs has; no greater stimulus is required in the longest and most arduous journeys. It is universal throughout the East, but more used by the Arabs of the desert than by any other class; they will often go without food for twenty-four hours if they can but have recourse to the little dram of coffee, which, from the small compass in which they carry the apparatus, and the readiness with which it is made, they can always command. I can vouch for both its strengthening and exhilarating effect; it answers these purposes better than I can conceive it possible a dram of spirits could do to those who indulge in it.—*Major Skinner's Adventures in the East*

READING ALOUD.—One of the accomplishments which we wish to see cultivated among females, and

which is greatly neglected or wholly overlooked, is the art of reading aloud. It is a most healthy employment when used discreetly, since exercise is as advantageous to the lungs as to all other parts of the human frame. The ability to read aloud agreeably is also a truly domestic acquirement; it will be another link in the chain which binds men to their hearths; it will amuse the young, cheer the old, and instruct the ignorant.—*Journal of Education.*

THE WATER OF THE NILE.

The water of Egypt, (says the Abbe Mascrier,) is so delicious, that one would not wish the heat should be less, nor to be delivered from the sensation of thirst. The Turks find it so exquisitely charming that they excite themselves to drink of it by eating salt. It is a common saying among them, that if Mohammed had drunk of it, he would have begged God not to have died, that he might always have done it. When the Egyptians undertake the pilgrimage to Mecca, or go out of their country on any other account, they speak of nothing but the pleasure they shall find at their return, in drinking the Nile water. There is nothing to be compared to this satisfaction; it surpasses in their esteem that of seeing their relations again, and their families. All those who have tasted this water, allow that they never met with the like in any other place. When a person drinks of it for the first time, it seems difficult to believe that it is not water prepared by art. It has something in it so inexpressibly agreeable and pleasing to the taste, that it deserves that rank among waters that Champagne has among wines. But its most valuable quality is that it is exceedingly salutary. It never incommodes, let it be drunk in what quantity it may; this is so true that it is no uncommon thing to see some persons drink three buckets of it in a day, without inconvenience!

It is right to observe that the water of the Nile is that which is alone intended in these high encomiums. Well water in Egypt is detestable and unwholesome. Fountains are so rare that they are a kind of prodigy in that country. Rain-water it would be vain to attempt preserving, as scarcely any falls in Egypt.

How peculiarly forcible and expressive are the words of Moses to Pharaoh. "The Egyptians shall loathe to drink of the water of the river." That water in which they so much delighted,—that which they preferred to all other water in the world, and to which they had been so long accustomed, should become so hateful, that they would turn away from it in disdain, and instead of it drink well water, which, in their country, is, of all other kinds of water, the most detestable!—*Harmer's Observations.*

A PERSIAN DOCTOR AND THE ELECTRIC MACHINE.

At Isfahan all were delighted with the electric machine, except one renowned old doctor and lecturer of the college, who, envious of the popularity gained by this display of superior science, contended publicly, that the effects produced were moral, not physical,—that the mummery we practised, and the state of nervous agitation we excited, which produced an ideal shock; but he expressed his conviction, that a man of true firmness of mind would stand unmoved by all we could produce out of our glass bottle, as he scoffingly termed our machine. He was invited to the experiment and declared his readiness to attend the next visit the Begler-Beg paid the Elchee.

The day appointed soon arrived. The Begler-Beg came with a numerous retinue, and, amongst others, the doctor, whom we used to call "Red Stockings," from his usually wearing scarlet hose! He was we found, notwithstanding his learning and reputed science, often made an object of mirth in the circles of the great and wealthy at Isfahan, from the pertinacity with which he maintained his dogmas.

The philosopher, notwithstanding various warnings, came boldly up, took hold of the chain with both hands, planted his feet firmly, shut his teeth, and evidently called forth all his resolution to resist the shock. It was given, and poor Red Stockings dropt on the floor as if he had been shot. There was a momentary alarm; but on his almost instant recovery, and the Elchee explaining that the effect had been increased by the determination to resist it, all gave way to one burst of laughter. The good natured philosopher took no offence. He muttered something about the re-action of the feelings after being overstrained, but admitted there was more in the glass bottle than he had anticipated.—*Sketches of Persia.*

MUNGO PARK IN THE DESERT.

I was obliged to sit all day without victuals, in the shade of a tree: and the night threatened to be very uncomfortable; for the wind rose, and there was great appearance of a heavy rain, and the wild beasts are so very numerous in the neighbourhood, that I should have been under the necessity of climbing up the tree, and resting amongst the branches. About sunset however, as I was preparing to pass the night in this manner, and had turned my horse loose, that he might graze at liberty a woman, returning from the labours of the field, stopped to observe me, and perceiving that I was weary and dejected inquired into my situation, which I briefly explained to her; whereupon, with looks of great compassion, she took up my saddle and bridle, and told me to follow her. Having conducted me into her hut, she lighted up a lamp, spread a mat on the floor, and told me I might remain there for the night. Finding that I was hungry, she said she would procure me something to eat. She accordingly went out, and returned in a short time with a very fine fish; which, having caused to be half-broiled upon some embers, she gave me for supper. The rites of hospitality being thus performed towards a stranger in distress, my worthy benefactress, pointing to the mat, and telling me I might sleep there without apprehension, called to the female part of her family, who had stood gazing on me all the while in fixed astonishment, to resume their task of spinning cotton, in which they continued to employ themselves great part of the night. They lightened their labours by songs, one of which was composed extempore, for I was myself the same subject of it. It was sung by one of the young women, the rest joining in a sort of chorus. The air was sweet and plaintive, and the words literally translated were these: "The winds roared and the rains fell. The poor white man, faint and weary, came and sat under our tree. He has no mother to bring him milk; no wife to grind his corn. Chorus, Let us pity the white man, no mother has he, &c." Trifling as this recital may appear to the reader, to a person in my situation the circumstance was affecting in the highest degree. I was oppressed by such unexpected kindness: and sleep fled from my eyes. In the morning, I presented my compassionate landlady with two of the four brass buttons which remained on my waistcoat: the only recompense I could make her.—*Travels in Africa*

Illustration of the Solar system—If we suppose the earth to be represented by a globe a foot in diameter, the distance of the sun from the earth will be about two miles; the diameter of the sun, on the same supposition, will be something above one hundred feet, and consequently his bulk as might be made up of two hemispheres, each about the size of the dome of St. Paul's. The moon will be thirty feet from us, and her diameter three inches, about that of a cricket-ball. Thus the sun would much more than occupy all the space within the moon's orbit. On the same scale, Jupiter would be above ten miles from the sun, and Uranus forty. We see then how thinly scattered through space are the heavenly bodies. The fixed stars would be at an unknown distance; but, probably, if all distances were thus diminished, no star would be nearer to such a one-foot earth than the moon now is to us. On such a terrestrial globe the highest mountains would be about 1-8th of an inch high, and consequently just distinguishable. We may imagine, therefore, how imperceptible would be the largest animals. The whole organised covering of such a globe would be quite undiscoverable by the eye, except perhaps by colour, like the bloom on a plum. In order to restore this earth and its inhabitants to their true dimensions, we must magnify them forty millions of times; and to preserve the proportions we must increase equally the distances of the sun and of the stars from us. They seem thus to pass off into infinity; yet each of them thus removed has its system of mechanical and perhaps of organic processes going on upon its surface. But the arrangements of organic life which we can see with the naked eye are few compared with those the microscope detects. We know that we may magnify objects thousands of times, and and still discover fresh complexities of structure: if we suppose, therefore, that we increase every particle of matter in our universe in such a proportion, in length, breadth, and thickness, we may conceive that we tend thus to bring before our apprehension a true estimate of the quantity of organised adaptations which are ready to testify the extent of the Creator's power.—*Whewell's Treatise*.

ARTISANS IN PERSIA.

The king is considered to have a general right to the labour of artisans: but he does not commonly exercise that right, receiving instead a certain tax, the amount of which varies according to the man's income. But if a man gets a reputation for any particular excellence or skill in any trade, the king, or the governor of the province where he is, sends for him and makes him work for the monarch, and for the courtiers and great men, and he may think himself well off if he can get them to pay him even such miserable wages as may enable him just to keep himself from starving. This makes every man anxious to avoid the reputation of being an expert workman, or of having made improvements in his arts. Mr. Fraser, in his "Narrative of a Journey into Khorassan," mentions a man who made some improvements in pottery, so far as to manufacture a sort of porcelain, resembling tolerable china ware. His fame quickly spread, and soon reached the court. When the king heard of it, he sent an order for the man to repair immediately to the capital and make china for the Shah. The poor fellow, who knew the consequences, was terribly frightened at this order. He went, however, but not to make china. He scraped together all the money he could, and sold every thing he had to raise a bribe for the prime minister, whom he entreated to tell the king that he was not the man who made the china; that the real potter had run away, nobody knew where, and that he himself had been put under restraint by mistake, and prayed to be released. The prime minister put the money in his pocket, and told the story to the king, who sent a release to the poor man, who joyfully returned home vowing that he would never more make a bit of china, or attempt any kind of improvement as long as he lived. You see how this must tend to keep down the minds of the people, and prevent every kind of improvement.—*Travels in Persia*.

SAGACITY OF THE GREAT NORTHERN BEARS.

On one occasion, a bear was seen to swim cautiously to a large rough piece of ice, on which two female walrus were lying asleep with their cubs. The wily animal crept up some hammocks behind the party, and with his fore-feet loosened a large block of ice: this, with the help of his nose and paws, he rolled and carried until immediately over the head of the sleepers, when he let it fall on one of the old animals, which was instantly killed. The other walrus with its cubs rolled into the water: but the younger one of the stricken female remained by its dam: on this helpless creature the bear now leaped down, and thus completed the destruction of two animals which it would not have ventured to attack openly. * * * The stratagems practised in taking the large seal are not much less to be admired. These creatures are remarkably timid, and for that reason always lie to bask or sleep on the very edge of the pieces of floating ice, so that on the slightest alarm they can by one roll tumble themselves into their favourite element. They are extremely restless, constantly moving their head from side to side, and sleeping very short naps. As with all wild creatures, they turn their attention to the direction of the wind, as if expecting danger from that quarter. The bear, on seeing his intended prey, gets quietly in the water, and swims until he is leeward of him, from whence, by frequent short dives, he silently makes his approaches, and so arranges his distance, that at the last dive he comes up to the spot where the seal is lying. If the poor animal attempts to escape by rolling into the water, he falls into the bears clutches; if, on the contrary, he lies still, his destroyer makes a powerful spring, kills him on the ice, and devours him at leisure.—*Kings Narrative*.

THE SHORTEST WAY TO MURDER CHARACTER. "Profess great friendship for the man, tell how much you love him; proclaim how many excellent traits he possesses; and then with a very sanctified look, and most impressive sigh, express your fear, yes, your FEAR, that all is not as it should be! Whisper suspicion, and let conjecture with giant strength work out the ruin!" He who understands human nature in its deeper workings of damnable cruelty, and selfish artifice, says a certain shrewd writer, will mark the man who stabs another under the cloak of pretended affection. The pretence has a lie, adds he, on the face of it. True affection would never, whisper a suspicion, save to the concerned." "Never trust that man who comes to you

whining over his regard for another, while his tongue is a drawn sword to wound and kill; meet him promptly with a charge of his hypocrisy, and he will shrink with meanness before you."

The Company of Books.—It is chiefly through books that we enjoy intercourse with superior minds; and these invaluable means of communication are in the reach of all. In the best books great men talk to us, give us their most precious thoughts, and pour their souls into ours. God be thanked for books! They are the voices of the distant and the dead, and make us heirs of the spiritual life of past ages. Books are the true levellers. They give to all who will faithfully use them the society, the spiritual presence of the best and greatest of our race. No matter how poor I am; no matter though the prosperous of my own time will not enter and take up their abode under my roof—if Milton will cross my threshold to sing to me of Paradise; and Shakspeare to open to me the worlds of imagination and the workings of the human heart; and Franklin to enrich me with his practical wisdom—I shall not pine for want of intellectual companionship, and I may become a cultivated man though excluded from what is called the best society in the place where I live. Nothing can supply the place of books. They are cheering or soothing companions in solitude, illness, affliction. Let every man, if possible, gather some good books under his roof.—*Canning*.

The Devil to Pay.—This phrase, doubtless, originated in a printing-office, on some Saturday night's settlement of weekly wages. "John," says the publisher to the book-keeper, "how stands the cash account?" "Small balance on hand, sir," "Let's see," rejoined the publisher, "how far will that go towards satisfying the hands?" John begins to figure arithmetically; so much due to Potkins, so much to Typus, so much to Grubbe, and so on, through a dozen dittos. The publisher stands aghast. "Here is not money enough by a jugful." "No, sir; and, besides, there is the devil to pay."

WEST POINT, (Ga.) Sept. 18.

Melancholy Occurrence.—An occurrence, which resulted in the death of four men, citizens of the adjoining county of Chambers, in the state of Alabama, was detailed to us yesterday; and from the respectability of the source we have no doubt of its truth. We have not been able to obtain the names of the sufferers.

It appears that a well, in the neighborhood of Standing Rock, in the county above mentioned, having failed in yielding its usual supply of water, the owner determined to have it cleaned out. A person was let down by the well bucket and rope, but showed no signs of action when at the bottom—he was called to, but did not answer. A second proposed to go down and ascertain what was the matter, and he also, as soon as he arrived at the bottom, became supine and silent. A third proposed to go down, with the understanding that he was to be drawn up as soon as he called out, the persons present then suspecting for the first time that there was some mephitic gas at the bottom of the well. He went down, but it was only to join his unfortunate companions. When he got nearly to the foot of the well, he called to be drawn up; but when about half way up, he fell from the bucket! A fourth then proposed that he should be lashed fast, and he would descend with the understanding also that he should be hauled up as soon as he called out. He had descended but little more than half way when he gave the word; they drew him up quickly, but had barely time to unlash him before life was extinct. The other three were then taken out of the well with grapes, but none of them showed the least signs of life—the vital spark was forever extinguished! This melancholy catastrophe happened on Thursday, and the bodies of the unfortunate sufferers were all consigned to the grave on Friday last.

Thus have four human lives been destroyed and their spirits hastened to eternity, for the want of a small share of caution. A well should never be descended, when there is the least haze or appearance of vapor within it, without first trying it by introducing therein a lighted candle or torch: if the light will continue to burn there is no danger, but if it is extinguished in its descent, or as soon as it arrives at the bottom the utmost caution should be observed in descending.

Shocking.—A child in Juniata county, Pa. left alone in the kitchen, reached to get a knife from the knife case, and falling plunged it up to the hilt through the temple into the brain.

POPULAR TALES.

THE ABENCERRAGE.—A SPANISH TALE.

On the summit of a craggy hill, a spur of the mountains of Ronda, stands the castle of Allora, now a mere ruin, infested by bats and owlets, but in old times one of the strong border holds of the Christians, to keep watch upon the frontiers of the warlike kingdom of Granada, and to hold the Moors in check. It was a post always confided to some well-tried commander; and, at the time of which we treat, was held by Rodrigo de Narvaez, a veteran famed both among Moors and Christians, not only for his hardy feats of arms, but also for that magnanimous courtesy which should ever be entwined with the sterner virtues of the soldier.

The castle of Allora was a mere part of his command; he was Alcayde, or military governor of Antiquera, but he passed most of his time at this frontier post, because its situation on the borders gave more frequent opportunity for those adventurous exploits which were the delight of the Spanish chivalry. His garrison consisted of fifty chosen cavaliers, all well mounted and well appointed; with these he kept vigilant watch upon the Moslems, patrolling the roads, and paths, and defiles of the mountains, so that nothing could escape his eye; and now and then signaling by some dashing foray into the very Vega of Granada.

On a fair and beautiful night in summer, when the freshness of the evening breeze had tempered the heat of day, the worthy Alcayde sallied forth, with nine of his cavaliers, to patrol the neighborhood, and seek adventures. They rode quietly and cautiously, lest they should be overheard by Moorish scout or traveler; and kept along ravines and hollow ways, lest they should be betrayed by the glittering of the full moon upon their armour. Coming to where the road divided, the Alcayde directed five of his cavaliers to take one of the branches, while he, with the remaining four, would take the other. Should either party be in danger, the blast of a horn was to be the signal to bring their comrades to their aid.

The party of five had not proceeded far, when, in passing through a defile overhung with trees, they heard the voice of a man singing. They immediately concealed themselves in a grove on the brow of a declivity, up which the stranger would have to ascend. The moonlight, which left the grove in deep shadow, lit up the whole person of the wayfarer as he advanced, and enabled them to distinguish his dress and appearance with perfect accuracy. He was a Moorish cavalier; and his poble demeanour, graceful carriage, and splendid attire, showed him to be of lofty rank. He was superbly mounted on a dapple-grey steed, of powerful frame and generous spirit, and magnificently caparisoned. His dress was a marlota, or tunic, and an albornoz of crimson damask fringed with gold. His Tunisian turban, of many folds, was of silk and cotton striped, and bordered with golden fringe. At his girdle hung a scimitar of Damascus steel, with loops and tassels of silk and gold. On his left arm he bore an ample target, and his right hand grasped a long double-pointed lance. Thus equipped, he sat negligently on his steed, as one who dreamed of no danger, gazing on the moon, and singing, with sweet and manly voice, a Moorish love-ditty.

Just opposite the place where the Spanish cavaliers were concealed, was a small fountain in the rock, beside the road, to which the horse turned to drink; the rider threw the reins on his neck, and continued his song.

The Spanish cavaliers conferred together; they were all so pleased with the gallant and gentle appearance of the Moor that they resolved not to harm, but to capture him, which, in his negligent mood, promised to be an easy task; rushing, therefore, from their concealment, they thought to surround and seize him. Never were men more mistaken. To gather up his reins, wheel round his steed; brace his buckler, and couch his lance, was the work of an instant; and there he sat, fixed like a castle in his saddle, beside the fountain.

The Christian cavaliers checked their steeds, and reconnoitred him warily, loath to come to an encounter which must end in his destruction.

The Moor now held a parley: "If you be true knights," said he, "and seek for honorable fame, come on singly, and I am ready to meet each succession; but if you be mere lurkers of the road, intent on spoil,

come all at once, and do your worst!"

The cavaliers communed for a moment apart, when one, advancing singly, exclaimed: "Although no law of chivalry obliges us to risk the loss of a prize when clearly in our power, yet we willingly grant, as a courtesy, what we might refuse as a right. Valiant Moor! defend thyself!"

So saying, he wheeled, took proper distance, couched his lance, and putting spurs to his horse, made at the stranger. The latter met him in mid career, transpierced him with his lance, and threw him headlong from his saddle. A second and a third succeeded, but were unhorsed with equal facility, and thrown to the earth, severely wounded. The remaining two, seeing their comrades thus roughly treated, forgot all compact of courtesy, and charged both at once upon the Moor. He parried the thrust of one, but was wounded by the other in the thigh, and, in the shock and confusion, dropped his lance. Thus disarmed, and closely pressed, he pretended to fly, and was hotly pursued. Having drawn the two cavaliers some distance from the spot, he suddenly wheeled short about, with one of those dexterous movements for which the Moorish horsemen were renowned; passed swiftly between them, swung himself down from his saddle, so as to catch up his lance; then, lightly replacing himself, turned to renew the combat.

Seeing him thus fresh for the encounter, as if just issued from his tent, one of the cavaliers put his lips to his horn, and blew a blast that soon brought the Alcayde and his four companions to the spot.

The valiant Narvaez, seeing three of his cavaliers extended on the earth, and two others hotly engaged with the Moor, was struck with admiration, and coveted the contest with so accomplished a warrior. Interfering in the fight, he called upon his followers to desist, and, addressing the Moor with courteous words, invited him to a more equal combat. The latter readily accepted the challenge. For some time their contest was fierce and doubtful, and the Alcayde had need of all his skill and strength to ward off the blows of his antagonist. The Moor, however, was exhausted by previous fighting, and by loss of blood. He no longer sat his horse firmly, nor managed him with his wonted skill. Collecting all his strength for a last assault, he rose in his stirrups, and made a violent thrust with his lance; the Alcayde received it upon his shield, and at the same time wounded the Moor in the right arm; then, closing in the shock, he grasped him in his arms, dragged him from his saddle, and fell with him to the earth; when, putting his knee upon his breast, and his dagger to his throat, "Cavalier!" exclaimed he, "render my prisoner, for thy life is in my hands!"

"Kill me rather," replied the Moor, "for death would be less grievous than loss of liberty."

The Alcayde, however, with the clemency of the truly brave, assisted the Moor to rise, ministered to his wounds with his own hands, and had him conveyed with great care to the Castle of Allora. His wounds were slight, and in a few days were nearly cured; but the deepest wound had been inflicted on his spirit. He was constantly buried in a profound melancholy.

The Alcayde, who had conceived a great regard for him, treated him more as a friend than a captive, and tried in every way to cheer him, but in vain; he was always sad and moody, and when on the battlements, of the castle, would keep his eyes turned to the south with a fixed and wistful gaze.

"How is this?" exclaimed the Alcayde, reproachfully, "that you, who were so hardy and fearless in the field, should lose all spirit in prison? If any secret grief preys on your heart, confide it to me as to a friend and I promise you, on the faith of a cavalier, that you shall have no cause to repent the disclosure."

The Moorish knight kissed the hand of the Alcayde. "Noble cavalier," said he, "that I am cast down in spirit is not from my wounds, which are slight; nor from my captivity, for your kindness has robbed it of all gloom; nor from my defeat, for to be conquered by so accomplished and renowned a cavalier is no disgrace. But, to explain to you the cause of my grief, it is necessary to give you some particulars of my story; and this I am moved to do by the great sympathy you have manifested toward me, and the magnanimity that shines through all your actions."

"Know, then, that my name is Abandarez, and that I am of the noble but unfortunate line of the Abencerrages of Granada. You have doubtless heard of the destruction that fell upon our race. Charged with trea-

sonable designs, of which they were entirely innocent, many of them were beheaded, the rest banished, so that not an Abencerrage was permitted to remain in Granada, excepting my father and my uncle, whose innocence was proved, even to the satisfaction of their persecutors. It was decreed, however, that, should they have children, the sons should be educated at a distance from Granada, and the daughters should be married out of the kingdom.

"Conformably to this decree, I was sent, while yet an infant, to be reared in the fortress of Cartama, the worthy Alcayde of which was an ancient friend of my father. He had no children, and received me into his family as his own child, treating me with the kindness and affection of a father, and I grew up in the belief that he really was such. A few years afterwards his wife gave birth to a daughter; but his tenderness towards me continued undiminished. I thus grew up with Xarisa, for so the infant daughter of the Alcayde was called, as her own brother, and thought the growing passion which I felt for her was mere fraternal affection. I beheld her charms unfolding, as it were, leaf by leaf, like the morning rose, each moment disclosing fresh beauty and sweetness.

"At this period I overheard a conversation between the Alcayde and his confidential domestic, and found myself to be the subject. 'It is time,' said he, to apprise him of his parentage, that he may adopt a career in life. I have deferred the communication as long as possible, through reluctance to inform him that he is of a proscribed and an unlucky race.

This intelligence would have overwhelmed me at an earlier period; but the intimation that Xarisa was not my sister operated like magic, and in an instant transformed my brotherly affection into ardent love.

"I sought Xarisa, to impart to her the secret I had learned. I found her in the garden, in a bower of jessamines, arranging her beautiful hair by the mirror of a crystal fountain. The radiance of her beauty dazzled me. I ran to her with open arms, and she received me with a sister's embraces. When we had seated ourselves beside the fountain, she began to upbraid me for leaving her so long alone.

"In reply, I informed her of the conversation I had overheard. The recital shocked and distressed her.—'Alas!' cried she, 'then is our happiness at an end.

'How!' exclaimed I, 'wilt thou cease to love me, because I am not thy brother?'

'Not so,' replied she; 'but do you not know that when it is once known we are not brother and sister, we can no longer be permitted to be thus always together?'

"In fact, from that moment our intercourse took a new character. We met often at the fountain among the jessamines; but Xarisa no longer advanced with open arms to meet me. She became reserved and silent, and would blush and cast down her eyes, when I seated myself beside her. My heart became a prey to the thousand doubts and fears that ever attend upon true love. I was restless and uneasy, and looked back with regret to the unreserved intercourse that had existed between us, when we supposed ourselves brother and sister; yet I would not have had the relationship true for the world.

"While matters were in this state between us, an order came from the king of Granada for the Alcayde to take command of the fortress of Coyn, which lies directly on the Christian frontier. He prepared to remove with all his family, but signified that I should remain at Cartama. I exclaimed against the separation, and declared that I could not be parted from Xarisa. 'That is the very cause,' said he, 'why I leave thee behind. It is time, Abandarez, that thou shouldst know the secret of thy birth, that thou art no son of mine, neither is Xarisa thy sister.' 'I know it all,' exclaimed I, 'and I love her with tenfold the affection of a brother. You have brought us up together; you have made us necessary to each other's happiness; our hearts have entwined themselves with our growth; do not now tear them asunder. Fill up the measure of your kindness; be indeed a father to me, by giving me Xarisa for my wife.'

"The brow of the Alcayde darkened as I spoke.—'Have I then been deceived?' said he. 'Have those nurtured in my very bosom, been conspiring against me? Is this your return for my paternal tenderness?—to beguile the affections of my child, and teach her to deceive her father? It was cause enough to refuse thee the hand of my daughter that thou wert of a proscribed race, who can never approach the walls of Gra-

nada. This, however, I might have passed over; but never will I give my daughter to a man who has endeavored to win her from me by deception."

"All my attempts to vindicate myself and Xarisa were unavailing. I retired in anguish from his presence, and, seeking Xarisa, told her of this blow, which was worse than death to me. 'Xarisa,' said I, 'we part for ever! I shall never see thee more! Thy father will guard thee rigidly. Thy beauty and his wealth will soon attract some happier rival, and I shall be forgotten!'"

"Xarisa reproached me with my want of faith, and promised me eternal constancy. I still doubted and desponded, until, moved by my anguish and despair, she agreed to a secret union. Our espousals made, we parted, with a promise on her part to send me word from Coyn, should her father absent himself from the fortress. The very day after our secret nuptials, I beheld the whole train of the Alcayde depart from Cartama nor would he admit me to his presence, or permit me to bid farewell to Xarisa. I remained at Cartama, somewhat pacified in spirit by this secret bond of union; but everything around me fed my passion, and reminded me of Xarisa. I saw the windows at which I had so often beheld her. I wandered through the apartment she had inhabited, the chamber in which she had slept. I visited the bower of jessamines, and lingered beside the fountain in which she had delighted. Every thing recalled her to my imagination, and filled my heart with tender melancholy."

"At length a confidential servant brought me word that her father was to depart that day for Granada on a short absence, inviting me to hasten to Coyn, describing a secret portal at which I should apply, and the signal by which I would obtain admittance."

"If ever you have loved, most valiant Alcayde, you may judge of the transport of my bosom. That very night I arrayed myself in my most gallant attire, to pay due honor to my bride, and arming myself against any casual attack, issued forth privately from Cartama. You know the rest, and by what sad fortune of war I found myself, instead of a happy bridegroom in the nuptial bower of Coyn, vanquished, wounded, and a prisoner within the walls of Allora. The term of absence of the father of Xarisa is nearly expired. Within three days he will return to Coyn, and our meeting will no longer be possible. Judge then whether I grieve without cause, and whether I may not well be excused for showing impatience under confinement."

Don Rodrigo de Narvaez was greatly moved by this recital; for, though more used to rugged war than scenes of amorous softness, he was of a kind and generous nature.

"Abandaraez," said he, "I did not seek thy confidence to gratify an idle curiosity. It grieves me much that the good fortune which delivered thee into my hands should have marred so fair an enterprise. Give me thy faith as a true knight to return prisoner to my castle within three days, and I will grant thee permission to accomplish thy nuptials."

The Abencerrage would have thrown himself at his feet to pour out protestations of eternal gratitude, but the Alcayde prevented him. Calling in his cavaliers, he took the Abencerrage by the right hand in their presence, exclaiming solemnly, "You promise on the faith of a cavalier, to return to my castle of Allora within three days, and render yourself my prisoner?"—And the Abencerrage said, "I promise."

Then said the Alcayde, "Go! and may good fortune attend you! If you require any safeguard, I and my cavaliers are ready to be your companions."

The Abencerrage kissed the hand of the Alcayde in grateful acknowledgment. "Give me," said he, "my own armour and my steed, and I require no guard.—It is not likely that I shall again meet with so valorous a foe."

The shades of night had fallen when the tramp of the dapple grey steed resounded over the draw-bridge, and immediately afterwards the light clatter of hoofs along the road bespoke the fleetness with which the youthful lover hastened to his bride. It was deep night when the Moor arrived at the castle of Coyn. He silently and cautiously walked his panting steed under its dark walls, and, having nearly passed round them, came to the portal denoted by Xarisa. He paused and looked round to see that he was not observed, and then knocked three times with the butt of his lance. In a

little while the portal was timidly enclosed by the duenna of Xarisa. "Alas! senor" said she, what has detained you thus long? Every night have I watched for you, and my lady is sick at heart with doubt and anxiety."

The Abencerrage hung his lance, and shield, and scimitar against the wall, and then followed the duenna with silent steps up a winding staircase to the apartment of Xarisa. Vain would be the attempt to describe the raptures of that meeting. Time flew too swiftly, and the Abencerrage had nearly forgotten until too late his promise to return a prisoner to the Alcayde of Allora. The recollection of it came to him with a pang, and suddenly awoke him from his dream of bliss. Xarisa saw his altered looks, and heard with alarm his stifled sighs; but her countenance brightened when she heard the cause. "Let not thy spirit be cast down," said she, throwing her white arms around him. "I have the keys of my father's treasures; send ransom more than enough to satisfy the Christian, and remain with me."

"No," said Abandaraez, "I have given my word to return in person, and, like a true knight, must fulfil my promise. After that fortune must do with me as it pleases."

Then, said Xarisa, I will accompany thee. Never shall you return a prisoner, and I remain at liberty."

The Abencerrage was transported with joy at this new proof of devotion in his beautiful bride. Xarisa mounted behind the Moor on his powerful steed; they left the castle walls before day-break, nor did they pause until they arrived at the gate of the castle of Allora, which was flung wide to receive them.

Alighting in the court, the Abencerrage supported the steps of his trembling bride, who remained closely veiled, into the presence of Rodrigo de Narvaez. "Behold, the valiant Alcayde," said he, "the way in which an Abencerrage keeps his word. I promised to return to thee a prisoner, but I deliver two captives into your power. Behold Xarisa, and judge whether I grieved without reason over the loss of such a treasure. Receive us as your own, for I confide my life and her honor to your hands."

The Alcayde was lost in admiration of the beauty of the lady, and the noble spirit of the Moor. "I know not," said he, "which of you surpasses the other; but I know that my castle is graced and honored by your presence. Enter into it, and consider it your own while you deign to reside with me."

For several days the lovers remained at Allora, happy in each other's love, and in the friendship of the brave Alcayde. The latter wrote a letter full of courtesy to the Moorish king of Granada, relating the whole event, extolling the valour and good faith of the Abencerrage, and craving for him the royal countenance.

The King was moved by the story, and was pleased with an opportunity of showing attention to the wishes of a gallant and chivalrous enemy; for though he had often suffered from the prowess of Don Rodrigo de Narvaez, he admired the heroic character he had gained throughout the land. Calling the Alcayde of Coyn into his presence; he gave him the letter to read. The Alcayde turned pale, and trembled with rage on the perusal. "Restrain thine anger," said the king; "there is nothing that the Alcayde Allora could ask that I would not grant, if in my power. Go thou to Allora; pardon thy children; take them to thy home. I receive this Abencerrage into my favor, and it will be my delight to heap benefits upon you all."

The kindling ire of the Alcayde was suddenly appeased. He hastened to Allora, and folded his children to his bosom, who would have fallen at his feet. The gallant Rodrigo de Narvaez gave liberty to his prisoner without ransom, demanding merely a promise of his friendship. He accompanied the youthful couple and their father to Coyn, where their nuptials were celebrated with great rejoicings. When the festivities were over, Don Rodrigo de Narvaez returned to his fortress of Allora.

"After his departure, the Alcayde of Coyn addressed his children; 'To your hands,' said he, 'I confide the disposition of my wealth. One of the first things I charge you is not to forget the ransom you owe to the Alcayde of Allora. His magnanimity you can never repay, but you can prevent it from wronging him of his just dues. Give him, moreover, your entire friend-

ship; for he merits it fully, though of a different faith."

The Abencerrage thanked him for his generous proposition, which so truly accorded with his own wishes. He took a large sum of gold, and inclosed it in a rich coffer, and, on his own part, sent six beautiful horses, superbly caparisoned, with six shields and lances, mounted and embossed with gold. The beautiful Xarisa at the same time wrote a letter to the Alcayde, filled with expression of gratitude and friendship; and sent him a box of fragrant cypress wood, containing linen of the finest quality for his person. The valiant Alcayde disposed of the present in a characteristic manner. The horses and armour he shared among the cavaliers who had accompanied him on the night of the skirmish. The box of cypress wood and its contents he retained for the sake of the beautiful Xarisa, and sent her by the hands of the messenger the sum of gold paid as a ransom, entreating her to receive it as a wedding present. This courtesy and magnanimity raised the character of the Alcayde Rodrigo de Narvaez still higher in the estimation of the Moors, who extolled him as a perfect mirror of chivalric virtue; and from that time forward there was a continual exchange of good offices between them.

DRAMATIC.

[Abridged from the Book of table Talk.]

STAGE COSTUME.

During the first half of the eighteenth century, that is to say, from the first appearance of that regular suit of clothes worn by our great-grandfathers under the name of coat, waistcoat, and breeches, to the days of Garrick and Kemble, the custom continued of dressing even historical personages according to the fashion of the passing moment; and although, in point of fact, it was no more ridiculous to represent Hamlet in a full suit of black velvet of the cut of Queen Anne's time, than it was in the days of Charles to dress Falstaff in the habit of that reign, the stiff-skirted coat, the long wig, court sword, and cocked hat, have a more ludicrous effect on the modern spectator than the ancient cavalier costume of 1640. But the attempt that occasionally manifested itself to combine, in imitation of the French actors, the habits of widely different eras, produced a *melange*, the absurdity of which is in our present day absolutely convulsive! The celebrated Booth is said by his biographer to have paid particular attention to his dress; so much so, that when playing the Ghost in 'Hamlet,' he covered the soles of his shoes with felt, in order to prevent the sound of his footsteps being heard, and so increase the supernatural effect of his appearance. Yet who does not remember Pope's lines descriptive of his appearance in Cato? which character he originally represented on the production of the tragedy in 1612:—

"Booth enters; hark the universal peal!

But has he spoken—not a syllable.

What shook the stage and made the people stare?
Cato's long wig, flower'd gown, and lacher'd chair."

Imagine Cato now, appearing in a flower'd robe de chambre, and a finely-powdered full bottomed wig.—There would be a 'universal peal' indeed—of laughter; yet the fashion of wearing full-bottomed wigs with the Roman dress (or at least what was intended for such) and other heroic costumes, lasted till within the recollection of many now living. A valued friend of ours saw Howard play *Tambrlain* in a full-bottomed wig, as late as 1765. Aickin, he informs us, was the first who enacted that part without it; and, what was perhaps more ridiculous still, Garrick, who has been so bepraised for his reformation of stage costume, played King Lear in a habit intended to look ancient, while Reddish in Edgar, and Palmer in the Bastard, were in full-dress suits of their own day; and the Regan, Goneril, and Cordelia of the tragedy in hoops! Richard the Third, also, was played by Garrick in a fancy dress, which Hogarth has handed down to us; but Richmond, and the rest, wore the English uniforms, of the eighteenth century; and as to Macbeth, Garrick played it to the last in a court-suit of sky-blue and scarlet.

In Jeffrey's 'Collection of Dresses,' a work in two volumes quarto, published in 1757, the editor says in his preface, "As to the stage-dresses, it is only necessary to remark that they are at once elegant and characteristic; and amongst many other regulations of

more importance, for which the public is obliged to the genius and judgment of the present manager of our principal theatre, (Mr. Garrick, who entered on the management of Drury Lane in 1747,) is that of the dresses, which are no longer the heterogeneous and absurd mixtures of foreign and ancient modes which formerly debased our tragedies, by representing a Roman general in a full-bottomed peruke, and the sovereign of an Eastern empire in trunk-hose." Now, to say nothing of the fact that the very absurdities specified were then, and continued to be for some years afterwards, in existence, let us look at the specimens he gives us of the elegant and characteristic costumes introduced by the genius and judgment of Garrick; Perdita, in 'The Winter's Tale,' in a long stomacher, and a hoop fastened with flowers; and Comus, in a stiff-skirted coat, over which is worn what he calls "a robe of pink satten, puffed with silver gauze, fastened over the shoulder with a black velvet sash, adorned with jewels. The jacket," as he calls the coat aforesaid, "is of white curtained satten. The collar is black velvet, set with jewels, and the boots are blue satten!"

A pamphlet, entitled 'The Dramatic Execution of Agie,' published on the production of Mr. Home's tragedy of that name in 1758, contains a severe attack on Garrick for "disguising himself (a Grecian chief) in the dress of a modern Venetian Gondolier;" and ridicules his having introduced "a popish procession made up of white friars, with some other moveables, like a bishop, *des enfans de chœur*, nuns, &c." into a play, the scene of which lies in ancient Sparta! So much for the judgment and taste of Garrick in dramatic costume.

Mr. John Kemble, the first real reformer of stage costume, was introduced to the London public in the character of Hamlet. But he then played the part, says his biographer, "in a modern court-dress of rich black velvet, with a star on the breast, the garter and pendent riband of an order, mourning sword and buckles, with deep ruffles; the hair in powder, which, in the scenes of feigned distraction flowed dishevelled in front and over the shoulder." His classical taste, however soon led him, as he increased in popularity and power, to do away with the most glaring absurdities; and on the opening of the new Theatre Royal Drury Lane, on the 21st of April, 1794, Macbeth was revived "with great magnificence of decoration, and with some novelties, both in the conduct and machinery of the fable."

The French Revolution, which occurred at this period, was also mainly productive of a revolution in dramatic costume on both sides of the channel. "The rage for liberty," says a modern writer, "introduced an admiration of the ancient republics; the ladies dressed their heads in imitation of antique busts, and endeavored to copy the light and scanty draperies of ancient statues; and while the ladies were thus attired *à la Grecque*, the gentlemen kept them in countenance by cropping their hair *à la Romaine*." The toga and the paludamentum found their way from the French stage to ours; and Julius Cæsar, Coriolanus, and Cato were represented with some regard to Roman habits and manners, although the authorities consulted by Mr. Kemble were those of the time of the Emperors, instead of the Republic. The English historical and romantic plays were also dressed with a least more consistency. Mr. Kemble invented a conventional costume, formed of the old English dresses of the reigns of Elizabeth, James the First, and the two Charles's; and although King John, Richard the Third, &c., were anything but correctly attired, their habits had an antique as well as picturesque appearance, and the whole *dramatis personæ* were similarly arrayed, instead of all illusion being destroyed by the introduction of modern uniforms or plain clothes.* The rage for melodrama and spectacle, which gradually obtained from this period, was productive at any rate of a still greater spirit of inquiry into ancient manners and habits.—Printing offices and private portfolios were ransacked for the getting up of every new Easter piece; and the magic wand of a Farley transported us at his will into the regions of fairy land, or the baronial hall of the feudal ages. But alas! while the crusader donned his glittering hauberk of mail, to astonish the galleries on an Easter Monday, the bastard Falconbridge, and the barons of King John, were dressed all the year round

in the robes and armour of at best the seventeenth century. On Mr. Kean's appearance, and consequent success, the most popular plays underwent considerable alterations and improvements in point of scenery and dresses at Drury Lane. Several gentlemen of acknowledged taste and information supplied the new Roscius with designs for his own wardrobe, and the proprietors of the theatre were not behindhand in their endeavors to assist the illusion of the scene. The stage-dress of Richard, which had been but little altered from the days of Garrick and Macklin, underwent various changes, particularly in the latter scenes; but his cloak still bore the star of the garter, as altered by Charles the First. The Trunks were of the time of James the First, and the plumed hat, in the throne scene, of the reign of Charles the Second. Shylock assumed a red hat, lined with black, on the dictum of Mr. Douce, the illustrator of Shakspeare, who quoted St. Didier's 'Histoire de Venise,' as his authority.—Othello's dress was wholly changed; but the correct costume was sacrificed to what the actor considered effect. The habits of King Lear and Richard the Second were certainly improved; and in a new but unsuccessful play, called 'Ina,' the Anglo-Saxon costume was fairly enough represented.

In 1823 Mr. Charles Kemble set about the reformation of the costume of Shakspeare's plays in good earnest. 'King John,' the 'First Part of Henry the Fourth,' 'As You Like It,' 'Othello,' 'Cymbeline,' and 'Julius Cæsar,' were successively, and, as the public generally acknowledged, successively revived. The actors, dreadfully alarmed in the outset lest they should be made to look ridiculous, were agreeably surprised by the impression produced upon the audience, and have now become as anxious to procure authorities to dress from, as they were previously annoyed at the idea of the innovation, and distrustful of the effect.

AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER.

ALBANY, SATURDAY, OCTOBER, 5, 1839.

International Law of Copyright.—Nothing, it seems to us, can be more absurd than the continual cry made against American patronage of letters. It is a mistaken idea that we neglect our own authors. We venture to assert that, for its means, there is not a country on the globe which pays more deference, and actually more money, to the encouragement of native literature than ours. Congress could not take a more suicidal step to the interest of letters among us, than by giving to foreigners the full privilege of a copy-right law. Forsooth, who would be the gainers by such an advent? Those alone whose sentiments in many cases, are hostile to our institutions, and hold no stake in common with us. Who would be the losers? The American public alone. Increase the price of books, and reading will stop in proportion to that increase. The farmer, the mechanic, and all who depend for subsistence upon their labors, which make by far the largest portion of our country, will fall gradually back to feudal obscurity and ignorance. The only enlightened class will be the rich.

These views are not chimerical. Every citizen must be sensible that the vast amount of knowledge, so generally diffused, has arisen chiefly from an easy access to letters: and if we feel proud of our country in one point more than another, it is that its people are so enlightened that no circumstance can long repress their natural energy, and no tyrant enslave them. Whatever others may think, we can trace this unexampled state of things to the liberal circulation of knowledge only, that we, as a nation, have enjoyed.

The sickness at the south, is still doing its work without much abatement. The interments for Sept. 20, were 25 in New-Orleans, seventeen of which were cases of yellow fever. The sickness at Mobile continues with but little improvement. At the latter place the deaths have averaged one per cent every twenty-four hours on the present residents. A letter from Mobile says, that "temperance, abstinence, long residence in

the climate and having heretofore had the fever seems to afford no security against this disease that strikes us unseen and is only known by the blow that is fatal.—It is more than forty years since I first saw black vomit, but never did I see such a destruction of human life as the present calamity causes. With a perfectly clear intellect, moist skin, good pulse, a slight convulsive effort of the stomach is felt; black streaks are seen in the mucus that is thrown up almost without exertion, and when that comes, twenty-four hours seals the fate of the victim."

The southern papers earnestly warn all who are unacclimated, to stay away until severe frost.

A shocking murder has recently been committed in Philadelphia, by a man of the name of Wood, on his daughter. Wood kept a confectionary establishment, and his daughter was in the habit of attending it. She being very handsome, had many admirers, from whom, a short time since, she married one. Upon communicating it to her father, he appeared incensed, and a day after, without any other provocation, shot her through the head with a pistol, in the presence of his family. No other motive can be assigned for this horrid act than that the father was likely to be deprived of the loss of his daughter's services, by her marriage.

The Medical College—We have received a communication on the subject of the controversy, now existing in relation to the faculty of this Institution. As we are in no present need of either Calomel or Lobelia, we shall not meddle with the matter. We look upon the Medical College as an ornament to the city, and we have only to regret in common with a thousand others, that any difficulties should arise, which would mar its usefulness. The communication of our correspondent shall be sent as he desires.

To Correspondents.—The Lines received through the post office, came too late for to-day, but shall have a place in our next.

What has become of the Masonic contributions, promised us by several of the brethren?

Flour is selling at Texas, from 60 to \$75 a barrel.

INTELLIGENCE.

More troops killed by the Indians in Florida.—While a party of regulars were building a bridge over the Suwannee, they were fired on by the Seminoles in ambush and had 6 killed.

Diabolical Outrage.—On Wednesday night, Captain Goodman, living a mile east of the city, heard a noise in his yard, and sent out his hired man to ascertain the cause. On going to the hen roost, the man was attacked by two villains, one of whom gave him a blow with a club which broke his under jaw. The man thinks, however, that he succeeded in marking one of them on the head or shoulder with a pitchfork, which may lead to his detection. On entering the roost, it was found that about 70 weight of chickens had been killed, and tied together preparatory to a hasty removal.—*Rochester Democrat.*

Messrs. John G. Parker, Leonard Watson, Finlay Malcolm, Robert Walker, Paul Redford, Randal Wixon, James Brown, Ira Anderson, and William Alva, late state prisoners in England, from Canada, we learn from one of our exchanges, arrived at Rochester, on the 12th inst. They have published a card, returning thanks to Messrs. W. H. Ashurst, Gainsford, Hill, Roebuck, Falconer, Fry, and W. Walker, their solicitors and counsel, in England, as the persons to whom "they are mainly indebted, under Providence, for their restoration to liberty, to their families, and their friends."—*Onondago Standard.*

Iron Steamboat for Louisiana.—The ship Edwina, arrived at New Orleans from Liverpool, had on board for the New Orleans Canal and Banking Company, an iron steamboat, on the Ericson principle, intended as a tow-boat for the canal.

*Life of Kemble.

*The late Mr. Mathews made his first appearance in public at Richmond, as Richmond in 'Richard the Third,' wearing a light blue woman's helmet and jacket.

MOUNTAIN ADVENTURE.

Last Wednesday afternoon, a young man from New York by the name of Dodge, started from the Mansion House on horseback for the summit of Mount Holyoke. He passed some time there, and was detained until near dark by a shower before he began to descend.—Starting to return he mistook the path and wandered down the Southern side of the mountain into a trackless forest. Evening came, and as he did not return to the hotel, some alarm was felt, and late at night some person ascended the mountain to the stopping place for carriages, where his horse was found. Loud calls were made, but no answer was returned, except the dull echo the forest gave back to the voices. Pursuit was renewed by Col. Partridge and others early in the morning, and the wanderer was found, returning home, near Rock Ferry. It appears from his narrative that he followed what he supposed to be the path, after he left the summit of the mountain, until he found himself bewildered in the darkness and the track lost.

Turning himself in various directions his bearings disappeared, and there he was in a dense forest, the darkness becoming intense and a severe thunder shower rushing upon his head. His situation was painful and agonising in the extreme. He was a slender young man, clad lightly, had pumps upon his feet, and both houseless and supperless at midnight, far from any habitation, in the midst of a vast forest, scarcely ever before trod, except by the primitive savage. He continued to grope his way about in the darkness for some time, calling aloud until exhausted, when he sank down at the foot of a huge tree, which in some measure protected him from rain, which during the night descended in torrents. The first signs of returning day enabled him to learn his position; and when light came, by ascending a tree, he discovered the far offspire of South Hadley.

He directed his steps thitherward, and after some hours wearied travel, reached a farm house, where he was kindly entertained and cheered. His situation when he was first seen was unpleasant, having exhausted himself with fatigue, worn out the covering to his feet, and torn his clothes sadly in his encounters with the forest, aside from the chills and colds which he suffered from his wet couch on the mountain.—*Northampton Courier*.

AN AERIAL CHASE.

It is seldom that the denizens of a city have an opportunity of seeing as interesting a sight as was witnessed by several gentlemen from Ferry Bar on Sunday morning week. A large Bald Eagle was seen skimming the air and floating up the river on a foraging expedition, for the replenishment of his royal larder; but, apparently, finding no quarry worthy a stoop, he soared away, and was lost to the sight in the clouds. A short time after a fish-hawk appeared, and squinting with a knowing glance across the broad sheet of water pounced upon a fine fat fish, and, mounting, prepared to return to his nest up the south branch. He had not flown far before he put about, and, steering in the wind's eye, sailed down towards the bay with all the swiftness his powers could compass. Presently a dark speck was seen a mile or two in his wake, and soon the royal bird was discovered darting after his prey, his tail stuck a peak, and his wings compressed, flapping with rapidity that sent him along with the swiftness of an arrow from the bow of bold Robin Hood. The hawk knew his pursuer, and practised a ruse by darting upwards when about a mile this side of the fort. The eagle darted under him and rising, apparently perpendicularly, a few feet above the hawk, gave him a flap with one of his wings, which caused him to drop the fish, and the royal pirate, dropping, from his airy height caught the fish before it reached the water, and skimmed off triumphant, leaving the poor hawk to seek his breakfast where he best might find it. It is thus with mankind. We see a petty prince plundering his neighbor, until a more powerful one, like the eagle with the hawk, robs him in turn, and reaps the reward of his tyranny.—*Balt. Sun*.

Mysterious.—A female, apparently about 20 years of age, is now at our County House, whose mind is partially deranged. She was found in the woods in this town, near the house of Mr. Goetchius, where, from her own account, she has been for several weeks past, living upon berries, fruits, and the milk of the neighboring cows. She is in a very destitute condition, and

is either unable or unwilling to communicate her name or where she came from. From slight circumstances, gathered from her conversation, it is supposed that she came from New Jersey. She is rather small, delicately formed; and at times gives evidence of a cultivated but deranged mind. It is to be hoped that her relatives, if she has any, may be made acquainted with her present deplorable condition.—*Catskill Messenger*.

The Wreck of the Forfarshire.—*Diving*.—There is at present at the Fern Island a party of divers from Winstaple, practising their art at the spot where the Forfarshire steam boat was wrecked. The persons who descend to the bottom is completely enveloped in a suit of water-proof cloths, and having on his head a metallic cap in which are placed glass eyes; the air is conducted down for his respiration by a long hose, down which it is pumped by those in the vessel. He descends to the bottom by means of a rope ladder, and it is truly astonishing the length of time he can remain under water—often an hour or an hour and a half at a time—during which he traverses to and fro with apparent ease, sending up to those on board of the vessel what he finds, which he does by a signal. It is not known as yet whether they have succeeded in finding any thing of value; what they have got is mostly pieces of machinery copper, and such like.—*Scotch paper*.

Mobile, Sept. 20.—We have no more favorable accounts to give of the health of the city.—The mortality is still frightful, in proportion to the population of the city, and though our tables show a singular fluctuation from day to day in the number of interments, there is, we fear, no reason to hope that the disease is mitigated in violence, or lessened in extent. The number of interments in the city grave yard from the 12th to the 18th was 90.

Melancholly Funeral Procession.—Four men, tailors by trade, lately died, in New Orleans within a few hours of each other. They were all buried at the same time. The funeral is said to have been most striking and solemn. Four hearses conveyed the bodies to their graves, attended by the friends of the deceased, and the military band of the company to which one or more of them belonged. They had all worked in the same shop.—*Newark Daily Advertiser*.

Snow Storm.—Our severe equinoctial storm wound up yesterday, with a fall of snow, as liberal in quantity, as it was untimely in season. It was followed last night, not by frost, but a perfect congelation. At a distance from the lake, on the highlands, we doubt not, the depth of snow, was at least, six or eight inches.

To day we have a clear weather, with a very cold atmosphere.—*Buffalo Advertiser*.

An Outrage.—Mr. Lofton Quinn, Onslon co., N. C., on the night of the 15th inst. was attacked by a stout negro man, dragged from his horse, beaten, robbed, tied to his cart, and threatened with instant death if he made any noise. The daring scoundrel then took Mr. Quinn's mare from his cart, mounted her, and left his victim bound on the road. In about 24 hours after the fellow was taken on board a vessel and lodged in jail.

Flour.—The news by the British Queen has had a decidedly bad effect on this article—a decline within the last ten days has been full one dollar a barrel. All prospect that England will require any supply from here is at an end. The stock arriving here is small. The farmers in the interior are bringing but little wheat to market, and the millers being cut off from their usual banking facilities are buying but moderately. Sales of Ohio at \$5 94; Western, 6 a 6 12; Southern, 6 12 a 6 25 Rye Flour had declined.

Political Gammon.—A stump orator who wished to gammon some Germans just previous to an election, in order to obtain their votes, observed, that though he was not a German himself, yet he had a brother who was remarkably fond of German sausages.

Horrible.—A night or two since, one of the marines at the Navy Yard here, stayed out of the yard with his wife during the night, and returned to duty in the morning. He was immediately punished by eight lashes on his bare back, with that accursed instrument the cat; and a medical man who saw his back after the infliction, says that it was literally torn to pieces. This was his first offence.—*[Phil. World]*.

The Seventh Ward Bank.—Isaac Carpenter, a porter of the Seventh Ward Bank, on Tuesday September 14th, left the bank with four thousand two hundred and thirty dollars in gold and silver. The porter had been employed usually in counting the specie in the vault, and it is supposed he contrived to abstract a little each day, adroitly concealing it from the persons who were in the habit of inspecting his operations. He has gone to the west, whither vigilant officers have been sent in pursuit. Great misrepresentations both as to the amount of the money stolen, and the manner in which it was obtained, we learn are abroad.—*[N. Y. Eve. Post]*.

Fatal Accident.—Mr. Henry Bissey, a respectable farmer of Bedminster, Bucks county, Penn., was killed a few days since, by falling from his threshing floor down into the entry.

Fatal Humanity.—H. W. Ogden, of Biloxi, La. formerly of New York, plunged into a lake to save the life of a drowning man from New Orleans, caught a cold, which resulted in yellow fever, and caused his death in three days.

Damages for personal injury.—Mr. S. Crawford recovered \$570 damages in the superior court at Hartford on Thursday for injury caused by the careless driving of a young man named Higley.

Mr. Mather, one of the N. Y. State Geologists, estimates that the people of Greene, Sullivan, Ulster and Albany counties, will realize this year from two to three millions of dollars from their quarries of lime and flagging stone.

MARRIED.

In this city Mr. Jacob Rysedorph to Miss M. DeForest. Also Capt. Wm. Brown to Adeline DeForest.

At New York Mills, Henry Baker, of Cazenovia, to Catharine Andrews. Also at the same place, Westwood Wright of Watervliet, to Mary Ryker.

At Auburn, Charles P. Wood to Mary E. Sherwood. At Schodach, Hiram Van Buren to Mary Ann Morris.

At Bristol, Pa. Robt. Tyler of Virginia, to Elizabeth P. daughter of Thos. Cooper, the celebrated tragedian.

In New York, Wm. A. Cromwell of Lockport, to Sarah F. Hoyt. At Madison Co. Henry Maxson to S. Ann daughter of B. Eno Esq.

DIED.

In this city Mrs. Jennet Cook, widow of the late Henry B. Cook, aged 47.

At Rochester, Frances C. Dewey. At Warren Ohio, Hon. Calvin Pease aged 63. At Troy, Caroline S. Barker aged 23.

On the 20th ult. near the Oneida Castle, Onedayaka, head Chief of the Onondagas, aged about 91. At the time of his death. Onedayaka with the subordinate chiefs and principal men of his nation, were on their way to join in the ceremony of electing a head chief of the Oneidias. Within a few miles of the counsel house of the latter tribe, Onedayaka placed himself at the head of the deputation of the Onondagas, and commenced the performance of the ceremonies observed on such occasions when he was suddenly seized with the bilious cholera. Calling the next chief in authority to fill his station, he withdrew to the road side, when he soon after expressed consciousness that 'it was the will of the Great Spirit that he should live no longer upon the earth.' He then sent for his people and took leave of them after counseling them to cultivate and practice temperance and brotherly love in their councils and among the people of the nation, and friendship and integrity with all. He soon after became unable to speak and in a few hours his spirit was gathered to the Great Spirit who gave it.—*Oneida Whig*.

NEW BOOKS, received at W. C. LITTLE'S Bookstore.

Opinions of Lord Brougham, 2 vols.
The Man about Town, 2 vols.
Life among the Lunatics
Some Whims of Hon. Mr. Waggle.
Hamilton King or the Smuggler.
Democracy in America. The Carter Oak.
Blanche of Navarre, Flora's Lexicon.
The Child's Gem for 1846.

POETRY.

For the American Masonic Register and Literary Companion.
THE LAST OF HIS TRIBE.

An aged Indian Chief
Sat by an ancient Oak—
His form was bowed with grief—
His heart by sorrow broke.

The thunders smote around—
The lightnings gleamed bright:—
He heeded not the sound,
Nor the fearful flashing light.

But he spake aloud and said
In a sad, heart-broken tone—
"Kind thunders strike me dead!
"For I am left alone.

"My tribe is wasted all—
"My wife, my sires, my sons
"By the white man's rifle fell—
"These hills contain their bones.

"Yet would the white man drive
"From their fathers' graves and home,
"The few who still survive,
"In a stranger land to roam.

"Tis not enough to kill
"Our friends and kindred all;—
"Our only solace still,
"Our freedom too must fall.

"And must I then submit
"To another's will to bow?
"Must I these valleys quit,
"Where I have roamed till now?

"I've fought till all is gone;
"My friends, my strength, my hope—
"But I'll never leave the ground
"Where our council fires we woke.

"Ah, no! my fond wife's grave—
"My sons, my fathers' bones
"I'll die ere you I'll leave—
"I'll die near my boyhood's home!"

Long had the chief sought death,
For its slumbers now he prayed—
He sighed with a stifling breath
"O come!" and the chief was dead.

ISABELLA.

Albany Female Academy.

THE RICH MAN AND HIS GOODS.—A FABLE.

I KNEW a man who rich had grown
In goods laid up on earth alone:
Though having an abundant store,
He toil'd and groan'd for more and more.
I mark'd him in a busy scene;
His hand was strong, his vision keen.
That hand has nothing now to do;
That eye is closed to mortal view.
Time was, I knew his habits well,
And what I noted I will tell.

His spacious premises were full
Of engines for preparing wool
In all its stages, till its form
Was that of flannel, thick and warm.
"And here," methought, "midst winter's cold
Is comfort for the poor and old;
These well-wrought blankets may be spread
On many a needy neighbour's bed:
How blest is industry, when found
To circulate its blessings round!"

But such was not AVARO's plan:
He, wealthy, saving, frugal man,
With shadows floating in his brain,
Of some imaginary gain,
Laid up his goods. 'Twas thought by some,
They would be his for years to come.
"E'en as they might, let others live,
He would not sell, he could not give!"

Possessions, with increasing years,
Brought pains, and jealousies, and fears,
Yet lucre was a fragrant thing,
Though gather'd from a noisome spring;
And when his other senses fail'd,

The love of *having* still prevail'd.
Avaro died; and people said
The richest man in town was dead,
While heirs advanced, with eager toil,
To ransack and divide the spoil!
But lo! on searching, what a scene,
Of loss, corruption, and chagrin!
The MOTH had found delicious fare,
And Rust and Mildew had been there.
"Try other chests!" But these forsooth,
Large, empty cases, told the truth,
That pick-lock *Thieves* had borne away
All that was saved from base decay;
Whilst rags and tatters (foul remains!)
Proclaim'd the churl, and show'd his gains,
And is not this a picture true,
Of what those sordid creatures do,
Who learn to gather pelf like dust,
And in uncertain riches trust;
Who closely grind, as with a stone,
Their servants' faces and their own;
Who only give to suffering need,
When pride or interest prompts the deed?
Who for their ill-match'd daughters buy
A coronet and misery;
Helping a fop his debts to pay,
Or, thief-like, gamble all away;
Till not a trace remains to show
Of former gains, but shame and woe.

That man's effects are nothing worth,
Whose treasure only is on earth.
Gifts may turn curses: means mis-spent,
Become their owner's punishment.
Be *Kind*, though provident;—in brief,
Beware the *Moth*, the *Rust*, the *Thief*.

From the Knickerbocker.

THE LAST GREAT WRECK.

This mighty globe, with all her flowing sails,
And streamers set, is speeding, wildly fast,
For that dim coast, where thunder-cloud and gales
Will rend the shroud, lay low the lofty mast,
And bear her down, 'mid night and howling wave,
With wail and shriek, to her engulfing grave!

No pharos there will cast its cheering ray,
To show the mariner a welcome shore,
No friendly star come forth, as dying day
Darkens above the ceaseless breakers' roar;
No signal-guns at distant hearths impress
The frenzied terrors of her last distress.

Monarchs will cease the helm to stay her roll,
Tremble, and fall upon their knees in prayer:
The learned search again the chart's wide scroll,
But drop its idle drafts, in mute despair;
While pallid myriads, on the plunging deck,
Grapple with death, in this stupendous wreck!

Till down she sinks, amid the tide of time,
And leaves no relic on the closing wave,
Except the annals of her grief and crime:
The pitying heaven shall weep above her grave,
And universal nature softly rear
A dewy urn to this departed sphere.

W. C.

WAITING FOR THE HARVESTERS

BY N. P. WILLIS.

And there she sat in ripen'd loveliness,
An English mother, joying in her babes,
Whose life was bright before her, and whose lips
Were breaking into language with the sweet
And loving sentences they learn so soon.
Her face was very beautiful, and mirth
Was native on her lips; but ever now,
As a sweet tone delighted her, the smile
Went melting into sadness, and the lash
Droop'd gently to her eye, as if it knew
Affection was too chaste a thing for mirth.
It was the time for harvest, and she sat
Awaiting one. A breath of scented hay
Was in the air, and from the distance came
The noise of sickles, and the voices sent
Out on the stillness of the quiet moon,
And the low waters, coming like the strain
Of a pervading melody, stole in

And made all music. 'Twas a holiness
Of nature's making, and I lifted up
My heart to heaven, and in my gladness pray'd
That if a heart were sad, or if a tear
Were living upon earth, it might be theirs
To go abroad in nature, and to see
A mother and her gentle babes like these.

TO PRINTERS.—The following reduced prices will hereafter be charged for printing types, at BRUCE'S New-York Type Foundry, 13 Chambers-st. and 3 City Hall Place.

Pica,	38 cents a lb.
Small Pica,	40 do.
Long Primer,	42 do.
Bourgeois,	46 do.
Brevier,	54 do.
Minion,	66 do.
Nonpareil,	84 do.
Agate,	108 do.
Pearl,	140 do.

Ornamental letter and other type in proportion.
These are the prices on a credit of six months; but we wish at this time to encourage short credit or cash purchases, and will therefore make a discount of five per cent New York acceptances at ninety days, and ten per cent for cash.

We have recently added to our former extensive assortment seventy-five different kinds and sizes of ornamental letter, embracing Condensed, Extra Condensed, Extended, Outline, Skeleton, Shaded, Ornamental, modern thin-faced Black, &c. 100 new Flowers, and a great variety of Ornaments, forming altogether the most extensive and elegant assortment of Printing Types in the United States, and absolutely an unrivalled one. We also furnish every other article that is necessary for a printing office.

Printers of newspapers who publish this advertisement three times before the 1st of November, 1839, sending us one of the publications, will receive payment when they purchase from the foundry four times the amount of their bill.

GEORGE BRUCE & CO.

New York, Sept. 1839.

SHERIFF'S OFFICE.—City and county of Albany, August 17, 1839.

ELECTION NOTICE.—A general election is to be held in the county of Albany on the 4th, 5th, and 6th, days of November next at which will be chosen the officers mentioned in the notice from the Secretary of State, of which a copy is annexed.

MICHAEL ARTOCHER, Sheriff,
State of New York, Secretary's Office,
Albany, Aug. 15, 1839.

Sir—Notice is hereby given you that the term of service of James Powers, a Senator of the Third Senate District of this state will expire on the last day of December next, and that a senator is to be chosen in that district, to which the county of which you are sheriff belongs, at the general election to be held on the fourth, fifth and sixth days of November next.

You will also take notice, that a vacancy has been caused in the representation of the Third Senate District, by the death of Nodiah Johnson, a senator from that district, whose term of office would have expired on the last day of December, 1840; and that a senator to supply the said vacancy is to be chosen at the said next general election.

You will also take notice, that a proposed amendment to the constitution is to be submitted to the people at the said election, at which the electors are to vote, "For the election of Mayors by the People," or "Against the election of Mayors by the People." At the same election the following officers are to be chosen, viz: Three members of Assembly.

JOHN C. SPENCER, Secretary of State.

N.B. You are to give notice of the aforesaid election, in writing to one of the inspectors of each town and ward in your county, and annex thereto a copy of this notice. You are also to publish the said notice and copy in all the public newspapers printed in your county.

NEW BOOKS, Engravings, & the Periodicals, received at W. C. Little's Bookstore.

Several cases of English Books.
Paris editions of Corneille; Gil Blas; Don Quixotte; Moliere; Florian; Goethe, &c.
McCulloch's Statistical account of the British Empire.
Cudworth's Intellectual System of the Universe.
Encyclopedia of Geography.
Specimens of Foreign Literature.
Perry's Reliques of Ancient Poetry.
Beauties of the Court of Charles 2d, quarto, plates.
Pictorial Editions of Shakespeare, Greece, Common Prayer, Fables, Constantinople The Waldenses, American Scenery.
Romance of Nature; Spirit of the Woods.
Our Wild Flowers; Flora's Gems.
The Poets of America, illustrated.
India Scenery, the Himalley Mountains.
The Gift, the Token, and the Literary Souvenir, for 1840.
Blackwood, Bentley, Metropolis, Edinburgh Quarterly, Knickerbocker, Museum, Lady's Book, and Lady's Companion, Gossair, &c.
Blanche of Navarre, a play, by G. R. P. James, Esq.
Nicholas Nickleby, Nos. 1 to 17; and all the late novels.

THE AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER,

Is Published every Saturday by L. G. HOFFMAN

OPPOSITE THE EAGLE TAVERN, ALBANY.

TERMS.—To city subscribers, *Two Dollars and Fifty Cents a year*. To subscribers who receive their papers by mail, *Two Dollars*, payable on the receipt of the 4th Number. No subscription received for a less term than one year. Back numbers at all times furnished.

AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER AND LITERARY COMPANION.

BY L. G. HOFFMAN.]

ALBANY, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1839.

[VOL. I.—NO. 6.]

MASONIC.

BEAUTIES OF MASONRY.

(Concluded.)

Here, then, we have before us a synopsis of Masonic duty, replete with every moral virtue, and sustained by the solemn sanctions of Divine Revelation. Sum them up, and you find them embraced in the three words which declare the tenets of your Order, "Brotherly Love, Relief and Truth." "To visit the widow and orphan in their affliction, and to keep your garments unspotted from the world," is declared by an inspired Apostle to be pure and undefiled religion. To effect the latter duty, we must seek the pure and untroubled fountains of Christianity, that under the influence of the Eternal Spirit, the thoughts of our hearts may be cleansed, and the image of our Maker re stamped upon them, through the merits of Christ's redeeming blood. But to the performance of the first named requisition, it is Masonry's peculiar province to give heed; and in this peculiar work its brightest character appears and its secret charities are most efficient. There is a disposition peculiar to the sensitive and refined mind, which leads it to shrink in its afflictions from the mortifying gaze of the public eye. I would not call the emotion pride; it deserves a nobler name. And as much as the moralist may be disposed to censure what he may be pleased to term "a morbid sensitiveness," I have always regarded it as an evidence of honest worth, and as furnishing a strong claim to commiseration. To persons of this description the noble charities of the Order are particularly adapted.

It presents its gifts in secret, and relieves without shocking the most refined feelings of delicacy. It does not stoop to make inquiries into particulars, as if charity the noblest attribute of our nature, was to be measured by a scale of inches; it only asks, Is the object worthy? and presents its gift, not unfrequently without the recipient suspecting the hand that administers relief. Even when a sufferer is forced to make application for assistance, he can do so with confidence, for he knows that his tale of woe will not pass from the sanctuary in which his groan of distress was first heard; and that he applies to a source for help where the voice of distress has never been heard in vain! Indeed I know of but one limit to Masonic benevolence and charity, and that is, a want of means to respond to the application.

Is there any thing here to which the most fastidious could object? Is one single doctrine taught at our altars that is not in the most perfect accordance with the doctrines of the Bible? It is true no particular creed is taught—no sectarian peculiarity adopted: all are left free to worship God according to the dictates of their conscience, the great requirement of the Order being faith in God! and the reception of the Bible as his word, the rule and guide of our faith and practice. Good Masons value too highly the sacred treasure they assisted in preserving, to treat lightly its important teachings.

It is in this view of the subject that I stand amongst you to-day, an advocate for the Institution of Freemasonry. Long before admitted to its Temple, I entertained like opinions, and I shall be happy in the recollection of this day, if I succeed in contributing to the reign of the only true and legitimate principles of the society. I regard the position I occupy as one of vast responsibility and fearful reckoning, and should feel recreant to the principles I glory to maintain if I failed

to assure you, that an observance of the duties pointed out, furnish your only claims to the character of a free and accepted Mason. For a man's admission to the Lodge no more makes him a Mason, than a man's entering a church makes him a Christian. 'Abstain then from fleshly lusts, which war against the soul; have 'your conversation honest amongst the Gentiles,' that being established in the principles of your profession, our ancient and honorable Institution, like another *Pharos*, may lift its head above the stormy waters of life, pointing the troubled mariner to a haven where the waves mount not, and the storm is at rest.

An important inquiry may here arise: What is the aim of the Institution? and what can it promise to effect to render secret association necessary? The effect of the doctrines taught, in their influence on the human mind, would furnish a solution to the inquiry. Its aim is to cultivate a spirit of universal charity—to establish one common level on which men of creed and climes diverse may meet, and hold communion as brothers.—And can there be a scene on earth more nearly allied to the pure association of Heaven, than that which exhibits the feelings of party spirit stilled, local affections and natural peculiarities laid aside, and men of every creed joining in heart and voice in the sublime petition, "Our Father who art in Heaven." Angels who hold communion around the throne look down with pleasure upon a scene like this, and with Sterne, I had well nigh said, let fall a tear to obliterate the minor charges from the book of remembrance. Again, it seeks by the cultivation of this principle, to excite a laudable disposition to relieve distress, and constant reference in these acts to the great Father of our spirits.

It is so constituted that a large portion of the world's population, are, by it, brought under moral training, that are uninfluenced by other and stronger duties.

The objector may here say, "Will not the Church better prepare men for the performance of these duties; and if in times of treachery and immorality, the Order might have been necessary, it cannot be so now, and I see no necessity for a secret institution at this day to enforce moral duty." This mode of reasoning is specious and many are disposed to yield the conclusion, without having examined the premises. In the first place, it takes for granted that men are delivered from the influence of a corrupt heart, and are more disposed to the influence of moral restraint at this day than formerly. This is obviously false, for it is contradicted by the Bible. "The carnal mind is enmity to God" "The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked." Again, as in former days, there are many who "will not come unto Christ that they might have life;" over these Masonry will exert a moral influence, and under God, lead many to the fountain opened in the house of David. In addition to this, Masonry is not "a secret institution." Its members are known; its times of meeting published; its halls grace many of our cities and villages; its laws are given to the world; its charges may be read by all. Nothing is concealed from the world but its universal language, and the traditions it carefully treasures. The whole objection must, therefore, fall to the ground.

Surely it is absurd to say, that because you cannot make men Christians, you will, therefore, cast them off as incapable of any virtuous act, and unworthy of any moral instruction. This ground taken, and what good reason can the Christian man give for his connec-

tion with that useful benevolent association, the Temperance Society? He cannot stop that by making men temperate, he makes them Christians; it is only a preparation for that great work. So with Masonry: it does not make men Christians—it only prepares the way for the Gospel, by sound moral discipline. Another objector remarks, that the association in a Masonic Lodge is some times dangerous, and that young men have been frequently led to contract dissipated habits by becoming members of the society. Have not young men been brought into the Church, and introduced into society above their former walks, and under the influence of the attentions shown them, have they not (to use a homely expression) been spoiled—raised above their level, and consequently brought disgrace upon themselves, and the holy communion of which they were members. If, then, the association of a Lodge room ever injured a young man, it was his own weakness which caused the evil; the free, friendly and affectionate communication of good feelings was too much for his discretion and prudence, unaccustomed to such communications: for however convivial some Masons may be disposed to be out of the Lodge, they all know their duty better than to be guilty of so flagrant a departure from correctness in it. The objection, then is not a valid one, because it would go to destroy every benevolent institution on earth. One thing is certain, that in all our connections with fellow men, an ounce of virtues will weigh down a pound of vices.

The true aim, therefore, of speculative Masonry, is as sublime as it is extensive; awakening in the bosom enlarged views and feelings—driving from its walks the demon bigotry, and regarding in the true spirit of the Christian institution, the inhabitants of the world as one vast family—children of one common parent—travellers to the same glorious world of spirits. Genius of Masonry! we bid thee God speed today. Let thy unconquered banners be unfurled, and thy cry onward until beneath the whole heavens, they shall be proudly floating amid the dissolving mists of moral darkness—the receding gloom of superstition and error's night—as the handmaid of Christianity, announce her glorious reign, and join the triumphal chorus of earth's redeemed millions, "the Lord God omnipotent reigneth."

It is said that Napoleon, just before the battle of the Pyramids in Egypt, sublimely remarked to his soldiers, "Forty centuries are looking down upon you from the tops of the Pyramids." This remark was designed to excite a spirit of martial glory in the minds of men whose trade was blood—whose hosannas were the groans of orphans and widows—whose trophies were cities sacked and virgins violated! Could the sublime emotions consequent upon the thought that the spirits of the illustrious dead were gazing upon them—that centuries gone by were bending their dusky forms over the summits of the time-marked monuments of ancient art, kindle one glow of martial glory in their bosoms—how much more exalted the emotions of the philanthropist when he gazes upon the memorials of the past, and feels the risings of those sublime associations they are calculated to inspire! The field of moral operation spreads before him, inviting to action. No groans and tears attend his course—no thronging of hostile legions—no charging of the routed foe. 'Tis to drive vice to its native hell—to hush the voice of sorrow, and dry the tears affliction has caused to flow. His weapons are healthy moral and religious truths mighty through God, to effect his purposes. His design

to elevate man, and by controlling the affections of his heart, and correcting his errors, lead him to virtue!

If the ennobling emotions of the better world have a home on earth, it is in that bosom which burns with universal love, for every being Heaven has formed. This is pure, undefiled religion, "To love the Lord God with all the heart, soul, mind and strength, and our neighbor as ourselves."

To attain this enviable condition should be the ambition of every immortal mind; for to it must we look for useful manhood, vigorous old age, and tranquility in the closing scene of life's eventful drama. How calmly the hero retires from a field like this! No gloom disturbs the shortening moment's stay. No violated duties then upbraid—no forms of injured victims stalk around his bed and call him to account. His visions are of loftier themes. The towers of imperial Salem rise before his view; the zephyrs that fan his pillows are scented with the fragrance of Sharon's rose, while ministering spirits unseen, fan away the clouds from death's gloomy valley, and pour Heaven's glories upon the dark vista that stretches away and is lost in the distance before him. Is there no triumph here? Is there no triumph here? Is there no ambition excited to win an end like this? The seer who, for gold, sought out a curse for Jacob, might well exclaim, when from the summit of a distant hill he beheld the triumphant banners of the hosts of Israel kissing the breezes of the valley, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his." In this field, my brethren, you are called to do battle; let it be done in your Master's name.

Such, my brethren, is a very brief view of the character of our ancient and honorable Institution: When we examine its character, and inquire into its claims, we are astonished that opposition should ever have wagged its tongue against it, especially one so vindictive in its character as that which has swept over some of the fairest portions of our country.

The despots of Europe who have opposed Freemasonry, urged as a reason, the liberal principles it taught. But it was reserved for the agitators of the enlightened nineteenth century, to find in its courts the bane of free governments, & the destruction of religious principles. No honest mind could contemplate the tide of unholy prejudice as it rolled on through the northern and eastern portions of our land, until stayed by the bright waters of the Potomac, without feelings of surprise and indignation. Names canonized by song, and living in grateful memory, were assailed with feelings akin to those that led bigots in other days to wreak their fury on the bones of the dead Reformers; and living ones, the pride of their country, were charged with foulest crime. A few disorganizers, composed of discordant materials, commenced a crusade against Masonry. Political aspirants seized the war-cry as the watchword of a new party, willing to sacrifice virtue, if preferment could by that means be secured. The ignorant and uninformed, easily cajoled by false statements, joined the *melee*, and it really seemed at one time, that proscription would be the order of the day. The good sense of the country, however triumphed, as soon as reason could rally her forces to soothe the excitement; and the overthrow of agitators was as signal as their existence had been sudden. The American people could not long be made to think that their "Warren," whose blood consecrated freedom's earliest page—their beloved Washington, who guided her destinies safely through the storm of war to a glorious termination—her philosophic Franklin, who disarmed the lightnings of their fury, and laid the subdued thunderbolts at his feet, and a host of other worthies, whose names and virtues are dear to Masonry as to civil liberty would ever have given their sanction to the Order, if principles so impure, association so unholy, were comprised in the bond of fellowship. With noble indignation they hurled back the charges upon their promulgators, and proclaimed their deliverance from the delusion of error into which the excitement of the times had betrayed them. The storm was blown over, and though violent our superstructure is unimpaired by its fury; no pillar, of our lofty dome is moved; no stone in our Temple is displaced; the cassia still blooms in perennial beauty—in our halls, consecrated to universal benevolence, the good and the wise still do assemble and commune as brothers. Ours are not like the leafy honors of time, which fall when the autumn's storm is abroad; but like

the lofty monarch of the forest, though assailed by the storm spirit's fury, bids defiance to the blast, and looks, with proud disdain, on the ruin, that is around. Thus it must ever be while founded upon the immutable principles, of its benevolence, and truth.

But among the roses that bloom along our pathway, and fill the air with rich perfumes, permit me to place the funeral cypress, and call your minds to the solemnities of another state. "We close with the solemn thought of death." How gloomy these dreary regions of the dead, without the reviving consolations of Christianity! Across this dark gulph she places her bow, radiant with heavenly mercy! not like the refracted rays of sunlight, which fall upon the distant cloud to tell the tempest over for a season; 'tis the beamings of Almighty Mercy falling upon a Redeemer's cross, through his dripping blood. It tells that the clouds which darkened the Valley of Death, are gone to return no more; and that to him who relies upon the pleading merits of that blood, a new and living way is opened up to God! In cultivating, then, the noble principles of morality, neglect not the sublime lessons of Christianity; the former may qualify for the discharge of the duties of life, but it is the latter alone, that can prepare us for a triumphant death, and a glorious immortality.

"Repent ye, therefore, and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out when the times of refreshing shall come from the presence of the Lord," that in life as in death you may rejoice in him, and "being justified by faith have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ."

I cannot conclude these remarks, without one word to the fairer part of my audience. How often, my sisters, have you thought that regulation severe, which excludes the female from our Lodges! Believe me when I assure you, that it is not a sphere in which a merciful Providence designs you to act. The order involves duties to which the softness of your nature, not designed "to bear the world's rude contact," would render you incompetent. While this is the case, your happiness is not uncared for; it cultivates principles that secure your peaceful reign in the affections of the heart, and causes it to owe its allegiance with feelings of the most sacred veneration. To your defence and protection the Mason is most solemnly pledged. The widow and orphan he delights to watch over, and with all a parent's fondness minister to their wants. To your influence we look for the formation of the character of man. As mothers, we venerate your care and toll, that supplies the infant's wants, and forms the dawning mind with virtue's precepts. In manhood we own your influence, and delight to wear the rosy chains that bind us to you. In sickness we hail you as ministering angels; in sorrow's gloomy night our solace and adviser. Often to manhood's shame be it confessed, we see your noble and angelic affections, like the ivy, supporting the blasted hemlock, twining its freshness and beauty around rottenness and decay; drawing closer to sustain the worthless trunk it binds, when the storm beats hardest. In all these relations we regard you as "Heaven's last best gift to man," and while we feel called to bear the burden of life's labors ourselves, we would desire only to share its joys with you.

Thus, my brethren, I conclude the duty assigned me, and while I rejoice at being permitted on this occasion to congratulate you on the stability and importance of our time-honored Institution, I would most affectionately urge upon your attention, your duties as Masons. "Act justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with your God." In this evil world a thousand incidents daily occur to lead your minds from your duty to Heaven, and wreck your happiness on the breakers that lie unseen in life's eventful ocean! Whatever distinction you may win in time, will not hush the storm that rages in the anxious breast, or smooth the wrinkles on the brow of care. Seek, then, through the merits of Judah's Conquering Lion, the sweet and peaceful emotions of "a conscience void of offence to God and man." Thus shall you be prepared for an admission into the Grand Lodge above, "where upon his rainbow-royal throne the Supreme Grand Master of the universe presides"—for

"Whatever farce the boasting hero plays,
Virtue alone has majesty in death."

TOMATO CATSUP.—As it is now the season to make this healthy sauce, we give the following receipt: Take

the tomatoes, and turn on boiling water; let them stand until you can rub off the skin; then cover them with salt, and let them stand twenty-four hours; then strain and put three ounces of cloves to two quarts, two ounces of pepper, two n tmege, boil half an hour, and add a pint of wine.

MISCELLANY.

AN IDEAL ORRERY.

Conceive the sun represented by a globe two feet in diameter; at eighty-two feet distance, put down a grain of mustard seed, and you have the size and place of the planet Mercury, that bright silvery point which is generally enveloped in the solar rays. At the distance of one hundred and 42 feet lay down a pea; it will be the similitude of Venus, or dazzling evening and morning star. Two hundred and fifteen feet from the central globe, place another pea, only imperceptibly larger: that is man's world (once the centre of the universe) the theatre of our terrestrial destinies, the birth-place of most of our thoughts! Mars is smaller still, a good pin's head being his proper representative, at the distance of three hundred and twenty-seven feet. The four small planets, Vesta, Juno, Ceres, and Pallas seem as the least possible grains of sand, about five hundred feet from the sun; Jupiter, as a middled sized orange, about a quarter of a mile; Saturn with his ring, a lesser orange at the remoteness of two fifths of a mile; and the far Uranus dwindles into a cherry, moving in a circle three quarters of a mile in radius. Such is the system of which our puny earth was so accounted the chief constituent; a system whose real absolute dimension are stupendous, as may be gathered from the size of the sun himself the glorious globe around which these orbs obediently circle; which has a diameter nearly four times larger than the immense interval which separates the moon from the earth. Compare this mighty diameter, or the space of nine hundred thousand miles, within the assumed diameter of two feet, and the proportion will tell by how many times the suppositious orbit of Uranus should be enlarged! The dimensions of the system surpass all effort to conceive or embody them; and yet a wider knowledge of the universe shows that they belong only to our first or smallest order of infinities.—*Newspaper paragraph.*

WHAT'S IN A NAME.

We have ever regarded the selection of a name for a child as a matter of considerable importance, as we believe it sometimes has an influence upon the future fortunes of the individual. We have often noticed names which we regarded as preposterous, but have seldom met with any more truly so than the following, which a friend of ours informs us are the identical names of a family of children in his neighbourhood. One little girl bears the romantic appellation of *Belvidere Hyderella Deidamia Celestiella Adelaide Wales Hutchins*. Her younger sister is denominated *Pharis Parasina Celia Amelia Mary Abigail Hutchins*. The brother of these hopeful daughters is styled *Daniel Horatio Leander Constantine Wales Hutchins*. The same gentleman informs us that another child in his acquaintance bears the following appellatives, partly borrowed from the name of the wife of the founder of Pennsylvania—*Julia Elma Anne Maria Springet Penn Ester*. All these, however, must yield, we think to the following which a lady on her honour assures us are the real names of two children. The first, *Hunneah Maria Rebecca Sophia Hazard Wizard Gizard Penelope Gardner*. The second, *Caroline Adeline Jane Eliza Jefferson Jackson Beersheba Collins*. As the horticulturists exclaim of their mammoth vegetables, so we say—"beat this!"

A LESSON TO YOUNG LADIES.

The eldest of two sisters was promised by her father to a gentleman, possessed of a large estate. The day was appointed for the gentleman to make his visit, he not having as yet seen either of them, and the ladies were informed of his coming, that they might be prepared to receive him. The affianced bride, who was the handsomest of the two, being desirous to show her elegant shape and slender waist to the best advantage, clothed herself in a dress, which sat very tight and close upon her, without any lining or facing of fur, thought it was in winter, and exceedingly cold. The consequence was that she appeared pale and miserable, like one perishing with the severity of the weather, while

her sister, who, regardless of shape, had attired herself rationally with thick garments lined with fur, looked warm and healthy, and ruddy as a rose. The gentleman was fascinated by her who had the most health and the most prudence; and having obtained the father's consent to the change, left the mortified sister to shiver in single blessedness.—*A French paper.*

BENEVOLENCE OF A VOCALIST.

The principal singer of the great theatre at Lyons one day lately observed a poor woman, with four children, begging in the street. Her decent and respectable appearance, in the midst of extreme poverty, interested the kind-hearted vocalist. He desired the poor woman to follow him into the Place Ballour, where, placing himself in the corner, with his back to the wall, his head covered with his handkerchief, and his hat at his feet, he began to sing his most favourite opera airs. The beauty of his voice drew a crowd around him; the idea of some mystery stimulated the generosity of the bystanders, and five-franc pieces fell in showers into the hat. When the singer, who had thus, in the goodness of his heart, transformed himself into a street minstrel, thought he had got enough, he took up the hat, emptied its contents, into the apron of the poor woman who stood motionless with amazement and happiness, and disappeared among the crowd. His talent, however, betrayed him, though his face was concealed; the story spread, and next evening, when he appeared on stage, shouts of applause from all parts of the house proved (says the French journalist) that a good action is never thrown away.—*Gaz. Musicale.*

NEGRO CONVERSATION.

Negro conversation, especially when it assumes a serious cast, is very often oddly classic—the pretension to the use of words beyond the power of comprehension, and often beyond the facilities of enunciation, is sometimes, too, very numerous. We overheard a colloquy between a couple of "seeming sages." The subject of discourse appeared to have its origin in the persons of a coloured man, and a couple of boys, members of the whitewashing profession, passing up the other side of the street. How you do Meater Pindar," bowing politely. "Ah Annybull is dat you, well how is ail de family—considerable hey, astonishing circumstance ob de cosmogrammic nostosphere dis evening." "Very markable indeed Mester Pinda—did you see de Nora Bralis de oder night—its flectionable sintimation make de stars wink and de moon to put on her nightcap." "as Shaksbur de poet sas. "Why you aint got dat pratice of koaten po'try." "Hush, see—Yander, dere's pour Gustas Ceasar Jones-es boy, and dere uncle, jes quit de daily ambroccations—de boys cum in for pretty much of prop'ty." "No not de smallest quantity—see dat boy, de fore un, he name ahter de father—no a cent for him, and de young genulman be'ind wid de limperments of his purfesshin in his hand—de bucket and de brush—not a cent for him." "Why lo-lo-luk heah, Annybull, wha-wh what you talken about—you don't say dat for factum doos ye?" "Certendy—I tells ye ne'er a one ob dem boys is (whispering) ne'er a one ob om's born in padlock; both of em legerdemain children." Imagine the theatric start which Mr. Pindar affected as he exclaimed, "Oh my purfettic sole (turning up his heel)—if I didn't think so—but is you sure." "Didn't he tell me so when he was whitewashin' dat house down dere wid de venson blinds." "Dat sews me up—good night sah!" "Good night."—*Baltimore Paper.*

NO VETO.

When the right of the French King's veto was so warmly agitated in the General Assembly, the mob in Paris bawled about the streets "No veto! no veto!"—Mirabeau one day accosted a woman who vociferating those magic words:—"What is the meaning of this veto!" said he, "about which the people are talking so much? I am a stranger in Paris, and do not understand it." "Oh, sir," said the itinerant politician, "it is a tax on sugar; and on she went, exclaiming as loudly as before, 'no veto! no veto!'"

GOOD WIVES.

I am acquainted with a great many good wives— notable, and so managing that they make a man every thing that is happy; and I know a great many others, who sing, and paint and play, and cut paper, and are

so accomplished that they have no time to be useful. Pictures and fiddles and every thing but agreeableness and goodness, can be had for money; but as there is no market where pleasant manners and engaging conversation and Christian virtues are to be bought, methinks it is a pity the ladies do not oftener try to provide them at home.—*Hannah Moore.*

Hard Rub.—Mr. Bildad W., of K—n, one of the pleasantest towns in Plymouth county, Mass. was a stone cutter, and withal given to hard jokes. One morning as he was busy at work, surrounded as usual by inscription, "In memory of," he was greeted by Dr. F. who was riding by, on a visit to some of his patients. "Good morning, Mr. W.," said the Doctor, "hard at work I see; you finish your gravestones as far as 'In memory of,' and then wait, I suppose, to see who wants a monument next?" "Why, yes," replied the old man resting a moment on his mallet, "unless some body is sick, and you are doctoring him, and then I keep right on."!

AN ORATOR AT A LOSS.

The following is a literal copy of a speech made at a debating society, in one of the western towns of Pennsylvania:—"Well the subject to be excused is, whether ardent spirits does any good or not, I confer it don't. Jist think of our ancestors in future days—they lived to a most numerous age—so that I think that whisky nor nor ardent spirit don't do no good. (Long Pause.) Well the question to be excused is whether ardent spirits does any good or not—so that I include it don't. (Another long pause.) I can't get hold of the plaguy thing.

ENGLISH NAVY.

An anecdote is told of a captain in the service, since dead, that while carrying out a British ambassador to his station abroad, a quarrel arose on the subject of precedence. High words were exchanged between them on the quarter-deck, when at length the ambassador, thinking to silence the captain, exclaimed, "Recollect, sir, I am the representative of his majesty." "Then sir," retorted the captain, "recollect that here I am more than majesty itself. Can the king sieze a fellow up and give him three dozen?" Further argument was useless—the diplomatist struck.

Moral of Mining.—We see the Pagco miners always in the midst of riches, and always embarrassed: they are kept in a state of continued tantalization. The miner, it is true, sometimes has immense and rapid gains, in spite of rogues and plunderers everywhere about him, at comparatively little expense of time or money; and occasional success leads others to indulge in a hope of similar good fortune, which hurries the majority of speculators in this channel into pecuniary difficulties; for, as we have seen, the necessary outlay is often great without any compensation; and when the capital is too limited, though in the main the venture be a good one, ruin is near. Shopkeepers and dealers in platapina are tempted by prospects of commercial advantage to lend money to the harassed mine-owner to enable him to forward his works, and to repay the loan in pina at so much per mare. Such a lender is called "habilitador," but it unluckily happens for this capitalist, that, by the custom and usage of the miner, the last "habilitador," has a claim to be paid, which leads to the worst practical results. The miner is generally a reckless gambler, who spends money as fast as it comes to him, not in improving his mines, but indulging his vices; and in this manner the interest of the first habilitadors may be successively postponed to the claims of the most recent, who frequently is disappointed in his turn; while the difficulties of the miner are not removed, but merely prolonged; and he is involved in everlasting disputes and litigation.—*Dr. Smith's Peru.*

Beautiful Extract.—When we consider that all the powers and properties of the natural elements, of the earth and the air, of the winds and the clouds and the latent principles which govern their movements, of revolving planets, and of the warming and enlightening sun, must combine, in order to the ripening of a single grain of corn, let our thoughts arise from these second to the Great First Cause on whom they depend, and who, from the opening heavens, sends the daily food of the whole family of man, as in a great sheet knit at the four corners of the universe, and let down to the earth.—*Gov. Everett's Proclamation 1839.*

Fruit Trees.—The new method of raising fruit trees by planting the scions, is a great desideratum in the art of obtaining good fruit. It has many advantages over grafting, because it is more expeditious, and requires no stock or tree. They may be planted where they are required to stand, and the labour for one day will be sufficient to plant out enough for a large orchard after the scions are obtained. The method of preparing the plants is as follows: Take the scions as for grafting and at any time after the first of February, and until the buds begin to grow considerably, and put each end to shoot in melted pitch, wax or tallow, and bury it in the ground, the buds uppermost, while the body lies in a horizontal position at the depth of two or three inches. We are informed that a tree obtained in this way, will bear in three or four years from the time of planting. We have no doubt of the practicability of this method of raising fruit. A gentleman in this vicinity the last season planted about twenty scions of different kinds of pears, which appear to flourish. The composition which he used was melted shoemaker's wax.—*The Cultivator.*

THE FORTUNATE ATTORNEY.

There are always a considerable number of attorneys and barristers in the Queen's Bench Prison. I need scarcely say that in the great majority of cases the attorneys were without practice, and the barristers briefless before their entrance. Some of the former, however, manage to raise a tolerable business within the walls of the prison. Strange as it may appear, it does sometimes happen that persons have to date their prosperity in life to their incarceration in the Queen's Bench. One remarkable instance consists with my personal knowledge. The party was a barrister, but had never in his life had a single brief in his bag. I am not sure, indeed, having no use for it, whether he had a bag at all. He was sent to vegetate for ten or twelve months in the Bench. While there, he contracted an intimacy with one of the prisoners of some station in society, and of considerable wealth, though, through some illegal proceedings temporarily deprived of it. The case was laid before the briefless barrister, and having abundant time on his hand, he made himself completely master of it in all its bearings. On his liberation he undertook to bring it before the proper tribunal, making his remuneration entirely dependent on his success.—He did succeed; the party was liberated, and he amply rewarded for his trouble. But the remuneration he received was but a very subordinate portion of the benefit he derived from the case. Possessed of very respectable natural talents, and knowing the case so thoroughly, he made so creditable a professional appearance in court, that briefs, from that time, poured in on him in copious abundance. This was the tide in his affairs of which Shakspeare speaks: he wisely took it at the flood, and led it on to fame and fortune.—*Sketches from London.*

SUBSTITUTE FOR SOAP.

Put any quantity of pearl-ash, or soda, into a large jar; cover it tightly, and in a few days it will become liquid; then mix it with an equal quantity of newly slacked lime, and double its quantity of soft water; boil it half an hour; add as much more hot water off the liquor. Two ounces of pearl-ash used with a pound and a half of soap, will make a considerable saving. For coarse purposes, soft soap is a saving of nearly half. The best way of keeping hard soap is to cut it, with a twine or wire, into pieces of about a pound each, and to keep it moderately dry. A little pipe clay dissolved in the water, or rubbed with the soap on the cloths, will give the dirtiest linens the appearance of having been bleached, will clean them with half the labour, and a saving of full one-fourth of the soap. Pipe-clay will also render hard water nearly as soft as rain water. Carpets, moreen curtains, or other woollens, may be cleaned with the coarse pulp of potatoes, used as a kind of soap, with water. Put wood-ashes upon flannel in a sieve pour upon them boiling water, and it will make a strong ley for washing.—*Newspaper paragraph.*

A man somewhere in Connecticut, has lately named a child "*Morus Multicaulis*."—Speaking of names, the New Hampshire Whig says it once heard of a facetious person, whose name was "*New*," who named his first child "*something*," as it was "*Something New*." His second was christened "*Nothing*," it being "*Nothing New*."

POPULAR TALES.

THE LEAGUER MONK.

The evening of a fine summer day was just closing in, when two horsemen, who, from the spent condition of their steeds, had ridden far and fast, arrived at the steep hill which begins about a league and a half on the Paris side of St. Cloud. The one appeared to be a soldier; the other, by his sad coloured plain dress, seemed to belong to a more peaceful profession; but both were armed, as it behoved men to be in the troublesome times of the League, when violence and rapine roamed unpunished throughout France; and were no where less curbed than in the neighborhood of Paris. The riders checked their horses when they began the ascent, and let the tired beasts walk up the hill.

'The danger is past, said the elder, and less warlike of the two; 'the cursed leaguer-scouts dare not venture so far, and we may now breathe.'

'Ah, marry, and yet I trust them not,' replied the other. 'I would willingly dismount, but that, for I know, some cut throat may be even now on the look-out for us; in case of being out-numbered, we have no other chance but to make our steeds save themselves and us.'

'I told you it was somewhat rash to set out without an escort,' replied the elder.

'Ay, and if we had waited for that, the news I bear might have been useless; and some less cautious man would have had the command I hope for. It may do very well for you, my dear brother, who are the king's attorney-general, to take care of your valuable life; but I, who am but a younger brother of our good family of La Guesle, and a poor captain in his majesty's guard, can only hope to live by running the daily chance of being knocked on the head:—nay, even twice a day, sometimes, while the leaguers are out.'

'Yonder is one who looks suspiciously enough in my eyes, said the elder La Guesle, pointing to a monk who was kneeling before a crucifix by the roadside.

'Well, he is but one, and a monk to boot,' said the soldier.

'Let me tell you there is never a viper more dangerous than one of yon same monks. I never look at their wide sleeves, but my mind misgives me they carry pistols and poinards in them.'

'Pistols and poinards are not dangerous of themselves; and, in a monk's grasp, they are as harmless as my mistress' bodkin. But, see, yon monk looks as if he would speak.'

The subject of their conversation had finished his prayer, and approached the travellers. He was of the order of Jacobins; and his appearance was not much calculated to excite suspicion in any mind. His cowl was thrown back, and displayed his features, which, without being handsome, were sufficiently well-looking.

An expression of mildness and humanity characterised his countenance; and was somewhat exaggerated, by the mortified air with which he cast down his eyes as the travellers came up to him.

'*Salve et benedicite*,' said the monk, in the drawing tone, usual with his fraternity.

'*Et tu quoque*,' replied the elder traveller; while the soldier, returning the monk's salutation with a bow, asked—

'Whither away, good father?

'To St. Cloud,' replied the monk; 'the unworthy bearer of letter from the President Harley to the king.'

'From my good friend the president!' cried the elder La Guesle; 'how fares he?'

'Well in health,' replied the monk, but the pains of imprisonment, and sorrow for his poor country, weigh heavily upon the good man's heart. He has written to our gracious king; and his letter contains a proposition which it may be shall end the distresses under which all men suffer.'

'God a mercy! monk,' cried the soldier, if this be true, thou art the bearer of the best tidings that I have heard for many a day; but how comes it that an errand of such importance is entrusted to thee, who makest thy way poor and alone?'

'My worn frock, and my poverty, are as good safeguards as thy bright cuirass. Other qualifications for

this office have I none, save a Christian desire to bring about peace, for *beati sunt pacificatores*.'

'Proudly said,' cried the elder traveller; 'but let me see thy passport. I have lived long enough to know that the hood makes not the monk, and that pious sayings often issue from profane mouths.'

The monk replied not; but drew from his scribe the passport which had been required of him. The advocate inspected it, and saw that it was signed by the Count de Brienne, one of the king's generals, who was then a prisoner in Paris; and, thus satisfied of the truth of the monk's story, he returned him the paper. During this conversation they had been walking slowly, and had now reached the top of the hill, from whence the turrets of St. Cloud were seen to glitter in the last rays of the sinking sun. The captain, who saw that the monk's feet were galled by the rough road (for the holy personage's shoes were in a marvellously dilapidated condition,) said to him good-naturedly, 'A long league, holy brother, lies between this and Saint Cloud. Now, if thou thinkest thou art horseman enough to keep thy seat behind me, the road's crupper shall be thy saddle; we will ride to St. Cloud like two ancient templars.'

The monk needed not twice bidding, but leaped with considerable agility behind the captain; and the horses having by this time recovered themselves, the parties struck off at a round pace for St. Cloud. The roughness of the road prevented any further conversation; the monk employed himself in telling his rosary; the captain congratulated himself on having a chaplain added to his suite; and the attorney-general ruminated on schemes of policy adapted to the dangerous exigencies of the times.

When they reached St. Cloud, it was too late for the monk to present his letter to the king; and the attorney-general, upon whom the mildness of his manner had somewhat gained, carried him to his own quarters, where he committed him to the care of his steward, promising that early in the morning he should be introduced to the king.

In the ample hall of the Sieur La Guesle, the poor monk was treated with less respect by the servants than their master had intended should be paid to him.—They were all of course royalists; and they knew that the monks, and particularly the Jacobins, to which fraternity the stranger belonged, were amongst the most decided partisans of the League against the king. The successes which had lately attended their monarch's arms gave good reason to hope that he would shortly reduce his rebellious subjects to obedience; and they were anxiously expecting order to march to the attack of Paris, which, feebly defended, and suffering all the inconvenience of a thick population, and scarcity of provisions, seemed to require little more than the show of assault to carry it. Anticipating the triumph of which they had assured themselves, the servants showed no inclination to spare the Jacobin monk. In the course of the supper, every one had in turn giped the ecclesiastic; and he had borne all their jests with a quiet and controlled temper. An inclination of the head, a half-muttered prayer, or a look of contrition cast upwards, were the only replies that he made to the scoffs with which he was loaded, and yet, in the look which he sometimes cast about him, a keen observer might have suspected that what was passing in his heart, belied his outward appearance. The meal was ended; and Etienne Rabaut, the esquire of the Capt. La Guesle, filled his cup high, and proposed the health of the king. Seeing that the monk did not fill his goblet, he cried out to him, 'How now, brother, is that a health not palatable to your reverence? what scruples can a good churchman have against drinking the health and long life of a good king?'

'None, none,' cried the monk hastily; and, as if to cover the error he had been guilty of, he drained the cup which had been set before him.

'Well pulled, my tight little monk,' said one of the grooms, who sat below him at the board, 'a most orthodox drinker. Let me see the Huguenot dog that shall drain his can like a jolly son of Mother Church.'

The monk seemed to be confused; and, as if impatient at having been thrown off his guard, he busily employed himself in paring a large apple which lay before him.

'Yes,' said another of the valets, 'and his reverence eats as well as he drinks. Didst see Pierre how he

laid about him at supper with yon large black-handled knife? Marry, look at it—with your reverence's leave,' he said, as he reached his hand across the table to take up the knife which the monk had laid down, and which was a remarkably large new-looking one.

The monk clutched up his knife eagerly, and thrust it into its sheath; then, checking himself he said, with a forced smile, 'Thou shouldst never sport with edge tools.'

'The monk is as sharp as his knife,' said the disappointed valet; 'I never saw a churchman yet without a corkscrew and a knife. Now I warrant me thou wouldst sooner forget thy breviary than thy knife.'

'There is my breviary,' said the monk, drawing it from his bosom, and kissing it fervently, 'and here is my knife,' touching the handle as he spoke and slowly pushing it within the folds of his cloak; at the same time looking calmly in the face of the servant.

'Is it true, holy father,' cried a pretty little waiting-maid who sat opposite, 'that six monks of thy fraternity have made a vow to kill the king?'

'As I am a Christian, I hope and believe not,' replied the monk; but there are good and bad men of all orders.'

'Truly and modestly spoken,' cried the steward, who began to think that the monk had been sufficiently baited, and that it was not quite decent that a person of his profession should be made the sport of ribald serving men; 'and now, my masters, silence while the holy man returns thanks.'

The monk said a short prayer; and complaining of fatigue, was shown to his chamber, leaving his character to be handled as freely as the light-tongued inconsiderate servants listed.

On the following morning the whole court was in a bustle at an early hour. The king was going to hunt, and all his attendants were on the alert preparing for the chase. The attorney-general's first thought was of the monk, and the dispatches of which he was the bearer; and he sent his servant to awake him. The valet found him lying on the bed dressed as he had been the night before, but fast asleep; his hands were folded upon his bosom; one of them clutched his breviary, and the other was thrust within his frock.

The man looked at him; and, as the thought occurred to him that nothing but a quiet conscience could procure asleep so calm, he regretted the part he had taken in teasing this holy man the night before. He shook him, and called; but, so sound were the monk's slumbers, that he was obliged to handle him even roughly before he could rouse him. At length the monk awoke; and, learning that the attorney-general had sent for him, he hastened to make ready. A very few moments sufficed for his preparations, and he accompanied Sieur La Guesle and his brother, the captain, to the king's quarters, where he was left in the ante-chamber while his conductors entered the king's room to announce his coming.

Henry III. had risen this morning in one of those cheerful moods which had of late become rare with him. He was most unreasonably in high spirits, and was so eager for the chase that he had been hurrying the business which it was necessary for him to dispatch in order that he might pursue his favourite diversion. When La Guesle entered with his brother, he found Henry standing up, while one of his gentlemen was buckling on his spurs. A small Italian greyhound was standing on its hind legs, kissing the king's hand with a fawning servility that could only be exceeded by the hum in courtiers who surrounded him.

'How now, La Guesle,' said the king as he entered, 'some new delays? Does that long important face of thine portend that we are never to get to horse?'

'If I had to choose the road, sire, said La Guesle, I would give my best hopes to see your majesty on horseback. My brother has seen some of the officers of the Picardy regiment, and has learnt that Paris needs only to be summoned in order to surround. He says that the only fighting men in Paris are the four thousand under the Duke of Mayenne's command, and that half of them are ready to desert. The rabble populace, with the *canaille* of priests, monks, students, and other beggars, will be knocked on the head by the women of Paris as soon as your majesty's banner shall be displayed.'

'Fair and softly, good attorney-general,' cried the king; 'much as I hate that same *canaille*, you and I have found that they can both give and take hard blows. But temper your ardour a little; a few days

shall see us before Paris. In the mean time I thank you and your brother, whom I know for a brave and loyal chevalier, for your zeal. Nay, prithee, don't look blank on a fine morning, but come and help to strike a royal deer.'

'Your majesty's will must be obeyed, said La Guesle; but one moment's delay yet. There is a Jacobin monk waiting yonder without, whom I picked up yesterday evening on the road. He says he has a letter to your majesty from the lord president; and he comes with a pass from the Count de Brienne.'

'My poor prisoners!' cried the king; 'admit him instantly.'

At a sign from La Guesle, one of the Halbardiers drew aside the tapestry which covered the door of the ante-chamber, and beckoned to the monk to enter. Slowly and respectfully, but with a firm step, the Jacobin approached the king; and, kneeling to him, presented a letter which he held in his hand. The king stooped to take it from him; and, such was his eagerness to read it, that he began to open it without motioning to the monk to rise. Recollecting himself in a moment, but without lifting his eyes from the paper, he said, 'Rise, good father.'

The monk, who had his hands folded, rose slowly on one knee; and, as he did so, disengaged from its sheath the knife which had been observed by the servants at supper on the preceding night. Looking full in the king's face, he shortened his arm, and plunged the weapon with all his force into the belly of the unfortunate monarch. The king recoiled one step with the blow; and the monk, who had overreached himself, fell on his face. The king drew the knife from his wound and cried out, 'Cursed monk, he has killed me—stab him?' and as, at the same moment, the monk was recovering himself, the king struck him twice, with a desperate strength on the face. The first wound was just below his left eye; the second was on his upper lip, and broke several of his teeth. The Chevalier de La Guesle, who had been talking to his brother, was roused at the king's cry; and, seizing the monk immediately, and pulling him away from the king, threw him on his back, placing his sword to his throat. Some of the other gentlemen present and the guard ran up at the same time; and, acting only under the impulse of the moment, thrust their weapons into the wretched murderer's body, which fell lifeless, and pierced with innumerable wounds.

The suddenness of the whole transaction seemed to have a stunning effect on every one present; and they gazed now at the mangled wretch on the floor, now at their ill-fated monarch, who had sunk bleeding into the arms of some of his courtiers, with mingled feelings of rage and grief. The king was carried into his chamber; and, the doors being closed, was given over to the care of his spiritual and medical attendants. Inquiry was there made if any body knew the assassin; and he was soon ascertained to be a monk of the name of James Clement, who, to an ardent enthusiastic mind, joined great looseness and depravity of conduct, and had long been employed as the tool of that arch fiend and directress of the League, the Duchess of Montpensier. The indignant courtiers threw his body out of the window without ceremony; and the two brothers La Guesle bewailed bitterly the chance which had made them the unwitting instruments of introducing him to the king's presence.

In the evening the hopes which had been entertained of the king's wound proved futile, and it was declared to be decidedly mortal. All the amiability of this ill-fated monarch's character then displayed itself. With unaffected piety he forgave his enemies; and, sending for the King of Navarre, afterwards Henry IV. he embraced him tenderly, and gave him such advice as was likely to make his reign happy. The tears of all who were present at this scene proved incontestably that, although Henry had been a weak king, he was beloved by all who had been intimate enough with him to estimate his good qualities. Thus died, in the thirty-eight year of his age, Henry III. whose reign was one scene of intrigue and conspiracy, which had embittered and shortened his life, and rendered his kingdom a prey to the most destructive anarchy.

POPULAR FOLLIES.

For the American Masonic Register and Literary Companion.
EXCITEMENT.

We live in an age of constant excitement. It is not confined to any one profession, or branch of trade; but spreads itself throughout every circle of society and into every kind of business. And there are some who have lived so long in its turbulence that it has become the only aliment of their existence. How poorly off must he be who derives his whole happiness from a source that can be, at the most, but transitory in its being, and hurtful in its influence both to the body and mind.—It argues a lack of that moral and intellectual education which is so necessary an ingredient in the character of man. Education would teach him, that true happiness arises rather from a pure unadulterated train of thought, than from any unnatural and exciting arrangement of external circumstances. If mankind are not educated when young, there is no wonder they fly to the ever varying round of amusements. To bid them find a home in the studio of the artist, or in the library of the student, would be but driving them into misery. They have not one feeling that could induce them to remain where *mind* is the presiding deity. They must have the din and bustle of business, the frivolity and frippery of fashion, the affectation of the stage, and the inspiration of the ball-room. The sober part of society would in some measure be contented, if such characters had but education enough to keep them selves within their own social sphere. But having an over estimate of their own abilities, they thrust themselves into the presence of those who can be better employed than listening to the insipid speeches of a still more insipid brain. Strange as it may seem, they even think those who will not condescend to their folly as inferior to themselves. Who has not seen a whole assembly of the votaries of fashion turn the dull eye of contempt upon a man modest and retiring in his demeanour; and who either would not, or could not, *lisp the senseless nothings* of their conversation. While they were fancying themselves the *beau ideal* of perfection, he was blessing his stars that he deserved their contempt. It is not until men of this cast become incapacitated through age for the mere enjoyment of the senses, that they begin to form a just estimate of character, and put a right value upon the endowments of mind. If however they delay until wearied nature forces them into such views, they can never hope to retrieve past follies by a future improvement of the mind. Age, with all its ills and infirmities, forbid that application which alone can fit them to associate with the gifted and the great. We therefore repeat the substance of what we have before said—that Education is the only thing that can dignify the character of man, and fit him for that sublime station to which his nature entitles him.

But let us return to the angle of our deviation from the main subject. The victim of excitement is more liable than any other being to depression of spirits.—This is verified by our daily experience. The too frequent repetition of excitement soon reduces the mind to an insensibility of excitement. It becomes as it were callous to the feeling. The being that to day is all life and activity, to-morrow is moping about the lanes and the allies with an intolerable *craze* preying upon him. The mind will not suffer itself to be continually on the stretch unrelieved by a moment's calmness. If it is sought to be so, it will soon lose its power, and relapse as much below an even state as it was above. It is the melancholy following high excitement that induces the frequent use of those stimulating drugs and liquids with which our country abounds. Mark the career of the voluptuary, the lover of pleasure in all its varied forms, till he enters into the vale of declining years. In proportion as he once gratified the intense passions of his nature, in that same proportion does he now, feel the heavy weight of despondency and despair. Providence seems determined that man shall have a certain share of sedateness and sobriety while living.—If he chooses to defer the period of it till old age, providence acquiesces; but come, it must, if he is not cut short in the flower of his day. We feel bold to assert that those advanced in years who enjoy the most equitable and happy frame of mind, were, when in youth, moderate in their pleasures, especially those of a very exciting character. Besides, the peevishness and fretfulness of old age may be attributed in a great degree to

the contrast between the present and the past. If the old look upon their youth spent in immoderate gaiety, the contrast between that period of life and the present being greater, by natural consequence they feel a greater wright of dependency and chagrin.

SKETCHES OF TRAVEL.

THE BATHS OF ALEXANDRIA.

After the mosque, the bath is the finest embellishment of oriental cities. The one to which I was conducted is a vast edifice of simple architecture, and neatly ornamented. At the entrance is a large vestibule having rooms on the right and left for the reception of cloaks, and, in the rear, a door hermetically closed.—Through this door you pass into a room warmer than the surrounding atmosphere, and from this (as I afterwards learned) you may retreat if you choose; but put your foot in one of the adjoining closets, and you are no longer your own master: two attendants seize you, and, for the time, you are the property of the establishment.

Much to my surprise, this was my predicament. I had scarcely entered a closet, when two strong men belonging to the bath laid hold of me, and, in an instant, I was stripped to the skin. One of them passed a linen shawl around my waist, while the other buckled on my feet a pair of gigantic clogs, which at once made me a foot taller. This mode of shoeing not only rendered flight impossible, but, by its clumsy elevation, destroyed my equilibrium; and I should inevitably have fallen, had not the two men supported me on either side. I was fairly caught; I could not retreat, and therefore suffered them to lead whither they would.

We passed into another room. Few whatever might be my resignation, the vapour and heat strifed me. I thought that my guides had mistaken the way, and trundled me into an oven. I tried to shake them off, but my resistance was anticipated. Besides, I was in no condition for trial of strength, and was obliged to confess myself vanquished. In a few moments I was astonished at perceiving that, as the perspiration poured from me, my lungs began to dilate, and my respiration returned. In this state I passed through five or six rooms, the heat of which increased so rapidly that I began to believe man had five thousand years mistaken his proper element, and his appropriate destiny was boiling or roasting.

At last we came to the furnace. Here the fog was dense that I could not see two steps before me, and the heat so entirely insupportable that I partly fainted. I shut my eyes, and resigned myself to my guides in utter helplessness. After leading, or rather carrying me a few steps further, they took off my girdle, unhooked my clogs, and extended me, half-swooning, on something like a marble table in the middle of the apartment.

Here again, I soon became accustomed to the infernal atmosphere. I prudently took advantage of the gradual return of my faculties, and looked about me.—With my other senses, my sight revived; and, despite the fog, I made out with tolerable accuracy the surrounding object. My tormentors seemed to have forgotten me for a moment: they were busy at one side of the room. I lay in the centre of a large, square saloon, incrustated, to the height of five or six feet, with variously coloured marbles; a series of spouts threw out incessantly streams of smoking water, which, falling, on the pavement beneath, gilded thence into four basins, like chaldron, at the four corners of the room. On the surface of the water in these basins was an indefinite number of bald heads bobbing about, and expressing, by the most grotesque contortions of face; various degrees of felicity. This spectral so occupied my attention, that I scarcely heeded the return of my masters. They came, however; one with a large wooden bowl of soap suds, the other with a ball of fine hemp. Suddenly one of the rascals inundated my face and neck with his suds; and the other seizing me by the shoulder, rubbed most furiously my face and breast with his hemp. This treatment and the pain induced by it were so perfectly intolerable, that all my powers of resistance and resentment awakened at once. I bolted upright, kicked my hempen friend half across the room, and planted my fist in the face of soap-suds with such good will that he lay sprawling on the floor. Then, knowing of no other remedy for the soap, (which was blistering my skin,) I drew a straight line for the basin that seemed the most inhabitable, and boldly plunged in. I had misjudged. The

The N. O. Picayune says that all that women live for is to be looked at and to be admired. It might have added, with equal truth, that all men live for is to look at and admire them.

remedy worse than the disease. Before, my face and neck were cauterised; now my whole body was scalded: the water was boiling; I yelled with pain; sprang on and over my neighbors, who could not comprehend my case; and got out of the tub almost as rapidly as I got in. However, I was not rapid enough to escape the effect of the ablution: my body was as red as a lobster. I was stupified! I must be dreaming, or riding a nightmare. Yet there was no deception. Here, under my very eyes, were men stewing in a broth of which I had tried the temperature, who evidently took great delight in the operation. What could it mean? My notions of pleasure and pain became confused; they could enjoy what to me was agony! I once more resolved to resign myself to fate. I doubted my own judgment. I distrusted my own senses. I determined, again, to submit to my tormentors. They came, having recovered from my assault. I followed them without resistance to another basin. They made signs to me to descend the steps; I obeyed, and found myself in water of about thirty-five or forty degrees according to the scale of Celsius, forty of which correspond to one hundred and twenty degrees of Fahrenheit. This seemed to me temperate.

From this I passed to another of a higher temperature, but still supportable. I remained in it, as in the first, about three minutes. I then proceeded to the third, which was still some ten or twelve degrees hotter; and, finally, reached the fourth, where I had commenced my hellish apprenticeship. I approached it with the greatest repugnance, but I had made up my mind to go through with my desperate adventure. I first dipped my toe in the water; it was hot, certainly; but not so scalding as before, I gradually immersed my whole body, and was surprised to find it endurable. In a few seconds I thought no more of it, though I am confident the heat of the water must have reached to sixty or sixty-five degrees. When I emerged, my skin had changed from the lobster scarlet to a crimson.

My attendants now again took me in hand. They replaced the linen around my waist, bound a shawl on my head, and led me back through the rooms by which I had entered (taking care to add to my covering at each change of atmosphere) until I arrived at the chamber where I was so unceremoniously stripped.—Here I found a good carpet and pillow. My turban and girdle were taken off, I was enveloped in a large woollen gown, and left alone.

I had now an undefinable feeling of comfort. I was perfectly happy; yet so exhausted, that when the door was opened, half an hour after, I had not changed my position by the movement of a finger muscle.

The new comer was a sinewy and well-set Arab.—He approached my couch as if he had some business with me. I looked on him with a sort of dread very natural to a man who had passed such an ordeal I have described; but I was too weak to attempt to rise. He took my left-hand; cracked all its joints, and did the same to the right. After my hands, he administered upon my feet and knees; and, to finish the matter, he dexterously threw me into the position of a pigeon-to-be-broiled, and gave me the *coup de grace* by cracking the vertebrae of my spine. I screamed with terror, thinking my back-bone was broken, to a certainty. My *masseur* then kneaded my arms, legs and thighs for a quarter of an hour, and left me. I was weaker than ever; my joints all pained me, and I had not strength sufficient to cover myself with the carpet.

A servant now brought me coffee, pastiles, and a pipe, and left me to intoxicate myself with perfume and tobacco. I passed half an hour in a drowsy state, lost in adroscopy state, lost in the vagaries of a delicious inebriation, experiencing a feeling of happiness before, unknown and entertaining a supreme indifference to every (absent) earthly thing.

I was awakened from this by a barber, who shaved me, and cut my whiskers and moustaches. Next, my Arab returned, to whom I made signs that I wished to depart. He brought my clothes, assisted me in my toilet, and led me to the chamber opening on the vestibule, where I found my cloak. The cost of this entertainment, was a piastre and a half, or about ten cents.

There is a fellow in Arkansas so short that he has repeatedly been mistaken for pie crust. The Wisconsin chap is the one whose shadow was mistaken for a shingle, and whittled to pieces, by a travelling Yankee.

AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER.

ALBANY, SATURDAY, OCTOBER, 12, 1839.

Br. William Boardman, of 33 Jones street, N. York, is duly authorised to receive subscriptions, and collect monies on account of the Register, in that city.

Bunker's Hill Mutilated.—At length, we truly seem to have become, what foreign adventurers have repeatedly asserted, and what we have as repeatedly resisted, a nation of money seekers. To the god mammon there appears a universal homage. By his hand, scenes, made sacred by time and circumstance, are mutilated with as much impunity, as if they had not been the "Cradle of Liberty"—as if in their presence, the merest semblance of mortality, does not feel more keenly, how honorable, how glorious, it was, and would be, to struggle in such a cause as hallows their memory.—We do not intend being oratorical upon our subject, yet we do think it becomes every one who dwells with gratitude upon our early history to raise his voice against the further progress of this commercial iniquity. Bunker Hill should be esteemed as a grave that contains venerated ashes—time should only make it dearer, price should not be set upon it. If barbarians had committed an act equal to the defacing of this true Yankee boast, their names would have descended to us, inglorious as that of a Nero. What will posterity say of this act—what will foreigners? One will talk of a mercenary ancestry with disdain, while the other rejoices that America was not the place of his birth. Again we say to those who prize the fair fame of their country, and especially those who appreciate the valor of Warren, to resist the further destruction of this revered hill.—Let the government purchase it—and if it needs must produce, to accord with the spirit of the age, let it have the tillage of the plough—never let a prison-house or exchange-office prevent the dews and the sunshine from falling upon it.

To Correspondents.—On our return from an absence of a week, we find several communications on our table. We have not had a moment's leisure to look at them: but they shall be attended to.

The list of subscribers, together with the enclosure of J. B. from Poughkeepsie, came safe to hand. He will please accept our thanks for his exertions in our behalf.

We would remind officers of Chapters and Lodges, that we shall at all times be happy to insert any masonic information they may send us, either in the election of their officers, or otherwise. Much good will grow out of it. It will keep up a sort of communication among the brethren which is highly desirable. They will feel, that "though cast down," we are not "destroyed." From the opportunities we have of judging, we are satisfied, that the material is among us. All we want is some of the "rough edges knocked off" to bring forth the latent beauties of our cape-stone, and place it again in the Temple. "with shouting and praise."

It is expected, that communications will be post paid, unless such communication be in the character of an Essay or Address.

The Philadelphia Banks all suspended Specie Payments on Wednesday. The Banks in Baltimore and in the Southern Cities, will follow. The New York and Eastern Banks, it is confidently believed, will sustain themselves.

The banks of the city of Baltimore have suspended specie payments, and it is reported that two of the banks have stopped entirely.

The Farmer's Bank at Reading Pa. has suspended specie payments.

Officers of Apollo Lodge, No. 13, elected Dec. 5839.

John S. Perry, W. M.
Nathaniel T. Woodruff, S. W.
William Perkins, J. W.
Lewis Lyon, Treasurer.
Stephen C. Leggett, Secretary.
Lyman Powers, S. D.
Orlin Chamberlin, J. D.

Joseph A. Wood, and Morton Fairchild, Stewards,
Luther Purdy, and Royal C. Leavings, Tylers.

Regular meetings, first and third Tuesdays in each month, at St. John's Hall, corner of Second and River streets. Troy.

Officers of Apollo Chapter, No. 48.

M. E. A. J. Rousseau, H. P.
I. R. Lasell, King.
G. B. Glendining, Scribe.
Gilbert Geer, C. H.
C. H. Anthony, R. A. C.
J. S. Perry, P. S.
H. T. Eddy, 3d. M. V.
D. Taylor, 3d. M. V.
R. Freeman, 1st. M. V.
I. C. Taylor, Treasurer.
C. Hooper, Secretary.

R. C. Leaving, and R. Purdy, Tylers.

Regular meetings second and fourth Tuesdays in each month, at St. John's Hall, corner of Second and River streets. Troy.

Officers of Apollo Encampment.

M. E. Sir. T. T. Wells, G. C.
" D. M. Fraser, G.
" I. C. Taylor, C. G.
" J. G. Candee, Prelate.
" A. Weatherbee, S. W.
" J. Hinds, J. W.
" S. Rowell, Treasurer.
" S. C. Leggett, Recorder.
" J. S. Perry, Warder.
" B. Marshall, Standard Bearer.
" G. W. Hicks, Sword Bearer.

Sir R. Jones, Sir J. Danker, and Sir H. W. Bates, Capt. of the Guards, Sir R. C. Leaving and Sir R. Purdy, Tylers.

Regular meetings, 3d Monday in each month, at St. John's Hall, corner of Second, and River streets. Troy.

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE IN NEW YORK.

The New-York Sun Extra, of Sunday morning contains the particulars of three fires in that city on Saturday night, one of which has been more destructive than any which has occurred there since the great fire 1835, resulting, as it has, in the destruction of the entire commercial block formed by Burling slip, Fulton, Front and Water sts., and a number of stores on the opposite side of Water street.

The first broke out at 6 in the evening, consumed four houses in Albany street, Nos. 6, 8, 8½ and 10, not of much value.

The second broke out between 12 and 1 o'clock at night, in Carpenter & Sutton's carpenter shop in Eldridge street, which consumed that establishment, and spread to No. 127 and 131, two story brick buildings occupied by five families, three frame buildings, in their rear, occupied by a number of families. These buildings were consumed with such rapidity, that their unfortunate occupants lost pretty much all their furniture.

The third—a terrible conflagration.—While the latter was at its height, a third one broke out in the five story brick fur store of A. Halsey, No. 189 Water street, which spread with great rapidity, and destroyed nearly all the buildings from Holt's Hotel to the river, being almost the whole square between Fulton, Water, Front and Pearl sts. and Burling slip. Thirty buildings in all were consumed, mostly stores with large and valuable stocks of goods. We have heard no estimate of the probable amount of destruction, but it must be several hundred thousand dollars, as but a very small portion of the goods was saved. Holt's Hotel was for a long time in imminent danger, and would undoubtedly have perished with the rest but for a providential shifting of the wind, from N. E. to N. W. with a great abatement of its force.

The Corn Crop.—The Corn Crop has, we believe, generally proved to be as abundant as that of wheat.

The Winchester Republican says, that in that section of Virginia a better crop was never secured. A correspondent of the Virginian says that he attended the husking and measuring of one acre of corn for Capt. G. C. Harness, of Hardy county, and that it amounted to 178 bushels! The editor adds—"Extraordinary as this may seem, it will not be doubted by those who know the quality of the land on the South Branch. We understand that corn has been offered and refused at that town at \$2 per barrel of five bushels. Last year it sold for \$4, and since then has, in some instances, commanded a higher price."

UTILITY OF LIME IN PRESERVING FENCE POSTS.

Accident in some instances has led to the discovery that lime applied to wood preserves it from decay. The whitewashing of fences is practised, more as a substitute for paint and for appearance sake, than to prevent decay. Even this superficial mode of applying lime is of some use in preserving wood. Having full confidence in the efficacy of lime as a preservative of wood to make fence posts less subject to rot, I have this season, for the first time used it as follows:—

I provided a number of narrow boards, about three feet long, of various breadths, and one inch thick, with a hole in the end of each. When the hole in the ground was ready for the reception of the post, some lime was put into it; on this lime the post was placed, some of the narrow boards were then selected, and placed to and around the post in the hole after the usual manner; and when filled, the boards were drawn out. This is done with greater facility, by putting a stick into the hole in the upper end of the board, by which it may be raised by a lever or pry, if too fast to draw out otherwise. The boards being all removed, fill the space they occupied with quick lime: if but partially, it is better then if totally slaked it will expand, and make the posts stand very firm. If altogether slaked it also swells, and makes the posts quite secure. From three to five posts with hewn or uniform butts will require one bushel of lime. Boards to surround the post half an inch thick (and perhaps this thickness of lime may be sufficient) would not take half that quantity. The lime is all the additional expense, except the extra labour (which is very trifling) to be incurred by setting a fence, with that part of the posts in the ground enveloped in lime.

To prevent the ground from adhering to the posts at the surface, and occasioning their decay, this part being the one which generally first begins to rot, lime mortar is applied, plastering round the posts with an elevation adjoining to the wood. Into this mortar, gravel was pressed to prevent the rains from washing it away. This mortar may be applied at any time most convenient after the fence is made.—*Memoirs of Philadelphia.*

A Great Yield.—Mr. Barber, of Bloomfield, informs us, says the Hartford Courant, that he dug on Saturday 1130 pounds Rohan potatoes, the product of 13 pounds planted in the spring.

Seek not to discover the faults of a friend—for, rest assured, if he has any, they will show themselves as soon as you wish to see them.

What don't often occur.—An English paper states that Abraham Meeking and his wife, with 67 of their children, aged and grand children, sat down to tea together, after an entertainment given to them by the farmers and their wives, in their neighborhood.

A Young European, in Constantinople a letter states has recently carried off the most beautiful of the slaves in the harem of the Sultana Esme. The female fugitive took with her jewels belonging to her mistress, worth a million of francs. They have not been traced, but if found will inevitably be put to death.

MARRIED.

On Thursday afternoon, by the Rev. Dr. Welch, Mr. Augustus G. Gould, of Buffalo, to Miss Julia A. W. Morgan, of this city.

On Thursday, by the Rev. Mr. Martin, Mr. Charles Gowie, to Miss Mary Jane Farquarson, both of this city.

At Williamsburgh, on the 1st inst. by the Rev. Mr. Seaman, the Rev. Asahel W. Blakesley, of Oneida co. to Miss Lucia Pratt, formerly of this city.

At St. Paul's church, Schoharie C. H. on the morn-

ing of the 10th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Lintner, P. S. Danforth, esq. of Middleburgh, to Aurelia, only daughter of the Rev. D. Lintner.

At Amsterdam on Monday, 7th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Stewart, Mr. Sylvanus H. Cooke, of Howard, Steuben co. to Miss Sarah J. Lefferts, of Galway, Saratoga co.

OBITUARY.

[The following merited tribute of respect to departed worth, from the Albany Argus, we take a melancholly pleasure; in transferring to our columns. Twenty-two years ago we were an indented apprentice to Mr. Buel. As a master he was kind and parental, and as the friend and counsellor of other years, we have lost one whose memory we shall ever revere with emotions of affection.—one whose place will never be filled while we sojourn here below.—Ed.]

We discharge a melancholly office in announcing the death of another of our most respected and valuable citizens, Judge JESSE BUEL expired at Danbury, Ct., at 3 o'clock on Sunday afternoon, in the 63d year of his age. In consonance with the general sorrow, and as a tribute to the character of the first proprietor of this journal, our columns appear in the habiliments of mourning.

Having accepted invitations to deliver anniversary addresses before the Horticultural and Agricultural societies of Norwich and New Haven, Conn., on the 25th and 27th ult. he left home about a fortnight since, with that view. At Danbury, he was seized on Sunday evening with bilious colic of which he was relieved in the course of twenty-four hours; but bilious fever supervened, and he sank under it after an illness of more than a week—receiving, during the time, every attention, and unremitting medical attendance, from the hands of strangers. It was not until Friday last however, soon after his son had left him on his return to Albany to request the attendance of his family physician, that the disorder assumed an alarming aspect. He was accompanied on his journey by his only daughter, of whom he took an affecting and final leave in the full possession of his mental faculties, a few moments before he calmly breathed his last.

Intelligence was brought yesterday morning by express, announcing the expected fatal termination of his illness. It was a melancholly surprise to his anxious family on reaching the steam boat wharf in the afternoon, on their route to his place of illness, to be among the first to learn that his remains had been brought up by the Columbus, the day boat from New York, which arrived before the departure of the afternoon boat.—the body had been brought from Danbury to Poughkeepsie, and thence to this city.

For the last thirty years, Judge Buel has occupied a wide space in the political and agricultural world. In 1813, he removed to this city from Ulster county, and established the Albany Argus. In the following year, he was appointed Printer to the State, and discharged the duties of that station, and of the editorship of the paper, until 1821, when he retired to the farm in the suburbs of the city, since so widely and favorably known as the "Albany Nursery." After his retirement from his editorial labors, he represented the city for successive years in the popular branch of the legislature, and at the period of his death was a Regent of the University. His last appearance in political life, was as the gubernatorial candidate of the opponents of the national administration in 1836.

But is it as an Agriculturist, in the great and broad sense of the word, practically and scientifically, that he has built his fame as a public benefactor. As such, he was known throughout this continent and in the old world; and no man has contributed more, as a writer, and in practical life, to elevate, inform and improve the Agriculture of his age. Nearly six years ago as an auxiliary to his plan for the diffusion of knowledge on this subject Judge B. established "The Cultivator," a monthly publication, of the highest value, and of great circulation throughout the American continent. His labors however were not confined to his monthly publication, ample as were its pages. His pen was in constant requisition upon nearly every subject connected with the cultivation of the soil, and his correspondence, throughout the Union, and abroad, was exten-

sive. In example, not less than in precept, he may be said to have conferred blessings upon the times in which he lived—blessings that will continue to fructify, and ripen into fruit, long after his body shall have mingled with his favorite earth.

As a neighbor and a citizen,—and in all the relations of domestic life—he was without reproach. He was esteemed not less for his integrity than his intelligence and worth—for the unaffected affability and simplicity of manner in his intercourse with his fellow men. He may be said to have lived for utility; and to have died in the prosecution of his favorite employment. His death is a public bereavement, which all will mourn as irreparable.

DIED.

In this city, on the 11th inst. of consumption, while returning home from New York, Mrs. Catharine, widow of the late Harvey W. Babcock, of Cooperstown, Otsego co.

In Parma, Michigan, Mr. Robert Huxford, aged 34 In Delhi, on the 26th of Sept. Mrs. Rebecca Parker, wife of Col. Amassa Parker, in the 45th year of her age.

At his residence in Verona, on the 26th of August last, Jonathan Warren, esq. aged 76 years. At the age of eighteen he was actively engaged in defence of his country, in the revolutionary struggle for independence.

THE LONDON ANNUALS for 1840, received at W. C. LITTLE'S Bookstore, corner of State st. The ladies are invited to call and examine them. 1st The Belle of the Seasons, by Lady Blessington, splendidly illustrated, quarto, elegantly bound. 2d Ackerman's Forget Me Not for 1840, beautifully embellished with full length portrait of Victoria. 3d Friendship's Offering for 1840, with splendid plates.

The others are expected by the the steam ship Liverpool this week. Also all the American Annuals for 1840. The Gift, the Token, the Gem, the Pearl, the Violet, Religious Souvenir, Christian Keepsake, and Religious Offering.

ELECTION NOTICE.—Sheriff's Office, City and County of Albany, October 11, 1839. Notice is hereby given that at the next general election to be held in the county of Albany on the 4th, 5th, & 6th days of November next, a Senator is to be chosen to represent the Third Senate District in the Senate of this State in the place of Edward P. Livingston, resigned; and that three Senators are to be chosen at the said election to represent the said Third Senate District, according to a notice from the Secretary of State, of which a copy is annexed.

MICHAEL ARTCHER, Sheriff.

STATE OF NEW-YORK,

SECRETARY'S OFFICE, Albany, Oct. 11, 1839. To the Sheriff of the County of Albany—

Sir: Notice is hereby given you that since the general notice of election was issued from this office, on the 15th day of August last, a vacancy has happened in the representation of the Third District, by the resignation of Edward P. Livingston, a Senator from that district, whose term of office would have expired on the last day of December 1841; and that a Senator to supply the said vacancy is to be chosen at the next general election, to be held on the 4th, 5th, and 6th days November next.—There are therefore three Senators to be chosen in the Third Senate District, (comprising among others the county of which you are Sheriff,) at the next general election, viz: one in the place of James Powers, whose term of service will expire on the last day of December next; one in the place of Nondiah Johnson, deceased; and one in the place of Edward P. Livingston, resigned.

JOHN C. SPENCER, Secretary of State.

N. B. You are to give notice of the above mentioned election in writing to one of the inspectors of each town and ward in your county, and to annex thereto a copy of this notice. You are also to publish such notice and copy in all public newspapers printed in your county.

THE AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER,

Is Published every Saturday by L. G. HOFFMAN

OPPOSITE THE EAGLE TAVERN, ALBANY.

TERMS.—To city subscribers, Two Dollars and Fifty Cents a year. To subscribers who receive their papers by mail, Two Dollars, payable on the receipt of the 4th Number. No subscription received for a less term than one year. Back numbers at all times furnished.

POETRY.

For the American Masonic Register and Literary Companion.

STANZAS

Supposed to have been written by a celebrated writer of the day, after an estrangement from one in whom he had placed his heart's confidence.

"October, there are sadder hours than thine,
There is a never-ending winter of the heart"—Ode to Winter.

Flowers of the sunny May
Sport through summer's laughing day—
Victims fall to chill's decay, 'neath autumn's sky—
Skies that to the hills descend,
Pure as thought of friend to friend,
Shrink when on them lightnings bend their frenzied eye.

Straying free in fortune's path
Joy was mine, though now it hath
Felt the cureless bruise of wrath—no matter how;
For when love by hate is stung,
And blight falls where rapture sprung,
Ties will break by which we clung, as mine do now.

Fame around love's dreamings curled,
Time each sanguine hope unfurled
On the waves those hopes are hurled, to sink forgot,
Changed is youth's devoted crowd,
Gone the shrine to which I bowed—
On life's sunshine rest, a cloud, and love's a blot!

She, adored of all below,
Friend should have been, not a foe,
To become of bitter woe, its shroud and pall.
Vain to weave the bankrupt line,
Hard to kneel at sorrow's shrine,
Drop and die, like frosted vine, in passion's thrall!

How could those eyes I've sunned beneath,
Hatred nurse and frowns bequeath,
Was't for that I won the wreath of laureled fame?—
Toss it on the shapeless blast,
It but mocks the rapture past—
Let me be on wild shores cast—without a name!

LOUISA.

Troy Seminary.

For the American Masonic Register and Literary Companion.

A SKETCH.

Brown is her hair, Her form divine,
Blue is her een, Her motion grace—
Complexion fair She seems love's shrine
As morning's sheen. And dwelling place.

Classic her nose, But here's the thorn,
Ruby her lip; That image fair
Her cheek a rose Is but a form,
Which red tints tip. No mind is there:

The casket bright,
The jewel dim,
Without all light,
All dark within.

T

THE OCEAN.

Likeness of Heaven.
Agent of power,
Man is thy victim,
Shipwreck thy dower;
Spices and jewels
From valley and sea;
Armies and banners,
Are buried in thee.

What are the riches
Of Mexico's mines
To the wealth that far down
In thy deep waters shines?
The proud Navies that cover
The conquering West,
Thou fling'st them to Death
With one heave of thy breast!

From the high hills that view
Thy wreck-making shore,
When the bride of the mariner,
Stricks at the roar;
When like lambs in the tempest,
Or now in the blast,

O'er thy ridge-broken billows
The canvass is cast.

How humbling to one
With a heart and a soul,
To look on thy greatness,
And list to thy roll;
To think how that heart
In cold ashes shall be,
When the voice of Eternity
Rises from thee!

Yes! where are the cities
Of Thebes and of Tyre?
Swept from the nations,
Like sparks from the fire;
The glory of Athens,
The splendor of Rome?
Dissolved, and for ever,
Like drew in its foam.

But thou art almighty,
Eternal, sublime,
Unweakened, unwasted,
Twin-brother of Time!
Fleets, tempests, nor nations
Thy glory can bow:
As the stars first beheld thee,
Still chainless art thou!

But hold! when thy surges
No longer shall roll,
And that firmament's length!
Drawn back like a scroll,
Then, then shall the spirit
That sighs by thee now
Be more mighty, more lasting,
More chainless than thou.

The following touching piece of versification was produced by a young lady of our city previous to her departure for the south. She has since made the spirit-land her home.—*EL.*

From the Evening Journal.

STANZAS.

I go, my father, yet I fain
Would linger with the still,
Oh clasp me in thy arms again,
I will be calm—I will.

But thoughts from mem'ry's fount burst free
Thoughts of the blessed past;
I cannot check the tears you see,
They flow so thick and fast.

But let them flow; my breaking heart
Will in them find relief;
I cannot act the Stoic's part,
For mine's no common grief.

I leave thee father, leave my home,
To breathe a balmy air:
In southern climes for health I'll roam,—
But you will not be there.

And who save you, on earth can give
Me all a father's care;
I'll miss you every day I live,
I'll miss you every where.

THE DEATH BED.

There was an hour of weeping—for the young
And beautiful was sinking in the wave
Which rolls in bitterness upon the shore
Of being, and a spirit on the wing
For Heaven, yet lingered, in that last strange dream
Whose waking is Eternity. Her eye
Was closed by fallen lashes; and a smile
Hung on her lip, as imaged by the bright
Revelments from the spiritual world of joy.
She lay there in her loveliness—a bud
Rent from its parent stem, ere yet its bloom
Had opened to the spring time. On her cheek
Crimson and paleness came—as life's last light
Went trembling into darkness. It was hard—
Yea—very hard to die!

There came a change—
A murmur and a shudder like the leaf

Which trembles ere it falls. One feeble sigh—
An inarticulate motion of the lip—
And all was o'er. The prisoned soul was free!

THE HEART'S FREEDOM.

BY MISS BARDOE.

Oh! the heart is a free and a fetterless thing,
A wave of the ocean! a bird on the wing!
A riderless steed o'er the desert-plain bounding,
A peal of the storm o'er the valley resounding;
It spurns at all bonds, and it mocks the decree
Of the world and its proud ones, and dares to be free!

Oh! the heart may be tamed by a smile or a tone
From the lip and the eye of a beautiful one;
But the frown and the force with its impulse contending,
Ever find it as adamant, cold and unbending;
It may break, it may burst, but its tyrants will see
That even in ruin it dares to be free!

TO PRINTERS.—The following reduced prices will hereafter be charged for printing types, at BRUCE'S New-York Type Foundry, 13 Chambers-st. and 3 City Hall Place.

Pica, - - - - -	38 cents a lb.
Small Pica, - - - - -	40 do.
Long Primer, - - - - -	42 do.
Bourgeois, - - - - -	46 do.
Brevier, - - - - -	54 do.
Minion, - - - - -	66 do.
Nonpareil, - - - - -	84 do.
Agate, - - - - -	108 do.
Pearl, - - - - -	140 do.

Ornamental letter and other type in proportion.

These are the prices on a credit of six months; but we wish at this time to encourage short credit or cash purchases, and will therefore make a discount of five per cent New York acceptances at ninety days, and ten per cent for cash.

We have recently added to our former extensive assortment seventy-five different kinds and sizes of ornamental letter, embracing Condensed, Extra Condensed, Extended, Outline, Skeleton, Shaded, Ornamental, modern thin-faced Black, &c. 100 new Flowers, and a great variety of Ornaments, forming altogether the most extensive and elegant assortment of Printing Types in the United States, and absolutely an unrivalled one. We also furnish every other article that is necessary for a printing office.

Printers of newspapers who publish this advertisement three times before the 1st of November, 1839, sending us one of the publications, will receive payment when they purchase from the foundry four times the amount of their bill.

GEORGE BRUCE & CO.

New York, Sept. 1839.

SHERIFF'S OFFICE.—City and county of Albany, August 15, 1839.

ELECTION NOTICE.—A general election is to be held in the county of Albany on the 4th, 5th, and 6th, days of November next at which will be chosen the officers mentioned in the notice from the Secretary of State, of which a copy is annexed.

MICHAEL ARTCHER, Sheriff,
State of New York, Secretary's Office,
Albany, Aug. 15, 1839.

Sir—Notice is hereby given you that the term of service of James Powers, a Senator of the Third Senate District of this state will expire on the last day of December next, and that a senator is to be chosen in that district, to which the county of which you are sheriff belongs. at the general election to be held on the fourth, fifth and sixth days of November next.

You will also take notice, that a vacancy has been caused in the representation of the Third Senate District, by the death of Nadiash Johnson, a senator from that district, whose term of office would have expired on the last day of December, 1840; and that a senator to supply the said vacancy is to be chosen at the said next general election.

You will also take notice, that a proposed amendment to the constitution is to be submitted to the people at the said election, at which the electors are to vote, "For the election of Mayors by the People," or "Against the election of Mayors by the People." At the same election the following officers are to be chosen, viz: Three members of Assembly.

JOHN C. SPENCER, Secretary of State.

N.B. You are to give notice of the aforesaid election, in writing to one of the inspectors of each town and ward in your county, and annex thereto a copy of this notice. You are also to publish the said notice and copy in all the public newspapers printed in your county.

NEW BOOKS, Engravings, & the Periodicals, received at W. C. Little's Bookstore.

Several cases of English Books.
Paris editions of: Corneille; Gil Blas; Don Quixote; Moliere, Florian; Goethe, &c.
McCulloch's Statistical account of the British Empire.
Cudworth's Intellectual System of the Universe.
Encyclopedia of Geography.
Specimens of Foreign Literature.
Perry's Reliques of Ancient Poetry.
Beauties of the Court of Charles 2d, quarto, plates.
Pictorial Editions of Shakespeare, Greece, Common Prayer, Fables, Constantinople The Waldenses, American Scenery, Romance of Nature; Spirit of the Woods.
Our Wild Flowers; Flora's Gems.
The Poets of America, illustrated.
India Scenery, the Himalay Mountains.
The Gift, the Token, and the Literary Souvenir, for 1840.
Blackwood, Bentley, Metropolitan, Edinburgh Quarterly, Knickerbocker, Museum, Lady's Book, and Lady's Companion, &c. &c.

AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER AND LITERARY COMPANION.

BY L. G. HOFFMAN.]

ALBANY, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1839.

[VOL. I.—NO. 7.]

MISCELLANY.

HOW TO MAKE A YOUNG WIFE OF AN OLD MAID.

The following true story might perhaps furnish matter for a little comedy, if comedies were still written in England. It is generally the case that the more beautiful and the richer a young female is, the more difficult are both her parents and herself in the choice of a husband, and the more offers they refuse. The one is too tall the other too short, this not wealthy, that not respectable enough. Meanwhile one spring passes after another, and year after year carries away leaf after leaf of the bloom of youth, and opportunity after opportunity. Miss Harriet Selwood was the richest heiress in her native town; but she had already completed her twenty-seventh year, and beheld almost all her young friends united to men whom she had at one time or other discarded. Harriet began to be set down for an old maid. Her parents became really uneasy, and she herself lamented in private a position which is not a natural one, and to which those to whom nature and fortune have been niggardly of their gifts are obliged to submit; but Harriet as we have said, was both handsome and very rich. Such was the state of things when her uncle a wealthy merchant in the north of England, came on a visit to her parents. He was a jovial, lively, straight-forward man, accustomed to attack all difficulties boldly and coolly. "You see," said her father to him one day, "Harriet continues single. The girl is handsome; what she is to have for her fortune, you know: even in this scandal-loving town, not a creature can breathe the slightest imputation against her; and yet she is getting to be an old maid."

"True," replied the uncle; "but, look you, brother, the grand point in every affair in this world is to seize the right moment: this you have not done—it is a misfortune; but let the girl go along with me, and before the end of three months I will return her to you as the wife of a man as young and wealthy as herself." Away went the niece with the uncle. On the way home he thus addressed her:—"Mind what I am going to say. You are no longer Miss Selwood, but Mrs. Lumley, my niece, a young, wealthy, childless widow; you had the misfortune to lose your husband, Colonel Lumley, after a happy union of a quarter of a year, by a fall from his horse while hunting." "But, uncle—" "Let me manage, if you please, Mrs. Lumley. Your father has invested me with full powers. Here look you, is the wedding ring given you by your late husband. Jewels, and whatever else you need, your aunt will supply you with; and accustom yourself to cast down your eyes." The keen witted uncle introduced his niece every where, and the young widow excited a great sensation. The gentleman thronged about her, and she soon had her choice out of twenty suitors. Her uncle advised her to take the one who was deepest in love with her, and a rare chance decreed that this should be precisely the most amiable and opulent. The match was soon concluded, and one day the uncle desired to say a few words to his future nephew in private. "My dear, sir," he began, "we have told you an untruth." "How so? Are Mrs. Lumley's affections—" "Nothing of the kind. My niece is sincerely attached to you." "Then, her fortune, I suppose, is not equal to what you told me?" "On the contrary it, is larger." "Well, what is the matter then?" "A

joke, an innocent joke which came into my head one day when I was in good humour,—we could not well recall it afterward. My niece is not a widow." "What! is Colonel Lumley living?" "No, no—she is a spinster." The lover protested that he was a happier fellow than he had conceived himself; and the old maid was forthwith metamorphosed into a young wife."

JUST REPROOF.

A woodman having been subpoenaed as a witness in a cause, pertinaciously insisted on some point which it was the object of counsel to get over; the poor woodman answered every beguiling question by a plain repetition of the fact which he had at first stated. He was allowed to stand aside, and happy was he of this partial respite. His temporary quiescence was, however soon broken in upon, by the leading barrister, in a cross examination, darting his fierce innuendo. "You, sir, with the leather jacket, how much have you been paid for swearing in this cause?" The reply was tart and true, and redounded to the credit of our hero. "If you were no better paid for bawling and squalling than I am for swearing, you'd wear a leather jacket too." The legal luminary was silenced.

DUEL FOR THE HONOUR OF ABERDEEN BUTTER.

Sir Walter Scott has alluded to the laird of Culrossie "who fought a duel for the honour of Aberdeen butter" (Crocker's Boswell, vol. iii. p. 38). Would that he had told the story! It goes that an English gentleman supping in a Glasgow coffee-room, ordered the waiter to remove the butter on the table and bring him better. The servant replied that his master had no better, for that was Aberdeen butter; and the Englishman was proceeding to growl in very audible terms at Scotch butter in general, and particularly Aberdeen butter, when a gentleman from a neighbouring box addressed him with "That's nae true; Aberdeen butter is as gude butter as e'er gaed down your ha'se!" The consequences may be imagined; a challenge was promptly given and as promptly accepted, and the parties met. In the combat, which was with small-swords, Culrossie was worsted; but after thanking his adversary for his fe, he added, "I'll say yet, that better butter than Aberdeen butter ne'er gaed down a Southron's thrapple *Book Bon Accord*."

A HINT TO TEA DRINKERS.

The invaluable beverage, tea, sometimes produces injurious effects, more particularly green tea; and this arises from its containing a considerable quantity of free gallic acid. The fact may be rendered evident by adding to an infusion of the leaves a few drops of a solution of green copperas, which will turn the liquid black. This acid is a powerful astringent, and in peculiar habits is productive of much inconvenience. To prevent any evil effects, a few grains of carbonate of soda, mixed with the tea, will be found an infallible specific. The acid and alkali by their union form a neutral salt of mild but effective virtues. The quantity of acid contained in tea may be fairly estimated by noticing the effervescence which occurs when carbonate of soda is added to the infusion. The deep colour of the latter is greatly increased by the alkali, and taste is not only uninjured by it, but some think actually improved.

BRUMMELIANA.

The celebrated Beau Brummel was the subject of a

short paper in a former Journal. To the memorabilia of him, there recorded, the following, from a publication of past date, entitled the Literary Pocket Book form an appropriate addition:—

Having taken it into his head, at one time, to eat no vegetables, and being asked by a lady if he had never eaten any in his life, "Yes, madam; I once ate a pea."

Being met limping in Bond street, and asked what was the matter, he said he had hurt his leg, and "the worst of it was, it was his favorite leg."

Somebody inquiring where he was going to dine next day, was told that he really did not now: "they put me in a coach and take me somewhere."

He pronounced of a fashionable tailor that he made a good coat, an exceedingly good coat, all but the collar: nobody could achieve, a good collar, but Jenkins.

Having borrowed some money of a city beau, whom he patronised in return, he was one day asked to repay it; upon which he thus complained to a friend: "Do you know what has happened?" "No." "Why, do you know, there's that fellow Tompkins, who lent me five hundred pounds; he has had the face to ask me for it; and yet I had called the dog 'Tom,' and let myself dine with him."

"You have a cold, Mr. Brummel," observed a sympathising group. "Why, do you know," said he, "that on the Brighton road, the other day, that infidel Weston (his valet) put me in a room with a damp stranger."

Being asked if he liked port, he said, with an air of difficult recollection, "port? port!—Oh, port!—Oh, ay; what, the hot intoxicating liquor so much drunk by the lower orders?"

Going to a rout, where he had not been invited, or rather, perhaps, where the host wished to mortify him and attempted it, he turned placidly round to him, and with a happy mixture of indifference and surprise, asked him his name. "Johnson," was the answer. "Jaulson," said Brummel, recollecting, and pretending to feel for a card; "Oh, the name, I remember, was Thauson (Thompson); and Jaunson and Thompson; you know, Jaunson and Thauson, are really so much the same kind of thing!"

A beggar petitioned him for charity, even if it was only a farthing: "Fellow," said Mr. Brummel, softening the disdain of the appellation in the gentleness of his tone, "I don't know the coin."

Having thought himself invited to somebody's country seat, and being given to understand, after one night's lodging, that he was in error, he told an unconscious friend in town, who asked him what sort of a place it was, that it was an "exceedingly good place for stopping one night in."

Speaking lightly of a man, and wishing to convey his maximum of contemptuous feeling about him, he said, "He is a fellow, now, that would send his plate up twice for soup."

It being supposed that he once failed in a matrimonial speculation, somebody consoled with him; upon which he smiled, with an air of better knowledge on that point, and said, with a sort of indifferent feel of his neckcloth. "Why, sir, the truth is, I had great reluctance in cutting the connection; but what could I do (Here he looked deploring and conclusive.) Sir, I discovered that the wretch, positively did eat cabbage."

On being asked by a friend during an unreasonable

summer, if he had ever seen such a one? "Yes," replied Brummel, "last winter."

On a reference being made to him as to what sum would be sufficient to meet the annual expenditure for clothes, he said, "That with a moderate degree of prudence and economy, he thought it might be managed for eight hundred per annum."

He told a friend that he was reforming his way of life. "For instance," said he, "I sup early; I take a-a-little lobster, an apricot puff, or so, and some burnt champagne, about twelve; and my man gets me to bed by three."

From the Edinburgh Journal.

THE MAIDEN AN ANCIENT INSTRUMENT OF EXECUTION.

A favourite theme of gossips, stories in Scotland is *the Maiden*, an instrument of execution very nearly resembling the modern French guillotine, which was in considerable practice during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, especially for the punishment of state offenders. The common tale is, that the Earl of Morton, so eminent as a statesman during the reign of Mary, who ultimately came to be Regent of Scotland, introduced this instrument from abroad, and was himself—so willed the fates—the first to suffer by it. It does not seem to have been used since the Revolution: when Pennant visited our northern clime in 1772, he found a specimen of the implement, being probably that which had been used in Edinburgh, laid aside as a piece of lumber in a room under the Parliament House. The axe connected with another has long been kept in the town's armoury of Aberdeen. About twenty-five years ago, the machine kept underneath the Parliament House, was obtained by the Scottish Antiquarian Society, and placed by them in their hall, or museum, where it still exists, and is open every day to public inspection.

This remarkable engine of death—in all probability the very same which dispatched Morton and many not less eminent men—is a huge ungainly piece of timber work, about ten feet high, blackened over, and altogether such a thing in look and bearing, as any one would at a glance presume, to have had a terrible history. Two upright beams, about twelve inches apart, connected at the top and bottom, by cross pieces, form a grooved channel for the rising and falling of the axe—a deep blade, loaded with a vast weight of lead. At 4 feet from the ground, is another cross bar, covered deeply with leather, on which the culprit laid his head. A moveable piece, coming down above, enclosed and fixed the neck till the axe had done its duty. The rope used for pulling up and sustaining the axe, was fastened to a trigger placed upon a sloping beam which supports the upright grooved frame, like hypotenuse of a triangle. On the trigger being moved, the rope of course gave way, and the axe, descending with a force derived from its weight, and the space traversed (about six feet), sheared through the interposed neck, and only stopped on the leather-covered cross bar—the head falling into a basket behind, the hook for suspending which is still fixed in the Wood. The body of the criminal is supposed to have been laid along upon a bench or table, the end of which was brought against the two upright beams, at about the same height with the bar for the neck. Of this bench no part has been preserved. It is also to be remarked that one of the upright beams, having been found greatly decayed was replaced by another of fresh timber, at the expense of the Society. The upright and sloping beams are fixed on a lying framework, necessary for giving stability to the instrument.

It will be observed from this description that the celebrated invention of Dr. Guillotin is in some respects an improvement upon the Scottish Maiden. The axe in that case, is arrested by no cross beam, but, after sheering through the neck, descends several feet lower. Its lip is also oblique, in order that it may have a surer effect in cutting through what is opposed to its descent. Finally, in connection with the frame-work for the axe, there is a moveable board, on which the culprit is bound upright, which is then folded down and pushed forward the forward movement being that which loosens the axe, so that the whole operation is conducted with the greatest possible dispatch and certainty. Hence it is that the average duration of a French execution, from the arrival of the criminal on the scaffold, to his being a headless corpse, is from one minute and a half to two minutes.

Notwithstanding the confidence with which tradition speaks of the introduction of the Maiden into Scotland, the early history of our employment of the instrument must be considered as obscure. Beheading with a sword was a common mode of punishment in the middle ages. It prevailed in Scotland, as well as in other European countries. For example, the gallant Sir John Gordon, who suffered at Aberdeen in 1562 for rebellion, was beheaded with a sword, and cruelly mangled, we are told, by an unskilful executioner. As this was an operation which necessarily depended much on the skill and strength of the man employed in it, we cannot wonder that ingenuity was set to work in various places, to effect decollation with mechanical accuracy. We have heard of such mechanical contrivances being in use both in Italy and Germany. At Halifax in Yorkshire, from an early period, an instrument exactly like the Scottish Maiden was used, being the only thing of the kind ever employed, as far as we are aware, in England. Whether it was set up there, by Earl Warren, son-in-law of the Conqueror, to punish trespassers on his forest of Hardwick, or in the reign of Henry VII., to repress the depredations suffered by the cloth-tenters who then began to flourish in Halifax, is unsettled by antiquaries; perhaps neither surmise is true. The instrument, however, would appear to have been designed from an early age for a peculiar terror to evil-doers in that district; and the promptitude with which it was put into action became proverbial. By a quaint regulation highly characteristic of our ancestors, when a cow or a horse was the piece of property stolen, the animal was caused by means of a rope to pull the trigger, and thus become the proximate executioner of justice upon the offender. By records it is ascertained that twenty-five persons suffered by the Maiden at Halifax in the reign of Elizabeth, and at least twelve between 1623 and 1650 after which it became disused. Pennant, in 1772, saw, at the end of the town, the stone-built platform, about four feet high and thirteen broad, on which the instrument used to do its deadly work.

According to the History of the House of Douglas, the author of which lived in Scotland at the time when Morton suffered, that nobleman had caused the Maiden to be made "after the pattern which he had seen in Halifax in Yorkshire. The author says nothing which can countenance the now existing story as to Morton having been the first to suffer by the instrument in Scotland. In a manuscript work of inferior authority, entitled "Divine Providence," written in the reign of Charles the II., by a clergyman named Fraser, and which is preserved in the Advocates' Library, it is stated that Morton took the pattern of the instrument from one which he saw in Italy during his travels in early life; and it is added, that from his being the first to suffer by the machine, a popular and not very delicate remark was made, which gave rise to the appellation by which the instrument came to be distinguished. It is also worthy of notice, that Kelly introduces it into his collection of proverbs. "He that invented the Maiden, first hanged himself." That Morton did introduce the Maiden, is to be considered as likely, since we have the respectable authority of Hume of Godscroft on that point; but that he was not the first to suffer by it, has lately been rendered certain by a paper read before the Scottish Antiquarian Society by the Rev. Dr. Lee, one of the ministers of Edinburgh. In this paper the following excerpt is given from the books of the treasurer of the city of Edinburgh, where it appears under date of April 3, 1566. "For beiring dailis and puncheons fra the Blackfreris to the Croce with the Gibbet and *Madin*, and awaiting thereon, the day when Thomas Scot was justefeit, vij sh. To Andro Gotterson, smyth, for grynding of the *Madin*, v sh." Now, though Morton was one of the most guilty parties in the murder of Rizzio, for which the comparatively humble Thomas Scot was "justefeit," this event was fifteen years antecedent to the death of the Regent. In the ensuing August, Andro Gotterson gets five shillings "for grynding of the Widow." Are we to suppose that the Maiden and the Widow were at this time employed as convertible terms for the same instrument? It is shrewdly remarked in a clever book just published, that, the story of Morton's being the first to suffer by the Maiden, is "just such an exaggeration as the popular voice most affects. Thus to the fact that Deacon Brodie suffered by his own improved drop, common fame has added the embellishment that he was the first to prove its efficiency. And thus Dr.

Joseph Ignace Guillotin died quietly in his bed, on the 26th of May, 1814, aged three score and seven years, long after it was universally reported and believed that he had perished by the machine which has given to his name an immortality of infamy."

The Earl of Gowrie in 1584 (father of the celebrated conspirator) seems to have been the only man of distinction who suffered by the Maiden between the period of Morton's death and the time of the Civil War. Hanging and burning were the favorite modes of executions during the intermediate age. The instrument appears to have been again brought into use in 1646, when the Scotch Parliament found an opportunity of wreaking their vengeance upon Sir Robert Spotswood, the distinguished Royalist, who had been taken prisoner at the battle of Philliphaugh. Sir Robert had come to Scotland with a commission from Charles I as secretary of state: it could not be alleged against him that he had born arms among the Royalists, unless, as he said, his walking-cane could be so designated. In fact, his only crime was that of being son to the late Archbishop of St Andrews. Nevertheless the Estate determined that he should suffer. They were at that time sitting at St. Andrews, on account of the plague which raged in Edinburgh, and they determined to have their iniquitous sentence carried into execution in that town, from an idea that the seat of his father's aggrandisement was an appropriate scene for the degradation of their victim. They accordingly issued the following warrant to have the Maiden brought to St. Andrews from Dundee, in which town, for some reason unknown, it happened to be at that time.

"Decimo sexto Januarii, 1649—38 die Parl, at St. Andrews.—The Estates of Parliament give hereby warrant to transport the Maiden from Dundee to St. Andrews, and ordains the Magistrates of Dundee to deliver the Maiden to sic as sal be sent from the town of St. Andrews for transporting thereof. Quharanent thir present sal be ane warrant."

It was accordingly used for the execution of this venerable gentlemen—one of those rash and vindictive proceedings which were only expiated in the succeeding reign by the oppressions and persecutions to which the Scottish Presbyterians were in their turn subjected by the Royalists. Two or three other prisoners taken at Philliphaugh were executed by the Maiden.

The next personage who fell a sacrifice to it was the Marquis of Huntly, in 1649. About this period, and for some years later, it was used to execute almost all kinds of criminals. We have observed from a manuscript abridgment of the Books of Justiciary child-murder were executed by it. Perhaps it was as a peculiar ignominious distinction that the Marquis of Montrose, in 1650, was hanged. A return to the disgrace of the rope, in his case, might be looked upon as not the least severe part of a punishment intended to comprehend every possible indignity.

After the Restoration, if less actively employed, the Maiden was still continued in use. It was brought into play at the execution of the Marquis of Argyll, in 1661, as also that of his son the Earl in 1665; the latter, in kneeling to submit his neck to the axe, embraced the instrument in his arms, and said it was the sweetest maiden he had ever kissed. After this time, there occurs no notice of its ever having been again employed.

GRIMALDI AND HIS WIFE—A CASE OF POISONING.

I cannot refrain from telling a story, which I know to be true, of the oldest Grimaldi, the first of the race. Grimaldi and his wife were occasionally in the habit of quarrelling. At length their feuds assumed a very serious aspect: and after communing together upon their most miserable state of "incompatibility of temper," they resolved to destroy themselves, as the only means of relieving themselves from their most miserable condition. In accordance with this most extraordinary resolution, Mr. Grimaldi proceeded to an apothecary's shop in the neighbourhood, and asked for an ounce of arsenic "to poison de rats." The "culler of simples" obsequiously bowed, and delivered to the devoted Grimaldi the dose that he trusted would emancipate him from all worldly ills. Firm to their purpose, the illustrious Punch and Judy swallowed in tumblers of water, each a moiety of the deadly "drink," and then embracing, retired, one to their hymeneal bed in the bed-room, and the other to a sofa in the sitting room—both rooms communicating—the door

between them being left open. The pair of suicides lay down, tears filling their eyes; a long and solemn pause ensued—no sound of groans, no sigh of anguish was heard—all was still as night. At last wearied out with expectation, Grimaldi raised his head from the pillow, and in the deepest possible tone of voice cried out, "Mrs. Grimaldi are you dead, my love?" Upon which Mrs. Grimaldi, in the highest possible squeak, replied, "No, Mr. Grimaldi." The rejoinder sounded something like "Dom:" what it meant, the imagination of the delicate reader may supply. At the end of another half hour, it became Mrs. Grimaldi's turn to be anxious as to the success of the potion, and she hearing nothing in the next room, raised herself in the bed and said in her squeak, "Mr. Grimaldi, my dear, are you dead?" To which the gruff reply was, "No, Mrs. Grimaldi." And for two hours these questions and answers went on periodically, till at last, the lady's turn coming again, she repeated the inquiry in a somewhat more excited and exalted tone, and almost screamed out Mr. Grimaldi, my love, are you *not* dead?" No, my dear," said Grimaldi, "I am not; nor do I think I can die to-night, unless it be of starvation, Mrs. Grimaldi; get up out of bed and see for some supper, for I am very hungry." So ended this fatal performance; the apothecary, who had heard of the perpetual bickerings of Punch and Jumpy in their menage, having prudentially given him a small parcel of magnesia, which the unhappy pair had divided between them.—*New Monthly Magazine.*

THE WALTZING BEAR

In the end of the year 1837, a scene took place at Czerny in Bohemia, which might be remembered with advantage at this particular period in Britain, where there is a growing passion for the exhibition of wild beast on public stages. A Bohemian manager of a theatre, having heard of the immense success attending representations where real dogs, elephants, monkeys, &c. were introduced, bethought himself of trying to turn a bear to account in his own dramatic temple. Accordingly, he got his literary assistant to compose a little melodrama, in which all was made subservient to the operations of a trained bear, which the manager had got hold of. The plot ran thus:—A dethroned king having fled to the mountains, fell in with a bear that had been wounded by the hunters. Androcles-like, the monarch relieved the bear of its pain, and thus acquired its warmest gratitude. The feats of agility performed by the bear, several dances by him and by savages, or rather peasants, with a due allowance of thunder and particoloured flames, formed the leading attractions of the piece. It was beyond measure successful. Every body admired the docility of Bruin, his agility in climbing, and his grace in a closing waltz with a young peasant girl. After a run of several nights, however, the bear seemed on one evening disinclined to his work. The star of the night—Ursa Major—appeared desirous to withdraw its light. But by dint of energetic remonstrances at the side-scene, he was got to move on till the appointed time for the waltz. He stood up with his fair partner, and began to advance and retreat very elegantly. The audience were in raptures. They stood up on the seats to see more perfectly. All at once a shriek burst from the stage. All who were upon it fled, and the first to be off was the partner of the bear. The spectators were not alarmed at first at this, thinking it a part of the usual performance; but they speedily saw their error when the bear turned round and moved forward to the front of the stage, with the muzzle, which formed the wonted protection against his freaks, hanging loose from his neck! Off went the musicians in one instant; and off the shrieking audience tried to go also. The crush was terrible. Many were trampled down and seriously hurt. At length all the lower part of the theatre was cleared without any injury inflicted by Bruin, who continued, meanwhile, to the unspeakable horror of those who were hindmost in the crush, to cross from the stage to the pit benches. There he lay quietly down to sleep, and there he was quietly muzzled sometime afterwards by his keepers.

On account of the alarm and the contusions received on this occasion, the authorities interfered, and the Great Bear never starred it again in the theatre of Czerny.—*French Newspaper.*

HEROISM OF A PEASANT.

The following generous action has always struck me extremely; there is somewhat even of sublime in it.

A great inundation having taken place in the north of Italy, owing to an excessive fall of snow in the Alps, followed by a speedy thaw, the river Adige carried off a bridge near Verona, except the middle part, on which was the house of the toll-gatherer, or porter, I forget which; and who, with his whole family, thus remained imprisoned by the waves, and in momentary danger of destruction. They were discovered from the banks, stretching forth their hands, screaming and imploring succour, while fragments of this remaining arch were continually dropping into the water. In this extreme danger, a nobleman, who was present, a Count of Pulverini, held out a purse of one hundred sequins, as a reward to any adventurer who would take a boat and deliver this unhappy family. But the risk was so great of being borne down by the rapidity of the stream, or being dashed against the fragment of the bridge, or of being crushed by the falling stones, that not one, in the vast number of spectators, had courage enough to attempt such an exploit. A peasant, passing along, was informed of the proposed reward. Immediately jumped into a boat, he by strength of oars gained the middle of the river, brought his boat under the pile, and the whole family safely descended by means of a rope. "Courage!" cried he, "now you are safe." By a still more strenuous effort, and great strength of arm, he brought the boat and family to shore. "Brave fellow," exclaimed the count, handing the purse to him, "here is the promised recompense." "I shall never expose my life for money," answered the peasant.—"My labour is a sufficient livelihood for myself, my wife, and children. Give the purse to this poor family, who have lost all."

A Dutiful Son.—A jockey in this town, wishing to make an advantageous display of a horse that he was desirous of selling to a bystander, placed his boy upon the beast, ordering him to ride him around a short distance. The boy, though well instructed in his trade, unfortunately, in this instance, knew not whether the horse was already his father's or yet to be bargained for—being anxious, therefore, to learn the will of his father, he stopped after riding a short distance and inquired with a loud voice, "Father, shall I ride this horse to buy or sell?"

CHARACTER.

LORD EXMOUTH.

ADMIRAL LORD EXMOUTH (formerly Mr. Pellew) was noted in boyhood for an extraordinary degree of daring and spirit. "While he was a midshipman in the *Blonde*," says Mr. Osler in his life of the Admiral, "he did the ship's duty with a smartness which none of them could equal; and as every one takes pleasure where he excels, he had soon become a thorough seaman. At the same time, the buoyancy of youth, and a naturally playful disposition, led him continually into feats of more than common daring. In the spring of 1775, General Burgoyne took his passage to America in the *Blonde*, and when he came alongside the yards were manned to receive him. Looking up, he was surprised to see a midshipman on the yard arm standing on his head. Captain Pownoll, who was at his side, soon quieted his apprehensions by assuring him it was only one of the usual frolics of young Pellew, and that the General might make himself quite at ease for his safety, for that if he should fall he would only go under the ship's bottom and come up on the other side. What on this occasion was probably spoken but in jest, was afterwards more than realized; for he actually sprang from the foreyard of the *Blonde*, while she was going fast through the water, and saved a man who had fallen overboard. Captain Pownoll reproached him for his rashness, but he shed tears when he spoke of it to the officers, and declared that Pellew was a noble fellow."

The number of human beings, whom he saved from death, by his personal exertions in the course of his long career, is said to have been very great. Perhaps the most notable of all his actions of this order was the following:—"On the 26th of January 1796, when the *Indefatigable* was lying in Hamoaze, after having been docked, the *Dutton*, a large East Indian, employed in the transport service, on her way to the West Indies, with part of the 2d or Queen's regiment, was driven into Plymouth by stress of weather. She had been out seven weeks, and had many sick on board. The gale increasing in the afternoon, it was determined to run,

for greater safety, to Catwater; but the buoy at the extremity of the reef off Mount Batten having broke a drift, of which the pilots were not aware, she touched on the shoal and carried away her rudder. Thus rendered unmanageable, she fell off, and grounded under the citadel where, beating round she lay rolling heavily with her broadside to the waves. At the second roll, she threw all her masts overboard together.

Sir Edward (he had then been knighted) and Lady Pellew, were engaged to dine on that day with Dr. Hawker, the excellent vicar of Charles, who had become acquainted with Mr. Pellew when they were serving together at Plymouth as surgeons to the marines, and continued through life the intimate and valued friend of all the brothers. Sir Edward noticed the crowds running to the Hoe, and, having learned the cause, he sprang out of the carriage, and ran off with the rest. Arrived at the beach, he saw at once that the loss of nearly all on board, between five and six hundred was inevitable, without some one to direct them. The principal officers of the ship had abandoned their charge, and got on shore, just as he arrived on the beach. Having urged them, but without success, to return to their duty, and vainly offered rewards to pilots and others belonging to the port, to board the wreck, for all thought it too hazardous to be attempted, he exclaimed, "then I will go myself." A single rope, by which the officers and a few others had landed, formed the only communication with the ship, and by this he was hauled on board through the surf. The danger was greatly increased by the wreck of the masts, which had fallen towards the shore; and he received an injury on the back, which confined him to his bed for a week, in consequence of being dragged under the mainmast. But disregarding this at the time, he reached the deck, declared himself, and assumed the command. He assured the people that every one would be saved, if they quietly obeyed his orders; that he would himself be the last to quit the wreck; but that he would run any one through who disobeyed him. His well known name, with the calmness and energy he displayed, gave confidence to the despairing multitude. He was received with three hearty cheers, which were echoed by the multitude on shore; and his promptitude at resource soon enabled him to find and apply the means by which all might be safely landed. His officers in the meantime, though not knowing that he was on board, were exerting themselves to bring assistance from the *Indefatigable*, Mr. Pellew, first lieutenant, left the ship in the barge, and Mr. Thomson, acting master, in the launch; but the boats could not be brought alongside the wreck, and were obliged to run for the Barbican. A small boat, belonging to a merchant vessel, was more fortunate. Mr. Esdell, signal midshipman to the port admiral, and Mr. Coghlan, mate of the vessel, succeeded, at the risk of their lives, in bringing her alongside. The ends of two additional hawsers were got on shore, & Sir Edward contrived cradles to be slung upon them, with travelling ropes to pass forward and backward between the ship and the beach. Each hawser was held on shore by a number of men, who watched the rolling of the wreck, and kept the ropes tight and steady. Meantime a cutter had with great difficulty worked out of Plymouth Pool, and two large boats arrived from the dock-yard, under the direction of Mr. Hemmings, the master-attendant, by whose caution and judgment they were enabled to approach the wreck, and receive the more helpless of the passengers, who were carried to the cutter. Sir Edward, with his sword drawn, directed the proceedings, and preserved order; a task the more difficult as the soldiers had got at the spirits before he came on board, and many were drunk. The children, the women, and the sick, were the first landed. One of them was only three weeks old, and nothing in the whole transaction impressed Sir Edward more strongly than, the struggle of the mother's feelings before she would entrust her infant to his care, or afforded him more pleasure than the success of his attempt to save it. Next the soldiers were got on shore; then the ship's company; and, finally Sir Edward himself, who was one of the last to leave her. Every one was saved, and presently after the wreck went to pieces.

Nothing could equal the lustre of such an action, except the modesty of him who was the hero of it. He would have assigned the whole praise to others in his report of this deed. But the truth was known, and the freedom of the town of Plymouth, and a service of plate from the Liverpool merchants, were voted to him in acknowledgment of the act.

POPULAR TALES.

For the American Masonic Register and Literary Companion.
A TALE OF SLANDER.

BY A YOUNG LADY.

There is perhaps no vice so much tolerated in society at the same time so deleterious in its effect as evil speaking. It is confined to no class of community; the high, the low, the rich, the poor, the old and young are alike its victims.

'Good morning,' Mrs. Adams, I hope you will excuse my troubling you so early, I have called to enquire concerning Mary Munson, she informs me that she has been living with you the last three months, and if you can give her a character, I shall be glad to take her into my employ.

'Why, as to character, I suppose she is well enough, but she is a perfect drone, and there is no keeping one's patience when she is about the house, besides she is so untidy that I was obliged to dismiss her. I felt sorry for the child, and bore with her as long as I could; but she is a very artful girl and one consideration that weighed more especially, with me, was a certain turn of mind that I have recently discovered in her that does not promise very fair. You know Mary is rather pretty, and the truth is I did not choose to expose my son, who is but two years older than herself, to her fascinating lures, you know Mrs. Smith, it becomes a mother to be prudent.'

'It does indeed; but really I am shocked, that one so young and lovely in appearance, should indicate a disposition so far from amiable; for certainly I felt quite an interest in the child. She does not appear to be more than 16 years of age. "I am sorry that any thing I have said, should diminish your interest in her, and wish I could recall it; but I should not like to be deceived myself, and to tell the truth, I much feared her influence on my Caroline, for, although I should not permit Caroline to associate with a servant, yet she was necessarily thrown frequently into her presence, and the unhappy effect was already obvious. For myself, although it was very painful to my feelings, and an entire violation of the sympathies of my nature, I feel that in the removal of that girl from my family, a heavy load is removed from my spirit. It is true, since she left I have missed several articles of value from the house, but I do not accuse her, and yet I know of no other person who could have taken them."

"O well, it is most fortunate, that I called on you, for I had thought seriously of receiving her into my family as a companion, for Louisa; but if there are such dark traits in her character, it will never do."

"Oh, now Mrs. Smith, do not let any thing that I have said, hinder your generosity. It is true these things look dark, and I have not told you half, but you might reform her perhaps."

"Ah there is little hope of that; when one so young indicates that vice is germinating in her bosom, the chance of reform is very small. No, I must not permit my sympathy to warp my judgment; and yet her poor mother, I feel for her."

"Her mother's case is indeed pitiable, but still I am told she has brought her affliction upon herself, by her pride, and imprudence: though even that, should not close our hearts to pity, yet one feels more free to exercise charity when the object is worthy. But pray Mrs. Smith how come you to know any thing of Mary?"

"I have heard her spoken of with interest by both my son, and daughter; and she called on me last week to obtain a situation as domestic."

"Is it possible! Ah! I understand it now; your son George noticed her when here, and now she wishes to place herself in his way. Take my word for it Mrs. Smith, Mary Munson is a dangerous girl to adopt into your family. I know your generous heart, would be too easily duped by that artful girl, but I have said enough to put you on your guard, if you have the interest of your children, especially your son, at heart."

The persons we have thus unceremoniously introduced to our readers, were as opposite in their disposition, as will be imagined. The one a widow, generous to a fault but weak, and unsuspecting. Her family consisted of herself, a son at the age of twenty years, and a daughter of 16. The other lady was an artful designing woman whose husband followed the sea. She as has

already been intimated, had a son aged 18, and a daughter, 17 years older. But who was Mary Munson. She was a distant relative of Mrs. A——, and indeed a child of sorrow. Her father, though once respectable had quaffed from the inebriating cup and sank into an abyss, shame and misery, and his amiable and lovely daughter, were now reaping the fruits of his departure from the paths of virtue.

Mary besides all her other misfortunes, was the victim of detraction and envy. She had at first (as a very great favour) been received into the family of Mrs. Adams, in the capacity of seamstress, and by this means she became acquainted with many who frequented Mrs. A——'s house; and among others, Mr. George Smith the son of the lady first introduced.—This young gentleman called at first from mere etiquette to see Mrs. Adams, but attracted by the superior charms of Mary had become a frequent visitor; a circumstance of no little importance to an ambitious, and designing mother. And when she first saw his partiality to her she took measures to prevent their farther intercourse, and accordingly degraded her to the capacity of a common servant, and subsequently discharged her entirely. Mary had learned that Mrs. Smith was in need of help and applied for a situation; but was entirely ignorant of the relation existing between that lady, and George.

"My dear hand me a glass of water, I feel as if the struggle will soon be over. I soon shall be where I shall no more say, I thirst, and you my daughter will be an orphan indeed, but I feel assured that you will find friends. He that feeds the ravens, and clothes the lilies will feed and clothe my poor deserted child, yes, deserted by him who should have been my stay, and thine."

"These words were uttered by an emaciated female who was struggling with the King of Terrors, on a bed of straw, in a lowly cabin. It was evidently the abode of poverty, and yet neatness pervaded the whole apartment. The dying female was Mary's mother, and Mary was her nurse. The damp of death was standing on her brow."

"Mary, she exclaimed, I shall not see your father but he will doubtless return, before the grave shall cover my poor body. Yes he will have sober moments ere that, and then, my daughter promise to deliver to him my dying message."

"Tell him continued she, it is my last and dying request, that he will return to the paths of virtue; in treat him for my sake, for the love of our early years, those years unstained by crime and sorrow, to renounce his present course, and cast from him forever the cup of death; and Oh! Mary, strive yourself to win him back, to integrity. I know full well, your youthful hopes have all been blighted by his folly, and crime.—I know, that through his maddening course you have not only been doomed to a life of bitter poverty, but also to the contumely and reproach of those who are your superiors only in fortune. I know too my dear child, that should you leave this place, which has been the scene of so many trials to you, and seek a home where your father's degradation is unknown, your education is sufficient to secure you a comfortable living, and to introduce you into a respectable circle of friends; but, deem not your mother cruel, if she advises you, nay urges you not to take such a course. There is a nobler object before you, my daughter, the object of reclaiming your unhappy father. Mary, I feel as if commissioned by high Heaven to enjoin upon you this duty. The world may deride you; but you will have the approval of your Almighty Friend, and your own conscience, which will far outweigh their censure or their praise. Besides, the truly great of earth, will appreciate your motives, and befriend you."

Such was the dying charge of Mary's mother, and she soon after closed her eyes forever on things of earth.

Two days had already elapsed, and through the kindness of neighbors, the corpse was decently committed to the tomb; but the miserable father had not yet returned to his wretched home. Mary was musing alone, on her hapless situation; she thought of the days when prosperity smiled upon them, and when she was the pride and joy of a virtuous father, and a fond mother. But Oh how changed the scene! The dearest object her young affections had ever known, was sleeping in the charnel house of death, and her only remaining earthly stay, was the wandering victim of intemperance, and yet, that being so degraded was still dear to her; he was her father! and the tie had been

rendered more sacred, by the dying charge of the departed. Her bosom was truly desolate; and in the deep loneliness of her sorrow, she opened her mother's well worn bible as if by Providential guidance, a sweet assurance met her eye. "When my father and mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up." She clasped the sacred volume to her heart, and bowed in humble adoration, and childlike confidence at a Saviour's feet. She felt that she could rely on such a Friend; that though the world was cold and comfortless, yet, leaning on such an arm she could meet its chilling blasts undaunted. In the midst of these reflections, the unsteady step of her wretched parent fell upon her ear. But partially recovered from the effects of his late indulgence, and unapprized of the death of his companion, he enquired with an oath for her mother, this was agony to the heart of the bereaved child, and it was long ere she could reply; but lifting her heart in silent supplication to Him who reads every thought, she was enabled to soothe by kindness the warring passions of his soul, at the same time studiously concealing her mother's death; hoping for an opportunity when reason should be re-enthroned. The morrow dawned; but ere the sun had commenced his tour in the East, this worshipper, at Bacchus' shrine had gone forth to pay his devotions. It was now time for the poor girl to devise some means of subsistence, and with a dejected heart she went to seek employ. She recollected that Mrs. Smith had treated her kindly, and given her some encouragement when she called there to obtain a situation previous to her mother's death. She now resolved to seek her advice and patronage in an effort to raise a school in the neighborhood. Poor Mary! she was doomed to realize far more than she had anticipated of the heartlessness of the world. While she was engaged in the care of a sick and dying mother exerting all her youthful powers, and expending her health and strength in ministering to her wants, the cruel tongue of slander was busy in blighting her reputation.

When, conscious of having injured another with the hope of gaining some selfish end, the Heavenly monitor within utters its whispered rebuke, it is a dark, a cruel trait in the perpetrator, to seek justification, by adding to the calumnious list already invented, a history of every frailty which that deep research of malice can discover, and then to array the motives of action in just such a garb as suits an envious imagination.

Thus was it with Mrs. Adams. Conscience was faithful to its office, but self-love, and pride, its legitimate off-spring, were permitted to prevail. She knew the insinuations she had artfully thrown out concerning Mary, were false; and her own heart secretly acknowledged her excellency; yet, what had she said?—She had made no positive charge against her; and might it not actually be as she had said? True, she appeared amiable, and retiring; but she must be artful to have so fascinated the heart of young Smith, and after all she might be as bad as she had intimated. In this manner Mrs. A—— reasoned with herself till she succeeded in lulling conscience, and by repeating to her neighbors as opportunity offered her artfully wrought tale, she at length almost cheated herself into belief of its truth. To complete the work, Miss Adams was one afternoon shortly after Mrs. Munson's death, paying a visit to Miss Smith, and George, being present, the conversation turned on Mary. What had become of your friend Miss Munson Miss Adams? asked George. "Really! Mr. Smith," replied Miss Adams, "you have touched on a subject that is wounding to my heart; I have loved that girl too well to speak of her unmoved, though she has proved herself strangely unworthy of my friendship, and if you will spare me the painful task of explaining myself, I would prefer, for her sake, being silent." I do not wish to pain you, answered George, but if it would not be too lacerating to your feelings, I would beg you to proceed, as I have felt too much interested in that young lady, to hear such hints, without desiring some further elucidation concerning her real character. If Miss Adams' motives were not sufficiently strong before, she needed no farther inducement to the exercise of her calumnious artillery, than that now, offered by Mr. Smith's ingenuous confession of his interest for Mary. Instructed under such a mother, and herself possessing powers well adapted to her purpose, it was no difficult task for Caroline Adams to blast the reputation of one so unobtruding, and friendless as Mary; and she succeeded. Although she brought no positive charge a-

gainst her, she did that which was far more effectual, she threw out such insinuations as rendered her victim an object of dark suspicion, and distrust, and withal fixed upon her the stigma of *theft*. She said that after Mary left, she missed an elegant linen cambric handkerchief together with several smaller articles. Mrs. Smith started at this, exclaiming, "her guilt is then too manifest; for I noticed in her hand the day she called here, a beautiful handkerchief of that description, marked with your name, and supposed at the time, it had been a present. Caroline's countenance crimsoned at this last remark, and had she listened to the voice of conscience at that moment, she would have repaired the injury she had done: well she knew that if they were acquainted with the circumstances by which Mary came in possession of that handkerchief, it would change their sentiments toward her into those of unmingled admiration; she knew too it would fix upon herself those of the character of ingrate; notwithstanding, conscience prompted to an explanation; but she had gone too far to retract to her own credit, and the circumstance was just in time to criminate Mary, at least in the minds of Mrs. Smith and her children.—She had accompanied the recital with tears, and commiserated, and thus impressed George favorably concerning her own amiable and compassionate heart; and he began to suspect that in his too hasty admiration for Mary, he had permitted himself to overlook the true but less-imposing merits of Caroline, and he now resolved at least to cultivate such an acquaintance, with her as would develop to his mind her real worth.

But to return to Mary; several weeks had elapsed and she had only succeeded in obtaining a little needle work at a very trifling remuneration, scarce sufficient to provide necessary food. As yet, no opportunity had offered for her to converse seriously with her infatuated father, he came home but seldom, and then only to abuse with unkind words the child who ministered to his wants, and to help to consume without replenishing her scanty store of provision. Her mother's injunction was still fresh in her mind, but at times she felt almost discouraged, and then it would seem as if a gentle spirit was watching and nerving her to bear accumulated woes, assuring her victory should crown her efforts, and her bright reward should be a father rescued from ruin; and then she would toil on with patience. There were moments when her thoughts would recur to George Smith, and the kind attention she had received from him, while at Mrs. Adams'—Her innocent heart had truly received an impression, while enjoying his society, of the real nature of which it was itself unconscious; and she thought that if he knew her situation, he would surely devise some means for her relief; but a certain innate delicacy of feeling prevented her applying to him, even had she known where to find him. Little did she think it was from his mother that she had learned the bitterest lesson of the vanity of human dependence, and still less did she imagine that one she so much esteemed, regarded her, only with contempt and pity.

One day when perusing that dearest of all legacies, the bible, her attention was attracted by a confused noise, to the street; and what was her consternation, to discover her father, borne by four men on a litter, and the blood flowing profusely from his head which was bandaged. He had fallen from a height of several feet and struck his head upon a sharp stone. He was laid in a state of insensibility on his bed and the strictest charge given his distracted child, as she valued her father's life, to watch over him with the utmost quiet, and care. "I should not think she would value it much," said one of the heartless crowd assembled on the occasion. "No" said another, it would be better for her, and for community if he was in his grave." At another time words like these would have cut her to the heart; but now her mind was so much engrossed with anxiety for her father, to notice aught so heartless.

Come George, said Dr. Willard, ride about a mile with me, and I will disclose to you an angel in human form, ministering to the wants of wretched humanity; but to find aught so bright you will have to enter a lowly hovel, and perhaps it may be too humbling to you: pride. "I am proud Doctor, I confess," replied George, "but it flows in a different channel from what you intimate; and I will gladly avail myself of your in-

itation. But who is this angel of whom you speak?" "Her name is Miss Munson," said the Doctor, and she is sacrificing such loveliness as you seldom find in the halls of the great, to nurse and console a father whose recent years have been given entirely to intoxication. "Mary Munson," exclaimed George, "why she is an old friend of mine. The truth is Doctor, I was once half in love with her, but circumstances which I shall not now name, led me to break off the acquaintance, and as I am now engaged to another fair one, perhaps it will not be safe for me to trust myself in such fascinating society. However I think I have a safeguard, and will venture to see how the young enchantress will conduct herself." Enchantress you may call her if you please, said the Doctor, as they alighted, but hark; one moment; do you not hear that sweet tone. They listened and caught a few words. "But my dear father," said Mary, "you will live;" and will you not promise me to leave forever the intoxicating cup, and seek happiness in that which is worthy the deathless spirit; it was my dear mother's dying entreaty to you. Mary said the invalid, you have conquered, and by grace divine I promise. Now my dear kneel down and pray for your unworthy father. A solemn pause ensued; and our listeners waited in breathless attention, and presently the sweet strains of prayer, humble fervent, broke the solemn silence. It was such a prayer as George had never heard before.

There was a pathos, and holy fervor in her supplication, that would have moved an adamant heart; and such surely was not the heart of George.

"Let us enter" said the Doctor, taking the arm of his companion, and if ere we leave this lowly habitation, you are not sick of the heartless throng that crowd the halls of fashion, I will acknowledge myself entirely mistaken in your character. George, answered not, but suffered himself to be led in silence to the invalid's apartment.

"Welcome most heartily my ever kind friend," said the sick man to the Doctor, "you have come to share the joy of the returning prodigal. Through the instrumentality of that dear child, I have been led to cast myself at a Saviour's feet, and He has designed to forgive and love even me, the most unworthy, I feel that my stay on earth is brief, but I am not afraid to die. I fear not the King of terrors, Jesus has disarmed him of his sting, and am safe. I have but one source of regret, and that is, my poor Mary. The heart that has long been degraded to that of a brute, has just awakened to a sense of the precious treasure committed to its care, and of the wretched condition in which I must leave her. Alas! she will be the inheritor of all her father's degradation."

"Say not so my dearest father" exclaimed Mary.—To lose you at such a moment as this, a moment when I have found you all that my heart ever yearned for, is indeed affliction, anguish to my spirit, but I have learned to school my heart for earth's bitterest woes. Be comforted then my father, concerning me, the conflict will not be long; I expect soon to join you in that brighter world where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest. I would not my father, have your last hours clouded with gloomy fears for me. George's feelings had been nearly overcome by what he had just witnessed but unfortunately at this moment he saw the name of Caroline Adams on the handkerchief with which Mary wiped the death-damp from her father's brow, and he again shrank from her, as one too vile to share his sympathy. The next time the physician called, he found their dwelling desolate. The father had gone to his long home, and Mary had already left the scene of so many sorrows, and gone, he could not learn whither.

Months had elapsed since the scene above described and none of the inhabitants of her native town had sought after, or cared for the fate of the poor orphan. It was a chilly morning in November, when one of those benevolent people denominated Quakers, or more appropriately, *Friends*, was passing the grave yard.—His attention was attracted by a young youthful female form, thinly clad who appeared to be weeping over the last resting place of some dear departed one. He approached the spot, and learning her situation, (for it was Mary) without waiting to enquire her character offered her an asylum at his own home, so long as she should act worthy of his friendship.

In the mean time, the day appointed for George's

nuptials with Miss A——, had arrived and they were to be celebrated at a neighboring village. On their way thither, the horses took fright, and they were thrown from the carriage, and Miss Adams seriously injured. Fever ensued, and she was brought to the verge of the grave. In the near prospect of death, remorse constrained her to repair, as far as possible, the injury she had done to her humble friend. She called her affianced husband to her bedside, and confessed the vile artifice she had used to deprive Mary of his affections, and secure him to herself. She told him that Mary's character for integrity, was without blemish; and that, could she see him united to her, before she died, it would deprive remorse of half its venom.—The handkerchief, she said, that had so completely served her vile purpose, had been a gift of gratitude from herself to Mary, for the unremitting vigilance with which she had attended her, through a protracted illness. George was astounded at these disclosures, and could illly conceal his chagrin and resentment, even in presence of the apparently dying penitent.—He waited a few days to see what would be the result of her illness, but felt that it needed not death to free him honorably from the engagement. Contrary to expectation, Miss Adams recovered; and with returning health, returned also her cruel, nay almost diabolical propensity to detraction. Gladly would she have persuaded George, that what she had said was the mere ravings of delirium; but he was no longer her dupe, he cast her from him as a despicable being from whose near relationship he was happily released. After making fruitless enquiry for Mary, he resolved to seek relief to his feelings by spending a few months in the bustling city of New York. He eagerly visited every place of fashionable amusement, and soon became a favorite, among the young ladies of taste and fortune. He improved every opportunity of joining their social circles, and eliciting their powers of conversation, but though he felt himself pleased, and at times almost enchanted, it was for another form, of lowlier pretensions which often flitted through his imagination, to cast its brightest spell around his soul and hold the key of his heart's citadel; he thought of the lovely child of poverty and sorrow, ministering to the wants of a degraded father, and for his sake bearing patiently the contumely of a cold world, and he longed to take to his heart such a companion. One day when walking alone on the battery he observed a young Quakeress in company with two beautiful little girls who were prattling by her side; her lovely form and elastic step attracted his attention, but her face was concealed beneath the close bonnet that she wore. In a few moments they were seated under the shade of a large tree. "Mary," said one, "how glad I am that father brought thee home, to be our sister; for Oh we were so lonely after mother died." Anna and I used to cry ourselves to sleep every night; but now thee has come, we are happy again; I hope thee will stay with us always. Father says he loves thee almost as well as he does us. George listened in breathless attention for her reply, and his heart leaped with delight, as the sweet tones of Mary Munson's voice, once more greeted his ear; and his first impulse was to hasten to her, and inform her of his sentiments; but on reflection he felt himself in rather an embarrassing situation. A fortunate circumstance however soon occurred to open the way. They had approached the water and one of the children dropped a handkerchief into it which called forth an exclamation from Mary. "Oh Anna, I am very sorry, that handkerchief was the gift of a once dear friend; and there were several associations that rendered it valuable to me; it has been used to wipe the dew of death from my father's and mother's brow; and it was that thought that led me to fetch it out this afternoon." Well do not look so sad, Mary, I think I can get it; see, it does not sink, it is fast to that stone, and I can almost reach it. At this instant the child, fearless of danger, stooped over, and losing her balance, fell into the water. A shriek from Mary called George to her side, and he instantly plunged into the water, and rescued the drowning Anna, and also the handkerchief. A recognition soon took place and George accompanied her to the house of her friend, to whom she presented him as the preserver of his daughter's life. Gratitude swelled high in the old man's bosom, and George seized the golden moment, to solicit of him the hand of his adopted daughter Mary Munson, which was heartily bestowed, with a third of his fortune

The matter of the linen cambrie handkerchief, was discussed at their wedding breakfast, and that article was kept, ever after, as a sacred memento. Miss Adams lived to be threescore years and ten; lived unbeloved and died unlamented. Mr. and Mrs. Smith lived too to a good old age, and their graves were watered with the tears of grateful remembrance.

"Virtue will triumph at the last
While vice and folly stands aghast"

AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER.

ALBANY, SATURDAY, OCTOBER, 19, 1839.

Br. William Boardman, of 33 Jones street, N. York, is duly authorised to receive subscriptions, and collect monies on account of the Register, in that city.

To Correspondents.—The tale of *Frank Lytleton*, shall have a place next week. *Dr Thimblewell*, in another volume, writes well. He is caustic and happy. The present age, are, as he truly observes, determined to "go through by day light." The boiler must burst some of these days. We hope to hear from him often.

Under the head of Popular Tales, the reader will observe, that we have commenced and finished the Tale of Slander, a part of which appeared in our first No. The story is well told, affording an excellent moral, and as a literary production would not disparage the pen of an Edgeworth. The tale is by a young lady who has been residing 200 miles from the city, and the fact, that she has changed her name since the commencement of the story, will be her apology for the delay, and ours of course follows.

Literary Notoriety.—The poetic article in our last entitled "A Sketch," appeared also on the same day in another paper of this city. It came too late for one publication, and we noticed it for insertion in the next. The author, whoever he is, must have been exceedingly anxious to have his production thrust forth into this "breathing world" if "half made up." If his vanity will permit, we will suggest for his consideration, a little more *patience* next time. We took upon it as a small affair.

It is said that the total value of gold taken from all the mines in the United States for the last ten years, exceeds thirty millions of dollars.

The North American Coal company at Philadelphia have failed and assigned over to their creditors. The operatives at the Pottsville Mines are great sufferers.

The Portsmouth (Va.) Times learns that snow fell quite briskly on Saturday about sixty miles west of that place.

Murder.—A man named John Hinton, was found murdered, near Washington, (Geo.) on the 28th ult. From circumstances, the horrid suspicion fell on his son, a lad about 15 years old, that he was the murderer, and the jury of inquest, from the evidence, returned a verdict of wilful murder against him.

Suicide.—Jane Titus, a colored woman, of Albany, put an end to her life on Wednesday, at New York, by taking opium, in consequence of the brutal treatment of one Joseph Jackson, with whom she lived as his wife.

Mail Robbery.—The mail was robbed between Albany and Hudson on Monday evening, 7th inst., and its contents rifled. The P. M. of Hudson offers a reward of \$50 for the apprehension and conviction of the robber or robbers.

On the 19th Sept. the house of widow Keefer on Pipe creek Carroll county, Md. was entered by two men named Thomas Riffle and Isaac Thomas, of Adams county, who tied her, and robbed her of \$2770 in gold and silver. After tying her, they knocked her down with a club, injuring her so much that her life is despaired of. The villains were arrested, and are now in jail at Westminster, awaiting their trial.

A List of all the Lodges in regular standing with the Grand Lodge of the State of New York, on the 8th of June, A. L. 5839.

Old No.	DATE OF WARRANT.	New No.	NAME.	TOWN.	COUNTY.
1	Old Warrant, Dec. 7, 1757. Renewed, Jan. 9, 1789.	1	St. Johns	New-York	New-York
2	Old Warrant Dec. 15, 1760. Renewed, Jan. 9, 1789.	2	Ind. R. Arch.	"	"
3	Old Warrant Feb. 21, 1765. Renewed, Dec. 3, 1806.	3	Mount Vernon	Albany	Albany
4	Old Warrant, May 23, 1766. Renewed, July 20, 1784.	4	St. Patricks	Johnstown	Fulton
5	Old Warrant, March 5, 1768. Renewed, Feb. 15, 1794.	5	Masters	Albany	Albany
8	Old Warrant, Sep. 14, 1774. Renewed, Ap. 29, 1822.	6	St. Georges	Schenectady	Schenectady
12	March 7, 1787.	7	Hudson	Hudson	Columbia
13	September 20, 1787.	8	Holland	New York	New York
14	September 18, 1788.	9	Unity	New Lebanon	Columbia
20	December 8, 1790.	10	Kingston	Kingston	Ulster
22	April 7, 1792.	11	Amicable	New Hartford	Oneida
39	March 23, 1795.	12	Trinity	New York	New-York
49	June 19, 1796.	13	Appollo	Troy	Rensselaer
53	November 11, 1796.	14	Temple	Albany	Albany
56	January 18, 1797.	15	Western Star	Bridgewater	Oneida
63	June 23, 1797.	16	Morton	Hempstead	Queens
71	June 25, 1798.	17	La Union Fran.	New York	New-York
76	January 5, 1799.	18	United Brethren	Cazenovia	Madison
81	December 4, 1799.	19	Fortitude	Brooklyn	Kings
83	January 18, 1800.	20	Abrams'	New York	New-York
84	March 5, 1800.	21	Washington	"	"
90	February 12, 1802.	22	St. Johns	Greenfield	Saratoga
91	June 29, 1802.	23	Adelphi	New-York	New-York
95	October 8, 1802.	24	Friendship	Stephentown	Rensselaer
103	February 11, 1804.	25	Constellation	Mayfield	Montgomery
107	March 26, 1804.	26	Albion	New-York	New-York
132	March 5, 1806.	27	Mount Moriah	"	"
142	Old Warrant, Sept. 3, 1806. Renewed, Dec. 6, 1837.	28	Benevolent	"	"
146	December 3, 1806.	29	Champion	Champion	Jefferson
149	December 3, 1806.	30	Farmers	Clifton Park	Saratoga
153	March 4, 1807.	31	Mechanic	New York	New York
157	June 10, 1807.	32	Warren	Pine Plains	Dutchess
160	September 2, 1807.	33	Ark	Geneva	Ontario
185	September 6, 1809.	34	Rising Sun	Saratoga Springs	Saratoga
196	November 18, 1811.	35	Ver. Morning Star	Venice	Cayuga
197	November 20, 1811.	36	Ark	Windsor	Broom
204	March 17, 1812.	37	Rising Sun	Guilford	Chenango
207	July 10, 1812.	38	Columbia	New Paltz	Ulster
215	May 20, 1813.	39	Olive branch	Bethany	Genesee
221	June 10, 1813.	40	Olive Branch	Frankfort	Herkimer
229	November 27, 1813.	41	Sylvan	Moravia	Cayuga
234	June 11, 1814.	42	Washington	Manheim	Herkimer
241	June 2, 1815.	43	Star	Petersburgh	Rensselaer
259	June 11, 1816.	44	Evening Star	Hornellsville	Steuben
261	June 11, 1816.	45	Union	Lima	Livingston
266	July 15, 1816.	46	Mohawk	Danube	Herkimer
270	November 20, 1816.	47	Utica	Utica	Oneida
271	December 5, 1816.	48	Ark	Coxackie	Greene
289	June 5, 1817.	49	Watertown	Watertown	Jefferson
304	April 23, 1818.	50	Concord	New-York	New-York
309	June 8, 1818.	51	Fidelity	Trumansburg	Tompkins
315	October 16, 1818.	52	Whitesboro	Whitesboro	Oneida
318	March 4, 1819.	53	Brownville	Brownville	Jefferson
322	April 14, 1819.	54	German Union	New-York	New-York
336	June 11, 1821.	55	Rising Sun	Marbletown	Ulster
338	December 5, 1821.	56	Hohenlinden	Brooklyn	Kings
339	December 6, 1821.	57	Hibernia	New-York	New York
361	June 6, 1823.	58	Phoenix	Lansingburgh	Rensselaer
362	June 6, 1823.	59	Steuben	Dansville	Livingston
369	June 6, 1823.	60	Doric	Esopus	Ulster
372	June 6, 1823.	61	Prattsburgh Union	Wheeler	Steuben
370	March 26, 1824.	62	Manhattan	New-York	New York
402	June 4, 1824.	63	Caledonia	Caledonia	Livingston
373	December 2, 1824.	64	La Fayette	New York	New York
421	June 7, 1825.	65	Morning Star	Canistota	Steuben
384	June 24, 1825.	66	Richmond	Castleton	Richmond
385	September 7, 1825.	67	Mariners	New-York	New York
387	December 24, 1825.	68	Montgomery	"	"
391	June 8, 1826.	69	Naval	"	"
499	June 7, 1827.	70	Union	Coventry	Chenango
507	January 7, 1828.	71	Ancient	New-York	New York
	June 7, 1838.	72	St. Simon & St. J.	Channingsville	Dutchess
		73	Lockport	Lockport	Niagara

THE AGE.

For the American Masonic Register and Literary Companion.
EXTRACT

From a discourse by Dr. Thimblewell; delivered before the Society for the Correction of Popular Errors.

This is a locomotive age—an age of wonders—nothing short of endless vanity will suffice. The spirit of innovation has unsheathed her sword and ruthlessly despoiled every thing which in bygone days was esteemed valuable in the philosophy of life.

These observations apply with peculiar force to our own country.

The paths which Antiquity traversed are completely overgrown with grass—we have royal rail-roads which enable us to accomplish every thing by steam.

Many causes may be mentioned that will satisfactorily explain these developments.

Among them are the following—an immense extent of territory—the peculiar character of our institutions—the infancy of our country and the numberless avenues, every where offered for progressive advancement.

But what are some of the features of the times?

1st. We notice an all pervading propensity to attain wealth. Time was when fortunes were slowly coined; then the operations of the mint were conducted by manual labor; and if a man was fortunate enough to become wealthy, all were ready to pay him homage. But in the present day mints have vastly multiplied, and are differently constructed from what they once were.

Now they have a complexity of machinery, that would bewilder the brains of the most accomplished professor in mechanics; and wonderful to relate, they are all propelled by steam. If some of our worthy sires could unlock their tombs, and behold the amazing discoveries, that have been made in the art of making money, they would be confounded, and at once retire to their silent mansions.

But badinage aside—our countrymen imbibing the spirit of the age, are not contented to make fortunes in the natural way, if I may be permitted to make use of the expression. The old way to wealth, in sooth, was a tiresome one; yet it was usually traversed in safety. Although aware of this circumstance, we nevertheless prefer a rickety rail road originated by the spirit of internal improvement, and on which vast numbers make fearful shipwreck. Truth to say, a feverish desire to amass wealth is our besetting sin.

The credit system proffers its kindly assistance to all classes in society—hence capital stock in trade has become an obsolete term, and is rarely inserted in the vocabulary of modern times. The young merchant with an empty purse opens a large commission house under the most auspicious circumstances. Trusting to the generosity of the future, and relying upon the assistance of long accommodation notes, he at once launches forth into a wide and deep sea of business. But the narrow enclosures of a mere mercantile life is too insignificant a field for the manifestation of his lofty genius and daring enterprize. He therefore takes his place on change and assumes the air of an accomplished financier; he gambles in stocks—becomes a worthy member of the Board of Brokers—purchases farms a few miles out of town—divides them into lots and with a lithographic map in hand wends his way to the auctioneer's room. Thus he goes on “conquering and to conquer;” and in the brief period of one or two years boasts of his thousands; and now if in mute astonishment one should demand proof of his assertions, with evident satisfaction, he will point his finger to Texas and Maine, and village lots, and immense tracts of lands, quietly embosomed beyond the verdant hills of the far West, lands forsooth which he believes will soon be covered with splendid cities.

The mechanic and farmer are no longer willing to earn their subsistence by the “sweat of their brows.” They desire more than a competency; and pray why should they not when fortunes are so easily acquired? Hence they cheerfully desert the wonted channels of their industry and become speculators. The young student pants to be liberated from the gloomy walls of college in order that he may fill his pockets with bank notes. In fine men in all trades and occupations do likewise.

Now these are facts which observation hath recorded, and who is prepared to refute them.

2d. As a consequent of what has just been considered we notice a demoralising extravagance in public and private, hitherto unknown in the history of our republic

Saunter through our large cities; behold the magnificent squares, and stately palaces embellished with the costliest trophies of art; the broad and beautiful promenades teeming and sparkling with the jewelled varieties of fashion; the long train of carriages emblazoned with armorial bearings and surrounded with a liveried retinue. And now rest thy wearied limbs awhile in yonder mansion, where luxury itself revels. Ramble through the spacious apartments, garnished with the most sumptuous furniture; as the shades of evening come stealing along, place thy cushioned chair at the dinner table, gleaming with the family plate, and partake freely of the voluptuous viands, wines, and fruits, that surround thee; retire to the drawing rooms, and behold the fashionable assemblage, amid the mazes of the dance; accompany the family to their numberless routes and fashionable pastimes; and when thy curiosity is satisfied, depart hence with some correct views concerning the stereotype history of a fashionable household; I have thus feebly sketched a portraiture of city life—it is an accurate likeness although it is deficient in that warmth and richness of colouring, and poetic beauty of design which constitutes a good picture.

The higher classes in our cities, however do not alone court fashion, study display, and follow the chase of pleasure.

The Mechanic and retailer under the influence of our free institutions boldly imitate those who move in a higher sphere. They also vote large appropriation bills for their respective households; their wives give parties, and exchange morning calls; their daughters dress in silks and study conic sections; and as to their sons, they must need at some future day shine in the Senate or at the Bar.

Extravagance has also infused its poison in our towns and villages. In short it reigns every where, triumphantly “debauching the moral tone of Society,” and perpetuating a policy which must soon undermine our fair institutions. May Providence avert the impending ruin; and restore to us the golden days of Wouter Van Twiller and Testy the Doubter, when all men were contented with their situation in life and avoided as they would a viper, innovation in any, and every form. 3d. A mighty intellectual and moral movement is another prominent feature of the times. The extraordinary and unprecedented schemes in morals, science, Literature, the arts, politics, &c. and constantly perfected, clearly illustrates the truth of this proposition. The extent and magnificence of mere conquest seems to absorb the less attractive consideration of means and results.

Our high pressure activity indeed affords us no time to settle the question, whether the means we are employing are proper or not; or whether society on the whole will be benefitted by our exertions. We are bent on going through by day light; and hence we do too much to do any thing well. The present aspect of society plainly indicates this popular error.

IRISH WIT AND HUMOUR.

The poverty of the Irish is not exaggerated—nether is their wit—nor their good humour—nor their whimsical absurdity—nor their courage. Wit—I gave a fellow a shilling on some occasion when sixpence was the fee! “Remember you owe me sixpence, Pat!” “May your honour live till I pay you!” There was courtesy as well as art in this, and all the clothes on Pat's back would have been dearly bought by the sum in question. Humour—There is perpetual kindness in the Irish cabin; butter milk, potatoes; a stool is offered, or a stone is rolled, that your honour may sit down and be out of the smoke, and those every where else seem desirous to exercise free hospitality in their own house. Their natural disposition is turned to gaiety and happiness; while a Scotchman is thinking about term day, or, if easy on that subject, about hell in the next world; while an Englishman is making a little hell in the present, because his muffin is not well roasted—Pat's mind is always turned to fun and ridicule. They are terribly excitable to murder you on slight suspicion, and find out next day that it was all mistake, and that it was not yourself they meant to kill at all at all.—*The Genius and Wisdom of Sir Walter Scott.*

Mr. Peter Christian, book-keeper of Mr. J. D. Ogden, in Wall st., fell dead in the office on Saturday, from apoplexy.

MARRIED.

At Fishkill Landing, on Thursday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Eastburn, Jacob Kutsen Van Rensselaer, to Emily, daughter of Wm. Denning, esq.

In St. James' church, in the village of Skaneateles, on the 9th inst by the Rev. Mr. Clark, Theodore H. Eaton esq., of the firm of Wm. Williams & Co., Buffalo, to Ann E., second daughter of Levi Gibbs, esq., of the former place.

DIED.

At New-York, after a short illness, M. Eben S. Rowe formerly of this city.

On the 6th inst. at Savannah, Jellis Winne Printer, late of this city, aged 29 years.

In Hudson, on the 13th inst., Mr. David West, in the 54th year of his age.

In Hudson, on Thursday morning last, the 10th inst. Mrs. Ophelia, wife of Capt. Wm. Henry Folger, and daughter of Josiah Olcott, of this city,

On board a canal packet near Pittsburgh, Pa., on the 4th inst., Alexander H. Griswold, son of the Rt. Rev. A. V. Griswold, Bishop of the Eastern Diocese of the Episcopal Church.

At Lima, Livingston Co., on the 27th ult., in the 20th year of his age, Doctor Alexander McFarlan, who formerly resided and practised as Physician and Surgeon in Montgomery county, now Fulton,

In Mobile, on the 23d ult., of yellow fever, Wm. Tell Jones, son of Mrs. Julia, wife of the Hon. Samuel Cheever.

On Tuesday the 15th inst. Mrs. Margaret Pruyn, relict of the late John S. Pruyn, in the 68th year of her age.

NEW BOOKS, Engravings & the Periodicals, received at W. C. Little's Bookstore.

Several cases of English Books.
Paris editions of Corneille; Gil Blas; Don Quixotte; Moliere, Florian; Goethe, &c.
McCulloch's Statistical account of the British Empire.
Cudworth's Intellectual System of the Universe.
Encyclopedia of Geography.
Specimens of Foreign Literature.
Perry's Reliques of Ancient Poetry.
Beauties of the Court of Charles 2d, quarto, plates.
Pictorial Editions of Shakspeare, Greece, Common Prayer, Fables, Constantinople The Waldenses, American Scenery.
Romance of Nature; Spirit of the Woods.
Our Wild Flowers; Flora's Gems.
The Poets of America, illustrated.
India Scenery, the Himalay Mountains.
The Gift, the Token, and the Literary Souvenir, for 1840.
Blackwood, Bentley, Metropolitan, Edinburgh Quarterly, Knickerbocker, Museum, Lady's Book, and Lady's Companion, Cor-

ELECTION NOTICE.—Sheriff's Office, City and County of Albany, October 11, 1839. Notice is hereby given that at the next general election to be held in the county of Albany on the 4th, 5th, & 6th days of November next, a Senator is to be chosen to represent the Third Senate District in the Senate of this State in the place of Edward P. Livingston, resigned; and that three Senators are to be chosen at the said election to represent the said Third Senate District, according to a notice from the Secretary of State, of which a copy is annexed.

MICHAEL ARTCHER, Sheriff.

STATE OF NEW-YORK.

SECRETARY'S OFFICE, Albany, Oct. 11, 1839.
To the Sheriff of the County of Albany—

Sir: Notice is hereby given you that since the general notice of election was issued from this office, on the 15th day of August last a vacancy has happened in the representation of the Third District, by the resignation of Edward P. Livingston, a Senator from that district, whose term of office would have expired on the last day of December 1841; and that a Senator to supply the said vacancy is to be chosen at the next general election, to be held on the 4th, 5th, and 6th days November next.—There are therefore three Senators to be chosen in the Third Senate District, (comprising among others the county of which you are Sheriff,) at the next general election, viz: one in the place of James Powers, whose term of service will expire on the last day of December next; one in the place of Noadiah Johnson, deceased; and one in the place of Edward P. Livingston, resigned.

JOHN C. SPENCER, Secretary of State.

N. B. You are to give notice of the above mentioned election in writing to one of the inspectors of each town and ward in your county, and to annex thereto a copy of this notice. You are also to publish such notice and copy in all public newspapers printed in your county.

POETRY.

A SKETCH.

"You took me, William, when a girl, unto your home
and heart,
To bear in all your after-fate a fond and faithful part;
And tell me have I ever tried, that duty to forego,
Or pined there was not joy for me when you were
sunk in woe?
No; I would rather share your tear than any other glee.
For though you nothing to the world, you're ALL THE
WORLD TO ME.
You make a palace of my shed, this rough-hewn bench
a throne,
There's sunlight for me in your smiles, and music in
your tone.
I look upon you when you sleep—my eyes with tears
grow dim,
I cry, 'Oh Parent of the Poor, look down from heaven on
him;
Behold him toil from day to day, exhausting strength and
soul,
Oh look with mercy on him, Lord, for thou canst make
him whole!' "
And when at last relieving sleep has on my eyelid smiled,
How oft are they forbade to close in slumber by our child?
I take the little murmurer, that spoils my span of rest,
And feel it is a part of thee I lull upon my breast.
There's only one return I crave, I may not need it long,
And it may soothe thee when I'm where the wretched
feel no wrong:
I ask not for a kinder tone, for thou wert ever kind;
I ask not for less frugal fare, my fare I do not mind;
I ask not for attire more gay—if such as I have got
Suffice to make me fair to thee, for more I ~~murmure~~
not.
But I would ask some share of hours that you on clubs
bestow,
Of knowledge which you prize so much, might I not
something know?
Subtract from meetings amongst men each even an
hour for me,
Make me companion of your soul, as I may safely be.
If you will read, I'll sit and work, then think when
you're away,
Less tedious I shall find the time, dear William, of your
stay.
A meet companion soon I'll be for e'en your studious
hours,
And teacher of those little one's you call your cottage
flowers;
And if we be not rich and great, we may be wise and kind
And as my heart can warm your heart, so may my
mind your mind."

From the Knickerbocker.

THE TELL-TALE FACE.

[BY WILLIAM CUTTER OF NEW YORK.]

I hate those frigid notions,
Which seem to count it sin
To show the kind emotions,
True kindness wakes within;
Those manners cold and guarded,
With words dealt out by rule,
Pronounced just as *Mamma* did,
Or *Madame F*—, at school.

I wonder how the ladies,
Dear angels that they are!
Can live where so much shade is,
There loveliness to mar!
Where they fairer than the graces,
And wiser than the light,
Such cold such moonlight faces,
Would put young love to flight.

I love the playful fancies
Of an unsuspecting heart,
That speak in songs and glances,
Unchecked by rules of art:
I love the face that appareth
Of all that's in the mind;
The brow, the eye, that taketh
Its hue from what's behind.

These are the voice of nature,
The language of the soul:
Words change, but o'er the features,

Guile may not have control,
The tongue may tell of feelings
Which may be—or may not!
But the eye hath store revealing
Of the deeply-hidden thought.

I love that quick expression,
Which flashes the full eye,
When truth would make confession,
While modesty would lie;
Those heavenly blushes,
That crimson brow and cheek.
When feeling's fountain gushes,
With thoughts it dares not speak

Those shades that came unbidden
From every passing cloud,
With tales of ~~some~~ deep hidden,
'Neath merry looks, or proud;
The sudden gleam of pleasure,
From brow, and eye, and lip,
That tells the heart hath treasures
It scarce knows how to keep.

These, these are voices given,
For soul to speak to soul,
As true to truth and heaven,
As the needle to the pole.
I bow to wit and beauty,
I almost worship grace,
But I owe especial duty
To an honest tell-tale face.

AUGUSTUS BROOM,

A SONG.

TUNE—"On bank of Flowers."

In a parlour gay, one summer day,
With heat and port oppress.
Augustus Broom, a young bridegroom,
Lay down to take some rest;
When Agnes sweet his darling bride.
Came and sat down by his side,
And said, "My dear, your Nancy's here;"
He with a snore replied.

"What, asleep!" said she, "and as yet but three
Weeks since we too were wed;
I thought of a walk, or at least some talk,
Is all your fondness fled?
Do give me some attention, pray,
And let not Nancy have to say,
That when she has dress'd, and done her best,
Her pains are thrown away.

Nay, since you will be snoring still,
I know what I shall do;
Those whiskers fair, beyond compare,
I'll clip a curl or two,
I know you love them passing well,
And would not one for a kingdom sell,
But 'twill serve you right for this shameful slight,
And be a joke to tell."

The deed was done, and she thought 'twas fun,
For hair can grow again;
But when Broom did feel the cold hard steel,
He started up amain.
"My dear," he cried, with a frantic roar,
And quickly off both whiskers tore—
"It is too bad—you would make one mad—
They cost me two pound four."

SONG FROM THE DUTCH.

AS TRANSLATED IN THE STUDENT'S ALMANACK OF LEY-
DEN.

I
Long for thy coming I've waited and sighed,
Breathless the air, love and calm is the night.
Golden with stars, oh! the heavens are bright:
Long for thy coming I've waited and sighed,
With thoughts it dares not speak:
Mary, my love!
Sweet are the perfumes of flowering of May;
Soft through the meadow the brook sighs its lay;
Tender the moon beams with glittering ray,
Mary, my love!

II

And is thy name not angel, maid!

Thy locks of blackest jet are made;
More white the lily is thy bosom
Than on the banks the wavering blossom;
As on the rose the sunbeams play,
So far thy cheek a smile does ray:
That modest look of thine did move me,
Oh! didst thou love me, as I love thee!

III

My boat is on the wavering sea—
Oh, to my cottage come with me,
There, lonely, the shade of beeches,
No noise, no human talk should reach us;
There, playing with thy curling hair,
Naught should I sing but sweetest dove, thee,
If as I love thee, thou didst love me!

IV

A heaven is opened on thy brow,
Oh, don't belie that heaven's show;
Nor be the sun of bounty thwarted,
Since from me freedom's sun has parted;
Oh, let no pitying laugh, then, sweet,
Insult the passion I do feed!—
The answer would a kiss of love be,
If thou didst love me, as I love thee!

TO PRINTERS.—The following reduced prices w hereaf-
ter be charged for printing types, at BRUCE'S New-York
Type Foundry, 13 Chambers-st. and 3 City Hall Place.

Pica,	38 cents a lb.
Small Pica,	40 do.
Long Primer,	42 do.
Bourgeois,	46 do.
Brevier,	54 do.
Minion,	66 do.
Nonpareil,	84 do.
Agate,	108 do.
Pearl,	140 do.

Ornamental letter and other type in proportion.
These are the prices on a credit of six months; but we wish at
this time to encourage short credit or cash purchases, and will
therefore make a discount of five per cent New York acceptances
at ninety days, and ten per cent for cash.

We have recently added to our former extensive assortment se-
venty-ve different kinds and sizes of ornamental letter, embracing
Condensed, Extra Condensed, Extended, Outline, Skeleton, Shad-
ed, Ornamental, modern thin-faced Black, &c. 100 new Flowers,
and a great variety of Ornaments, forming altogether the most ex-
tensive and elegant assortment of Printing Types in the United
States, and absolutely an unrivalled one. We also furnish every
other article that is necessary for a printing office.

Printers of newspapers who publish this advertisement three
times before the 1st of November, 1839, sending us one of the
publications, will receive payment when they purchase from the
foundry four times the amount of their bill.

GEORGE BRUCE & CO.

New York, Sept. 1839.

SHERIFF'S OFFICE.—City and county of Albany, August
17, 1839.

ELECTION NOTICE.—A general election is to be held in the
county of Albany on the 4th, 5th, and 6th, days of November next
at which will be chosen the officers mentioned in the notice from
the Secretary of State, of which a copy is annexed.

MICHAEL ARTHUR, Sheriff,
State of New York, Secretary's Office,
Albany, Aug. 15, 1839.

Sir—Notice is hereby given you that the term of service of
James Powers, a Senator of the Third Senate District of this state
will expire on the last day of December next, and that a senator
is to be chosen in that district, to which the county of which you
are sheriff belongs, at the general election to be held on the fourth,
fifth and sixth days of November next.

You will also take notice, that a vacancy has been caused in
the representation of the Third Senate District, by the death of
Nashiah Johnson, a senator from that district, whose term of of-
fice would have expired on the last day of December, 1840; and
that a senator to supply the said vacancy is to be chosen at the
said next general election.

You will also take notice, that a proposed amendment to the
constitution is to be submitted to the people at the said election,
a: which the electors are to vote, "For the election of Mayors by
the People," or "Against the election of Mayors by the People."
At the same election the following officers are to be chosen, viz:
Three members of Assembly.

JOHN C. SPENCER, Secretary of State.

N.B. You are to give notice of the aforesaid election, in writing
to one of the inspectors of each town and ward in your county, and
annex thereto a copy of this notice. You are also to publish the
said notice and copy in all the public newspapers printed in your
county.

THE AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER.

Is Published every Saturday by L. G. HOFFMAN
OPPOSITE THE EAGLE TAVERN, ALBANY.

TERMS.—To city subscribers, Two Dollars and Fifty
Cents a year. To subscribers who receive their papers
by mail, Two Dollars, payable on the receipt of the 4th
Number. No subscription received for a less term than
one year. Back numbers at all times furnished.

AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER

AND LITERARY COMPANION.

BY L. G. HOFFMAN.]

ALBANY, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1839.

[VOL. I.—NO. 8.]

MASONIC.

The following Address, from the Rev. Joshua Bradley, delivered about the commencement of the Masonic difficulties, will probably be new to nine-tenths of our readers. We copy it for a two-fold reason. 1st, Because the sentiments contained in it are just such as every mason will respond to. 2nd, Because to every reflecting man, it will be a fair portraiture of the beauties of that system of opposition which the fraternity have had to contend against so long. Can it be believed, that the *author* of such an address, after being the recipient of masonic favor and kindness for near thirty years, would basely turn ingrate, and ad-der-like, sting the hands of those who warmed him in-being? Alas! "to what base uses may we come!"—We knew Mr. Bradley well. His *uame* in 1820, was a passport to the hearth of every mason in western New York—every door was open to him, every hand ready to grasp his with brotherly affection and kindness. Now—"who so poor as to do him reverence." He exists but for scorn and pity to point her finger at.

The great imperfections of our natures; errors that abound in every community; the selfishness of every individual, and the many deprivations that some have to suffer, in carrying their plans of learning, of experiments, of visitations, and labours, towards perfection, all combine to urge the necessity of privy councils, of solemn obligations, and mutual benefactions to those members, should failures happen, or sickness deprive one from actively providing for his necessities—or death close the scene of his useful operations, and his family be left in poverty. Multitudinous are the societies of this description.

The masonic is not the least among the thousands that flourish, in these days of illumination. This society has been more cautious, more vigilant, and moral, than any other, in forming its constitution so perfectly that no one particle can be found to incline any of its members to trample upon the laws of their country, or to interrupt any religious denomination in the free and full enjoyment of their sentiments, and the administration of their ceremonies. Though our particular labors in admitting members, and explaining all parts of our system; are done in retired apartments, from the noise of the world, and the gaze of the ignorant; yet all our laws are published, and no one is desired to become a member till he has read them, and is fully satisfied that they are founded in righteousness and worthy of his obedience. Should any one wish to be dismissed from our connexion, it is granted, unless he has blemished his character. Admonitions, suspensions, and expulsions, are all the punishments that masons can inflict upon their unworthy and crime committing members.

The whole charge given to a candidate, on the commencement of his connexion with us, embraces the outline of his deportment among his kindred, and mankind, wherever he may sojourn, settle, or transact the concerns of life. There is not a single article in our constitution, nor a sentence in any of our charges, that can lead any one to infer that our secret assemblies and labors are designed or in the least calculated to injure the morals, tarnish the virgin purity of republicanism, or condemn the all important doctrines of christianity.

The sons of morals, science and religion, of different nations and opinions, meet, as masons, in one hall, treat each other as brothers, and move forward in the participation of our rights.

It is good and pleasant for masonic brethren to dwell together in unity. 1st. For they have experienced similar duties. Every mason is, or ought to be, a moral, social, and benevolent man. None should be recommended to unite with us, who are deficient in these characteristics; for every particle of our institution is laid for the expansion of charity—the embellishment of our minds, and the government of our passions, that we may be qualified to fill every station in life to which it may be called.

Every emblem of our order invites to union, and every explanation, consistently given, concerning them, tends to soften the heart, and prepare us to sympathize with the sons and daughters of affliction.

In the suitable administration of our rites, we are taught the frailty of our existence—the certainty of our dissolution, and the appearance of our souls in the august presence of Jehovah, there to receive his approbation, and dwell in the everlasting splendors of his kingdom; or to feel his frowns, and hear his voice announce, "depart ye cursed into everlasting fire prepared for the devil and his angels." Our system abounds with the doctrine of the resurrection of the dead—of rewards and punishments. Every rite, and every degree in masonry, acknowledged by the learned of our order, are full of meaning. As we advance in the knowledge of these experimentally, we are conscious of our ignorance, and are constrained to acknowledge our littleness and vanity. The brave and dauntless general, that has laid cities in ashes, and an empire withering before his countenance, when brought into a lodge, bows before the altar, listens to the voice of instruction, and is voluntarily obedient. The haughty monarch, around whose throne, and before whom, millions prostrate and kiss the dust, when made a mason, takes his seat among the least of the fraternity, and considers himself honored, when he is permitted, in the lodge-room to take lessons from the lips of those who wear no titles in his kingdom, except those that masons confer upon the worthy.

At the threshold of our temple, political distinctions and ecclesiastical dignities are laid aside, and men meet on the level.

Though our gates are open to all who acknowledge the existence of one eternal, all wise, omnipresent God and who with this confession and after critical examination, are found to sustain characters of morality, and possess amiable dispositions, and necessary qualifications to render themselves useful among us and mankind; yet masonry cannot admit any within her walls to contend about the peculiarities that divide them on the wide field of the world. This is the only system in which different denominations agree to meet, instruct each other, and labour for the happiness of themselves, families, and mankind. And doubtless this order is designed by the Great Architect of all things to flourish in every clime, till all political and religious partizans shall rise into light, liberty, and indescribable union, and the whole world move in the beauty and cloudless effulgence of the latter day glory.

Union, among us, will be good and pleasant, if we consider.

2dly. The multitudes who oppose us, and the various positions that individuals have taken to represent

our system as injurious to government, and hostile to christianity. "This sect is every where spoken against." The objections raised against us, in ancient and modern times, have, in the opinion of the speaker, been candidly answered; therefore, he is not disposed, on this occasion, to give even a momentary resurrection to them. We know of no system ever proposed, even by the Deity himself, for the benefit of mankind, that has not been opposed and misrepresented.

Opposition to a system, generally draws its members into a closer union. It has a tendency to make them more watchful, more diligent, more learned, and more extensively known and useful. Our opponents have appeared in different ages and countries, wrapped in prophetic garments, declaring that our system was defective and would shortly crumble to atoms. Their predictions have not yet been fulfilled.

Masonry has progressed in every region of the globe, where freedom, learning and religion have flourished. In America it has taken deep root, sprung up, and spread over every state. We have now in our connection more than 80,000 members. Among so large a number, some may not be worthy of the name they bear; others sustain characters of the highest respectability; many fill offices of trust, and are much esteemed by a free and enlightened people. Their learning, valuable labours, political sagacity, pure morals, evangelical piety, and unbating attachment to our country and government, are of such primary importance to mankind, that ages to come will delight in announcing their deeds, as we do now the virtues of the immortal Washington, and the achievements of all the magnanimous heroes of America.

Wherever the fraternity have been the most ardent, the most active, and benevolent, there jealousy, intrigue, and malevolence have rallied all their forces, taken the heights of prejudice, and commissioned defamation, "to stand sleepless" on his tower, and blow his alarming trumpet louder and louder, till all the sons and daughters of deception and evil mindedness should start from their midnight slumbers, and with frantic wildness, run about the world to wake up all their kindred and raise a mighty army under the command of some intemperate, profane, and atheistical desperadoes. These generals, rising from sweeping the streets, or from the obscure recesses of bacchanalian hilarity, "speaking great swelling words" to their adherents, promising to march them into regions of light, where they may behold, on paper, at a very cheap rate, all that Masons have done for ages, and all they now do, and know about mysteries. Furthermore they promise, that we shall be compelled to abandon our professions, or be hurled from every office in our Republican government, and these brave invaders of Masonic dominions shall be robed in honour, and "fare sumptuously every day." Can the men of this generation enlist in such a cause, and be governed by such pretenders?

Whom shall the people believe? Can they put confidence in men, who are puffing and swearing about those who have done them no injury? Who are these men that burn day and night with such quenchless zeal for justice, the peace of the community, and our republic. What is their character at home? Who has ever known them to belong, or remain supporters of any moral society, or devout assembly of christians?—We venture the assertion, that none will ever appear in opposition to our sentiments and strive to have the

order disbanded, who is a mason, and maintains an unblemished character in the fraternity; or is a member of any church of Christ, and lives in the enjoyment of that religion which fills the soul with good will to mankind.

The present whirlwind, raised into a storm by disordered minds and excited irritability, may beat against our temple, and carry away the rubbish that has been gathered around it, while the wise and foolish have slept together, but can never move the edifice. The thunder of anathema and destruction will soon cease to roar, and all will be calm. The dust raised about masonry by a few worthless creatures, galloping after lucre, who could not obtain it by loitering about cities and villages, will soon be wiped from the eyes of a cheated multitude, and then every man will be seen walking in his own likeness, and he that is without sin among them, may cast the first stone at Masons.

The pure system that descended from Heaven for the salvation of the world, has been misrepresented and set at naught, and its founder crucified. Thousands of deluded mortals have assailed that system, and proclaimed to nations that it was not worthy of their acceptance; that it could be exterminated—its professors dismayed and ruined forever. Have they dried up the streams of mercy, and covered the heavens with blackness? Have they, by puffing, blown away the purifying influences of grace from every repentant heart? Have they shut the gates of infinite glory, and shrouded immensity to atheistical darkness? No, my brethren; the undiminished powers of Immanuel are still abroad in the earth, and millions are seeking salvation. Those vain boast-ers and despisers of the Gospel, have perished in their puny warfare, and their disciples begin to lick the dust. A few more revolving years and not one of these contaminating and staggering sons of dissipation will be seen trembling on the shores of time. Let us adhere to our profession, move onward in peace, and show how good and pleasant it is for brethren, to dwell in unity. This will appear important if we consider,

3dly. The labours and benefactions to which we, as Masons are called. In our large community, there are some who have borne the burden and heat of the day. They have suffered many losses, and are now bowed down under the weight of years and infirmities. These we must visit. We must contribute freely from our funds for their support. We must soften the hardness of adversity, and show that Masons can love their brethren at all times. We must watch with them when they are sick; and be ardently engaged for their present and future happiness. Nay, more, when we have wiped the cold dews of death from their foreheads, and laid their bodies in the grave overspread with an emblem of a glorious resurrection, their surviving relations demand our respectful attention and liberality. The widow and fatherless must not be driven away to waste their sighs and tears in the vale of obscurity and wretchedness. These hands now spread before you, have borne liberal donations from Lodges to the abodes of dying brethren, mourning widows and orphans. O, what homage of gratitude have I seen, even at the very gates of death, when a Brother's eyes, just sinking in their dying sockets, half glazed, but open, and fixed upon his weeping wife and children, had beheld the fruits of our labours presented for their refreshment, and heard accents of promise from faithful brethren, that his family should not suffer. Turning his eyes upwards he breathed out thanks to God, that there were Masons to survive him. One moment and he leaves the world. He struggles and agonizes all over. He gathers a little strength to raise his hands towards Heaven and exclaim, "O Lord my God, having peace in believing in Jesus, and my family under the patronage of true and faithful brethren; now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace." The curtain of eternity lifts up, and he enters Heaven. These, my brothers, are seasons of no ordinary feelings.

Can I, can you, give up labouring in Masonry, to raise funds for these noble, these important distributions? "The poor," said the Saviour, "you have always with you." Can he be my friend—can he love charity—can he wish to aid the widow and the fatherless, who tells me, that I must not be a Mason? That I must not meet with them—I must not bear their gifts to the penniless sojourner—conduct a physician to the sick—and carry light and food into the dark chambers

of poverty and lamentation? Can he be a meek disciple of Christ and a promoter of his glorious Gospel, who wishes to demolish all our Lodges, disband the Fraternity, and shut the sanctuary doors against the preachers who are Masons? He may be a revealer of secrets, a publisher of pamphlets, and folios of criminations and hearsays about Masons; he may employ an hundred pedlars and send them about the world with his books; he may, through their instrumentality, gather wealth, spread discord among brethren, and throw whole congregations into confusion; but he never can break up one Lodge of well disciplined members—but he can never have the consciousness of doing good of being a peacemaker, or a zealous advocate of the pure doctrine of man's redemption. I wish to pursue a different course. Let me inherit the friendship of my brethren, die in their fellowship, and be buried by their hands. Is this your desire? I beseech you to examine critically the principles we profess, and adorn them by living virtuously, and putting on daily a robe of righteousness girded with truth.

SKETCHES OF TRAVEL.

From the Knickerbocker of October

FAMILIAR LETTERS FROM LONDON. CHURCHES OF THE METROPOLIS.

I should dearly love to 'go snacks' with the Archbishop of Canterbury; his revenue being, they say, sixty thousand pounds, beside being Primate of England, and holding rank next to the royal family. Nearly the same exuberant revenue is enjoyed by the Bishop of London; and the average income of the twenty-four Bishops gives each ten thousand pounds a year. They are members, all of the House of Lords, and on state occasions, make a display of equipages equal at least to the secular peers, and live in their several palaces with a magnificence corresponding to their eminent fortunes. One of Bunyan's pretty visions is here realized: 'I saw religion walk forth in her golden slippers in the sunshine.' Most of the deans, also, are sufficiently provided; that of Durham, with twelve thousand pounds a year, and the twelve Prebends of the see, with from two to three hundred each. The laborers of the Church have about the same scanty allowance as the same class in secular employments. Of the Curates, fifty-nine have annual salaries of from ten to twenty pounds: two hundred and seventeen, from twenty to thirty; six hundred and seventy-nine, from thirty to forty; six hundred and eighty-three, from forty to fifty; five hundred and seventeen, from fifty to sixty; two hundred and thirty-four, from sixty to seventy; and three hundred and nine, from seventy to eighty. The two archbishops, all the bishops, most of the deans, five hundred and fifty-two rectors, and four hundred and thirty-six vicars, are appointed by the king; the rest by the bishops, or lay patrons. The number of parishes for England and Wales is ten thousand, sustained by tithes, or a commutation of tithes, and endowments: the former, six hundred thousand pounds, the latter, three and a half millions. Cathedral revenues are incomes attached to certain churches, enjoyed by the deans, canons, etc. Two hundred and fifty thousand pounds is the annual allowance for keeping the churches in repair. The incumbents are two archbishops—of Canterbury and York; twenty-four bishops: sixty arch-deacons, twenty-seven deans, six hundred and forty-four canons and prebends and of rectors vicars, curates, and chapters, seventeen thousand three hundred and forty-three.

Of the Dissenters, the most numerous are the Methodists; next, Independents, or Congregationalists, who have seventeen hundred places of worship: the Baptists have ten hundred and eighty; Presbyterians, two hundred and sixty; Roman Catholics, four hundred and thirty (seventy in London); Friends, three hundred and eighty—in all, six thousand five hundred. These are called chapels, and are not allowed to lift their heads too aspiringly. They are forbidden to have spires, towers, and bells. They are beginning to claim a majority of members over the established church.

There are altogether six hundred and eighty places of worship in London, affording seats for six hundred and forty thousand persons, and it is said that near a million are destitute of accommodation. You may

quote these statistics, with authority of Parliament. I have written them down in spite of my dislike for arithmetic. The English church being now a matter of tea-table gossip, one cannot be too careful in reducing ladies' conversation to mathematical certainty.

Our religious system acknowledges no connection of church with state; it inculcates universal tolerance and is supported by voluntary contributions; to all which principles the English being directly opposed, we are impressed into its disputes; to be commended on one side, and abused on the other; the proportion being, as usual, about ten to one in favor of the abuse. So it often happens, that a wretch of a witness is dragged into court, bantered and set up for a rogue, without his having the slightest interest in the quarrel. The paper in which our poor efforts at religion are stigmatized most unmercifully, is the 'John Bull,' which, by some chance, is the only one which pays me a Sunday morning visit; and in walking out, I see its extracts placarded upon the conspicuous walls, and in large capitals overhead: 'Voluntary System,' 'The Experiment,' 'Model Republic,' and other sarcastic devices. A poor clergyman is served up this morning in such caricature as would make him a good scare-crow in his own corn-field; perhaps deservedly but is it not scandalous, that a dozen of clergymen, whom I know to be as honest as Saint Anthony, should be of no account, and that this one man should be set up as an example of 'the state of religion in America?' I was tempted to write angrily on this subject; and no doubt the Bishop of London would have been quite vexed at being abused all the way to Pottsville. But reflecting that these satires design us no ill, but are intended merely to support an argument I have relented. I am glad, moreover, of a chance of giving what is unusual in religious discussions an example of moderation. I know but one other; it is of Saint Michael, who declares he never used a harsh expression, when able to find a gentle one, and would not be abusive though the devil himself were his antagonist.

The complaints against the church, most frequent in the writings of the opposition, are as follows: i. The excessive wealth of the high dignitaries, and poverty of the lower orders; ii. The patronage, in which opens a field of intrigue and favoritism in the appointments; in most instances, they say, a mere business of bargain and sale, by which persons are admitted to orders, deficient in piety, and other qualifications; iii. Tithes, burthensome to the church, and peculiarly unjust towards Dissenters, who are at least one half of the population; and especially towards Ireland, of which four fifths are Catholic. How would you like, in America, to pay for the support of a religion you do not profess, beside sustaining the burthen of your own? iv. Non-residents and pluralities.—Near three thousands persons hold one, two, or more livings, and receive the income, without performing any of the duties; they do not even reside in their parishes, but travel abroad, or mix in the fashionable amusements of the capital; the poor laborer doing the duty, at twenty pounds per annum. v. The union of the clerical functions and those of magistrate and legislator. They call in question, too, the supremacy of the king, and think such rakes as George IV. badly fitted for supreme 'Heads and Defenders of the Faith.' These charges are expanded and set out in relief by examples; of clergy getting tipsy, gambling, dancing, etc.; of the eldest son of one of the bishops holding, by favor of his father, six preferments at once, worth more than twenty thousand pounds; of oppressive seizures for tithes—even widows' beds sometimes sold, and the money used on the sacramental wine; and examples of appointments in the hands, some of Roman Catholics, some of no religion at all, or even in a state of mental derangement. The income of the diocese of Durham they state to be worth one hundred thousand pounds; of which forty thousand go to the dean, prebends, and canons; and the average number of persons who attend service, is seventy-five!

I cannot say, from any experiences of my own, how much of this may be true; but I will give you a few reflections I have been led to make, in considering the subject. The common experience of life proves, that a very high degree of power, of any kind, even religious tends to abuse; on the other hand, that men, of what ever condition will have little respect for any human

institution, unsupported by worldly distinction; by wealth, title, or some equivalent honors. The author of Christianity had a special mission to perform, which required unusual means; the duty of his followers is to superintend a religion already established, to adapt it to the social institutions, and to those dispositions of human nature which may give it the most beneficial effect. It was the order of the Deity himself, that the High Priest's garments be glorious and beautiful, not only of rich stuff, and curious in workmanship; but orient in pearls, and resplendent with jewels. It is certain, that an appearance of independence, a splendor of lodging and dress, give weight of character and authority to men, and deference to their discourses; and that a poor clergy falls into contempt and incompetency to do good. He who advises a return to the poverty and simplicity* of the apostles, as a means of promoting the interest of religion and morals, has much yet to learn of the nature of his species. As far as wealth may be an evil, it is incident to the American as to the English system. There is nothing to prevent a Bishop in New York becoming as rich as in London. It is required only, that some pious testator should bestow upon his office an income of forty thousand pounds, and no far handed justice could prevent him and his successors from enjoying it. And there is nothing to prevent a laborer in his vineyard being as poor as an English curate. There is nothing to force a man in London to preach for twenty pounds a year.

The English clergy mix much in the amusements of society, and run sometime into excesses of pleasure: ours are more rigid and ascetic, and I believe are not seldom carried into the opposite excesses of bigotry. Amusements are a part of the wants of human nature, of which clergymen partake, as other men. It is certain, that all attempts to set apart a class of men, and give them attributes above humanity, have failed, or been successful only in times of unnatural emotion, or extreme ignorance; and attempts to set social asusments in opposition to religious duties, have failed also. The clergy, mixing more in society, would impose order and decency upon its amusements, and save them often from disreputable excesses.

As for tithes, I would not defend at all. I see no reason to continue the odious tax, since the church may as well be supported from the general fund. A man pays willingly for a highway he does not use, but taxed expressly for such road, would murmur inconsolably. I do not see why a part of the support might not be supplied by voluntary contributions. It would keep alive industry in the clergy, and establish a kindly intercourse between them and their parishioners. We love the few we voluntary pay for, and the clergyman we voluntary patronize; and principles of gratitude and affection are established on both sides. Corporations have no souls, and individuals have no souls in dealing with them. The king is the government; and in this sense, whether a Charles II., or a Saint Edward, is Defender of the Faith. His power of appointment consists only in issuing leave to elect (*conge d'elire*) to the dean and chapter, who have the presentation.

The non-residence of the clergy in their parishes is indefensible. Who sees nothing of his sheep but the fleece, is a bad shepherd. Exemption from pastoral duties leads to idleness, and vicious habits; and the present state of the world requires both a reasonable religion, and unexceptionable morals and piety, in its professors. The English clergyman, settled in the duties of his parish church, is, by the testimony of every one, the most respectable of human beings. Whether the unequal distribution of the church revenues admits of a remedy, I cannot say: it certainly is an evil. In religion, there are few menial services, and he who administers the duties, ought to have consideration. The man intended for the whole field, should not be heaped up in a few spots.

Uniformity in religion must be given up; it exists no where in Christendom. Diversity of sects has its good and evil. The good, is the censorial inspection exercised by one over the other; a rivalryship of

abilities among the opposing clergy: an emulation in building better churches, and contributing to their support. The evils are, the weakening of religious influence and means of subsistence. We have twenty religions from Europe, with several of our own, and these often getting together into a village, starve one another. In the large cities, this evil is little felt. There is, beside, a continual tendency to subdivision and contention, which brings out bad passions, injurious to religion itself. We have already two sets of Episcopalians, Presbyterians, and even Quakers. It leads men, also, to dogmatize too much, and reason themselves into bigotry or infidelity. Nothing could save such a system, but the belief, every day spreading that the essence being preserved, the difference of church is immaterial. The dispute is then reduced to mere propriety of forms. On this ground, religion is safe, and the forms best administered and suited to human nature, will become prosperous, and supersede the others.

SPIRIT OF DISCOVERY.

A MARTYR TO SCIENCE.

After Franklin made his great discovery of the identity of lightning and electricity, by means, of a kite sent up into the air during a thunder-storm, many philosophers eagerly sought to repeat his experiments.—Amongst these Professors Richman of St. Petersburg was the most indefatigable and fearless. In pursuing a series of experiments on atmospheric electricity, he erected what was called a gnomon, which consisted principally of a Leyden jar, communicating with an iron rod, which rose some feet above the roof of his house; and an electrometer, consisting of a linen thread with half a grain of lead tied to it. Of course, when the gnomon was charged with electricity, and had communicated that fluid to the thread and the metal, the latter, being easily moved, would be repelled from the gnomon; and its angular ascent on the face of a divided quadrant or index indicated the force of the electricity which had been accumulated. On the 9th of August, 1752, Richman obtained from the end of the rod electrical flashes, which could be heard at several feet distant; and if any person touched the apparatus, a smart shock was felt.

On the 6th of August, 1753, the professor, whilst at a meeting of the Academy of Sciences, heard the sounds of distant thunder; and having previously made every arrangement for making experiments, he instantly quitted the assembly, taking with him his engineer, Mr. Sokolow, to make draughts of whatever might appear interesting in the phenomena. On their arrival at Richman's house, the plummet of the electrometer was found elevated four degrees from the perpendicular; in other words, the electricity in the gnomon had accumulated to such an extent, that it repelled the lead to the distance mentioned. Whilst the philosopher was in the act of describing to his companion the dangerous consequences which might follow if the thread rose to forty-five degrees, a tremendous crash of thunder shook the imperial city. He bent his head over the gnomon to observe the indications of the electrometer, and in this position, with his head a foot from the iron rod a globe of bluish-white fire, about the size of Mr. Sokolow's fist, shot from the iron rod to the professor's head, accompanied by a report as loud as that of a pistol. The discharge proved fatal, he fell back on a chest, and expired in a moment. Sokolow was stupified and benumbed by a kind of vapour which had been generated, and his clothes were covered with burn marks produced by the red-hot fragments of a metallic wire which had struck his person.

On recovering himself he rushed out of the house, and made known the terrible disaster which had taken place. In the meanwhile, Madam Richman, alarmed by the thunder stroke, hastened to the chamber, and found her lifeless husband in the attitude of sitting upon the chest, and leaning against the wall.

The medical part of the case is not without interest. Aid was of course instantly obtained; a vein was opened, but no blood flowed from it; and although every attempt was made to restore life by violent friction and other means, all was in vain. When the body was turned, a small quantity of blood dropped from the mouth, and from a red spot which marked the forehead a few drops also oozed out. Several red and blue spots, not unlike leather shrunk by burning, were discovered on different parts of the body. The

shoe of the left foot was burst open, and a blue mark appeared on the foot beneath the apperture. The stocking exhibited no corresponding hole, and the coat had been uninjured. On opening the body, neither the brain nor the cranium showed any appearance of injury; a little blood appeared in the cavities below the lungs, and in the lungs towards the back, which were of a dark brown colour. The heart-glands and smaller intestines were all inflamed, but the entrails were of the natural appearance. Some silver in one of the pockets remained uninjured by the electric fluid. Immediately after the fatal explosion, the house was filled with a sulphureous vapour. A clock was stopped in the adjoining room; the ashes of the hearth were strewn about; the doorcase of the room was rent asunder, a part of the door itself was torn off. The Leyden jar was shattered, and its metallic filings were scattered over the apartment's.

CAOUTCHOUC.

The caoutchouc [or Indian rubber] tree occurs very generally as a solitary tree, although occasionally two or three may be found grouped together. It is among the most magnificent of forest trees, and is second to the banian only, because that tree admits of indefinite extension. Such is the size of the caoutchouc, that it may be distinguished from a distance of several miles by its dense, immense, and lofty crown. The dimensions of one of the largest are as follow:—The circumference of the main trunk and the supporters, a hundred and twenty feet; and of the area covered by the branches, six hundred and ten feet; more than a tenth of a mile! the estimated height, a hundred feet. The appearance of the tree, as one approaches the trunk, is majestic. It has a natural tendency to throw out branches both from the main trunk and from the branches; and these have a strong disposition to cohere with the trunk and with the trunk and with each other. When the roots are thrown out, either from the main trunk or very near it, they ordinarily run down its surface, and impart to it the picturesque appearance of elaborate sculpture. Frequently the caoutchouc plants itself on other trees, and, as soon as it is firmly fixed, casts down its roots to the ground. These, according to their nature, seek each other; a net work is soon formed round the tree; the reticulations diminish with the multiplications of the roots; and at length a solid and firm cylinder is formed round the tree which received the young seedling, which is eventually stifled in the embrace of the caoutchouc. The juice is procured from a transverse incision made in the larger root. The incision reaches the wood, and even penetrates it; but the flow of juice is from the bark alone. Under the incision a hole is scooped in the earth, in which a leaf, folded up into the shape of a rude cup, is placed. The fluid as it issues is, when good, nearly of the consistence of cream and of a very fine white colour. Its excellence is known by the degree of its consistence; and the quality of caoutchouc,—which would appear to depend on this consistence—is readily ascertained by rubbing a few drops on the palm of the hand, when the caoutchouc rapidly becomes separated. By kneading this up again, it speedily becomes elastic. Many incisions are made in one tree; the juice flows rapidly at first; but diminishes in a few moments. It flows more copiously during the night. In two or three days a layer of caoutchouc is formed over the wound, and the flowing consequently ceases.—*Friend of India.*

INFIDELITY.

A Professor in one of the German Universities, whose unconcern for religion in general was notorious, was not less remarkable for the care which he took in the religious instruction of his children. One of his friends, astonished at this inconsistency, and asking him the reason of this conduct, was told in reply, "It is because I wish my children may enjoy more peace of mind, and more content in this life, than has ever fallen to my lot; and this they can only obtain by possessing more faith than myself."

Suicide.—A young woman named Anna Wilkinson who resided at No. 106 Cherry street committed suicide on Thursday, by swallowing laudanum. She was a native of England, not quite seventeen years old, and had been married more than a year. It appeared that she did not live very happily with her husband.—*N. Y. paper.*

NOTE.—We differ entirely with the writer. The promise of beauty in the Christian system, is its "Synapticity." The mind can easier be brought to believe in a religion at all, than that the gowgaws of this world are to find acceptance with Him, who took upon Himself the form of a servant, and declared through his whole life, that his kingdom was not of this world. Fashionable Christianity, and white blackbirds, are of the same kidney.

POPULAR TALES.

For the American Masonic Register and Literary Companion.
FRANK LYTTLETON.

There is not in New England a spot that presents to the eye more beautiful scenery than the VALLEY OF THE CONNECTICUT. From its mouth to its source the eye of the traveller is continually greeted by a succession of pictures ever varying, but always beautiful. It reminds one of the pleasant valleys of romance where all of lovely and enchanting, is walled in by lofty mountains from the rough world without. For hundreds of miles the blithe Connecticut goes chaunting on his way through meadows fair as the fields of Arcadia, until, like a youth who has outlived the pleasures and the hopes of life, he plunges with despair into the ocean. At the time our tale commences the beams of the sun just rising above the tops of the hills fell upon the river's breast and glittered in the dewy meadows while the fields farther back under the hills were yet cold and shady. It was many years ago, and the Valley wore an aspect far different from what it now presents. Instead of the numerous little villages which are at this day, seen on its banks all was forest except where once in a few miles the house of some pioneer farmer rose cheerfully from the garden which his labor had cleared in the woods. These little castles in the wilderness were continually exposed to the ruthless invasions of straggling parties of Indians who were passing up and down the river for war or hunting around these houses. Ambitious clearings often extended a mile or two or even farther upon the river. At the time we speak of a single pedestrian was seen walking lightly along the unworn road, and following up the course of the river. His youth could be known by the glow of health, which the exercise of the morning caused to mantle in his cheek, and by the downy beard scarcely perceptible upon his lips. His hat was thrown back from his brow shewing a prepossessing countenance with large dark eyes, capable of flashing with the fierce passion of war or melting into tenderness in a fair ladies' bower. He carried a light valise, which contained a few changes of garments, with a couple of pistols, as some guard against unlucky contingencies was at this period deemed indispensable. This traveller was Frank Lyttleton. He was a member of Harvard University, and was now spending a Summer vacation in a manner consonant with a mind strongly admiring the beauties and open to all the unimaginable influences of nature, and a disposition tinctured withal in no slight degree with a love of the romantic. He had been born on the Connecticut, and from his earliest boyhood it had been to him a delight and a passion to roam on its banks or climb the rugged mountains and survey from their summits its winding course till it was hidden in the distance, or sport like the dolphin upon its bosom. As he sat upon a rock musing over the current that flowed beneath him, he pictured to himself the delight it would afford him to follow the stream up even to its source, alone with nature and his own heart. This plan so lightly conceived he brooded upon till it became with him a settled object. He determined to accomplish his wish on the first opportunity. One year more was to close his college course, and as another occasion so convenient as the present might not soon offer, it was not to be slighted. His father was a merchant, and like many merchants of that day had himself been liberally educated. He was not therefore inclined to check a propensity which he knew to be common to youth & usually to cease with it. We see our hero then started upon his solitary journey; now to him infinitely attractive as it promised so much of adventure and of romance to his warm imagination. On the morning above mentioned he had long since left behind the last public house and had trusted to the hospitality and courtesy of the inhabitants for accommodations, which were granted cheerfully without distrust to one who bore upon his title page evidences of an open disposition and a gentle demeanor. He loitered leisurely on his way frequently stopping to gaze upon the calm river as if wrapt in pleasant fancies, or to mark the leaping of a salmon or the artful gyrations of the fish hawk in the act of descending for his prey. At length when he had begun to tire of his long walk, the few last miles of which had been in the woods affording only occasional glimpses of the river through the trees, he emerged into a cleared space and the scene that burst upon his sight was such as for a long time to rivet his attention

and make him forgetful of his fatigue in his present gratification. A long wide bend of the river lay before him and upon its bank a dwelling-house that seen in such a place and at that day seemed to his delighted imagination a very palace. He suffered his fancy to picture it to him as a fairy castle within whose walls perhaps some fair lady was held captive by sage enchanters, whom it was his duty as a Knight to set a liberty at every hazard. Little did he imagine at the time that there was a fair lady there of whom he should himself become instead of the deliverer, the sage enchanter. He directed his way towards the house and had time to survey its situation and appearance which he was the more charmed with the more he gazed. From the house to the river, a distance of some 30 or a hundred rods stretched a smooth lawn with a gentle declination even to the water's edge. Close by one side of the house ran a clear stream that emptied itself into the river. So that the house stood upon the point of land between these two streams. Back from the house the ground rose gradually to the woods and then to the hills. It realized almost all he had imagined of the Elysian fields which he had been so long accustomed to anticipate discovering among the green woods where he was now rambling. He gazed awhile in admiration and then stepped aside a short distance to make enquiries of some laborers, who informed him that this was the residence of Mr. D—, formerly a trader but who had three or four years previously removed to this distant spot and made the improvements which he saw around him. Before it reached the house the road passed down through a little shady dell through which a jolly rivalet ran hopping along to the river. Observing a foot path which seemed to cross it and lead more directly to the house he took advantage of the shade which that afforded and went along till he had arrived at the bottom of the little valley casting his eyes to the right and left, as each step portrayed to his view some different modification of the delightful scenery through which he was passing, when suddenly his eyes were fixed upon a beautifully shaded arbor, all covered with the trellis work of vines and wedding flowers, situated on a level plot of grass at the way edge of the little stream. But he stopped not to notice the beauties of the arbor as his eyes were riveted upon the figure of a fair girl who was half sitting, half reclining on a cushioned bench, and being absorbed in the perusal of a book who she held in her hand, had not noticed his approach. Her face was averted, presenting a profile which shewed all the regularity and admirable proportions of the Grecian cast with less as he thought of the masculine, than such features usually exhibit. Thus he judged though her face were partly shaded, not hidden by the profusion of bright locks that hung loose about her neck and forehead. A slight scarf of silk had been thrown over her shoulders, but had fallen so low as to make visible a beautifully rounded neck and breast while one shoulder was unconsciously peeping forth above her dress to be fanned by the refreshing breeze. As Frank feasted his eyes upon this beautiful apparition he almost thought that some nymph of the wood, was before him, in her sylvan abode.

All loose her negligent attire,
All loose her golden hair.

But recovering himself from his trance he perceived that he had been guilty of a rudeness and immediately walked on. His steps aroused the maiden who looked up, and as her dark eyes fell upon a young and handsome stranger so unexpectedly before her, her cheek was suffused with crimson, while she resumed an upright position and drew the scarf more closely about her shoulders. As her eyes met his, it must be confessed that our hero himself felt an undesirable, fluttering within, and as he bowed involuntarily and passed on, he could not help thinking afterwards that his bow was quite as respectful and profound as he was accustomed to give when at college, even to the "Prex" himself. Frank went on in high spirits at this, to him so romantic an incident. The young are easily smitten, their hearts, those that are innocent as well as inexperienced are ever open to the perception of loveliness, be it in the rough mountain top, the rolling river, or though last not least, the fair face of woman. He had hardly yet regained his wonted self-possession, and was humming half to himself, half aloud these lines of Milton.

Who had thought this clime had held
A Deity so unparalleled?

When he found himself suddenly before the house to which he had directed his way. Sitting in the verandah which surrounded two sides of the house, he saw a person whom he at once took, (and he was not mistaken) for Mr. D—the owner of the mansion. He was a lively old gentleman with a countenance that bespoke health and intelligence. He immediately welcomed our young traveller with all the cordial and frank hospitality of our fathers in that age, and that for very obvious reasons was more peculiarly a characteristic of the frontier settlers. They withdrew into the house, which Frank noticed was furnished within in a manner that corresponded with its outward appearance. After they had partaken of refreshments, which the old gentleman ordered, they were soon seated again in the verandah conversing as freely as old acquaintances, Mr. D— soon discovered that the young traveller was the son of an old friend of his own and upon this he was so elated that he could not refrain from giving another shake of welcome.— Frank's father and Mr. D— had in their young days formed an intimacy which ripened as age advanced into firm friendship, though by the circumstances of the war and their own domestic affairs, they had become so far separated that their intercourse as well as correspondence had of late years entirely ceased. But the good old man had many stories and intercourse of their boyish days to relate which he did with a great deal of enthusiasm, though Heaven forgive me, I believe my hero (the rascal) was thinking more of the lovely apparition that had appeared to him in the morning than of the old man's stories, and would rather have caught a glimpse of her at that moment than to have seen even his father himself. He had no doubt that she was the daughter of Mr. D—and that he should see her in process of time, but he could hardly help attempting to make sure of the fact by drawing the old man out on the subject. Soon Mr. D. took his young guest on to his grounds—showed him his gardens, his flowers and his arbors. "I am rejoiced at this chance, visit Mr. Lyttleton said he, I was getting exceedingly lonesome here, having no one but my daughter, and I am determined you shall make an addition to our family for a long time. You will not of course think of going farther up the river?" To this half question, half assertion, Frank replied by expressing his thanks for the invitation to remain, in such a manner as to declare his intention neither way, though his heart leapt as he resolved to take advantage of the hospitality so freely offered him. They retired again to a sitting room, and sat conversing, a short time during which Frank's eyes were frequently turned towards the door hoping to see the entrance of the daughter. Soon he heard steps approaching, and then the door was softly opened. He was seized with an irrepressible tremor; but on looking up discovered that the intruder was merely a servant who came to announce the supper hour. On entering thereon his first glance showed him the object of his thoughts, who manifested her recognition by an involuntary blush. The old gentleman introduced them in due form, without noticing their embarrassment. "Mr. Lyttleton—my daughter, Sir, Mary, this is a young gentleman from—a son of an old friend of mine—we shall detain him as our guest a long time I hope." Thus spoke the old man in the sympathy of his heart. Mary did not say she hoped so too. The supper was a good one because it was enjoyed by these three alone, and there were many more such. From day to day Frank did remain there, and the longer he remained; the less inclination had he to leave them. He found what he had often sought in vain to find, amid the fashionable circles of town, he found in this wild flower of the country, a mind worthy of the beautiful dwelling place which nature had assigned it. He and the daughter of his father's friend could not long live thus, being almost continually together, after the first few days, strolling by the river in the first flush of morning, and in the twilight reposing in the arbor which bore a peculiar charm to each without feeling for each other a friendship which soon ripened into a warm and reciprocal attachment. A fortnight had passed in this way, and our hero was in full course of the enjoyment of that rapture which comes but once, and only from one source. He noted not the lapse of time—he had scarcely enough of recollection for his friends to inform them of his place of sojourn. This love was not strange,

indeed in the nature of things it was unavoidable—they were both in the *acme* youth, both till now 'fancy free.' Their acquaintance had commenced in a manner sufficiently romantic for the most ardent, and the predilection which each had formed, grounded upon outward appearance and a superficial acquaintance, had been sanctioned and strengthened by the mutual perception of more valuable qualities, and a more intimate knowledge. Among the laborers whom Mr. D. employed, and who lived in small dwelling-houses near his own, was one with whom Frank became acquainted through a slight incident in which he had rendered him some trifling assistance by the name of Gerry. As he was extremely loquacious to know every thing, Frank sometimes found amusement in listening to his stories, though he half suspected that he like other people who know everything, told more than he knew. From this man he learned there was another motive besides caprice or interest that had induced his host to emigrate to this retired region—the safety of his daughter. While they were resident at the town of——, a year or two before, there came to the place, a young man who called himself *Serle*. He seemed to have no employment beyond his own gratification, and had every appearance of being wealthy and respectable. He had been favored with a chance introduction to our heroine, and used frequently to call on her, though she met his advances coldly, as there was something repulsive in his occasional dark look and mysterious demeanor, though disguised by all the artfulness that fashion could teach. But as he saw the probability of success in his pursuit daily lessening, he grew the more resolute and determined in his purpose. In truth he was deeply in love and sought all means to further his advances. One night he had left a company of young revellers like himself, and full of insolence, and wine, had directed his way to the house of Mr. D—and obtained an interview with the daughter during which he had, though not for the first time declared his absorbing passion, but met with a decided repulse. Incensed at this and maddened with the fumes of liquor he had offered personal violence, but she was rescued from him by her father who forthwith banished him from the house with an injunction, not to enter it again. He departed uttering imprecations, and deep vows of revenge. And he did not forget them but laid his plans so deep that, but for an accidental discovery of the plot, the days of home and happiness to our heroine, would have been cut short. Fearing the future attempts of the villain, Mr. D— had been induced to put into immediate execution his intention of removing to a distance up the river. To this the laborer added that *Serle* in a fit of mingled disappointment, and rage had joined himself to the Indians, and had been seen and known as a white man notwithstanding he was Indian in his outward appearance. In the various incursions of small parties to which he had been attached, he was distinguished among them for the more than savage cruelty of his deeds. It was supposed that he was still among them carrying as far as was in his power an exterminating war against his own race.

To be continued.

MISCELLANY.

For the American Masonic Register and Literary Companion.

NOVELS.

The present age has all the means for mental cultivation that heart can desire. Books of every description and upon every science, instruments from the most simple construction up to those of the most intricate, are all within the reach of man. It needs but the will to gain access to these, and afterwards, but application to become a proficient in whatsoever branch of science man may choose. But I would by no means infer that all books have a tendency to cultivate the mind, or even to advance it in any respect whatever—far be it from me to uphold such an inference. Most generally all those which do not exert a salutary influence may be ranked under the head of *novels*. By novels, I mean those fictitious compositions which lay claim to but little, if any truth, and have for their sole object the excitement of the passions. There are indeed different degrees as it regards quality, in romantic as well as in real composition; but there is sufficient in them all, even if it is only the title, to condemn them to merited infamy. There are those

who pass censure upon a book from the mere title page or index—this, when exercised upon this class of writings, is not so far inconsistent with good sense, as many would suppose. Wherever the word, *novel*, or *romance*, lies snugly couched in the title page under the author's name, in nonpareil or minion type, as though afraid to show its diminutive head, throw it aside or consign it to the flames—for death, the death of mind, lurks within the covers. What are the deleterious effects? asks the lover of fancy. Why, they stand out as huge as mountains—the sight of them cannot be eschewed. The beetling crags bend to warn the timid adventurer to beware, lest his fragile bark be rifted upon the dreadful ridges ere he has hardly launched upon the ocean of life. They bend to tell him of those fatal spots upon which so many have struck, and plunged to rise no more.

They destroy taste for other and more substantial reading. This I consider as one of their greatest evils, especially to the young. When we look at the necessity of a sound education being given to the young, and of that character which shall fit them for stations of importance, give them a clear head, and a generous heart—when we look at the utter want of power an imaginary work has to do this—does it not show a weakness in us to encourage the circulation of them, and extol the authors as preservers of a purified literature? Our nation is young, and by no means eminently advanced in the higher branches of science; and therefore there is more necessity that our most strenuous exertions should be spent on these, instead of the soul degrading trash that floods in upon us under the head of *romances*. I said, our country was not gifted in the sciences—it is indeed true, we are sadly deficient—but if we wish the flaming chariot of science to roll on, let us cut off immediately the dead weights that are pulling it back. Who are to take the reins of this government? Who are to fill its executive offices, if we suffer the minds of our youth to be enfeebled and effeminized by mawkish, sickish love-tales? There is a spell, an enchantment, thrown around novels that can be found in no other books, and which takes deep hold upon the young. Like the venomous serpent, beautiful to the eye, every movement grace; but when its victim is once within its folds, escape is impossible. Let a person read the most interesting romance ever written (for instance, Scott's *Ivanhoe*), and then let him take Rollin's *Ancient History* or a *Biography*, and it will be as dull and uninteresting as though it were Hebrew. There is nothing for the imagination to grasp at, nothing to interest one's self in, no hero, no heroine, painted before the reader. Precisely this effect do they have upon all more or less. They unfit him for the duties of life—they unfit him to acquire beneficial knowledge for his own good and the good of his country.

But the reading of them is by no means confined to the male part of community. The majority is from the other sex. Strange it is, that ladies, whose hearts should be as chaste as the driven snow, free from those grosser faults that mark the common herd, will suffer their minds to be contaminated by this balderdash, this greatest foe to their sex. What pleasure can they derive from reading two or three hundred pages for the simple purpose of seeing how a creature, hatched in the brain of some fanciful tyro, fared in the world? How their consciences will let them spend day after day in this miserable employment, I cannot conceive. But if they must be read, I would say, read the last ten or fifteen pages of each novel and you will learn all there is to be learned. How many females have been ruined by these unprincipled books that might have stood in the foremost ranks of the literature. They have degraded their minds by this kind of reading, and have acquired so strong a taste for it that it is like cutting off a right arm, or plucking out a right eye, to peruse any book of another style. Almost every village in the world can point out many such. They stand like guide-boards to direct others to the right road.

Novels place a human being above this world—they fill him with romantic ideas—they infuse into him the chivalrous spirit of old—and he becomes altogether too fond of making this world the theatre or tournament of his gallantry and love. Of all the incentives to unsteadiness, *novels* stand foremost. Strange it is that all the sage logicians who have commented upon them should have passed by this one redeeming quality. Frequently we read in them of persons becoming very affluent suddenly, and arriving at the acme of honor and fame.

This causes the reader to suppose, and really believe, that through some mysterious way he shall obtain the same; and therefore he gives up all his pursuits and exertions, and settles down into inactivity. Often persons have been known to relinquish the business from which they receive their daily support under the baneful influence of novels.

It has been said, they are nearly all founded on fact; and information on facts is not injurious. I reply, scarcely one in fifty is founded on fact, and those that are, are none the better for it, if any thing, worse. They are worse, because it is an endeavor to throw a cloak over crime—it is like a gilded charnel-house—truth and fiction are blended together, which is infinitely worse than to have no truth at all. They give us confused ideas of things. We cannot tell which part comes from the novelist's brain and which part is true, and therefore we shall imbibe wrong ideas of men and manners. A person reading Miss Porter's *Scottish Chiefs*, a work founded on fact, would have a very different idea of Wallace from a correct one. Thus we see that a romance had better make no pretensions to truth, than to make them and not act up to them. All the information you get from any novel concerning a place, or man, cannot be relied upon; it will deceive you, and perhaps at a time when it will not be so consoling to pride. The scenery is exaggerated, and man is made either to excel an angel or to be worse than a devil. The virtue of the hero is praised to the skies, while his faults are left in the dark; and not unfrequently does it happen that the hero or heroine's sins and enormities are praised and commended, while their good morals are esteemed as prudish. Is this the kind of books for the growth of mind?—is this the kind we should place in the hands of our youth?—is this the kind that is going to fit us for eminent service in the ministry, in the law, or any other profession? No!—and this negation will find and echo in the breast of every friend of science. The lover of romances will quote with great satisfaction the words of Virgil:

“Fas est ab hoste doceri.”

It is fair to derive instruction even from an enemy.

This is true in many instances. But were it universally practised, what a dreadful state of society we should have. What an anodyne we could then have in our possession to lull conscience in the commission of gross faults. Our theatres and our gambling houses would be thronged with learners of human nature; and all our heretical churches would be crowded with those who wished to learn the depravity of the human heart. Equally pernicious is that other sentiment, if acted upon without any limitation:

“Seize upon truth where'er 'tis found,

Amongst your friends, amongst your foes,

On Christian or on heathen ground;

The flower's divine where'er it grows:

Neglect the prickles and assume the rose.”

And are these all the faults to be found?—by no means. Let the friends of Zion and the friends of purity mourn that lubricity has found a supporter in the novelist—that the violation of one of the most important points in the decalogue is encouraged by pretended preservers of refined taste. Blush, O, ye Novelists! who would fain display the guilty workings of the heart, and call forth the passions that would forever have slumbered in peace, under the fair cloak of morality. Surely Juvenal must have been possessed of the gift of prophecy, for he has so well adapted these lines to the present age:

Nil dictu fœdum, visuque, hæc limina tangat

Intra quæ puer est.*

Which translated by Dryden, runs thus:

Suffer no lewdness, nor indecent speech,

Th' apartment of the tender youth to reach.

The style of the writing is the most formidable argument that can be adduced in favor of imaginary works; but herein I think an error is committed, in giving it too much importance. It is indeed smooth and easy; it glides along like the gentle stream without one ripple; but this is not the diction we want—we want the torrent, the flood, the cataract, that sweeps every thing before it—we want that which will make men feel. This smooth, easy, round-period, elegant exclamation, writing that moves along as though peculiar pains had been taken to lubricate every sentence, is not the kind calculated to waken up the dormant powers of the mind, and throw men's souls into the work. On the con-

ry, it lulls them to sleep in the cradle of dreams and reveries. The pulpit demands an eloquence that spurns the dull rules of romance. The divine must wield the sword of truth with no flowers pinned upon it. The law also demands a fire that all the novels ever written cannot give. It is not the romantic that bears off the palm, and may that day never be seen when it shall. It is the sincere wish of every advocate of a purified literature, every friend of science uncontaminated, that the happy epoch may soon be known when the reign of mind shall commence; and imagination, instead of dominating, only exert its proper influence. May the day soon arrive when the cabinet, the parlor, and the boudoir, shall be ornamented with scientific, metaphysical and ethical books, instead of mind dissipating folly and nonsense;—when the words of Cowper shall exert a practical influence upon the novelist as well as the poet.

Happy the bard (if that fair name belong
To him, that blends no fable with his song,
Whose lines uniting, by an honest art,
The faithful monitor's and poet's part,
Seek to delight that they may mend mankind,
And, while they captivate, inform the mind.

* Sat. 14.

THE FIRST ENGLISH BIBLE.

In the year 1535, this most valuable present to English Protestants was complete abroad, under the direction of Miles Coverdale, a man greatly and deservedly esteemed for piety, knowledge of the Scriptures, and diligent preaching, on account of which qualities King Edward the sixth advanced him to the see of Exeter. This first translation of the whole Bible ever printed in English is generally called "Coverdale's Bible;" it is a folio volume, and from the appearance of the types, it is now generally considered to have been printed at Zurich, in the printing-office of Christopher Froshover.

The following specimen contains the nineteenth Psalm (conformably to the numeration in the Hebrew Bibles,) as translated by Coverdale, by whom it is numbered xviii., according to the order found in the Septuagint Greek and in the Latin Vulgate versions.

"THE XVIII. A PSALME OF DAVID.

The very heaves declare the glory off
God, and the very firmament sheweth
his hayde worke. One daye telleth
another, and one night certifieth another.
There is nether speach ner language, but the
ir voyces are herde amoge the. Their soude
is gone out into all londes, and their wordes
into the endes of the worlde.

In the hath he sett a tabernacle for ye Sonne,
which cometh forth as a brydegrome out
of his chambre, and reioyseth as a giaunte to run
ne his course. It goeth forth fro one ende
of the heauen, and runneth aboute vnto
the same ende agayne, and there maye no man
by he himself fro the heate thereof. The lawe
of the Lorde is a perfecte lawe, it quickeneth
the soule. The testimony of ye Lorde
is true, and geueth wisdom euen vnto babes.
The statutes of the Lorde are right, and reioyse
the hart; ye comaundment of ye Lorde
is pure, and geueth light vnto the eyes.

The feare of the Lorde is cleene, and endureth
for euer; the iudgmentes of the Lorde
are true and rigtuos altogether. More
pleasunt are they then golde, yee then moch
fynne golde: sweter then hony and the hony combe.
These thy seruaut keepeth, and for keepinge
of them there is grete rewarde. Who
can tell, how oft he offendeth? Oh cleepe thou
me from my secret fautes. Keep thy seruaut
also from presumptuous synnes, lest they
get the dominion ouer me: so shall I be vndefiled
& innocet fro the greates offence. Yee
the wordes of my mouth and the mediatioe of
my herte shal be acceptable vnto the, o Lorde,
my helper and my redeemer."

A letter from Pensacola, dated the 19th inst., to a respectable mercantile house in this city, says,—“To day it is reported that there are thirty cases of yellow fever in town, but as yet there have been but few deaths and adds, if we should not have rain soon, the fever will be as bad as it has been in Mo^o. Va.

MANNERS AND CUSTC MS.

THE WHITE POPPY—OPIUM—AND OPIUM-EATERS.

The milky juice found in many plants,—as, for instance, in the poppy, the lettuce, the dandelion, and others,—has long been known for its soporific effects. This narcotic principle has been found to exist more particularly in the juice of the white poppy, from which is prepared the Opium of commerce. Laudanum, which is a solution of Opium in spirits, is well known, both for its beneficial effects when carefully administered, and for its fatal results in the hands of ignorance or wickedness.

The Poppy is cultivated to a great extent, for the purpose of extracting the Opium, in many parts of Asia, and even in the southern countries of Europe. In India, the cultivation is confined to certain districts, and is carried on for the benefit of the government. The greatest part of the crops of Hindostan are carried to China, and smuggled into that country, in spite of the regulations which forbids its importation; for even the functionaries appointed to exclude the drugs are anxious as others to obtain it. This desire for Opium, on the part of the Chinese, arises from a pernicious habit prevalent among them, of smoking it, and of swallowing it in the shape of pills, for the purpose of producing a species of intoxication.

The mode of culture in India is as follows:—The field being well prepared by the plough and harrow is divided into small beds, seven feet long, and five wide; the spaces between being formed into channels, for the purpose of conveying water to the different parts of the field. The seeds are sown in October or November: the plants are allowed to grow six or eight inches from each other, and are plentifully supplied with water, till about eight inches high, when they are watered more sparingly. As they are about to come in blossom, the quantity of water is increased, and manure, and a large portion of nitrous earth, are strewed over the beds. When the seedpods are half grown, no more water is given, and the cultivators begin to collect opium. At sunset they make two incisions in each pod, passing from below upwards, taking care not to penetrate the cavity of the capsule. The incisions are repeated every evening, until the capsules have received six or eight wounds: they are then allowed to ripen their seeds.

Early in the morning, the juice which has trickled from the wounds, is scraped off by women and children with a small scoop; it is then placed in an earthen pot, and allowed to become sufficiently hard to be formed into globular masses of about four pounds weight. These cakes are covered over with leaves, and dried, until they are fit for use.

The Poppy is a very hardy plant, and in most climates can be sown either in the Spring, or the Autumn as it stands the cold weather tolerably well. It will not bear transplanting; and must, consequently, be sown more thickly than it is intended to grow, and afterwards be thinned out.

Modern chemistry has succeeded in extracting the narcotic principle from crude Opium, in the form of a white crystallized substance, which is called Morphinum. Small doses of this are now frequently administered, instead of larger quantities Laudanum or Opium.

The seeds of the poppy yield, by expression, an excellent oil, equal, for the purposes of cookery, to the best olive, and possessing none of the properties of opium itself, which appears to reside only in the milky juices of the plant. In Europe, although the poppy is considerable extent, it is chiefly for the sake of the seeds, and of the dry seed-pods, which are used in medicine.

The destructive habit of taking large doses of Opium, to produce a sort of temporary intoxication, prevails to a great extent in Eastern countries, particularly among the Turks. The effects are to be daily witnessed in Constantinople; were the miserable beings addicted to this vice may be seen assembled in some favorite house, enjoying their deadly luxury.

“I had heard so much of the sensations produced by this drug,” says Dr. Madden, “that I resolved to know the truth; and accordingly took my seat in the coffee house, with half a dozen Theriakis. Their gestures were frightful: those who were completely under the influence of the opium, talked incoherently; their

features were flushed, their eyes had an unnatural brilliancy, and the general expression of their countenance was horribly wild. The effect is usually produced in two hours, and lasts four or five; the dose varies from three grains to a drachm. I saw one old man take four pills, of six grains each, in the course of two hours. I was told he had been using opium for five-and-twenty years; but this is a very rare example, as an opium-eater seldom passes thirty years of age, if he commences the practice early. The debility, both moral and physical, attendant on its excitement, is terrible; the appetite is soon destroyed, every fibre in the body trembles, the nerves of the neck become affected and the muscles get rigid. Several of those I have seen in this place, at various times, had wry necks and contracted fingers: but still they cannot abandon the habit. They are miserable till the time arrives for taking their daily dose; and when its influence begins, they are all fire and animation. Some of them compose verses, and others address the by-standers in eloquent discourses, imagining themselves to be emperors, and to have all the world at their command.

“I commenced with one grain: in the course of an hour and a half it produced no perceptible effect. The coffee-house keeper was very anxious to give me an additional pill of two grains, but I was contented with half a one; and in another half an hour, feeling nothing of the expected reverie, I took half a grain more, making two grains in the course of two hours. After two hours and a half from the first dose, I took two grains more; and shortly after this dose, my spirits became sensibly excited. The pleasure of the sensation seemed to depend on a universal expansion of mind and matter; my faculties appeared enlarged, every thing I looked on seemed increased in volume; but I had no longer the same pleasure when I closed my eyes, which I had when they were open. I made my way home as fast as possible, dreading at every step I should commit some extravagance. I was hardly sensible my feet touched the ground; and I got to bed the moment I reached home. The most extraordinary visions of delight filled my brain all night. In the morning I rose, pale and dispirited; my head ached; and my body was debilitated, that I was obliged to remain on the sofa all the day, dearly paying for my first essay at opium eating.”

The following description is from *Hopes Anastasius*, which, although a work of fiction, contains, in its descriptive scenes, correct and vivid representations of the manners of the East.

“The great mart of that deleterious drug, is the Theriakkee Tchatchee. There, in elegant coffee-houses, adorned with trellised awnings, the dose of delusion is measured out to each customer according to his wishes. But, lest its visitors should forget to what place they are hieing, directly facing its painted porticoes stands the great receptacle of mental imbecility, erected by Sultan Suleiman for the use of his capital.

“In this Tchatchee might be seen, any day, a numerous collection of those whom private sorrows have driven to a public exhibition of insanity. There, each reeling idiot might take his neighbour by the hand and say, ‘Brother, and what ailed thee, to seek so dire a cure?’ There did I, with the rest of its familiars, now take my habitual station in my solitary niche, like an insensible, motionless idol, sitting with sightless eyeballs, staring on vacancy.

“One day, as I lay in less entire absence of mind than usual, under the purple vines of the porch, admiring the gold-tipped domes of the majestic Sulimanye, the appearance of an old man with a snow-white beard, reclining on the couch beside me, caught my attention. Half-plunged in stupor, he every now and then burst out into a wild laugh, occasioned by the grotesque phantasms which the ample dose he had swallowed was sending up into his brain. I sat contemplating him with mixed curiosity and dismay, when, as if for a moment roused from his torpor, he took me by the hand, and fixing on my countenance his dim, vacant eyes, said, in an impressive tone, ‘Young man, thy days are yet few; take the advice of one, who, alas, has counted many. Lose no time; hie thee hence, nor cast behind one lingering look: but if thou has not the strength, why tarry even here? Thy journey is but half achieved. At once go on to that large mansion before thee. It is thy ultimate destination; and by thus beginning where thou must end at last, thou mayest at least save both thy time and thy money.’”

AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER.

ALBANY, SATURDAY, OCTOBER, 26, 1839.

Br. William Boardman, of 33 Jones street, N. York, is duly authorised to receive subscriptions, and collect monies on account of the Register, in that city.

The Apollo—is a neat little place recently fitted up in Green-street, for the giving of Concerts, and Dramatic efforts, under the management of Mess. Taylor and Stilwell. It appears to be very respectably patronised—is free from noise—no improper persons allowed to enter its walls, and no ardent spirits permitted about the premises. These considerations, with a very clever company, make it deserving of patronage.

Mobile.—This place may be emphatically termed a "doomed city." After suffering all the horrors of a pestilence, almost unequalled, in the history of any country—fiends in human shape, are prowling about its deserted streets, adding to the general horror, by the destruction of vacant tenements. A correspondent says, that such is the excitement at present in that city, that reasonable suspicion against any individual, would settle his doom at the first place a rope could be fastened to. Who could say nay to it.

The enclosure from Royalton, was duly received. Likewise, the one from Middlebury, Gen.

China.—The English and American residents have again got into difficulty with the Chinese, on account of the smuggling of opium into the 'Celestial Empire.' The Chinese are determined to settle the matter in their own despotic way. If the British and American government, would but send a few frigates to Canton, an hour's reasoning in that way, would learn them good manners for half a century.

Gov. Seward, has recommended Thursday, the 28th of November, as a day to be observed throughout this state, for public Worship, Thanksgiving and Prayer.

At a recent commencement of Columbia college, the honorary degree of D. D. was conferred on the Rev. William M. Carmichael, rector of St. George's church, in Hempsted, L. I. Mr. C. was formerly a resident of this city.

Those of our fair readers who dissent to the remarks of our correspondent on "Novels," shall have a column for reply.

Gen. Van Rensselaer, of Patriot notoriety, has been found guilty, at the term of the U. States court held in this city, under an indictment for a violation of the laws of the U. S., in the frontier affairs in which he was engaged, and sentenced by Judge Thompson to an imprisonment of six months, and a fine of two hundred and fifty dollars.

The tables turned.—The New York Sun says, that a new act in the drama of the *Amistad*, came off in that city yesterday. Messrs. Ruez and Montez, the Spanish claimants of the negroes taken on board the *Amistad*, were yesterday morning arrested here at the suite of Jingua, alias Cinquez, and Fulah, on process issued by Judge Ingraham of the Court of Common Pleas, and Chief Justice Jones of the Superior Court, on a plea of trespass and assault, and false imprisonment.—Don Fonni, another of the African captives, has, we understand, by his counsel, obtained a *capias* to arrest the same individuals; and probably some others also.

A homicide of rather a singular character was perpetrated last Thursday near Syracuse. A pedler, bending under the weight of his pack, encountered on one of the bye-roads of that region a foot pad who demanded his money. The pedler handed out his pocket

book. "Is this all?" asked the robber. "No," said the pedler.—"Well fork up, and be quick!" The pedler put his hand in his bosom, drew out a pistol and shot the robber through the heart. The body was recognised as that of the convict just discharged from the Auburn prison.—*Buffalo Jour.*

Horrible.—A man named William Kitchman, in a beastly state of intoxication, was brought to the police at noon Thursday and placed in a cell, and there left till yesterday morning, when he was found dead, and his face eaten off by rats!—*N. Y. Star.*

Horrid case of Murder by a German Boy.—A boy named Godfrey Zapf, aged 14, took with him three small boys, just arrived from Germany, and went into the woods near Jeffersonville (La.) on a hunting excursion. About a mile from town he told the boys he would shoot them, and accordingly raised his gun and shot one down, finishing the work of death by beating his victim with a club before he expired. He re-loaded and threatened to shoot them if they ever disclosed the murder. He arranged the story for them to tell, they separated. The two little fellows returned home and disclosed the secret. The parents, who had been searching the river, now took two hounds, and by their aid found the body. The murderer is arrested, and pleads accident. He displays great intelligence, but evinces, by this unheard of act, an atrocity of character surpassing the most terrific tragedies that the fictions of his countrymen have ever received.—*N. Y. Star.*

LAMENTABLE OCCURRENCE.

Four persons drowned in Lake Michigan.

We are indebted to Mr. A. H. Gardner, barkeeper of the steamboat *De Witt Clinton*, for the following particulars. He says: "On the 11th inst., while on our return trip from Chicago, stopped at Milwaukee. There is no pier at that place, and such vessels as touch there have to anchor one mile from the beach. On the day above mentioned, a boat's crew, consisting of Capt. A. H. Squires, L. Randall, clerk, W. Vosburgh, steward, C. Brown, mate, — Johnson, the general agent of the Norwegian company, Captain of the steamboat *Towbridge*, a stranger, name unknown, and myself, went on shore at that place. Business compelled us to do so, and it was 8 o'clock at night before we attempted to return.

When about half way from the shore the boat swamped, and all were in an instant buried in the lake. It was so dark that we could hardly distinguish each other. While in the water I was seized with both hands in my neckcloth by the Norwegian. I attempted to disengage myself from him, but could not, and we sank together. When at the bottom I seized one of the man's hands, and with a desperate effort with my feet and hands, freed myself, and I saw him no more.

On coming to the surface chance threw an oar in my way, which I seized, and it gave me confidence. After a few minutes I was thrown against the yawl, and by much exertion I got in. There was no person in it, or near, that I could see. Presently I saw the arm of a man above the water, near the stern of the boat. It turned out to be Capt. Squires.

At this time I was much exhausted, but still strong enough to clasp the thwart of the boat, which prevented my being washed overboard again. But of the captain. He some how or other regained the yawl, and run his arm through the stern "ring bolt." The waves were all the while washing over us. After a moment I spoke, and was answered in a feeble tone. The captain much exhausted, and made me repeat my name so anxious was he for my safety. While in this situation the body of Brown floated by—the captain caught hold of it, but it was washed out of his hands, and was found on shore next morning.

In this situation we must have remained over an hour, each cheering the other, until finally the captain said, "Gardner, call out, I am going. If you reach shore, tell them where I am." I tried to encourage the captain, and told him I saw a light. He made no answer, and I saw his head throw back, as if dead. I again called upon him to exert himself, but to no use. At this time the light approached us. It was on the shore towards which we had been washing all the time. What followed I cannot say. When I came to, I was on board the little steamboat *Towbridge*, in the hands of my rescuers, as was also the captain, and alive.

We farther learn from Mr. G., that of the boat's crew four were lost, viz: Messrs Randall, Vosburgh, Brown, and the Norwegian. The captain of the *Towbridge* and the stranger saved themselves by swimming. All those who perished had on their coats, and those saved pulled them off, to aid in rowing the boat. Mr. Brown was not found; he had in his coat pocket \$2,600 in bills and \$400 in gold. Mr. Gardner, in losing his coat, lost \$309.—*Buffalo Com. Adv.*

DIED.

At Natchitoches, La. on the 28 ult. of congestive fever, Mr. William Gough, second son of Mr. Thos. Gough of this city, aged 27 years.

Suddenly at Sand Lake, on Monday last, Mr. Peter Chase, of Newport, R. I.

In Rome; Oneida county, Mrs. Matilda Root, aged 33 years.

ELECTION NOTICE.—Sheriff's Office, City and County of Albany, October 11, 1839. Notice is hereby given that at the next general election to be held in the county of Albany on the 4th, 5th, & 6th days of November next, a Senator is to be chosen to represent the Third Senate District in the Senate of this State in the place of Edward P. Livingston, resigned; and that three Senators are to be chosen at the said election to represent the said Third Senate District, according to a notice from the Secretary of State, of which a copy is annexed.

MICHAEL ARCHER, Sheriff.

STATE OF NEW-YORK.

SECRETARY'S OFFICE, Albany, Oct. 11, 1839.

To the Sheriff of the County of Albany—

Sir: Notice is hereby given you that since the general notice of election was issued from this office, on the 15th day of August last, a vacancy has happened in the representation of the Third District, by the resignation of Edward P. Livingston, a Senator from that district, whose term of office would have expired on the last day of December 1841; and that a Senator to supply the said vacancy is to be chosen at the next general election, to be held on the 4th, 5th, and 6th days November next.—There are therefore three Senators to be chosen in the Third Senate District, (comprising among others the county of which you are Sheriff,) at the next general election, viz: one in the place of James Powers, whose term of service will expire on the last day of December next; one in the place of Noadiah Johnson, deceased; and one in the place of Edward P. Livingston, resigned.

JOHN C. SPENCER, Secretary of State.

N. B. You are to give notice of the above mentioned election in writing to one of the inspectors of each town and ward in your county, and to annex thereto a copy of his notice. You are also to publish such notice and copy in all public newspapers printed in your county.

SHERIFF'S OFFICE.—City and county of Albany, August 7, 1839.

ELECTION NOTICE.—A general election is to be held in the county of Albany on the 4th, 5th, and 6th, days of November next at which will be chosen the officers mentioned in the notice from the Secretary of State, of which a copy is annexed.

MICHAEL ARCHER, Sheriff,
State of New York, Secretary's Office,
Albany, Aug. 15, 1839.

Sir—Notice is hereby given you that the term of service of James Powers, a Senator of the Third Senate District of this state will expire on the last day of December next, and that a senator is to be chosen in that district, to which the county of which you are sheriff belongs, at the general election to be held on the fourth, fifth and sixth days of November next.

You will also take notice, that a vacancy has been caused in the representation of the Third Senate District, by the death of Noadiah Johnson, a senator from that district, whose term of office would have expired on the last day of December, 1840; and that a senator to supply the said vacancy is to be chosen at the said next general election.

You will also take notice, that a proposed amendment to the constitution is to be submitted to the people at the said election, at which the electors are to vote, "For the election of Mayors by the People," or "Against the election of Mayors by the People." At the said election the following officers are to be chosen, viz: Three members of Assembly.

JOHN C. SPENCER, Secretary of State.

N. B. You are to give notice of the aforesaid election, in writing to one of the inspectors of each town and ward in your county, and annex thereto a copy of this notice. You are also to publish the said notice and copy in all the public newspapers printed in your county.

THE AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER,

Is Published every Saturday by L. G. HOFFMAN

OPPOSITE THE EAGLE TAVERN, ALBANY.

TERMS.—To city subscribers, *Two Dollars and Fifty Cents* a year. To subscribers who receive their papers by mail, *Two Dollars*, payable on the receipt of the 4th Number. No subscription received for a less term than one year. Back numbers at all times furnished.

POETRY.

For the American Masonic Register and Literary Companion.

SYMPATHIES WITH NATURE.

Hark! the roar of ocean,
Storms are on the sea,
The mighty winds are marching to
Their wildest mins' ere.

They are rushing o'er the ocean,
They are bending o'er the wood,
They are on the lofty mountain-top,
And in the solitude.

The clouds come riding out of heaven
In roughest welcome to the birth
Of the tempest on the ocean,—
Of the whirlwind on the earth.

But the whirlwind in his rage is calm,
And the billows' wildest roll,
To the torment of my heart,
To the tempest of my soul.

Listen; the winds are still,
The clouds have passed away,
The sun-set breaks o'er hill and dale,
And winding shore and bay.

The lakes and fields and streams
Glance in the sun like snow—
Beauty and light combine to form
A paradise below.

O now my heart is melted,
To the winning influence true
Of the sky with stars all lighted
And the earth o'erspread with dew.

And so it is—my mother earth
I evermore obey,
I weep when nature's face is sad,
And rejoice when it is gay.

SCROPE.

Albany Oct. 25 1839

MEMORY.

I.

Oh! sweet is the hour when Memory brings
The forms we've loved from the past entomb'd;
When from leaves which are scatter'd, an odor she
flings,
More sweet than the flower exhaled when it bloom'd.

II.

How delicious to linger on joys which are gone,
On the friends we have loved, and the hours which
have fled;
And to feel that in life we have known at least one,
Whose memory never can sleep with the dead!

III.

Oh! what were this world, if the love we have felt
In our earlier years, could never return,
To give rapture again to the heart where it dwelt,
And dry up the tears it receives in its urn?

IV.

Thus is it in life, when the frowns on the brow,
And despair at the heart has silver'd the head,
That we love to look back to our earliest vow,
And murmur its spell to the name of the dead!

V.

Though Hope with her dreams may bewilder the eye
Of those to whom pleasure has been but a vision;
Though her heaven she steep in those varying dyes,
Which create for the dreamer a world all Elysian:

VI.

Yet dearer to me is memory far,
Though faded her brightness, though sadder her
dreams;
To the lover 'tis sweeter to worship one star,
Than kneel to a heaven of numberless beams.

From the New York Mirror.

STANZAS.

Of what is the old man thinking,
As he leans on his oaken staff?
From the May-day pastime shrinking,
He shares not the merry laugh.
But the tears of the old man flow,
As he looks on the young and gay;
And his gray head moving slow,
Keeps time to the air they play.
The elders around are drinking,
But not one cup will he quaff;
Oh of what is the old man thinking,
As he leans on his oaken staff!

'Tis not with a vain repining
That the old man sheds a tear,
'Tis not for his strength declining—
He sighs not to linger here.
There's a spell in the air they play,
And the old man's eyes are dim,
For it calls up a past May-day,
And the dear friends lost to him.
From the scene before him shrinking,
From the dance and the merry laugh,
Of their calm repose he is thinking,
As he leans on his oaken staff

I saw her on the vessel's deck,
A young and blooming bride;
Her heart's first love, her wedded lord,
Was standing at her side:
And gazing on the friends of youth,
Perchance her eyes were dim;
But, smiling through her tears she said,
I give up all for him."

Oh! long had those two beings loved,
Exchanging vows of truth;
How sad is it when sorrow stains
The happy page of youth!
When fortunes smiled, her promised store
Lay in a foreign land;
But danger had no fears for them,
Encountered hand in hand.

Again she sought her native shore,
Ere two brief years were gone;
Her hand no gentle pressure felt,
She paced the deck alone!
To weep upon a mother's breast,
Again she cross'd the wave;
And, self-reproved, in secret mourns
Desertion of his grave.

From the Edinburgh Journal.

ABSENT FRIENDS.

The night has flown wi' songs and glee,
The minutes hae like moments been—
There's friendship's spark in ilka ee,
And peace has bless'd the happy scene,
But while we sit sae social here,
And think sic friends we never saw,
Let's not forget, for them that's near,
The mony mae that's far awa.

Oh far beyond th' Atlantic's roar,
Far, far beyond th' Australian main,
How many fortune's ways explore,
That we may never meet again!
How many ance sat by our side,
Or danced beside us in the ha'
Wha wander now the world sae wide—
Let's think on them that's far awa.

There's no a mother but has seen,
Through tears, her manly laddies gae;
There's no lass but thinks o'ane,
Wha absence makes her aften wae;
The ingle sides o'er a' the land,
They now are dowie and dowie a',
For some ane o' the social band
Has left them, and is far awa.

They've left us—but, where'er they be,
They ne'er forget their native shore;
Auld Scotland, mountain, glen, and lea,
They have it pictured at the core;
E'en now, when we remember them,

Our memery they pehaps reca',
And while we fondly breath their name,
They whisper ours, though far awa.

R. C.

ON SEEING A DECEASED INFANT.

[By W. O. B. Peabody.]

And this is death! how cold and still,
And yet how lovely it appears;
'Tis cold to let the gazer smile,
But far too beautiful for tears.
The sparkling eye no more is bright,
The cheek hath lost its rose-like red;
And yet it is with strange delight
I stand and gaze upon the dead.

But when I see the fair wide brow,
Half shaded by the silken hair,
That look'd so fair as now,
When life and health were laughing there,
I wonder not that grief should swell
So wildly upward in the breast,
And that strong passion once rebel
That need not, cannot be suppress'd.

I wonder not that parent's eyes,
In gazing thus grow cold and dim,
That burning tears and aching sighs
Are blended with the funeral hymn;
The spirit hath an earthly part,
That weeps when earthly pleasure flies,
And heaven would scorn the frozen heart,
That melts not when the infant dies.

And yet why mourn? that deep repose
Shall never more be broke by pain;
Those lips no more in sighs unclose,
Those shall never weep again.
Think not that the blushing flower
Shall wither in the church-yard sod.
'Twas made to gild an angel's bower
Within the paradise of God.

Once more I gaze—and swift and far
The clouds of death in sorrow fly,
I see thee like a new born star
Move up the pathway in the sky,
The star hath rays serene and bright,
But cold and pale compared with thine;
For thy orb shines with heavenly light,
With beams unfailing and divine.

Then let the burthen'd heart be free,
The tears of sorrow all be shed,
And parents calmly bend to see
The mournful beauty of the dead;
Thrice happy—that their infant bears
To heaven no darkning strains of sin:
And only breathed life's morning airs,
Before its evening storms begin.

Farewell! I shall not soon forget!
Although thy heart hath ceased to beat,
My memory warmly treasures yet
Thy features calm and mildly sweet;
But no, that look is not the last,
We yet may meet where seraphs dwell,
Where love no more deplores the past,
Nor breathes that withering word—farewell.

NEW BOOKS, Engravings, & the Periodicals, received at W. C. Little's Bookstore.

Several cases of English Books.
Paris editions of Corneille; Gil Blas; Don Quixote; Moliere,
Fiorian; Goethe, &c.
McCulloch's Statistical account of the British Empire.
Cudworth's Intellectual System of the Universe.
Encyclopedia of Geography.
Specimens of Foreign Literature.
Perry's Reliques of Ancient Poetry.
Beauties of the Court of Charles 2d, quarto, plates.
Pictorial Editions of Shakespeare, Greece, Common Prayer,
Fables, Constantinople The Waldenses, American Scenery.
Romance of Nature; Spirit of the Woods.
Our Wild Flowers; Flora's Gems.
The Poets of America, illustrated.
India Scenery, the Himalley Mountains.
The Gift, the Token, and the Literary Souvenir, for 1840.
Blackwood, Bentley, Metropolitan, Edinburgh Quarterly, Knickerbocker, Museum, Lady's Book, and Lady's Companion, &c.
&c.

AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER AND LITERARY COMPANION.

BY L. G. HOFFMAN.]

ALBANY, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1839.

[VOL. I.—NO. 9.]

MASONIC.

For the American Masonic Register and Literary Companion.

FREEMASONRY.

Comprehends within its circle every branch of useful knowledge and learning, and stamps an indelible mark of pre-eminence on its genuine professors, which neither chance, power, nor fortune can bestow. When its rules are strictly observed, it is a sure foundation of tranquility, amidst the various disappointments of life; a friend that will not deceive, but will comfort and assist, in prosperity and adversity; a blessing that will remain with all times, circumstances, and places, and to which recourse may be had when other earthly comforts, sink into disgrace.

Freemasonry gives real and intrinsic excellency to man, and renders him fit for the duties of society. It strengthens the mind against the storms of life, paves the way to peace, and promotes domestic happiness. It meliorates the temper and improves the understanding. It is company, in solitude, and gives vivacity, variety, and energy to social conversation. In youth, it governs the passions, and employs, usefully, our most active faculties; and in age, when sickness, imbecility and disease have benumbed the corporeal frame and have rendered the union of soul and body almost intolerable, it yields a fund of comfort and satisfaction.

These are its general advantages; to enumerate them separately would be an endless labor: It may be sufficient to observe, that he who cultivates this mystic science, and acts agreeably to the character of a freemason, has within himself the spring and support of every social virtue; a subject of contemplation, that enlarges the mind, and expands all its powers; a theme that is inexhaustible, ever new, and always interesting.

Abstracting from the pure pleasures which arise from friendship, so wisely constituted as that which subsists among masons, and which it is scarcely possible that any circumstance or occurrence can erase, masonry is a science confined to no particular country, and extends over the whole terrestrial globe. Wherever arts flourish, there it flourishes too. Add to this, that by secret and inviolable signs carefully preserved among the fraternity, it becomes an universal language. Hence many advantages are gained: The distant Chinese, the wild Arab, and the American savage, will embrace a brother Briton; and will know, that beside the common ties of humanity, there is still a stronger obligation to induce him to kind and friendly offices. The spirit of the fulminating priest will be tamed; and a brother, though of a different persuasion engage his esteem: for mutual toleration in religious opinions is one of the most distinguishing and valuable characteristics of the craft. As all religions teach morality, if a brother be found to act the part of a truly honest man, his private speculative opinions are left to God and himself. Thus through the influence of masonry, which is reconcilable to the best policy, all those disputes which imbitter life, and sour the tempers of men, are avoided; while the common good, the general object is zealously pursued.

From this view of our system, its utility must be sufficiently obvious. The universal principles of the art unite, in one indissoluble bond of affection, men of the most opposite tenets, of the most distant countries, and of the most contradictory opinions; so that in every nation a mason will find a friend, and in every clime a home.

Such is the nature of our Institution, that in the lodge, union is cemented by sincere attachments, and pleasure is reciprocally communicated in the cheerful observance of every obliging office. Virtue, the grand object in view, luminous as the meridian sun, shines refulgent on the mind, enlivens the heart, and heightens cool approbation into warm sympathy and cordial affection.

REASONS FOR MASONIC SECRECY.

If the secrets of masonry are replete with such advantage to mankind, it may be asked, why are they not divulged for the general good of society? To this it may be answered, were the privileges of masonry to be indiscriminately dispensed, the purposes of the institution would be subverted; and our secrets being familiar, like other important matters, would lose their value, and sink into disregard.

It is a weakness in human nature, that men are generally more charmed with novelty, than with the intrinsic value of things. Innumerable testimonies might be adduced to confirm this truth. The most wonderful operations of the Divine Artificer, however magnificent, and useful, are overlooked, because common and familiar.—The sun rises and sets, the sea flows and reflows, rivers glide along their channels, trees and plants vegetate, men and beasts act, yet these being perpetually open to view pass unnoticed. The most astonishing productions of nature on the same account escape observation, and excite no emotion, either in admiration of the great cause, or of gratitude for the blessing conferred. Even virtue herself is not exempted from this unhappy bias in the human frame. Novelty influences all our actions and determinations. What is new, or difficult in the acquisition, however trifling or insignificant, readily captivates the imagination, and insures a temporary admiration; while what is familiar, or easily attained, however noble or eminent, is sure to be disregarded by the giddy and the unthinking.

Did the essence of masonry consist in the knowledge of particular secrets or peculiar forms, it might be alleged that our amusements were trifling and superficial. But this is not the case. These are only keys to our treasure, and having their use, are preserved; while, from the recollection of the lessons which they inculcate, the well informed mason derives instruction, draws to a near inspection, views them through a proper medium, adverts to the circumstances which gave them rise, and dwells upon the tenets they convey. Finding them replete with useful information, he prizes them as sacred; and convinced of their propriety, estimates their value from their utility.

USEFUL HINTS.

The first business of masons in ancient times was to divide the members of the order into distinct classes, rising in grades one above another, according to their respective degrees of merit.

It was the duty of masters and officers to dispense instruction, to provide employment, and to secure to the laborer his wages, as they became due. It was their business also to examine persons, and recommend them to such employments as were adapted to their capacities and qualifications, to the end that business of importance might never be intrusted to unskilful or faithless hands.

All persons belonging to the lodge, and in particu-

lar, candidates for masonic honors, were obliged to be industrious and frugal, that they might not only support themselves, but lay up something for charitable purposes. Great care was taken to encourage the lower grades to make proficiency in labor, learning and morality. Such as excelled were promoted; and as often as promoted, entitled to higher wages, and more desirable employments.

A plan so happily concerted, and so ably executed, could not fail of producing the most beneficial effects. Lodges at once became schools of science, and nurseries of virtue. None but honest, industrious and skilful workmen, or those who discovered a disposition of becoming so, could be encouraged; but all such persons under the protection of the fraternity were sure to find employment, and reward according to their rank.

But, in process of time, when the mechanic arts were carried to a degree of perfection, and were generally known in all civilized countries, and of course needed no extraordinary patronage, the mechanical branch of this institution gradually yielded to the moral. So that freemasonry in modern times may properly be called a moral science: and the meetings of lodges may with the same propriety be called "feasts of charity," it being their great business and object to teach and enforce the observance of piety and benevolence. Veneration for God and love to the human kind are among their fundamental principles. And means of an universal language, and a member of salutary rites and regulations peculiar to the order, they are able to maintain mutual harmony and friendship, and to carry on a free and general commerce of virtuous principles and benevolent offices throughout the world.

Hence we see the importance of the institution under its present form and the propriety of entering into that respectable fraternity for the purpose of correcting vice, and diffusing knowledge and philanthropy.

But if this institution according to its original plan and design be really good, if it be calculated to render mankind social and harmonious; to make them honest and upright, true to God and their country, and to cement them together in the bonds of a virtuous affection; then it will evidently follow that much care should be taken to prevent so good an institution from being corrupted. Feasts of charity should never be turned into licentious revels; nor temples of friendship into theatres of treachery. And to prevent these and other evils, to which lodges may be exposed, I beg leave to suggest to the fraternity three things. First, Caution, Secondly, Instruction. And thirdly, Discipline.

First. In regard to the admission of members, much caution will be necessary, that you may not be imposed upon by improper characters. As it is the design of freemasonry to create friendship; to make provision for the relief of poor and distressed brethren; to inculcate a filial reverence for Almighty God; and to encourage those personal and social virtues, which adorn and dignify human nature, and render mankind peaceful and happy; the doors of the lodge must, therefore, be forever barred against manevolent, the profane, the idle, the seditious, and unruly of every description. For all such persons would prove but spots in your feasts of charity. While feasting with you, and feeding without fear, they would spy out your liberty, interrupt your peaceful intercourse, trifle with your moral lectures, sow discord among brethren, and thereby bring up an evil report upon the society, so as to counteract the benevolent purposes for which it was instituted.

Secondly, To preserve the purity of the order, instruction is necessary. Masters and officers therefore should make it their business to pay particular attention in lecturing. The mysteries of the craft are to be unfolded, and the moral duties inculcated. Masons are not to be trained up in ignorance and vice. Their minds are to be enlarged, and improved. They are to be frequently reminded of their obligations to love and worship Almighty God, to acknowledge him as their sovereign lord and master; to keep his name sacred; and to govern their lives by the unerring precepts of his word. They must be taught to be good men and true; to be sober, industrious and charitable, upright in their dealings, and peaceable and benevolent in all their social intercourse. They are to be taught to walk in wisdom toward them that are without, making a diligent improvement of their time and talents; and having their speech always with grace, seasoned with salt, that they may know how they ought to answer every man. They are to be admonished to avoid political and religious disputes, together with all domestic broils and contentions, that they may live in love and peace, having conscience void of offence, and characters unspotted from the world.

Thirdly, That there may be no spots in your feasts of charity, it will be necessary to attend to discipline.

It is to be expected that unworthy members will sometimes creep into the lodge, notwithstanding all your caution, instruction and exertion to prevent them. And not only so, but persons, who were once regular may grow careless, and so yield to sinful indulgences, as greatly to affect the reputation of the order. These things will require discipline. Unruly members must be reduced to order. Superfluities must be lopped off. The first rising of vice must be suppressed. Otherwise the lodge will resemble the field of the slothful, or the vineyard of a man void of understanding, where the stone wall is broken down, and the face thereof is overgrown with thorns and nettles.

But in the exercise of discipline much prudence will be requisite. Some will be corrected by a gentle rebuke while others may require severity. A proper discrimination therefore must be made. Such as have been guilty of a mere indiscretion must not be dealt with like wilful and notorious offenders, but must be approached in all kind and compassionate offices of friendship; and if they possess a masonic temper, their sensibility will be affected by such an admonition, and their penitence manifested by a speedy amendment.

Others again, who have grown more hardened in wickedness, and have repeatedly rejected your affectionate remonstrances, you must approach with earnestness, trembling for the reputation of the craft, and snatching them as brands from the burning. But if they will not suffer themselves to be reclaimed either by your gentle, or more zealous exertion, after having exhausted upon them in vain every expedient of reformation, you must remove them, as so many spots and nuisances, from the society.

MISCELLANY.

THE AGE OF WONDERS.

BY TIMOTHY TITTERWELL ESQ.

I am afraid this great lubber, the world, will "prove a cockney."

My neighbor over the way, Colonel Swallowmore, thinks himself born in the age of wonders:—and no wonder he thinks so, for he reads the newspapers and believes them! It is astonishing how gravely the Colonel gulps down every crude lump of monstrous fudge the papers contain. Sea-serpents, crook-necked squashes consumption cured, talking pigs, and three-legged cats, are nothing to an appetite like his. He believes electioneering speeches and predictions of political quidnucs. All is fish that comes to his net. "These are times! Mr. Titterwell, these are times indeed!" says he to me, with a most rueful visage, as he lays down the newspaper—"What are we coming to! People have got to such a pass! Something is certainly going to happen before long. I'm really, really frightened to think of it. There never were such doings in my day. Positively I've got so now that I an't surprised at any thing at all."—And so he shakes his head, hitches up his breeches, sticks his spectacles higher up on his nose, and reads the wonders of the day over again.

Twenty-eight several times has this country been irretrievably ruined since I knew the Colonel. Seven times has the world come quite to an end. Nineteen times have we had the hardest winter ever known within the memory of the oldest inhabitant. Twenty-one times there never was seen such a backward spring. Forty-seven times the approaching session of Congress has been one of uncommon interest; and thirteen thousand nine hundred and sixty-six times has death snatched away the best man upon earth, leaving mortals inconsolable and society with an immense void. The mental agitations he has undergone in pondering upon the "wonderful wonders" that spring up as plenty as grasshoppers in this wonderful age, are not to be described; for the Colonel takes an immense interest in public affairs, and cannot see the universe go to ruin about his ears without pangs of sympathy. Whatever mole-hill he stumbles upon, he makes a mountain of it. He thought the Salem Mill-dam absolutely necessary to the balance of power, and was certain the bridge over Peg's Run was the only means of saving the nation.

He went to bed in a great fright on reading in the paper that Emerson's Spelling-book would overthrow the liberties of the country; and he was struck with the deepest alarm when he heard of the feud that had broken out between the Houses of Correction and Reformation about a cart-load of chips. I shall never forget the anxiety that beset him last summer when the City council could not come to a choice about the Superintendent of Drains. The newspapers were full of the affair, and the Colonel, I verily believe, would have worried himself into a nervous fever had this alarming schism between the two branches of the city government been carried much farther.

"A strange affair, Mr. Titterwell, a very mysterious affair," said he. "There are some dark, under-ground manoeuvres going on in this matter, depend upon it: and really the Mayor and Aldermen"—here he turned up the whites of his eyes and shook his head. Heaven only knows what he thought of those great dignitaries. However the affair of the drains got through without any great catastrophe to folks above ground, that ever I, could learn, and the Colonel's consternation subsided for that short time.

All the world were going mad the other day about white mustard seed. "Pray Colonel," said I, "what is white mustard seed to you or me? Can't we eat our bread and butter, and sleep till six in the morning, without troubling our heads about white mustard seed? Didn't we fight the battles of the revolution without white mustard seed? Did n't Samson carry off the gates of Gaza without white mustard seed? Didn't your blessed old grandmother knit stockings and live to the age of ninety without white mustard seed? Then what's the use of minding the dols in the newspapers who tell you that white mustard seed is better than meat, drink and sunshine, and that we shall all die untimely deaths, unless we take white mustard seed?"

The Colonel could not understand it:—it was a great mystery indeed,—but the newspapers were full of it, and he was convinced white mustard seed had something in it, that would come out in due time. White mustard seed, however, has had its day; and the Colonel has probably taken to saw-dust, as I heard him talk of Dr. Graham last week. But of all mortals the Colonel is the most prone to sympathise with the unfortunate public upon the loss of great men. I popped in upon him the day before yesterday, and found him lamenting a huge public calamity. Three great men had fallen in Israel:—an eminent clergyman, an eminent country representative, and an eminent dealer in salt fish on Long Wharf. The Colonel was triply dolorous upon the matter; society, business, politics, had suffered an immense loss,—a loss incurable irreparable, and so forth. I assured the Colonel there was no great cause for apprehension, for the world was pretty sure to turn round once in twenty-four hours, whether great men died or lived. "The fact is, Colonel," said I, "great men may die as far as they please for aught I care. I have not been frightened by the death of one of them since an adventure happened to me in my ninth year, when I lived in that country."

"What is that?" asked the Colonel.

"I'll tell you," said I.

"On a certain day,—now never to be forgotten by

me, news arrived in town that the Governor was dead. No sovereign prince, pontiff or potentate on the face of the earth, ever appeared so gigantic and formidable to my childish eyes, as that harmless gentleman the Governor of Massachusetts. Imagine the shock occasioned by this announcement! Straightway the bells began tolling, people collected in groups, quidnucs scoured from place to place, gossips chattered, children gaped in dumb astonishment, and old women with dismal faces ran about croaking 'the Governor is dead!' To me these things seemed to betoken the general wreck of nature, for how the order of the universe could subsist after the death of the Governor, was beyond my comprehension. I expected the sun and moon to fall, the stars to shoot from their spheres, and my grandfather's mill-pond to upset. The horrible forebodings under which I lay down to sleep that night, are not to be imagined, and it was a long time ere I could close my eyes. In the morning I was awakened by a dreadful rumbling noise. 'The Governor is dead!' I exclaimed, starting up in a terrible fright. The noise continued: I listened, and discovered it to be nothing more than my old grandmother grinding coffee!

"The effect of this prodigious anticlimax can hardly be imagined; never in my life was I so puzzled and confounded as at the first moment of this discovery. 'What!' said I to myself, 'is the Governor dead and yet people grind coffee!—Then it seems we are to eat our breakfast just as if nothing had happened. Is a great man of no more consequence than this?' A new ray of light broke in upon me; I fell to pondering upon the occurrence, and five minutes' pondering completely demolished the power supreme with which many a pompeous owl had stalked through my imagination. From that moment, governors, town clerks, selectmen, representatives justices of peace, and great people of every degree, lost nine tenths of their importance in my eyes, for I plainly saw the world could do without them.

"How often in after life have I applied the moral of this incident. How much moving eloquence and dire denunciation have I passed by with the remark—'That is a great affair, no doubt, but it won't stop a coffee-mill.'"

From the Note Book of a Colonist.

CAPTAIN JACK.

In the year 1823, I was employed as overseer on a sugar plantation on the east coast of the river Demerary, in South America. Early in that year an insurrection broke out amongst the negroes, and the white servants on the estates were assembled at Stabroek the capital of the colony, embodied into a corps of riflemen, and brigaded in different parts of the country with the regular troops.

It so happened that I was stationed with a party of the—th regiment, commanded by Colonel —, close to the property on which I had resided. I was thereby enabled to be of considerable use to the military authorities on several occasions, from my intimate knowledge of the localities of the neighbourhood and of the character of the people by whom we were surrounded.

The communication between the plantations on the coast and the town of Stabroek, is kept up by means of small schooners, which carry weekly thither the produce ready for shipping on board the merchantmen in the river, and return laden with coals, provisions, and other necessary supplies. These droghers, as they are called, are manned and commanded by negroes: to be a boat captain is a situation of great trust and emolument, which is always filled by the best man on each estate. These boat-captains contrive to pick up a good deal of money by carrying letters and passengers. The profits arising from which is their perquisite.

Whenever I had occasion to go to town, I generally gave the preference to a schooner belonging to Plantation Eugenia; she was the fastest boat on the coast, and her commander, Captain Jack, was a smart, active, well-behaved fellow, whose popularity with white and black stood him in good stead; for whenever it was known that the Eugenia schooner was to sail the other droghers had but a small chance of passengers.

On one unlucky evening, soon after the insurrection broke out Captain Jack returned from Stabroek, with his boat full of strange negroes, who were cordially welcomed in the negro-yard of the Eugenia. That very night the dwelling house of Mr. Forester, the

proprietor of the estate, was attacked, and burnt to the ground, and he himself only escaped at the time, to die shortly afterwards of a fever brought on by the hardships he had been forced to undergo in concealing himself from his quick-sighted enemies. For two days he lay without food or shelter in the cane-pieces, exposed to the scorching sun and heavy dews of a tropical climate, and at night waded along the sea-shore, up to his neck in mud and water, until he reached the house of a friend near town, where he expired in a few days. Colonel—— wished to send notice of this outrage to the officer commanding at Stabroek; and, as Captain Jack's character was above suspicion, he selected him to convey the express to town, and sent a serjeant on horseback to direct him to prepare to weigh immediately.

The man rode to the Eugenia, and went on board the schooner, which was lying high and dry on the sand. There was nobody to take charge of her; her sails and rigging were cut to pieces, her rudder burnt, her anchor and chain gone. Captain Jack was no where to be found. The serjeant returned to Mahaica post, and made his report. Colonel—— sent for me. He told me that he was aware I was well acquainted with Jack; and that he was informed a sort of friendship existed between us,—it, indeed, in those days, a friendship could be said to exist between a negro and a white man; that I knew his haunts and connections; and that, if anybody could find him, I could. He said that he was now convinced that Jack was implicated in the crime committed on Plantation Eugenia, and that he would give me fifty joes to secure him, dead or alive before night.

At this period the very existence of the colony was in a most critical position; the numerical odds against the whites was as a hundred to one; the negroes equalled us in courage, and surpassed us in animal strength and indurance; on the other hand we were armed, and possessed that confidence in each other, so essential in the hour of danger. We had also in the colony the regiment Colonel—— commanded, and a small detachment of artillery.

From circumstances which had occurred during my residence on the east coast, I had acquired such a regard for friend Jack, that I declare I would sooner have been instrumental in arresting any white man in the colony, with the conviction which I had in this case, that his death would be the inevitable consequence of his apprehension. Still this was no time for a man to swerve from his duty, however painful it might be; horrible atrocities had been committed by the insurgent negroes, and signal must be the punishment inflicted on the perpetrators, whenever they could be discovered. I therefore shouldered my rifle, and sallied forth, determined to do my best to apprehend Jack; not without a hope, however, that his well known sagacity and activity might render my exertions fruitless.

I had hardly walked half a mile when, at an angle of the road, I came full on the very man of whom I had been sent in quest. I at once sprang forward, and sized him by the throat. His astonishment at this unfriendly greeting from me was so great, that he made no resistance whatever. My uniform showed that I was on duty, and his conscience probably apprised him of the cause of this hostile proceeding on my part.

Colonel—— has sent for you, Jack," said I. "I trust you will be able to account for the state in which your boat was found, when he wished you to take his despatches to town."

Jack made no reply, but shook his head mournfully. I mentioned to him to walk on before me towards the military post. He did so. Presently he stopped and turned round. Seeing that I unslung and cocked my rifle, he said.

"Massa Edward, suppose Jack run away, you no shoot him?"

"That I most certainly will, Jack. I have been ordered to convey you dead or alive to Mahaica, you shall go thither. I am sorry for you from the bottom of my heart, for I am sure you have been unwillingly compelled to join in the destruction of Mr. Forster's property."

We soon reached the post, where I delivered over my prisoner to the guard. He was instantly taken before Colonel—— and several other officers, and I lingered in the guard room, ostensibly for the purpose

of reposing myself, but really to see how my poor friend Jack would fare. After some time had elapsed, I grew tired of waiting, and shouldering my rifle, was walking out of the gate, when Colonel—— advanced at the front of the gallery before the officers' apartments, and exclaimed in an angry tone,

"Where the hell are you going to, sir? How dare you leave your prisoner without orders?"

"I thought, colonel, that my duty had been ended when I delivered my prisoner to the guard."

"Did you, by——, sir, remain where you are, and I'll soon convince you of the contrary."

He then returned into the house for a moment, and reappeared followed by the other officers, and by Jack, who walked slowly down the steps towards me, while the colonel and his friends remained leaning over the front of the gallery.

"Now, Sergeant," continued Colonel——, "place your prisoner on his knees, with his face towards you."

Jack knelt down—not a muscle of his countenance quivered—he was entirely naked, and was remarkably muscular and well-made man. He looked like a fine bronze statue. Both he and I knew perfectly well that his life was forfeited, and that he was about to die; but neither of us was prepared for what followed.

"Fall back ten paces," roared Colonel——.

I obeyed.

"Now shoot your prisoner through the heart."

I was horror-stricken. Well aware that poor Jack's hours were numbered, I had never contemplated the possibility of being compelled myself to become his executioner in cold blood. I knew, moreover that Colonel—— had no right to make me carry the sentence of the drum-head court-martial into effect. I was a civilian, a volunteer, and a non-commissioned officer; and, from the various services which my local knowledge had enabled me to render him, I had no reason to expect such brutal treatment at his hands.

As soon as I could recover from my astonishment and horror, I advanced towards the gallery in order to remonstrate with the colonel. He turned away from me, and called to the officer of the guard to send two men forward. The men stepped out, and at his command cocked their pieces and levelled them at me. Colonel—— then said to them,

"I am going to give my orders to that damned mutineer. If he does not obey them instantly, shoot him. Now, Sergeant, make ready—present—fire!"

Jack sprang to his feet, and fell dead on his face.—My bullet had pierced his brain.

Colonel—— tossed the purse containing the reward offered for Jack's apprehension on the ground, close by his dead body, and walked coolly into the house, observing, that until the Volunteers and Bucks formed some idea of military discipline from experience, they would give more trouble than assistance to the regulars.

He lived to see the day when he gladly would have exchanged his whole regiment for a score of good rifles; yet he lived not long,—for three days after the tragedy which I have here related, he attempted, against our advice to pursue a body of negroes into the bush, with the whole force at Mahaica, unaccompanied either by volunteers or Indians. His men, encumbered by their heavy clothing and accoutrements, exhausted by the heat, and bewildered by the tremendous torrents of rain which flooded the savannahs, fell an easy prey to their naked enemies. Not more than a dozen escaped to tell the tale of their defeat. Colonel K—— received a musket shot which broke his thigh. He fell alive into the hands of his enemies. They had been Captain Jack's comrades and friends, and horribly they avenged his death.

RIVAL TO THE DAGUERRETYPE.

If we believe the German papers, Leipmann, of Berlin, has invented a machine for obtaining correct copies of oil colored pictures, which is no less ingenious than the Daguerreotype. For some years a little slender man, whose attire denoted poverty, was observed in the Museum of Berlin, where he was to be seen every week. Instead of walking through the galleries and examining the various paintings, he was always in the Flemish room, stationed before the same picture, a portrait of Rembrandt. He would remain there for hours together, his hands behind his back,

and his eyes fixed upon the picture.

This was ascribed to eccentricity, whilst it was a serious and singular study, leading to a discovery which will form an era in the history of painting. M. Leipmann was meditating upon the invention of a machine for reproducing oil paintings; and after ten years of persevering labor, he has succeeded beyond all expectation.—At his residence are to be seen a hundred copies of that very head of Rembrandt, all of them of scrupulous resemblance to another. How he has achieved this is his own secret.—When one considers what privations he must have suffered in realizing his idea, one cannot help wishing that his efforts may be rewarded. With the assistance of a trust-worthy maid servant, he has labored for many years, night and day, making sealing was at night to procure a livelihood.—The most surprising circumstance is, that he did not previously make a complete copy of the picture but conveyed it home by parts, as he had it in his mind after visiting the Museum.

Thus, on one day was an eye, on another the nose, on the third a lock of hair that he took home, which must have required whole years for the completion of his task. He has produced with his machine in one of the rooms of the Royal Museum, and in presence of the directors, 110 copies of Rembrandt's portrait, painted by himself—a picture the copying of which in the usual way presents the utmost difficulties, according to the opinion of all painters. Leipmann's copies are said to be perfect, and to give the most delicate shades of the color. He asks but a louis d'or for a copy. His invention excites universal admiration.

A distressing scene, we learn from the Brockville Recorder, recently occurred at a trial at Perth, Upper Canada. The prisoner was indicted for the murder of his son-in-law. The scene is thus described:

"During the investigation, the widow of the deceased, who was at the same time the daughter of the prisoner, was on the part of the defence, brought into court to be sworn. She appeared in mourning—pale, thin, and greasy discomposed; and it was only with exertions on her part, that she could keep composed enough to speak; however, nothing very material was elicited from her. Her feelings frequently overcame her, and she burst out into loud sobs, at one of which times she cast her eyes upon the prisoner, and screeched 'father, father.' The court of course ordered her removal; she had to pass her father, to whom she extended her hand, in the midst of her sobs and shrieks of 'father, father!' The old man, in tears, reached out his hand to his widowed daughter; the hand which at the instigation of his heart, had been the means alike of her misery and his own—she received it, and was taken away. The scene was tragical, and though between these humble individuals, bro't the tears to many an eye."

A MISTAKE.

A doctor, on calling upon a gentleman who had been some time ailing, put a fee into the patient's hand, and took the medicine himself which he had prepared for the sick man; he was not sensible of his error till he found himself getting ill, and the patient getting better.

LEGAL ELOQUENCE.

A young backwoods lawyer lately concluded his argument in a case of *quare clausum frigit*, with the following sublime burst:—"If, gentlemen of the jury, the defendant's hogs are permitted to roam at large over the fair fields of my client, with impunity and without pokes—then—yes, then, indeed, have our forefathers fought, and bled, and died, in vain!"

Gigantic Umbrella.—An umbrella of the extraordinary dimensions of 64 feet in circumference, gaily fringed, and standing 12 feet high, has been exhibited at Bristol, England. It was made for one of the African Kings, and is to be sent out by the first ship. It is said that this monster umbrella is for the purpose of screening the King from the sun, when in consultation with his Minister.

A Ducking.—Mr. Paulin and the lady who accompanied him in his balloon excursion, landed in the middle of the Delaware—the queerest place to land on that we ever heard of.

POPULAR TALES.

For the American Masonic Register and Literary Companion.

FRANK LYTTLETON.

Frank was wandering home from the house of Gerry after the relation of these particulars, which gave him a new subject to muse on. It was a fine moonlit evening, and he had set himself down on a slight eminence among some trees, at some distance from the sight of the house. He had been here an hour, his mind conning o'er the various things he had just heard, which opened to him a new era in the life of his beloved, and picturing to himself many delightful dreams of future happiness, when he was startled by the crackling of a limb, and just as he turned to see the cause of the noise, a tomahawk whistled past his head and stuck in the tree against which he had been leaning; and looking up at the same time, he saw a tall savage in all the accoutrements peculiar to them when on a hostile expedition, approaching him with speed, having a glistening knife in his hand which appeared at that time his only weapon. Frank was totally unarmed, and as this was a new and certainly an unexpected situation to be placed in, he knew not what to do, and consequently for the moment did nothing; but bethinking himself, he wrenched the tomahawk from the tree, and stood with it raised prepared for the combat. The Indian was within twenty feet of him, but contrary to Frank's expectation he dodged behind the nearest tree, seeming to decline the combat. Frank was in no mood to wait for him, and little heeding the manner of his withdrawal, sprung into the open moonlight and rushed down the hill, soon reached the house breathless with haste; relating his adventure and displaying the proof of it which he had still retained. When he arrived at the house, he was surprised to behold a great bustle—all the laborers, seven or eight in number, being gathered into the house and evidently preparing it for defence. It seems Gerry, while looking for his cows, had caught a glimpse of a crouching savage beneath a bush in the edge of the forest, and hastened immediately to the mansion to give the alarm. Rumors had a day or two before reached them of straggling parties of Indians lower down the river, who had committed their depredations, killing and burning wherever their small numbers made it possible. Discovering then in this manner, the presence of these prowlers, they knew they had no time to lose, as they were certain of an attack before day break. They were too well acquainted with the nature of their enemy, not to make the most active and energetic exertions to save their lives and families, as well as their property if possible. Most of the men had been often engaged with the same foe, and went to work with alacrity, though not without trepidation. They gathered all the families into the mansion, collected their cattle and then set to work to fortify the house. They scoured up four rusty fowling pieces that they had brought from the garret. The women were busy running bullets, and the men barricading all entrances, making conveniences for firing out of the chamber windows if necessary. The whole scene presented to the eye of Frank as he bustled round among the rest, was full of pleasurable excitement, though there was one cause of fear—for the precious jewel within the walls. He could not suffer himself to think that perhaps before morning light, her curling locks might be dangling from the belt, of a savage warrior, or she herself led into ruthless captivity, still he could not deny that there was a possibility, nay for aught he knew a probability, that such might be the case. As these thoughts intruded themselves, he felt that he would have faced a whole tribe in her defence, and think her safety cheaply bought with the poor sacrifice of his life.

Although the men suspected that the band which were lurking for their destruction could be but small, they knew that the danger was imminent, and that the greatest exertion and firmness was necessary. Mr. D. was continually among his men, consulting and co-operating with them. It was considerably past midnight when they had completed the necessary preparations, and they now waited in anxious suspense for the attack which they were sure would be made before morning. Frank now retired to an inner room to have one more interview with her towards whom, since the appearance of this unexpected danger, all his meditations had been directed. He found her in tears, though he soon ascertained that it was no selfish emo-

tion. Seating himself by her side, Frank took her hand gently in his, and drawing her closer to him, imprinted a kiss upon her pale cheek, while he parted the dishevelled locks from her forehead. Do not fear, Mary, he said, the Being who has brought us to enjoy so many bright hours together, and who has protected us thus far, he will protect us from these savages, trusting my fate to Him, I will do all in your defence which mortal can do. Mary looked into his face with tearful eyes—you will not, you cannot expose yourself to the merciless attack of these monsters? oh, do not go, remain here with me, our men are sufficient to protect the house. That is impossible, Frank replied, I cannot remain inactive while the house of my benefactor and most of all while you are in danger. Only say that your prayers shall accompany me and I will trust in God to escape unhurt. But should it please him that my life should be given up and you preserved, say that sometimes you will reflect with sorrow upon the fate of the young stranger who would have lived to bless, but died to save you. In all their previous intimacy there scarcely a day had passed without betraying by looks and token the mutual feelings which neither attempted to conceal, yet hitherto as if by a tacit agreement that had never talked about or confessed in words their attachments. But now when a few hours might separate them forever, Frank felt that such a declaration from her own lips would nerve him to the combat and prepare him for any change. When he thus addressed her, pressing her hand warmly in his, she looked at him with glistening eyes not knowing what she said could only reply "I will, I will." At this moment all further conversation was cut short by a yell that arose on every side of the mansion at once, the startling demoniac howl of the savages. He elapsed her in his arms, and after a lingering embrace and a long and clinging pressure of the lips, he burst away and joined the men. The band of prowlers that now rushed upon the house numbered a little less than a dozen. They had laid their scheme so as to attack the house at every entrance at the same time. What was then their disappointment and rage to find every entrance fortified, and their intended victims in preparation for their attack. To the main entrance where the men had principally stationed themselves, there came four or five savages rushing on with shouts and yells directly towards the door; the fiend like expression of the countenance plainly visible in the moonlight. Among them was one who seemed to be their chief, who was conspicuous for his height and boldness, as well as by a large white sash around his waist. Having in a moment gained the door, they were thrown into confusion and indecision by the unexpected barrier to their progress and while they were huddling together to make a united effort to force an entrance, four or five shots were discharged into their midst. They ran off, yelling with rage, and dragging the bodies of two of their comrades after them. By this time those who had attempted the attack on other sides of the house had retreated and joined the rest. For half an hour no more noise was heard by those within the house, and nothing stirring in sight, but they watched the more guardedly as they were confident, the Indians would employ next some cunning stratagem. Accordingly after a time several dark bodies were discovered crawling along towards the place of their first attack, but extremely slowly and keeping behind fences or any thing in their way to protect them from the fire of the men, the bitter effects of which they had once felt. At another wing of the house was an entrance over which was raised a small roof forming a little room which joined upon the house, though not so firmly but that it might be easily separated. By climbing upon this little roof access to the windows above might be easily gained. This was too tempting advantage for the Indians to overlook or despise. Accordingly Frank happening to be near this station with Gerry at his side, they kept a sharp lookout and were soon aware of 4 or 5 savages carefully approaching in the shadow of the building towards this very place. They saw at once that their design would be probably to force themselves into the house above having been so signally disappointed in doing so below. Occasionally shots were now fired by the men from the place where the main body often had stationed themselves, and returned by the savages. Frank and his companion were now at no loss to conceive that the attack of the Indians on that side where the firing then was, was a mere feint to draw away the attention of the besieged from those who were

approaching the other side. Gerry was for calling the men immediately to this place but Frank had a plan of his own in view, which he imparted to his companion, by which they could if they succeeded accomplish their purpose of defence better alone and in silence.—This was to strew a large quantity of powder upon the floor of the little outer room and as their situation enabled them to work unseen while at the same time they could notice every movement of the assailants, nothing was easier than to wait till the roof was covered with their enemies and blow the whole room to atoms. You are right, Frank, exclaimed Gerry and in a few moments the necessary preparations were made. In this state of things they waited in silence looking anxiously for the opportunity to bring on this catastrophe which was not long wanting, for soon a lifted head peered over the edge of the roof and then the body of a savage was drawn carefully up and successively another and a third till there were five dark forms crouching as they undoubtedly supposed unseen upon the roof. At this moment they all gave an instantaneous shout and rushed for the window. But it was their death-song, for in a moment they were all flying in the air and dropping mangled and dismembered and a heap of ruin. The explosion was so violent that it jarred the whole house, as if it were all going, but did no real injury. Frank was momentarily stunned and thrown upon the ground.—Here let us revert to our heroine. Impelled by her anxiety on account of her father and Frank, she was just passing from the door where we left her, and opened the door in time to see Frank fall, as she supposed dead to the floor. Unconscious of danger at such a moment, she rushed up to him and Frank a minute or two after awoke from the stunning effect of the explosion to see the tall chief, yet conspicuous by his sash, in the act of seizing Mary in his grasp, while another was already coping with Gerry. In a moment Frank was on his feet as lively as ever, besides his pistols, he had no arms except a large old sword which had been found in the house and which he had buckled on almost in sport. He rushed upon the savage who kept him off with his knife and kept retreating his object, appearing to carry off his prey at all hazard.—Frank could not use his pistols fearing to wound the captive instead of the enemy and his sword he could hardly use and every attempt to grapple with his savage opponent was defeated by the brandishing of his knife. But he was not inclined to act only on the defensive, he drew a tomahawk from his belt, and hurling it at our hero, he saw the movement just in time to spring aside, as it went whistling by his ear and clashing through the window beyond. Still Frank pressed him closely and as the savage made a desperate lunge at him with his knife, he returned the complement if not with equal skill at least with equal effect, by fetching a quick sweep of his hanger upon the outstretched arm of the savage. The arm fell dangling at his side and the knife dropping to the ground. Frank snatched the knife and seized the savage by the throat. A tremendous oath was uttered by the seeming Indian in plain English, as he felt his arm disabled, and relinquishing his prey he grasped Frank also by the throat and with his other hand attempted to throw him to the ground. In a twinkling, the knife was in his breast, to the hilt, and as he staggered back, Frank repeated the blow, which proved a settler, and his enemy lay upon the ground at the side of her who was a minute before his captive. All this passed much quicker than I have related it, and as it had all been done under the shade of the house, and in comparative silence, and moreover as each one was busy with his own enemy, Frank had as we have seen been obliged to fight it out unassisted. But at this moment Gerry came up to him, pointing at the body of the Indian with whom he had been engaged, on the ground, though by the blood that trickled down his face, it seemed that he had been less fortunate than Frank in escaping un wounded.—"The Indian dog," says he. "We had a tough one, but my old Barlowe settled the job for him at last."—They both now carried the insensible Mary into the house, as several more savages were already rushing to the scene of the explosion. The men within were drawn by the same circumstance to the place where Frank and Gerry, had been placed and comprehended the whole at a glance. They made short work of the rest. The savages had all collected on this side of the house, not more than four or five in the whole, and were decisive whether to flee or make another attack, when the

men rushed out without ceremony, discharging a volley that swept off half their number, and the rest fled without so much as remaining to return the fire. They had now no more fears, and gathering up several bodies of their foes that were lying stretched around, they returned within the house happy and thankful for their great deliverance. The Indian chief was still alive though bleeding profusely and in a faint voice, and much to their astonishment, and in good English, requested to be laid upon a bed, and requesting the presence of Mr. D—alone, the old gentleman went in wondering at all this, but still more at what followed. 'You see before you,' he said, 'though in the guise and the company of savages, one whom you have known in former times, and who is now paying the penalty of wrongs committed upon you and yours. You cannot have forgotten Serle,'—and as if the name recalled even to his own mind, anguish that was overpowering, he sank back for a while exhausted, but soon regaining strength he recalled the whole history of his former plots and his subsequent joining with the Indians. He was passing through this place with his company of Indians on a predatory excursion, when he by chance saw Mr. D—, and at once knew him. He had induced his Indian followers to attack the house, intending to avenge himself fully for all former slights, by destroying the house and getting possession of the daughter, which was his chief object. But he was now a dying man and had only time to ask forgiveness of Mr. D—, and go to a higher tribunal. We have no more to relate except to say that Frank spent all his vacations till he graduated at the house of Mr. D—, and having acquired his profession, he became himself master of the house which retained the same fair mistress it had previously possessed.

SCROPE.

Oct. 1839.

CHARACTER.

For the American Masonic Register and Literary Companion,
YOUTH.

Youth is the time for improvement, for strict mental discipline—and for the acquisition of nameless other requisites, which tend directly to form the character, and lay a solid permanent foundation for future eminence either in the religious or literary world. The importance of its being accomplished in the spring time of life when the youthful mind is susceptible of the least impression, every intelligent person is fully aware. Every day experience teaches us that the age of manhood, amid troubles, anxieties, and perplexing cares, is not a proper time for the cultivation of those talents which have been assigned us; but for the application of them to whatever profession or business we may pursue. I would not be understood to say, that improvement cannot be made by those advanced in age; but that this should in a great measure be done before he launches upon the tempestuous sea of life—before he knows what it is to depend upon himself for support. If the youth neglects this, there is great probability he will fall a prey to the seductive, glittering toys, and pomp of the world, when he shall have arrived at a more mature age, and at length be swallowed up in the vortex with scarcely time to take a farewell conscience smiting look at his spent hours.

It is evident the young will never advance one step towards mental cultivation unless they rightly value time, unless they feel the importance of improving it as it should be. The youth whose mind is bent on pleasure, whose whole time is spent in the pursuit of it, thinks not his wasted hours will cause a pang when old age shall come upon him. He does not reflect that the wheel of time is swiftly rolling him onward to the grave, that resting place of all mortals. If he did, what a change would there be in his conduct—what a change would there be in the conduct of all our youths. The evanescent toys and pleasures which so much engaged their attention would be totally abolished. The fascinating charms that are so strongly wound around their hearts, and are as dear to them as their life-blood, would be snatched and scattered to the four winds of heaven. Who does not at once perceive the happy change that would be wrought to the community at large—who does not see that this world would be very nearly allied to that paradise above? Instead of groping in ignorance, the blazing light of truth would fling its radiance into every corner of the earth. Error and superstition would vanish like shadows beneath a verti-

cal sun. But how different is the case. This heavenly picture is but a representation of what may be, if promptitude of action becomes our most distinguishing characteristic. Go visit him who well nigh numbers four score and ten,

Who never had a dozen thoughts
In all his life. And never changed their course;
But told them o'er, each in its customary place,
From morn till night, from youth to hoary age,
Little above the ox that grazed the field,
His reason rose; so weak his memory,
The name his mother called him by, he scarce
Remembered;——Pollok.

I say, visit such an one, and he will present to you a picture of age without youthful improvement—a dreary barren life devoid of all those fine feelings which elevate the soul and draw out the affections of the heart in their greatest intenseness towards a Supreme Being. This is the deplorable condition of an innumerable number even in this our enlightened land. Who will pretend to deny but that these ignorant men, if they had etched in the buoyant part of life, this inestimable sentence upon their hearts—*time is precious*—might have superseded Franklin or Newton in disclosing to the world the beauties of natural philosophy. They did as many are now doing, amassing their wealth, devoting themselves to pleasure, and I may even add, intoxication—all of which are strong barriers to the entrance of knowledge, and more particularly the true gospel religion.

The difficulties which may plead why they do not adorn their minds and advance in intellectual education are more imaginary than real. Among the excuses, poverty stands at the head, though it is indeed the last and least apology that should be made. This objection will vanish it seems to me by a mere cursory glance at those who have risen from this state to places of eminence and trust. Jonas King the great traveller, and divine, whose name is known to a great extent throughout the United States and very extensively in the Eastern continent, was the son of poverty. His parents were severely burdened with indigence, yet they were destined to send forth a son penniless and destitute of all the necessities of life to become a shining ornament in the world. Poverty was no obstruction to him—no hindrance to the cultivation of his mental powers—he went forward with an impetus, every young man should, and is now promulgating the glad tidings of salvation to the benighted heathen. In the early part of his life we see him travelling miles to obtain an education without one friend to aid him, and relying solely upon the charity of the teacher to whom he had introduced himself. This is the manner in which that noble man first commenced his career, and similar to this have many of our most distinguished personages. Horace was born in an obscure little cottage in Venusia now called Venosa, near Rome. Poverty attended him for a long time, and after struggling through innumerable difficulties he became a prominent character at the court of the king. He found time to compose his admirable odes, even with the multitude of duties at court attending upon him. Shakespeare carried this mark of genius. He was the son of a butcher, and in his youth scene-shifter to a theatre; but soon after he swayed the stage with his inimitable productions.

Milton, through want, was compelled to sell his Paradise Lost for the paltry sum of five pounds. Franklin rose from a printer's boy to the immortal philosopher.

Sufficient have been mentioned to establish the point, that poverty is no hindrance to mental cultivation. I will now proceed to show that poverty is generally, indeed I may say always, an advantage. The youth who is placed in affluent circumstances and rolls in wealth, does not value time—does not see the importance of an education to that extent, he would if the reverse was his lot. He places his dependence upon pedigree and money, while the other relies upon his own exertion. If you wish to spoil a child, to unfit him for all usefulness in the world, place before him the prospect of an immense fortune. Then mark with what rapidity his soul will begin to contract, what a niggardly disposition he will have. It is more than probable he will turn out a wretched spendthrift, a beggar, or something infinitely worse. In the case of Jonas King, I believe if he had not been born comparatively in a hovel, his name would never have shone with that brilliancy it

now does. Wealth with her train of joys was not made for him, the gay living of a court was not for him, the flattery and applauses of the mob did not meet his ear, nor did they impede his onward march to fame.—His labors were not confined to this nation; but he attempted to plant the standard of the king under whom he fought upon the very spot where he was rejected and despised when upon earth. He sat down by the cold streams of Babylon where the harp of the captive Jew was hung upon the willow, and wept like a child. The trembling hand of the afflicted Israelite could not sweep from its strings the heavenly melody of better, happier days. "He could not sing one of Zion's songs, for the effort woke within him affecting remembrances of home, and native land. He wept when he remembered Zion." He visited that once magnificent city, Jerusalem, in its ruins; and preached where Paul the apostle raised his voice. This is the same man that relied upon the charity and kindness of others for support. This is the same man that was born in yonder dwelling of poverty. Would that many such habitations might send forth a Jonas King. If we look the world through, we shall see that nearly all who have woven a wealth of fame for their brows, have arisen from very low circumstances.

To be continued.

THE GATHERER.

EFFECTS OF LAUGHTER ON THE CIRCULATION OF THE BLOOD.

The deep inspirations and the short and frequent expirations made in the act of laughing, have a direct influence on the heart, increasing the quantity of blood within its cavities in the same manner as the quantity within these is increased by muscular contractions. This condition of the heart, as might be anticipated, will vary in proportion to the violence and duration of the paroxysms of laughter. When these are moderate, the mind is only exhilarated, or, to use a common expression, "the heart becomes joyful;" but if laughing be increased or prolonged beyond certain limits, a series of effects, more or less injurious, frequently supervene. Pain in the cardiac region and headache then come on, and if the paroxysms be immoderate, the quantity of blood propelled into the brain is such, that the intellectual powers become greatly excited, and sometimes to such a degree as to cause their temporary aberration. Even convulsions follow immoderate fits of laughter, and I have known death take place from excessive laughter caused by titillation. A disturbed action of the heart is usually observed in those affected with hysteria, which may account for the paroxysm of laughter, the *risus sardonius*, the hiccup, and all the more remarkable phenomena which are characteristic of that disease. Laughter, indeed, greatly disturbs a heart already irritable. This was strikingly exemplified in a person who had a disease of the heart, and who could not indulge in laughing without the increased action of the heart by which it was accompanied, always causing violent headache.—*Wardrop on Diseases of the Heart.*

ROB ROY MAC GREGOR.

When this chieftain was on his death-bed a gentleman whom he had reason to consider as an enemy came to see him. On being requested to admit him to his bed-side, he said, 'No enemy shall see Rob Roy in the posture of defeat. Raise me up; put on my clothes, buckle on my arms, then admit him.' He was obeyed: the guest was received with cold civility by the dying man, and in a short time departed. 'Now' said Rob Roy—'now help me to bed and call in the piper.' The piper appeared, Rob Roy shook hands with him, and desired him to play 'Cha tuile mi tuileadh,' and not cease while he continued to breathe. He soon expired, with the voice of war pealing around him.

MISCONCEPTION.

As a canal boat was passing under a bridge, the captain gave the usual warning, "Look out!" when a little Frenchman, who, was in the cabin obeyed the order by popping his head out of the window, which received a severe thump by coming in contact with a pillar of the bridge. He drew it back in a great pet, and exclaimed, "Dese Americans say lookout when dey means look in."

CRITICISM.

[The following biting criticism, is from the Southern Literary Messenger. The editor handles Willis without mittens. Willis may be said to be fairly on the road to the temple of—Brummelism.]

N. P. WILLIS.

Literary readers are, for the most part, apprised, that the gentleman whose name heads this article, (who, as a writer of both prose and poetry, has acquired no inconsiderable distinction,) has recently united with Dr. Porter in the establishment of a new periodical in New York with the title of the "*Corsair*." As was to be expected in that great emporium of fashion and novelty as well as of commerce, this paper, aided by the reputation of its editors, has suddenly sprung into the full maturity of patronage, and promises to hold a high rank in the well contested field of competition. In order, we presume, to render its pages more attractive, Mr. Willis embarked early in the summer for England, on a voyage of literary *picarooning*; and since his arrival there, has regularly supplied the "*Corsair*" with contributions under the somewhat untasteful title of "Jottings down in London." These consist, for the most part, of scraps and gleanings, picked up by the writer from his old familiar haunts in the English metropolis, are, many of them, strikingly descriptive of the manners, fashions, and follies of that "Great Babel." We have read them as far as No. IV., and whilst it is admitted they contain much of the force, piquancy and originality which distinguish the author's prose compositions, they are by no means free from the affectation, puerility, an egotism, that have likewise marred especially his latter writings. That we do not point out these faults and blemishes without reasonable cause, we instance, in proof of the writer's affectation, the everlasting straining after epigrammatic smartness and point, the profuse sprinkling of French and Italian quotations, and the constant introduction of phrases peculiar to particular classes and professions, which are any thing but pure English; and we certainly do not regard it as otherwise than puerile in Mr. Willis gravely to inform his readers through the pages of the "*Corsair*," that Count D'Orsay had formed an alliance to introduce the white cravat into fashion—that the latter's "beauty is in high preservation—his life altogether reformed—his diet milk, and is hour of retiring to bed ten o'clock, P. M." That "Lady Blessington's different carriages, are each, in their style the most beautiful turn-outs in England"—that the "Crack-men ride without martingals, and the best turn-outs are driven without a click rein"—that the queen's riding hat is not becoming, owing to the shape of her nose, and that her majesty, when in full gallop, is apt to hold her mouth open. These are but few of the very important similar items of information with which the republicans of New York are amused and enlightened. It is possible that the exquisites and "crack-men" of old Gotham may relish such diet, but for ourselves we confess that our appetites would incline us to prefer more simple and solid food.

The sin of egotism is too glaring throughout these London jottings, to escape the most careless observer. Without a superabundance of charity, a person might well suppose that the end and aim of the author was to celebrate his own achievements and illustrate his own importance in the circles of high life. Indeed Mr. Willis's personal vanity so constantly throws him into the foreground of his own pictures, that it is often unpleasant, if not painful, to contemplate them. In representing the great difficulty of procuring admission to "Almack's,"—the sanctum sanctorum of London fashion—he fails not to inform us that the Lady Patronesses (who we shrewdly suspect are a silly set of beldames,) had favored him with a ticket; nor does he conceal the boast, that in that mysterious inner temple of exclusiveness, he, Mr. N. P. Willis, felt quite at home in familiar *tele-a-tete* with dowagers of rank and maids of honor, conversing about the busts of English and French Venuses—and the pretty ankles of American women. He is quite familiar with the highest political dignitaries—with the most renowned in art, science and literature—with most splendid in title and wealth, and the most beautiful in the empire of fashion. He sits in the opera box and chats familiarly with Lord Brougham—rides out with the beautiful count D'Orsay, (very bad company we should think)—perambulates

with Bulwer—is invited to Lady Stepney's and Lady Morgan's, along with the Persian Ambassador. and his royal highness the duke of Cambridge—sits by 'Boz,' at the dinner to Macready, which is presided over by another royal duke—dines with a whig baronet and the next day with three tory lords—and, in fine, neither eats nor drinks, rides nor walks, without coming in close contact with some of the "Corinthian pillars of polished society." But one of the best of good jokes remains to be told. Our countryman, Webster, it is known, is now on a visit to London, and his great reputation has won for him, there, independently of the usual attentions paid to distinguish strangers, the particular courtesy and kindness of such men as Brougham, Hallam, Milman, &c.—and yet he, we are told, is indebted to Mr. Willis for the great favor of satisfying the higher circles that the American statesman, orator, lawyer Webster, is not Mr. Noah Webster, who wrote the Dictionary. This most interesting fact is communicated by Mr. Willis himself in No. II. of the "Jottings down in London," and the natural inference will be, let who will imagine the contrary, that Mr. Willis is a much greater man in London, than Mr. Webster is, or can ever possibly be. We confess, when we first read this self sooting paragraph from the author of "First impression in Europe." "Letters from under a bridge," &c., we could not suppress something like a smile of derision, and it was difficult to avoid the conclusion, either that Mr. Willis's last impressions were entirely erroneous, or that his associates in London high life, were a much more egregious set of nineties than we had supposed them to be. Can it be that the statesman who has so long shared the supremacy of the American Senate, from time of the war of 1812, to the present moment, should not be distinguished by intelligent Englishmen and English women from the highly respectable lexicographer of the same name?—We own, if the fact be true, it is most marvellous.

After informing us, in Jottings, No. 11, that "there are great numbers of American ladies in London, and that they seem to be good deal the fashion"—that Mrs. Van Buren's quiet and high bred manners were "run h talked of,"—and that Major Van Buren himself, like his brother, has been received quite as a prince royal—admitted to the House of Lords,"—&c. Mr. Willis makes the following unchivalrous remark: "Miss Sedgwick is here, but she seems to require a trumpet." Now we ask, in the name of charity, why did not Willis step forward and become the trumpeter of this neglected lady herself? No one better knew her distinguished claims to respect and attention; and he who could familarise with lords, and flirt with duchesses, who could even place the character and qualifications of Daniel Webster himself in their true light before London society, could have had no difficulty in trumpeting Miss Sedgwick. Cruel, unkind "Corsair!" Not only to turn your back upon your gifted countrywoman, but absolutely to wound the feelings of herself and friends by publishing a sarcasm upon her friendless condition!—Verily, Mr. Willis must suppose that no misfortune can befall man or woman, so great, as to be out of the fashion. That the elevated mind of the authoress of "Redwood" and "Hope Leslie," could sustain itself, even against the affliction of London neglect, we do not doubt; and that she would be more likely to be contaminated than improved by intimate contact with its heartless society we doubt still less. Of what materials that society is composed how frivolous, insincere, stupid and unprincipled—is abundantly shown by Mr. Willis himself in almost every page of his "Jottings."

We have now to prefer a charge against Mr. Willis of very grave import—one which we should gladly have passed over, but that our agency, humble as it is in the moral and literary censorship exercised by the American press, imposes upon us a strong obligation to notice it. It is, that in one gross instance at least, he has manifested a reckless disregard of his own reputation, by wantonly betraying to the world conversations of a private, delicate and confidential nature. That we do not venture this accusation rashly, we transcribe from Mr. Willis's own account of his sayings and doings at "Almack's."

"In the course of the evening I found myself *vis-a-vis* in the quadrille to the queen's most beautiful maid of honor. She is daughter of Lord Rivers, rather tall, and combining a most majestic *enbonpoint* of figure, with a slowness of limb, and a tenderness and stateliness of neck, seldom seen in such graceful proportion. To

the three hundred pounds a year, which the maids of honor receive for dress, the queen, my partner informed me, has added another hundred, thinking the sum insufficient. You know, probably, that on their marriage they receive a dowry of one thousand pounds. Then there are the ladies in waiting, who are of the highest rank of nobility, and the bed-chamber women, who receive also three hundred pounds a year, and are generally ladies of good birth in reduced circumstances. These all take their turns of service for two months together. My pretty and noble informant gave me these household statistics, very good naturally, but between *pastorale* and *dos-a-dos*; and as she was closely connected with those who had the best chance of knowing I asked her a question or two touching the personal qualities of her majesty. She thought Victoria fancied herself very beautiful, 'which she was not decidedly,'—and that she was very impatient of a difference of opinion when in private with her ladies. She admitted, however, that she was generous, forgiving and cleverer than most girls of her age." When alone with two or three of her maids, she said the queen was 'no more like a queen than anybody else,'—and was very fond of a little fun or a bit of scandal—or any thing that would not have done if other people were present." As far as it went, I think this might be relied on as the impression her majesty makes upon those who daily associate with her."

Now, we hold it to be clear, that whether the beautiful and confiding daughter of Lord Rivers should ever be informed or not, that these revelations of palace secrets had been published to the world, Mr. Willis stands wholly unjustified in the part he has acted. Whether the young lady loses or retains her place near the queen's person for her indiscreet candor in representing majesty what it really is—a jest—the odium will nevertheless cling to Mr. Willis for having wound himself into the confidence of a credulous young girl with the deliberate design of betraying her. This is indeed a species of piracy, or plundering by the way," which however it may suit the taste or accord with the designs of a "*Corsair*," will merit the reproof of every honorable man, and every honorable woman too.

Before we conclude our notice of Mr. Willis and his new periodical, we will state that in No. IV of his "Jottings," he announces, that he had engaged, as "a regular correspondent of the *Corsair*," a Mr. Thackeray, who is styled the "cleverest and most gifted of the magazine writers of London." He is also stated to be the author of the "Yellow Flash Papers," and the "Reminiscences of Major Gahagan"—"a writer for Frazer, and Blackwood, and the principal critic of the Times." In fact, the editor of the "*Corsair*" represents him as "one of the cleverest and most brilliant of periodical writers"—and when they parted, Thackeray was to pass over to Paris the day after, and forthwith commence his weekly contribution to the *Corsair*. Now it so happens, that the first letter of this cleverest and most brilliant of periodical writers has appeared, and we have read it through with great eagerness and vivid anticipation. How sadly are our hopes sometimes destined to be crushed! We do not find in it that evidence of superlative merit which the author of "Pencillings by the Way" would discern at a single glance. On the contrary, we think that Mr. Thackeray has much of the dandyism, affectation, and puerility of Mr. Willis himself. Let us take, for example, one or two of the concluding paragraphs in the first letter from Paris:

"What feelings we may have in finding good friends and listeners among strangers, far away—in receiving, from beyond seas kind crumbs of comfort for our hungry vanities, which at home, God, wot get little of this delightful food—in gaining fresh courage and hope, for pursuing a calling of which the future is dreary, and the present but hard. All these things, O "*Corsair*," had better be meditated by the author in private, than as the fashion is now-a-days, poured over yards of papers, in fluent streams of ink. With which, farewell. I hear the dinner bell ringing, and lo! white aproned scullions bear smoking soups across the court."

We doubt very much whether Mr. Thackeray will elevate the literary tone of this country, which is now low enough, Heavens knows. He belongs to that school, we apprehend, whose sole ambition it is to minister to the frivolous tastes and appetites of the most frivolous and fantastic class among us—the

literature as well as in dress and manners. Strong sense and classical refinement he may have; and doubtless has. But we are afraid, like a great many others, he looks upon literature as a trade, and speculates far more upon the amount of pleasure he is to give, than the good he is to do. Let us not, however, prejudice this "regular correspondent of the 'Corsair.'" Some of his subsequent efforts may justify the high sounding notes of praise with which his first appearance before the American public has been heralded.

We have thus indulged in free, but we hope impartial commentary upon Mr. Willis's metropolitan gossip. We have no expectation, however, that any arrow which we can speed, will even ruffle his plumage. Like the peacock in his stately strut, the gentleman is evidently so much in love with himself that even keener reproached than ours would fail to disturb his composure. We leave him, therefore, to his destiny, consoling ourself with the reflection, that our remarks may possibly benefit others if not the author of "Joltings Down in London."

AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER.

ALBANY, SATURDAY, NOV. 2, 1839.

ULTRAISM.—We Yankees may truly be said, to abound in notions. We are ultra in politics, ultra in religion, ultra in temperance, and in fact we are ultra in almost every thing under the sun. It is this ultraism which destroys us. If any kind or philanthropic object is started, no matter what be its public utility, ultraism immediately rears its hydra head, and clogs its operations, until those who really entered into its measures with clean hands and pure hearts, are often compelled to abandon it in disgust. Temperance commenced in the reformation of the drunkard, but its usefulness became nearly paralyzed by the overzealous destruction of orchards, and the quixotic crusade against sacramental wine. Then, again, the reformation of epicureans was followed by Graham's saw dust bread and bran puddings—and the female ultraists, determined not to be out done, about this time commenced an uncompromising war against confections and cakes at their social parties. All these things have had their day, and like other worn out rattles have been thrown aside for new ones. These remarks have suggested themselves, from reading certain resolutions and proceedings of the "Non-Resistance Society" of Boston. This society convened last month, and was in session for three days. Members were present from all the New England states; as likewise many from New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio. The Troy Mail, in speaking of the society, facetiously observes, that the mixture of genders among the members in attendance seemed to be the most remarkable event recorded.—Mr. L. Capron, was appointed President, and Maria W. Chapman, Recording Secretary, for the year.

The meeting resolved, that all penal codes are a nullification of the precepts of Christ—that man was never made to govern man—that every man who takes part, by voting or otherwise, in the civil government of this country, does a very naughty thing—that navies and armies ought to be done away with, and the militia system abolished—(in the last of which opinions we entirely concur)—all of which are duly recommended to the adoption of man and woman kind at large. Such are the sentiments and conclusions of another branch of the family of Ultraists.

Posting.—"Whereas, my wife Mary, has left me and my house, &c. This is to forbid all persons, &c."

"Whereas, my husband has published that I Mary have left his house, &c.*** I told the woman he has living with him, that I should not stay, &c."

The above is the substance of two advertisements published in an exchange paper. We have always thought that the editors of newspapers were criminally

culpable in publishing advertisements of this kind without a strict examination into the merits of the case. Nine tenths of the cases, will turn out, that some poor broken hearted wife is obliged as her last resort, to leave the bed and board of her husband, driven away by the concubinage or something else of him who has sworn to "love, protect and cherish her," as appears to be in the present instance. It is true, there are cases, where it may necessary for a man to post his wife, for his safety—but such cases are rare. There are nine worthless husbands to one bad wife, and if the press would make it a rule never to add injury to outrage until the truth was known, it would add to their credit, and be the means of affixing the brand to the right forehead.

The Woodstock (N. B.) Times of the 12th instant informs us that Colonel Mudge and Mr. Featherstonough, have concluded their exploration through the disputed territory, and have proceeded to Quebec.—The party attached to the expedition have returned. Nothing has transpired, says the Times, that can be fully depended on, as to the result of their investigation; but adds, as the rumor that no highlands corresponding to the terms of the treaty have been discovered except at the source of the Penobscot, where they are said to be "decidedly visible."—No doubt!

To Correspondents.—The "Impromptu" of a subscriber, shall have a place.

The Christian Harp—is a neat little work which has been sent to us, containing Hymns and Spiritual Songs—with appropriate music, adapted to the use of families and praying circles, and to the various meetings of religious worship, recognized by the different denominations of christians; the music arranged for two and three voices. It is published by Charles Dingley, of New-York, once a month, at 12½ cents per number, or \$1 per annum.

Installation.—The Rev. Thomas E Vermilye, D. D. late of this city, was installed into office, as one of the pastors of the Collegiate church, of the city of New York, on Sabbath evening 20th.

A Philadelphia paper states that a child was recently frightened to death, by the foolery of its inconsiderate parents. The father and mother were committed to prison for murder.

The Washington Globe says, that orders have been given to prepare a sloop of war, and a schooner, with all possible dispatch, for cruising on the coast of Africa, in execution of the laws of the United States against the disgraceful traffic in slaves, and for the protection of our lawful commerce in that quarter.

The Pickwick papers have been translated into the Russian language.

We have complied with the request of Scrope.

There was subscribed in New Orleans, up to the 13th instant, the sum of \$2,811 75, for the relief of the Mobile sufferers.

Mr. COOPER has a new work in the press, to be called the Path Finder, or our Inland Seas. Natty Bumppo, says the U. S. Gazette, will be introduced in all the vigor of youth, and touched by the tender passion.

The health of New Orleans is not considered sufficiently re-established to invite the unacclimated to come back; nor will it be till really cold wether sits in. It Natchez it continued severe. In Augusta there is some abatement.

MARRIED.

By the Rev. Jacob Leonard, jr., in this city, on the 22d inst. Charles B. Gay, of this city, to Lucretia Johnson, daughter of the late Jacob Johnson, of Schodack.

By the Rev. B. T. Welch of Albany, Mr. Wm. Bentley jr., of Lebanon Spa, N. Y., to Miss Jane A. Moore of Troy, N. Y.

On the 2 Sept. by the Rev. Stephen R. Smith, Mr. James Bleeker, to Miss Ann Kinnear, daughter of the late George Kinnear, all of this city.

On the 28th inst. by the Rev. J. L. Hodge, James W. Parsons, to Miss Eliza Gray, both of this city.

In Taunton, Mass. on the 16th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Malthy, Noadiah M. Childs, esq., of Salina, N. Y. to Martha, daughter of Mr. Simeon Brewer of Peterham, Mass.

In Burlington, Bradford county, Pa., on the 25th ult., by C. Barnes, esq., Mr. Benjamin Holdea Taylor of Troy, to Miss Ruth Maria, eldest daughter of Gen. Samuel Mc Kean, of the former place.

In Newburgh, on the 23d inst., by the Rev. Robert Shaw, Mr. Leonard D. Nicoll, of N. Windsor, to Miss Ann, eldest daughter of Gen. G. O. Fowler, of the former place.

In Buffalo, on Wednesday morning, by the Rev. Dr. Shelton, James Purdy, esq. counsellor at law, of Mansfield, Ohio, to Mary Beaufort, daughter of William Hodge, esq., of Buffalo.

In Canterbury, Orange county, on the 19th inst. by the Rev. J. Silliman, David M. Westcott, jr. of Goshen to Miss Jane Dolson, of Canterbury.

In New York, on the 21th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Anthon. Edward C. Center, to Elizabeth Mary, daughter of Reuben Withers, esq.

DIED.

Near the village of Elmira, Major General Mathew Carpenter, aged 80 years,

On the 14th inst. Lieut. Charles S. Ridgley, of the U. S. Navy, son of General Charles Steret Ridgley, of Ann Arundel county, Md.

At Windsor Hall, near Newburgh, Charles Ludlow, esq., formerly of the U. S. Navy, in the 58th year of his age.

At the residence of his father in Solon of typhus fever, Geo. R. Hathaway, son of Gen. Samuel Hathaway, in the 23rd year of his age.

On the 11th inst. of the prevailing fever, at the Balize where he resided for the last two years Dr. Halsted Hermans, son of Mr. John Hermans, of Albany, aged 31 years.

At Westfield, Chathaque county, of apoplexy, on the 25 inst. Mrs. Marica Seward; wife of B. J. Seward, Esq. (brother of Gov. Seward)

In Elmira, after short illness, Mrs. Amira, wife of Mr. Robert H. Thompson, and daughter of the late Major Gen. Mathew Carpenter.

BOOK OF THE BOUDOIR for 1840, or Court of Queen Victoria; a series of portraits of the ladies of the nobility of Great Britain, beautifully engraved by the Findens, with illustrations in verse superbly bound in morocco imperial quarto.

The Iris, prose, poetry, and art for 1840, with large and beautifully engraved plates and fanciful picturesque borders, in a new and unique style, edited by Mary Russell Mitford splendidly bound in Turkey morocco and gold, imperial 4to.

Character and Costume for 1840, 21 illustrations designed and drawn from nature, with descriptive letter press, handsomely bound in morocco and gold imperial 4to.

Gems of beauty for 1840, displayed in 12 highly finished engravings, with illustrations, by the Countess of Blessington, richly bound in green silk and gold quarto.

These splendid works have arrived and may be seen at

W. C. LITTLE'S Bookstore, corner of State and Market.

THE AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER,

Is Published every Saturday by L. G. HOFFMAN OPPOSITE THE EAGLE TAVERN, ALBANY.

TERMS.—To city subscribers, *Two Dollars and Fifty Cents* a year. To subscribers who receive their papers by mail, *Two Dollars*, payable on the receipt of the 4th Number. No subscription received for a less term than one year. Back numbers at all times furnished.

POETRY.

For the American Masonic Register and Literary Companion.
THE HINDOO MOTHER.

Where a soft stream ran murmuring by
A Hindoo mother stood,
She gazed with deep and steadfast eye
Into the silvery flood.

She looked upon the lovely babe
That slumber'd in her arms,
And could she throw it in the stream
And part with all its charms?

But to appease the gods she must,
Her own dear child destroy;
But see! the babe smiles—'tis a dream,
His face lit up with joy.

And could she gaze on him so fair,
Those eyes of placid blue;
Yes—but 'twas with an idiot stare,
For now she nothing knew.

Thus here the unhappy mother stood,
With madness in her eye,
The stream seem'd to know her destiny,
As it gently passed her by.

Ere she one thought gave to the babe,
She dashed it from the shore,
Then gave one loud and maniac laugh,
And sank to rise no more.

FLORA.

TO THE AUTUMN FOREST.

BY WILLIAM J. PEABODY.

Resplendent hues are thine!
Triumphant beauty—glorious as brief!
Burdening with holy love the heart's pure shrine,
Till tears afford relief.

What tho' the depths be hushed!
More eloquent in breathless silence thou,
Than when the music of glad songsters gushed
From every green-robed bough.

Gone from thy walks the flowers!
Thou askest not their forms thy paths to flock;
The dazzling radiance of these sunlit bowers
Their hues could not bedeck.

I love thee in the spring,
Earth crowning forest! when amid the shades
The gentle South first waves her odorous wing,
And joy fills all the glades.

In the hot summer time,
With deep delight thy sombre aisles I roam
Or, soothed by some cool brook's melodious chime,
Rest on thy verdent loam.

But O, when Autumn's hand
Hath marked thy beauteous foliage for the grave,
How doth thy splendor, as entranced I stand,
My willing heart enslave!

I linger then with thee,
Like some fond lover o'er his stricken bride;
Whose bright, unearthly beauty tell that she
Here may not long abide.

When my last hours are come,
Great God! ere yet life's span shall all be filled,
And these warm lips in death be over dumb,
This beating heart be stilled,—

Bathe thou in hues as blest—
Let gleams of Heaven about my spirit play!
So shall my soul to its eternal rest,
In glory pass away!

WHAT IS SOLITUDE?

BY C. F. HOFFMAN.

Not in the shadowy wood,
Not in the rock-ribbed glen,
Not where the sleeping echoes brood

In caves untried by men;
Not by the sea-swept shore
Where loitering surges break,
Not on the mountain hoar,
Not by the breathless lake,
Not on the desert plain
Where man hath never stood,
Whether on isle or main—
Not there is Solitude.

There are birds in the woodland bowers,
Voices in lonely dells,
And streams that to the list'ning hours
In earth's most secret cells;
There is life on the foam-decked sand,
By the ocean's curling lip,
And life on the still lake's strand
Mid the flowers that o'er it dip;
There is life in the rocking pines,
That sigh on the mountain's crest,
And life in the courser's mane that shines
As he cours the desert's breast.

But go to the crowded mart,
Mid the busy haunts of men;
Go there and ask thy heart—
What answer makes it then?
Ay, go where wealth is flinging
Her golden lures around—
Where the trump of Fame is ringing—
Where Pleasure's wiles abound:
Go, if thou wouldst be lonely,
Where the phantom, Love, is wooed,
And own there, there only,
Midst crowds is Solitude.

JOY.

Joy is a bird!
Catch it as it springs;
It will return no more
When once it spreads its wings.
Its song is gay but brief
The voice of sunny weather;
But, ah! the bird and leaf
Vanish both together.

Joy is a flower!
Pluck it in its bloom;
'Twill close its petals up
If darker skies should gloom.
It is a lovely thing,
And formed for sunny weather;
But, ah! the flower and spring
Vanish both together,

Joy is a child!
Seize it in its mirth;
For soon its lip will know
The withering taint of earth.
The eye is bright as truth,
A type of sunny weather;
But, ah! the smile and youth
Vanish both together!

THE HISTORY OF LIFE.

I saw an infant in its mother's arms,
And left it sleeping:
Years passed, I saw a girl with woman's charms,
In sorrow weeping.
Years passed—I saw a mother with her child,
And o'er it languish:
Years bro't me back, yet thro' her tears she smiled
In deeper anguish.
I left her—years had vanished—I returned.
And stood before her;
A lamp beside the childless widow burned—
Grief's mantle o'er her.
In tears I found her whom I left in tears,
On God relying;
And I returned again in after years,
And found her dying—
An infant first, and then a maiden fair—
A wife—a mother—
And then, a childless widow, in despair!—
Thus met a brother.

NO PRINTERS.—The following reduced prices will hereafter be charged for printing types, at BRUCE'S New-York Type Foundry, 13 Chambers-st. and 3 City Hall Place.

Pica,	38 cents a lb.
Small Pica,	40 do.
Long Primer,	42 do.
Bourgeois,	46 do.
Brevier,	54 do.
Minion,	66 do.
Nonpareil,	84 do.
Agate,	108 do.
Pearl,	140 do.

Ornamental letter and other type in proportion.

These are the prices on a credit of six months: but we wish at this time to encourage short credit or cash purchases, and will therefore make a discount of five per cent New York acceptances at ninety days, and ten per cent for cash.

We have recently added to our former extensive assortment seventy-five different kinds and sizes of ornamental letter, embracing Condensed, Extra Condensed, Extended, Outline, Skeleton, Shaded, Ornamental, modern thin-faced Black, &c. 100 new Flowers, and a great variety of Ornaments, forming altogether the most extensive and elegant assortment of Printing Types in the United States, and absolutely an unrivalled one. We also furnish every other article that is necessary for a printing office.

Printers of newspapers who publish this advertisement three times before the 1st of November, 1839, sending us one of the publications, will receive payment when they purchase from the foundry four times the amount of their bill.

GEORGE BRUCE & CO.

New York, Sept. 1839.

SHERIFF'S OFFICE.—City and county of Albany, August 7, 1839.

ELECTION NOTICE.—A general election is to be held in the county of Albany on the 4th, 5th, and 6th, days of November next at which will be chosen the officers mentioned in the notice from the Secretary of State, of which a copy is annexed.

MICHAEL ARTCHER, Sheriff,
State of New York, Secretary's Office,
Albany, Aug. 15, 1839.

Sir—Notice is hereby given you that the term of service of James Powers, a Senator of the Third Senate District of this state will expire on the last day of December next, and that a senator is to be chosen in that district, to which the county of which you are sheriff belongs, at the general election to be held on the fourth, fifth and sixth days of November next.

You will also take notice, that a vacancy has been caused in the representation of the Third Senate District, by the death of Noadiah Johnson, a senator from that district, whose term of office would have expired on the last day of December, 1840; and that a senator to supply the said vacancy is to be chosen at the said next general election.

You will also take notice, that a proposed amendment to the constitution is to be submitted to the people at the said election, at which the electors are to vote. "For the election of Mayors by the People," or "Against the election of Mayors by the People." At the same election the following officers are to be chosen, viz: Three members of Assembly.

JOHN C. SPENCER, Secretary of State.

N.B. You are to give notice of the aforesaid election, in writing to one of the inspectors of each town and ward in your county, and annex thereto a copy of this notice. You are also to publish the said notice and copy in all the public newspapers printed in your county.

ELECTION NOTICE.—Sheriff's Office, City and County of Albany, October 11, 1839. Notice is hereby given that at the next general election to be held in the county of Albany on the 4th, 5th, & 6th days of November next, a Senator is to be chosen to represent the Third Senate District in the Senate of this State in the place of Edward P. Livingston, resigned; and that three Senators are to be chosen at the said election to represent the said Third Senate District, according to a notice from the Secretary of State, of which a copy is annexed.

MICHAEL ARTCHER, Sheriff.

STATE OF NEW-YORK.

SECRETARY'S OFFICE, Albany, Oct. 11, 1839.
To the Sheriff of the County of Albany—

Sir: Notice is hereby given you that since the general notice of election was issued from this office, on the 15th day of August last, a vacancy has happened in the representation of the Third District, by the resignation of Edward P. Livingston, a Senator from that district, whose term of office would have expired on the last day of December 1841; and that a Senator to supply the said vacancy is to be chosen at the next general election, to be held on the 4th, 5th, and 6th days November next.

There are therefore three Senators to be chosen in the Third Senate District, (comprising among others the county of which you are Sheriff,) at the next general election, viz: one in the place of James Powers, whose term of service will expire on the last day of December next; one in the place of Noadiah Johnson, deceased; and one in the place of Edward P. Livingston, resigned.

JOHN C. SPENCER, Secretary of State.

N. B. You are to give notice of the above-mentioned election in writing to one of the inspectors of each town and ward in your county, and to annex thereto a copy of his notice. You are also to publish such notice and copy in all public newspapers printed in your county.

AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER AND LITERARY COMPANION.

BY L. G. HOFFMAN.]

ALBANY, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1839.

[VOL. I.—NO. 10.]

MASONIC.

EXTRACTS.

From an address delivered before the Grand Lodge of South Carolina, fifty five years ago.

Freemasonry is an institution of very remote antiquity; it is the growth of no clime; it has flourished in all parts of the globe; it is understood in every language; indeed it may emphatically be called the language of human nature. While governments founded in fraud; deception, or injustice, have been swept away by the revolutionary hand of time; while whole nations have either disappeared, or have so changed by great natural or political convulsions, as not now to be traced; freemasonry, like a venerable fabric founded on the strong and unshakable pillars of piety, charity and benevolence, has stood the test of time, resisted the shock of ages. Such have been the benefits to mankind from this admirable institution, that while all others have in their turns experienced the wrath of arbitrary governments, freemasonry, upheld by conscious innocence and the universal reputation of its merit, has ever escaped the ruffian fangs of tyranny and the lawless gripe of anarchy. When ruthless despots, aware that masonic principles opposed a barrier to their fierce ambition, and eager to establish their tyranny on the ruins of virtue and philanthropy, have attempted to abolish freemasonry within their dominions, they have soon found it so deep rooted in the affections of the people, as to be compelled to forego their detestable designs.

This preservation of our Order for so many ages, through so many dangers and revolutions, and so great a portion of the world: while it must inspire us with the liveliest gratitude to the great Architect of the universe, cannot fail to warm our breasts with the purest sentiments of attachment to it, and to prompt us to the exercise of all those virtues which have constituted its basis and conducted to its permanency.

Charity is the brightest jewel in the masonic temple: it is a virtue which more than any other must assimilate man to his beneficent Creator: it opens the heart to the divine effusions of unlimited sympathy and benevolence, and rubs off that rust which would gather around it and corrode every exquisite sensation. But it is a virtue of reflection as well as of feelings; in the due exercise of it, reason, no less than impulse, has its duty to perform; these should be properly tempered and balanced, for while, on the one hand, cold reflection ought not at all times to blemish the generous exertions of an amiable impulse, so, on the other, ought not an ardent sensibility to stimulate to an improper lavishment of that which might be wanted for more fit occasion. Happy is it for us, my brethren, that the bountiful hand of nature has been so prodigal of its blessings to this country; that the calls on human commiseration are, perhaps, less frequent here than in any part of the world. In this young and flourishing nation, industry can scarcely fail to be rewarded with a decent competency; and idleness ought ever to meet a freemason's frowns. Still, even in this fruitful land, poverty and distress will sometimes await the aged and the infirm: there will also be some, who, in spite of the utmost exertions of a laudable industry, will be overtaken by unavoidable misfortune: these, with the unfortunate brethren of other climes, who seek among us a shelter from transatlantic miseries, will claim and will always receive the benevolent aid of our society.

Before I quit this subject, I will mention one species

of charity, which though not of the passive kind, though not a positive but a negative virtue, is notwithstanding, attended with great social benefits: I mean that kind of charity, which restrains us from thinking too unfavorably of each other, the neglect of this virtue has often been the source of great disorder: mankind are but too prone to indulge an uncharitable disposition, to ascribe the worst views and motives to those who differ from them in the occurrences of life: this imputation of sinister designs produces an acrimonious state of society, and begets divisions, productive of social misery and public unhappiness. In the organization of the human mind, and in the structure of civil society, was it not intended that there should exist a variety of opinion? And when these neither disturb the public order nor endanger the public welfare, should not candor give credit to others for the same purity of views which we are conscious of possessing ourselves?

A scrupulous adherence to our engagement is a high masonic virtue; a strict observance of good faith between man and man enlivens the toilsome path of business and makes our duties easy and pleasant; whereas captious and evasive practices add fresh burthens to our labors, and obstruct us with difficulties, far greater than those naturally incident to ordinary operations of trades and professions. As there is no being more despicable than a tricky character, one who is always on the watch to overreach his neighbor and take advantage of his credulity, and indulgence, so is there none more respectable than an honest and industrious mechanic, who maintains and educates his family, benefits mankind by his work and his example, and honorably fulfils his engagements. Such a citizen is indeed far more useful to society, than many of a different description, frequently and improperly called gentlemen.

From the contemplation of these domestic and neighborly virtues, allow me to lead your minds to the sublime contemplation of a virtue, which acts on a more enlarged theatre, and swells the bosom to a more comprehensive scope of reflection.

You will readily perceive that love of our country is the noble sentiment alluded to. A good freemason must be a good patriot; but patriotism, like many other virtues, has been so often prostituted by the ridiculous mummeries and wicked artifices of impostors, that it is necessary to discriminate between genuine and spurious patriotism.

When I speak therefore of this virtue, I mean not that mock patriotism, which in all ages, and in all free countries, has been seized on by the ambitions as a cloak to cover base and insidious designs; which bedecked with the alluring grab of tinsel jargon, has been assumed to conceal the foulest purposes; which under the mask of hypocrisy, and with the parade of pompous language, has ever found subservient to the most despicable and selfish views; which, at one time, has been employed as a stepladder to power, and at another, as an engine of destruction to rival popular and obnoxious competitors: I mean not that mock patriotism, which has been the siren song of seduction of the knaves to cajole and ensnare the fools: I mean not that satire on patriotism, which blazons its own merits in ranting declamation and frothy professions, which draws from time out of none existence little ephemeral insects, which glitter for a moment in the glare of their own creation, and then dissolve into their original nothingness. I mean not that profanation of patriotism, which, while it utters from the lips the most precious and pious ejaculations for the public weal, impiously bears in the heart the most atrocious designs against public tranquility, and national independence. But I mean that heavenborn patriotism, which announces itself in deeds of public utility; which delights in the maintenance of law, in the support of order, in respect for the magistracy, enforcing, by precept and by example, every moral and religious practice; which displays itself in habits of industry and frugality, in virtuous education of one's family, and in the faithful performance of all the relative duties of a man and citizen.

Enlarging still further his views, every good freemason should embrace, in his system of philanthropy, the whole human race; universal benevolence should share in his breast a place with those social affections, which are of a more local complexion.

This expansive and magnanimous philanthropy will of course excite him, while he delights in his own domestic prospect to invoke the divine protection for those unhappy nations, which are now desolated by the scourge of war, and public calamity; and to implore the Almighty Ruler of the universe, to stay the avenging sword, and to restore peace, liberty and happiness, to so many millions of our miserable fellow creatures.

Finally, my brethren, let me exhort your proper attention to your religious duties. Religion, were it not even inculcated by our Divine Master, would recommend itself to all enlightened men and civilized societies by the purity of its precepts and the excellence of its practices. Religion, by softening the manners and subduing the unruly passions, unites mankind in the bond of brotherly love, and, like freemasonry, constitutes a most salutary and durable cement to society. Do we not learn from history, that in proportion as nations have receded from the principles and practice of religion, they have advanced to ferociousness or relapsed into barbarism? And in our own country, it is not undeniable that in proportion as religion sheds its benign influence over society, do justice, order, and felicity prevail?

I have now rapidly passed over some of the most prominent features in this beautiful system of moral freemasonry. To have enumerated them all, or to have dwelt more minutely on those that have been selected, would have exhausted your patience. You will have observed, my brethren, that to accomplish the views of the Great Artificer of the world, and to be approved as true and perfect freemasons, you have many important duties to perform; you will likewise have observed, that beginning within a circle of the more domestic and social duties, your bosoms must dilate to the more enlarged circle of the public duties you owe to your country; and that, not confining your affections even there, the heart must afterwards expand to the spacious circle of human nature and, swell with emotions of universal love and benevolence. A due cultivation of these virtues will invigorate the cementing principle of brotherly love, which is the grand basis of freemasonry; for nothing is more true, "that the better men are, the more they love one another." The practice of these virtues, will also smooth away those asperities, which are found in the vale of life, and make us glide more gently down it, to that future state of bliss, which a life so spent will insure us.

Thus having fulfilled the purposes of your creation, and done honor to the inestimable principles of this institution, you will, by approving yourselves good freemasons, at the same time approve yourselves good men, good citizens, and good christians.

CHARACTER.

For the American Masonic Register and Literary Companion,
YOUTH.

CONTINUED FROM OUR LAST.

There are indeed many other things beside penury which exert an unhappy influence, and which it would be inexpedient to mention here. Every one who has come to the fixed determination to have a liberal education must make up his mind to meet with many opposing obstacles, and disappointments. To every one disappointments will occur. They will meet man in every condition of life, whether in the parlor or at the plough, whether in high or low circumstances. They are as necessary as our very existence. The man who ploughs through the surges of disappointment that are continually rolling upon him, and rides triumphant like the ship that obeys her helm in a storm deserves far more credit than he who repines and murmurs at the dispensations of Providence. There is no least shadow of doubt, but that intellectual advancement is far more rapid under their influence. They may properly be compared to the hand of the polisher which rubs the gold that it may become brighter and shine with more lustre. In these conflicts a man must have some goal, some point upon which to fix his eye, or he will fall a prey to them. At sea the inexperienced mariner dares not look down from the main-top upon the turbid swelling waves, lest his giddy brain plunge him into them; but he looks look and holds fast—so with the youth: he must not aloft at the difficulties and trials around him and beneath him, but look aloft and cling to. Many are apt to think when they are visited in this manner that it is their lot to be miserable in the world, and they lie down like the lamb before the wolf and are devoured; whereas if they would put on a peaceful mind and a calm resignation all things would redound to their benefit and pass by leaving a rich blessing. The above remarks are of peculiar importance to the young, especially if they desire to obtain a liberal education. It is true, it is a decision of character, and it is the duty of every one to be possessed of this; if they are, all the mountains that are made of petty troubles would diminish into mole-hills. The world would be one smooth surface like the untroubled sea where every bark might glide peacefully and calmly into the haven of rest. I have thus far enumerated the impediments attending a course of instruction. I shall in conclusion confine myself to the course to be taken in acquiring it.

The youth's object, like the patriots of old, should be the welfare of all. He should grasp the whole world, and aim at its prosperity in all he does and says for it is the world for which he lives, it is the world for which he was made. He is not placed here to live for himself, to be wrapt wholly up in self, but for something more ennobling and soul elevating. The youth who has enlarged views is a happy man, because his object is large happiness is in proportion to the object. Take a man that "lives where his father lived," and never let his thoughts run farther than over the spot of ground he occupies—who almost believes the "sun no broader than his father's shield"—and his happiness is comparatively nothing. Besides, he is a dead weight to the prosperity of a nation, because his influence is exceedingly bad—he is a stumbling block over which many stumble and sink down into a self-consoling state. We cannot expect to reach the height our mother country has, unless we take large and lofty views of things, and a youth is as capable of doing it as any one. Some are indeed awake, but the paucity of their number can effect nothing discernable. If learning considered in the low and grovelling ideas which characterize so great a portion of the human family, we should long ere this have challenged competition with the world.

Writing foolish compositions, is the legitimate offspring of this contractedness, this microcosm of man. Herein perhaps is as insuperable a barrier to education as any that can be found. It binds the soul of man down to earth—it throws a chain around him that must be broken if he wishes to rise above the common level of mankind. It is strange, (the more this is made the subject of reflection, the more puerile will it appear,) that young men who have had so much light—who have been brought up to feel the importance of composing that which is solid and will conduce to their benefit—will so disgrace themselves by writing

and even publishing foolish unwitty pieces, which they would fain have esteemed as marks of genius. It is in this manner, many a youth who might have made the world shake by his eloquence, who might have made kings tremble upon their thrones, and even the angels acknowledge his equality with others, has totally destroyed his relish for every thing but the low and vulgar compositions of the day which may be found in too many of our periodicals. Why cannot the young aspirant for honor and fame, raise his mind a little higher than the intellectual emetics that we are obliged to see in almost every paper that comes from the press? It is just as easy to write that which will reflect honor upon a person, which will enable him to fill stations of trust, as it is to write that which will degrade him in the estimation of his fellow men.—In fine, it is just as easy to write sense as nonsense.—It is not because they know no better, because they have no motives—for they have all that earth can pressen, their future prosperity and welfare.

As another means of promoting education, I would mention, the frequent use of extemporaneous speaking. This has not been sufficiently attended to in most of our institutions of learning; but the importance of it is beginning to be felt, and a corresponding action is somewhat perceptible. It would be useless to enter minutely into the advantages of this practice, as they are evident to all but a mere glance will accomplish the end proposed. It gives a fluency of speech which nothing else can possibly give, and which is of most essential service to the young. A young man may visit and converse; but after all, it is not like rising up before a mixed multitude and depending upon his own resources to rivet their attention. To favor this object, I would recommend the debating societies that are at present flourishing in almost every village and city. It is in those societies the mind is developed and brought into action. There the bonds of bashfulness and fear are broken, that fear to declaim in public which has enchained the talents and genius of so many. Many a flower has withered, drooped, and died, unseen—many a one has sunk into the grave of obscurity merely for the want of confidence or boldness. Go ask all our orators and statesmen, where first they received an impulse to cheer them on in a course of usefulness, and in the road to fame?—and they will answer, in an infantile forum where youth met together for intellectual improvement. When the united testimony of such men as these are in favor of them, who can deny that they are beneficial? And not only is their testimony good, but they themselves stand as examples.

To be continued.

JOHN FITCH.

The following account of a new candidate for the honour of discovering steam navigation, is given in Hall's Notes on the Western States of America, lately published:—

"In 1785, John Fitch, a watchmaker in Philadelphia, conceived the design of propelling a boat by steam. He was both poor and illiterate, and many difficulties occurred to frustrate every attempt which he made to try the practicability of the invention. He applied to Congress for assistance, but was refused; and then offered his invention to the Spanish government, to be used in the navigation of the Mississippi, but without success. At length a company was formed, and funds subscribed, for the building of a steam boat, and in the year 1788 his vessel was launched on the Delaware. Many crowded to see and ridicule the novel, and, as they supposed, the chimerical experiment. It seemed that the idea of wheels had not occurred to Mr. Fitch; but instead of them, oars were used, which worked in frames. He was confident of success; and when the boat was ready for the trial, she started off in good style for Burlington. Those who had sneered began to stare, and they who had smiled in derision, looked grave. Away went the boat, and the scepticism of an unbelieving public. The boat performed her trip to Burlington, a distance of twenty miles; but unfortunately, burst her boiler in rounding to the wharf at that place, and the next tide floated her back to the city. Fitch persevered, and with great difficulty procured another boiler. After some time, the boat performed another trip to Burlington and Trenton and returned in the same day. She is said to move at the rate of eight miles an hour; but something was con-

tinually breaking, and the unhappy projector only conquered one difficulty to encounter another. Perhaps this was not owing to any defect in his plans, but to the low state of the arts at that time, and the difficulty of getting such complex machinery made with proper exactness.

He became embarrassed with debt, and was obliged to abandon the invention, after having satisfied himself of its practicability. This ingenious man, who was probably the first inventor of a steam boat, wrote three volumes, which he deposited in manuscript, sealed up, in the Philadelphia Library to be opened thirty years after his death. When, or why, he came to the west, we have not learned; but it is recorded of him that he died and was buried near the Ohio. His three volumes were opened about five years ago, and were found to contain his speculations on mechanics. He details his embarrassments and disappointments, with a feeling which shows how ardently he desired success, and which wins for him the sympathy of those who have heart enough to mourn over the blighted prospects of genius. He confidently predicts the future success of the plan, which in his hands, failed only for the want of pecuniary means. His prophecies that in less than a century we shall see our western rivers swarming with steam-boats; and expressed a wish to be buried on the shores of the Ohio, where the song of the boatmen may enliven the stillness of his resting place, and the music of the steam-engine soothe his spirit. What an idea! Yet how natural to the mind of an ardent projector, whose whole life had been devoted to one darling object, which it was not his destiny to accomplish! And how touching is the sentiment found in one of his journals: 'the day will come when some powerful man will get fame and riches from my invention; but nobody will believe that poor John Fitch can do any thing worthy of attention.'

THRILLING SKETCH.

A portal of the arena opened, and the combatant, with a mantle thrown over his face and figure, was let in the surrondery. The lion roared and ramped against the bars of his den, at the sight. The guard put a sword and buckler into the hands of the Christian, and he was left alone. He drew the mantle from his face, and bent a slow and firm look around the amphitheatre. His fine countenance and lofty bearing raised a universal shout of admiration. He might have been an Apollo encountering the Python. His eye at last turned on mine. Could I believe my senses? Constantius was before me.

"All my rancour vanished. An hour past I could have struck the betrayer to the heart; I could have called on the severest vengeance of man and heaven to smite the destroyer of my child. But to see him hopelessly doomed, the man whom I had honored for his noble qualities, whom I had even loved, whose crime was at the worst but the crime of giving way to the strongest temptation that can bewilder the heart of man; to see this noble creature flung to the savage beast, dying in tortures, torn piecemeal before my eyes and his misery wrought by me, I would have obtested earth and heaven to save him. But my tongue cleaved to the roof of my mouth. My limbs refuse to stir. I would have thrown myself at the feet of Nero; but I saw like a man of stone—pale—paralyzed, the beating of my pulses stopt—my eyes alone alive.

The gate of the den was thrown back, and the lion rushed in with a roar and a bound that bore him half across the arena. I saw the sword glitter in the air, when it waved again it was covered with blood. A howl told that the blow had been driven home. The lion, one of the largest from Numidia, and made furious by thirst and hunger; an animal of prodigious power, crouched for an instant, as if to make sure of his prey, crept a few paces onward, and sprung at the victim's throat. He was met by a second wound, but his impulse was irresistible. A cry of natural horror rang round the amphitheatre. The struggle was now for an instant life or death. They rolled over each other; the lion reared upon his hind feet, and with gnashing teeth and distended talons, plunged on the man; again they rose together. Anxiety was now at its wildest height. The sword now swung round the champion's head in bloody circles. They fell again covered with blood and dust. The hand of Constantius had grasped the lion's mane, and the furious bounds of the monster could not loose the hold; but his strength was evidently giving way; he still struck terrible blows,

but each was weaker than the one before; till collecting his whole force for a last effort, he darted one mighty blow into the lion's throat, and sunk. The savage yelled, and pouring out blood, fled howling round the arena. But the hand still grasped the mane, and his conqueror was dragged whirling through the dust at his heels. A universal outcry now arose to save him, if he were not already dead. But the lion, though bleeding from every vein, was still too terrible, and all shrunk from the hazard. At last the grasp gave way, and the body lay motionless upon the ground.

"What happened for some moments after I know not. There was a struggle at the portal; a female forced her way through the guards, rushed in alone, and flung herself upon the victim. The sight of a new prey roused the lion: he tore the ground with his talons; he lashed his streaming side with his tail; he lifted up his mane, and bared his fangs. But his approaching was no longer with a bound; he dreaded the sword, and came snuffing the blood on the sand, and stealing round the body in circuits still diminishing.

"The confusion in the vast assemblage was now extreme. Voices innumerable called for aid. Women screamed and fainted, men burst into indignant clamours at this prolonged cruelty. Even the hard hearts of the populace, accustomed as they were to the sacrifices of life, were roused to honest curses. The guards grasped their arms, and waited but for a sign from the emperor. But Nero gave no sign.

"I looked upon the woman's face; it was Salome!—I sprang upon my feet. I called on her name; called on her by every feeling of nature to fly from that place of death, to come to my arms, to think of the agonies of all that loved her.

"She had raised the head of Constantius on her knee, and was wiping the pale visage with her hair. At the sound of my voice she looked up, and calmly casting back the locks from her forehead, fixed her eyes upon me. She still knelt; one hand supported the head, with the other she pointed to it, as her only answer. I again adjured her. There was the silence of death among the thousands around me. A fire flashed into her eye—her cheek burned—she waived her hand with an air of superb sorrow.

"I am come to die," she uttered in a lofty tone.—This bleeding body was my husband. I have no father. The world contains to me but this clay in my arms. Yet, and she kissed the ashly lips before her, 'yet, my Constantius it was to save that father, that your generous heart defied the peril of this hour.—It was to redeem him from the hand of evil, that you abandoned your quiet home!—yes, cruel father, here lies the noble being that threw open your dungeon, that led you safe through the conflagration, that to the last moment of his liberty, only thought how he might preserve and protect you.' Tears at length fell in floods from her eyes. 'But,' said she, in a tone of wild-power, 'he was betrayed, and may the power whose thunders avenge the cause of his people, pour down just retribution upon the head that dared!—'

"I heard my own condemnation about to be pronounced by the lips of my own child. Wound up to the last degree of suffering, I tore my hair, leaped upon the bars before me, and plunged into the arena by her side. The height stunned me, I tottered a few paces and fell. The lion gave a roar and sprang upon me. I lay helpless under him: I felt his fiery breath—I saw his lurid eye glaring—I heard the gnashing of his white fangs above me.

"An exulting shout arose. I saw him rear as if struck, gore filled his jaws. Another mighty blow was driven to his heart. He sprang high in the air with a howl. He dropped; he was dead. The amphitheatre thundered with acclamations.

"With Salome clinging to my bosom, Constantius raised me from the ground. The roar of the lion had roused him from his swoon, and two blows saved me. The falchion had broken in the heart of the monster. The whole multitude stood up, supplicating for our lives in the name of filial piety and heroism. Nero, devil as he was, dared not resist the strength of popular feeling. He waved a signal to the guards; the portal was opened, and my children, sustaining my feeble steps, showered with garlands and ornaments from innumerable hands, slowly led me from the arena."

A Texian lady has been sentenced to death for forgery

OLIVER CROMWELL.

There is a circumstance related of Cromwell, which is the refinement of policy as well as in malevolence, is scarcely, perhaps, to be paralleled in history. When Cardenas was ambassador in England from the court of Spain, though he was treated with marks of uncommon attention by Cromwell, he could never be prevailed upon to betray any state secrets, or to enter into any measures whatever in favor of the Protector's views or feelings, yet still the latter was too cunning for him, for while he was making great naval preparations for a war against Spain, he had the address to make its minister believe the fleet was destined for another purpose, and in this manner he amused him, till the burning of the galleons by Blake, opened his eyes.—Cardenas resented this so much, that when he was recalled, he traversed every proposal of Cromwell's at the court of Madrid so that while he remained there in office, the Protector found he was not likely to carry any point. He therefore determined on the destruction of this minister, though it was no easy matter to effect it, as his credit was great, not only with the king his master, but with the whole Spanish court. Cromwell, however, conceived a way which he thought would effectually accomplish his ruin: and to put it in execution, he sent for the keeper of Newgate, and asked him many questions concerning the qualifications of his different prisoners, and among the rest, wished to know whether he had in custody any remarkable for house-breaking. The jailer told him, there was a fellow under sentence of death, that he believed could get in or out of any house in the world, if his hands were at liberty. The Protector ordered this man to be brought privately to him; but the fellow was such a miserable, wretched wretch, that Cromwell stood astonished at the sight of him, and more so at the specimens of his art, which he practised at the instance of the keeper, on locks of the most curious contrivance these, though of different forms, he readily opened, and said, there was never a lock made that he would not undertake to open in the same manner. The keeper was then ordered to withdraw, and the Protector, after some private discourse with the thief, remanded him to Newgate under the same guard which brought him. But at the dead of night, he sent a trusty person to Newgate, with a warrant to the keeper for the criminal's release, and orders to bring him again into his presence to receive some instructions. When the fellow came the second time, the Protector showed him the plan of a garden and pavilion, into which he was to make his way by opening a certain number of locks, each of which had three keys; and then he asked him, if he thought he could effect it, promising him not only a free pardon, but a considerable reward for his pains. The man said he would. The Protector told him, that he should be conducted to the place where the service was to be performed, and then he would have a letter given him, which he was to drop under a table that he would find in the middle of the pavilion, as there represented in the plan. This was all the fellow was intrusted with, and care was taken to provide him with suitable apparel, and every thing necessary for his journey, and the service he was about to perform: so that he no sooner received his instructions than he was hurried off immediately, and put on board the vessel that was to carry him to Spain. The person to whose care he was intrusted, had his instructions likewise; but as the other did not know where he was to be carried, so the other was not acquainted with the business of his companion, when he had brought him to the appointed place and given him the letter, but was instantly to leave him to himself, and repair to Venice with another letter, which he was to deliver to the English envoy there. Each of these performed his service punctually. The letter which the felon carried, was addressed to Don Cardenas Secretary of State to the King of Spain, and was written in England with Cromwell's own hand, thanking him for the care he had taken to perform his engagements, acquainting him that the twenty thousand pounds sterling, which had been stipulated, was lodged in the bank of Venice for his use, and that he might draw it whenever he pleased. The letter, as Cromwell had foreseen, was picked up by the King, whose custom was to repair to that pavilion every morning, to deliberate on the affairs of the nation, and to read despatches as well as to receive the assistance of his council.—The King knowing the hand, but not understanding the contents, was greatly alarmed, and sent immediate-

ly for the English agent, who read the letter to his majesty, but protested his ignorance as to any secret intelligence between Cardenas and his master, who, he said, was of such a temper, as never to intrust a second person with things of that nature. This increased his majesty's apprehensions; and when the council assembled, Cardenas was ordered to withdraw, and the letter was produced by the King, with an account of its contents, and manner of finding it; adding, that Cardenas was, indeed, the last man that sat there except his majesty, the evening before it was found. All unanimously pronounced him traitor; and his whole conduct while at the English court was recalled to mind, and urged as a proof of it; but his majesty, whose affection for him was sincere, was unwilling to judge so rashly of him without further evidence; and knowing the artifices of courtiers to disgrace or supplant one another in the prince's favour, and that it might not be impossible but that some other of the council might counterfeit such a letter and drop it with the design of ruining Cardenas, proposed to trace the affair to the bottom before passing sentence, by sending to Venice to know if such a precise sum was lodged in the bank there, by whom lodged, and for whose use. His majesty's proposal was thought reasonable, and a messenger was immediately despatched to the Spanish minister at Venice, to make strict inquiry into the above particulars. The messenger returned, and brought with him the original order, dated the same day with the letter to Cardenas, written with the same hand, and, to move all suspicion, sealed with the Protector's own seal. There now remained no further doubt: Cardenas was infamously degraded, and his estate confiscated; but his majesty, on account of his great age and long services, thought fit to spare his life.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

The Boston Mercantile Journal gives the following remarkable case of murder, and conviction of an innocent person, as illustrating the uncertainty of circumstantial evidence. The journal also employs it as an argument against capital punishment:—"A negro who had run away from his master in South Carolina, arrived in London in an American ship. Soon after he had landed, he got acquainted with a poor honest laundress in Wapping, who washed his linen. This poor woman usually wore two gold rings on one of her fingers; and it was said that she had saved a little money, which induced this wretch to conceive the design of murdering her and taking her property. She was a widow, and lived in humble dwelling with her nephew. One night her nephew came home much intoxicated, and was put to bed. The negro, who was aware of the circumstance, thought this would be a favourable opportunity for executing his bloody design. Accordingly, he climbed to the apartment of the laundress, whom he murdered—not until after a severe struggle, the noise which awoke her drunken nephew in the adjoining room, who got up and hastened to the rescue of his aunt. In the meantime, the villain had cut off the finger with the rings; but before he could escape, he was grappled by the nephew, who, being a very powerful man, though much intoxicated, very nearly overpowered him—when, by the light of the moon, which shone through the window, he discovered the complexion of the villain, whom, having seldom seen a negro, he took for the devil. The murderer then disengaged himself from the grasp of the nephew, and succeeded in making his escape through the chimney. But the nephew believed, and ever afterwards declared, that it was the devil with whom he had struggled, and who had suddenly flown into the air and disappeared. The negro, in the course of the struggle, had besmeared the young man's shirt in many places with the blood of his victim; and this, joined with other circumstances, induced his neighbours to consider the nephew as the murderer of his aunt. He was arrested, examined, and committed to prison, though he persisted in asserting his innocence, and told his story of the midnight visitor, which appeared not only improbable, but ridiculous in the extreme. He was tried, convicted, and executed—protesting to the last his total ignorance of the murder, and throwing it wholly on his black antagonist, whom he believed to be no other than Satan. The real murderer was not suspected, and returned to America with his little booty; but after a wretched existence of ten years, on his death-bed confessed the murder, and related the particulars attending it."

POPULAR TALES.

THE ADALANTADO OF THE SEVEN CITIES.

A LEGEND OF ST BRANDAN.

In the early part of the fifteenth century, when Prince Henry of Portugal, worthy memory, was pushing discovery along the western coast of Africa, and the world was resounding with reports of golden regions on the main land, and new-found islands in the ocean, there arrived at Lisbon an old bewildered pilot of the seas, who had been driven by tempests, he knew not whither, and who raved about an island far in the deep, on which he had landed, and which he had found peopled with Christians, and adorned with noble cities.

The inhabitants, he said, gathered round, and regarded him with surprise, having never before been visited by a ship. They told him they were descendants of a band of Christians, who fled from Spain when that country was conquered by the Moslems. They were curious about the state of their fatherland, and grieved to hear that the Moslems still held possession of the kingdom of Grenada. They would have taken the old navigator to church, to convince him of their orthodoxy; but, either through lack of devotion, or lack of faith in their words, he declined their invitation, and preferred to return on board of his ship. He was properly punished. A furious storm arose, drove him from his anchorage, hurried him out to sea, and he saw no more of the unknown island.

This strange story caused great marvel in Lisbon and elsewhere. Those versed in history, remembered to have read, in an ancient chronicle, that, at the time of the conquest of Spain, in the eighth century, when the blessed cross was cast down, and the crescent erected in its place, and when Christian churches were turned into Moslem mosques, seven bishops at the head of seven bands of pious exiles, had fled from the peninsula, and embarked in quest of some island, or distant land, where they might found seven Christian cities, and enjoy their faith unmolested.

The fate of these pious saints—errant had hitherto remained a mystery, and their story had faded from Memory; the report of the old tempest-tossed pilot however, revived this long-forgotten theme; and it was determined by the pious and enthusiastic, that the island thus accidentally discovered, was the identical place of refuge, whither the wandering bishops had been guided by a protecting Providence and where they had folded their flocks.

This most excitable of worlds has always some darling object of chimerical enterprise: 'Island of the Seven Cities' now awakened as much interest and longing among zealous Christians, as has the renowned city of Timbuctoo among adventurous travellers, or the North-east Passage among hardy navigators, and it was a frequent prayer of the devout, that these scattered and lost portions of the Christian family might be discovered, and reunited to the great body of Christendom.

No one, however, entered into the matter with half the zeal of Don Fernando de Ulmo, a young cavalier, of high standing in the Portuguese court, and of most sanguine and romantic temperament. He had recently come to his estate, and had the round of all kinds of pleasures and excitements, when this new theme of popular talk and wonder presented itself. The Island of the Seven Cities became now the constant subject of his thoughts by day, and his dreams by night; it even rivalled his passion for a beautiful girl, one of the greatest belles of Lisbon, to whom he was betrothed. At length, his imagination became so inflamed on the subject, that he determined to fit out an expedition, at his own expense, and set sail in quest of this sainted island. It could not be a cruise of any great extent; for, according to the calculations of the tempest-tossed pilot, it must be somewhere in the latitude of the Canaries; which at that time, when the new world was as yet undiscovered, formed the frontier of ocean enterprise. Don Fernando applied to the crown for countenance and protection. As he was a favorite at court, the usual patronage was readily extended to him: that is to say, he received a commission from the king, Don Ioam II., constituting him Adalantado, or military governor, of any country he might discover, with the single proviso, that he should

bear all the expenses of the discovery, and pay a tenth of the profits to the crown.

Don Fernando now set to work in the true spirit of a projector. He sold acre after acre of solid land, and invested the proceeds in ships, guns, ammunition, and sea-stores. Even his old family mansion, in Lisbon, was mortgaged without scruple, for he looked forward to a palace in one of the Seven Cities, of which he was to be Adalantado. This was the age of nautical romance, when the thoughts of Don Fernando, therefore drew adventurers of every kind. The merchant promised himself new marts of opulent traffic; the soldier hoped to sack and plunder some one or other of those Seven Cities; even the fat monk shook off the sleep and sloth of the cloister, to join in a crusade which promised such increase to the possessions of the church.

One person alone regarded the whole project with sovereign contempt and growling hostility. This was Don Ramiro Alvarez, the father of the beautiful Serafina, to whom Don Fernando was betrothed. He was one of those perverse, matter-of-fact old men, who are prone to oppose every thing speculative and romantic. He had no faith in the Island of the Seven Cities; regarded the projected cruise as a crack-brained freak; looked with angry eye and internal heart-burning on the conduct of his intended son-in-law, chaffing away solid lands for lands in the moon, and scoffingly dubbed him Adalantado of Lubberland. In fact, he had never really relished the intended match, to which his consent had been slowly extorted, by the tears and entreaties of his daughter. It is true he could have no reasonable objections to the youth, for Don Fernando was the very flower of Portuguese chivalry. No one could excel him at the tilting match, or the riding at the ring; none was more bold and dexterous in the bull fight; none composed more madrigals in praise of his lady's charms, or sang them with sweeter tones to the accompaniment of her guitar; nor could any one handle the castanets and dance the bolero with more captivating grace. All these admirable qualities and endowments, however, though they had been sufficient to win the heart of Serafina, were nothing in the eyes of her unreasonable father. Oh Cupid, god of Love! why will fathers always be so unreasonable!

The engagement to Serafina had threatened at first to throw an obstacle in the way of the expedition of Don Fernando, and for a time perplexed him in the extreme. He was passionately attached to the young lady; but he was also passionately bent on this romantic enterprise. How should he reconcile the passionate inclinations? A simple and obvious arrangement at length presented itself; marry Serafina, enjoy a portion of the honeymoon at once, and defer the rest until his great return from the discovery of the Seven Cities!

He hastened to make known this most excellent arrangement to Don Ramiro, when the long-smothered wrath of the old cavalier burst forth in a storm about his ears. He reproached him with being the dupe of wandering vagabonds and wild schemers, and of squandering all his real possessions, in pursuit of empty bubbles. Don Fernando was too sanguine a projector, and too young a man, to listen tamely to such language. He acted with what is technically called 'coming spirit.' A high quarrel ensued; Don Ramiro pronounced him a mad man, and forbade all farther intercourse with his daughter, until he should give proof of returning sanity, 'by abandoning this mad-cap enterprise; while Don Fernando flung out of the house, more bent than ever on an expedition, from the idea of triumphing over the incredulity of the gray-beard, when he should return successful.

Don Ramiro repaired to his daughter's chamber; the moment the youth had departed. He represented to her the sanguine, unsteady character of her lover, and the chimerical nature of his schemes; showed her the propriety of suspending all intercourse with him, until he should recover from his present hallucination; folded her to his bosom with parental fondness, kissed the tear that stole down her cheek, and, as he left the chamber, gently locked the door; for although he was a fond father, and had an opinion of the submissive temper of his child, he had a still higher opinion of the conservative virtues of lock and key. Whether the damsel had been in any wise shaken in her faith, as to the schemes of her lover, and the existence of the Island of the Seven Cities, by the sage representations

of her father, tradition does not say: but it is certain, that she became a firm believer, the moment she heard him turn the key in the lock.

Notwithstanding the interdict of Don Ramiro, therefore, and his shrewd precautions, the intercourse of the lovers continued, although clandestinely. Don Fernando toiled all day, hurrying forward his nautical enterprise, while at night he would repair, beneath the grated balcony of his mistress, to carry on, at equal pace, the no less interesting enterprise of his heart. At length, the preparations for the expedition were completed. Two gallant caravels lay anchored in the Tagus, ready to sail with the morning dawn; while late at night, by the pale light of a waning moon, Don Fernando sought the stately mansion of Alvarez, to take a last farewell of Serafina. The customary signal, of a few low notes of a guitar, brought her to the balcony. She was sad at heart, and full of gloomy forebodings; but her lover strove to impart to her his own buoyant hope and youthful confidence. 'A few short months,' said he, 'and I shall return in triumph. Thy father will blush at his incredulity, and will once more welcome me to his house, when I cross its threshold a wealthy suitor, and Adalantado of the Seven Cities.'

The beautiful Serafina shook her head mournfully. It was not on those points that she felt doubt or dismay. She believed most implicitly in the Island of the Seven Cities, and trusted devoutly in the success of the enterprise; but she had heard of the inconstancy of the seas, and the inconstancy of those who roam them. Now, let the truth be spoken, Don Fernando, if he had any fault in the world, it was, that he was a little inflammable; that is to say, a little too subject to take fire from the sparkle of every bright eye: he had been somewhat of a rover among the sex on shore, what might he not be on sea? Might he not meet with other loves in foreign ports? Might he not behold some peerless beauty in one or other of those seven cities, who might efface the image of Serafina from his thoughts?

At length she ventured to hint her doubts; but Don Fernando spurned at the very idea. Never could his heart be false to Serafina! Never could another be captivating in his eyes!—never—never! Repeatedly did he bend his knee, and smite his breast, and call upon the silver moon to witness the sincerity of his vows. But might not Serafina, herself, be forgetful of her plighted faith? Might not some wealthier rival present, while he was tossing on the sea, and backed by the authority of her father win the treasure of her hand?

Alas, how little did he know Serafina's heart! The more her father should oppose, the more would she be fixed in her faith. Though years should pass before his return, he would find her true to her vows.—Even should the salt seas swallow him up, (and her eyes steamed with salt tears at the very thought,) never would she be the wife of another—never—never! She raised her beautiful white arms between the iron bars of the balcony, and invoked the moon as a testimonial of her faith.

Thus, according to immemorial usage, the lovers parted, with many a vow of eternal constancy. But will they keep these vows? Perish the doubt?—Have they not called the constant moon, to witness?

With the morning dawn, the caravels dropped down the Tagus, and put to sea. They steered for the Canaries, in those days the regions of nautical romance. Scarcely had they reached those latitudes, when a violent tempest arose. Don Fernando soon lost sight of the accompanying caravel, and was driven out of reckoning by the fury of the storm. For several weary days and nights he was to and fro, at the mercy of the elements, expecting each moment to be swallowed up. At length, one day, towards evening, the storm subsided: the clouds cleared up, as though a veil had suddenly been withdrawn from the face of heaven, and the setting sun shone gloriously upon a fair and mountainous island, that seemed close at hand. The tempest-tossed mariners, rubbed their eyes, and gazed almost incredulously upon this land, that had emerged so suddenly from the murky gloom; yet there it lay, spread out in lovely landscapes; enlivened by villages, and towers, and spires, while the late stormy sea rolled in peaceful billows to its shores. About a league, from the sea, on the banks of a river, stood a noble city, with lofty walls and towers, and a protecting castle. Don

Fernando anchored off the mouth of the river, which appeared to form a spacious harbor. In a little while, a barge was seen issuing from the river. It was evidently a barge of ceremony, for it was richly though quaintly carved and gilt, and decorated with a silken awning, and fluttering streamers, while a banner, bearing the sacred emblem of the cross, floated to the breeze. The barge advanced slowly, impelled by sixteen oars, painted a bright crimson. The oarsmen, were uncouth, or rather antique, in their garb, and kept stroke to the regular cadence of an old Spanish ditty. Beneath the awning sat a cavalier, in a rich though old-fashioned doublet, with an enormous sombrero and feather.

When the barge reached the caravel, the cavalier stepped on board. He was tall and gaunt, with a long Spanish visage, and lack-lustre eyes, and an air of lofty and somewhat pompous gravity. His mustaches were curled up to his ears, his beard was forked and precise; he wore gauntlets that reached to his elbows, and a Toledo blade, that strutted out behind, while in front, its huge basket hilt might have served for a porringer.

Thrusting out a long spindle leg, and taking off his sombrero with a grave and stately sweep, he saluted Don Fernando by name, and welcomed him, in old Castilian language, and in the style of old Castilian courtesy.

Don Fernando was startled at hearing himself, accosted by name, by an utter stranger, in a strange land. As soon as he could recover from his surprise, he inquired what land it was, at which he had arrived.

"The Isian I of the Seven Cities!"

Could this be true? Had he indeed thus been tempest-driven upon the very land of which he was in quest? It was even so. The other caravel, from which he had been separated in the storm, had made a neighboring port of the island and announced the tidings of the expedition, which came to restore the country to the great community of Christendom. The whole island; he was told was given up to rejoicings on the happy event; and they only awaited his arrival, to acknowledge allegiance to the crown of Portugal, and hail him as Adalantado of the Seven Cities. A grand fete was to be solemnized that very night, in the palace of the Alcayde or governor of the city; who, on beholding the most opportune arrival of the caravel, had dispatched his grand chamberlain, in his barge of state, to conduct the future Adalantado to the ceremony.

To be continued.

MISCELLANY.

From the Edinburgh Journal.

HYSLOP OF GLENMANNOW.

At the head of a romantic glen in the parish of Penpont, Dumfriesshire, there resided, in the early part of the last century, an individual of the name of John Hyslop, otherwise called Glenmannow, which was the designation of a sheep-farm rented by him from the Duke of Queensberry. His almost superhuman strength of body made Glenmannow a subject of constant wonder and discourse throughout his native district, and to this hour his feats are remembered and recounted there with pride and astonishment. His appearance indicated his great physical powers, his person being of an uncommonly massive build, and of about six feet in height. He was very averse to making displays of his strength, particularly where these might be injurious to others. His modesty and good nature were proverbial, and it was only when repeated provocations had overcome his patience, that his strength became a source of terror to those around.—The Duke (James) of Queensberry used sometimes to put the prowess of his tenant to the proof. On one occasion he sent a party of six stout grenadiers to billet on Glenmannow, giving them a hint to behave roughly. Confident in the belief that a single man would never venture to beard them, the grenadiers used their licence freely, but narrowly escaped with their lives in consequence, being pursued to the very gates of Drumlanrig Castle by the excited Glenmannow, with the pole or tram of a cart upon his shoulder.

Another feat of Glenmannow is recorded in the Dumfries Magazine, from the pages of which we extract these particulars respecting this athletic countryman. "Duke James of Queensberry, like others of

our nobility and gentry, resided during a part of the year in London; and on one of his visits to the metropolis, he and a party of friends happened to have a match at discus, or as it is more commonly called, 'putting the stone.' Several adepts happened to be of the party, who boasted much of their superior strength and adroitness, and after making one of their best throws, offered to stake a large sum that not one of their companions knew of, or could find, a person to match it. 'The throw is certainly a good one,' said the Duke of Queensberry 'yet I think it were easy to find many champions of sufficient nerve to show us a much better. I myself have a homely unpractised herdsman in Scotland, on whose head I will stake the sum you mention, that he throws the quoit fully two yards over the best of you. 'Done! produce your man,' was the reply of all; and the Duke accordingly lost no time in dispatching a letter to one of his servants at Drumlanrig, ordering him to set out immediately on its receipt for Glenmannow, and to come with honest John Hyslop to London without delay. The Duke's letter with Glenmannow was not less absolute than the rescript of an emperor, he wondered but never thought of demurring, and without any further preparation than clothing himself in his Sunday's suit and giving his wife a few charges about looking to the hill in his absence, he assumed his large staff, and departed with the servant for 'Lunnun.'

On his arrival, the duke informed him of the purpose for which he had been sent, and desired that on the day and at the hour appointed, he should make his appearance along with one of his servants, who knew perfectly the back-streets and bye-lanes of London, and who, after he should have decided the bet, would conduct him immediately in safety from the ground, as it was not improbable that his appearance and performance might attract a crowd, and lead to unpleasant consequences. When the day arrived, the party assembled, and proceeded to the ground, where, to the duke's surprise, though not to his terror, his crafty opponents chose a spot directly in front of a high wall, and at such a distance that the best of their party should pitch the quoit exactly to the foot of it; so that their antagonist, to make good the duke's boast of 'two yards over them,' should be obliged to exceed them these two yards in height, instead of straight-forward distance. This implied such an effort as amounted in their minds to a physical impossibility; and as the duke, from having neglected to specify the particular nature of the ground, could not legally object to this advantage, they looked upon the victory as already their own. The quoit chosen was a large ball of lead, and already had the champion of the party tossed it to the wall, and demanded of the duke to produce the man appointed to take it up. His grace's servant, who fully comprehended the instructions given him, entered at this crisis with the "hairily," and, to them, uncouth Glenmannow. His appearance attracted no small notice, and even merriment, but the imperturbable object of it regarded the whole scene with the indifference peculiar to his character, and, with his mind fixed only upon the great end for which he was there, demanded to be shown the quoit, and the spots from which and to where it had been thrown. The demand was soon complied with; and while he assumed his station, with the quoit in his hand, the duke whispered in his ear the deception which had been practised, and urged him to exert his whole force in order to render it unavailing. 'Will you throw off your coat? It will give you more freedom,' said his grace in conclusion. 'My coat! Na, nae coats aff wi' me for this silly affair,' replied he. 'I thoct it had been some terrible throw or ither that thae chaps had made, when I was ca'd for a' the way to Lunnun to see to gang ayont them; but if this be't a, I wadna hae mean'd ye to hae dune't ye'rsel.' Then poising the ball for a little in his hand, and viewing it with an air of contempt, 'There!' said he, tossing it carelessly from him into the air, 'he that likes may gang an' fetch it back. The ball, as if shot from the mouth of a cannon, flew on in a straight line completely over the wall, and alighted on the roof of a house at some distance beyond it.—Its weight and velocity forced it through the tiles; and with a crash which immediately caused the house to be evacuated by its inmates, it penetrated also the garret floor, and rolled upon that of the next story. A great hubbub ensued; but the servant knew his duty, and in a twinkling Glenmannow was no longer amongst them.

His grace, after paying for the damage done to the house, conducted the whole party to his residence, there to discharge their forfeit, and to gaze upon the prodigy by whom they were vanquished. Glenmannow was well rewarded for his trouble and loss of time in journeying to London, and, over and above the immediate bounty of his grace, he returned to his honest wife Mally with a discharge for one year's rent of the farm in his pocket."

EARLY AMERICAN HEROISM.

During one of the former wars between France and England, in which the then colonies bore an active part, a respectable individual, a member of the society of friends, of the name of—commanded a fine ship which sailed from an eastern port in England. The vessel had a strong and effective crew, but was totally unarmed. When near her destined port, she was chased, and ultimately overhauled, by a French vessel of war. Her commander used every endeavour to escape, but seeing from the superior sailing of the French man that his capture was inevitable, he quietly retired below. He was followed into the cabin by the *cabin-boy*, a youth of activity and enterprise, named Charles Wager, he asked his commander if nothing more could be done to save the ship. His commander replied that it was impossible; that every thing had been done that was practicable; there was no escape for them, and they must submit to be captured. Charles then returned upon deck, and summoned the crew around him. He stated in a few words what was their captain's conclusion—then, with an elevation of mind, dictated by a soul formed for enterprise and noble daring, he observed, "If you will place yourselves under my command and stand by me, I have conceived a plan by which the ship may be rescued, and we in turn become the conquerors." The sailors, no doubt, feeling the ardour, and inspired by the courage, of their youthful and gallant leader, agreed to place themselves under his command. His plan was communicated to them, and they awaited with firmness the moment to carry their enterprise into effect. The suspense was of short duration, for the Frenchman was quickly alongside, and as the weather was fine, immediately grappled fast to the unoffending merchant-ship. As Charles had anticipated, the exulted conquerors, elated beyond measures with the acquisition of so fine a prize, poured into his vessel in crowds, cheering and huzzing; and not foreseeing any danger, they left but few men on board their ship. Now was the moment for Charles, who giving his men the signal, sprang at their head on board the opposing vessel, while some seized the arms which had been left in profusion on her deck, and with which they soon overpowered the few men left on board; the others, by a simultaneous movement, relieved her from the grapplings which united the two vessels. Our hero now having the command of the French vessel, seized the helm, and placing her out of boarding distance, hailed with the voice of a conqueror, the discomfited crowd of Frenchman who were left on board of the peaceful bark he had just quitted, and summoned them to follow close in his wake, or he would blow them out of the water, a threat they well knew he was very capable of executing as their guns were loaded during the chase. They sorrowfully acquiesced with his commands, while gallant Charles steered into port, followed by his prize. The exploit excited universal applause. The former master of the merchant-vessel was examined by the Admiralty, when he stated the whole of the enterprise as it occurred, and declared that Charles Wager had planned and effected the gallant exploit, and that to him alone belonged the honour and credit of the achievement. Charles was immediately transferred to the British navy, appointed a midshipman, and his education carefully superintended. He soon after distinguished himself in action, and underwent a rapid promotion until at length he was created an admiral and known as Sir Charles Wager. It is said that he always held in veneration and esteem that respectable and conscientious Friend, whose cabin-boy he had been, and transmitted yearly to his *old master*, as he termed him, a handsome present of Maderia, to cheer his declining days.—*Mariner's Library.*

AVARICE.—The Patriarchs before the flood, who lived 900 years, scarcely provided for a few days, and we who live but a few days, provide at least for 900 years.

BILLARD'S ADVENTURE IN A WELL.

The story of the unfortunate Dufavel, who was buried accidentally in a well, and remained in it for a long period, is not without a parallel in the history of mining transactions in France. In the department of the Indre, and parish of Fleure-la-Quiviere, March 27, 1837, about half-past eight in the morning, Etienne Billard, a working mason, descended a well one hundred and twenty feet deep, for the purpose of examining it preparatory to some repairs. When he had reached the bottom, or nearly so, an extensive portion of the sides fell in upon him, and shut him out from the light of day; but, by a remarkable piece of good fortune, the materials, in falling, formed a small arch of about three feet in diameter around his head. Had it not been for this he would have been either fatally hurt by the heavy stones of the masonry, or would have been suffocated immediately. Every other part of the well around his body was filled compactly with the fallen materials. The noise of the irruption was heard by some workmen near the spot, who immediately ran up to it. On listening intently, they heard the cries of Billard, and the certainty that he was yet alive inspired the hope of delivering him. Sending off one of their number to alarm the neighbouring inhabitants and authorities, these workmen then lowered a lighted candle down the well, the danger of a further fall of the sides deterring themselves from going down. The candle went down one hundred feet, thus showing that above twenty feet of the mass, or a considerable portion thereof lay above the unfortunate Billard. In reply to their call he was heard distinctly to say that he could not see any thing of the light. "I am assured," he moreover said, "that I am a lost man. But I suffer no pain, and I breathe freely."

No ordinary difficulty, it was obvious, stood in the way of relief in this case. For workmen to descend into the narrow deep well, and attempt to clear away the ruins, without some security against a further fall of the sides, was a dangerous task. The authorities of the district, as soon as they arrived, and saw the nature of the accident, sent off an express for the district superintendent of roads and bridges, Monsieur Certain. He was at some distance, and did not arrive till next day. In the meantime one man a slater, ventured to descend to the top of the fallen mass of stones and earth which proved, as had been shown by the candle, to be about one hundred feet below the orifice. Urged by the indistinct cries for help which they heard from poor Billard, the men on the spot began to lift the stones forming the sides of the well. When Monsieur Certain arrived, he descended without hesitation into the well, and put several questions respecting his situation. M. Certain judged it proper to continue the raising of the sides of the well, as the displacement of the lower part would render it most imprudent to go on otherwise. No side-boring could be executed with such speed as the whole well could be cleared. The soil, fortunately was clayey and firm. While this labour was going on day and night, with the utmost rapidity compatible with a proper degree of caution, friends and fellow workmen of Billard descended occasionally to animate him with the cheering sound of kindly voices, and with the assurance that help was near.

On the morning of the 29th the governor and head engineer of the department of the Indre arrived. M. Ferrand, inspector of works was with them, and descended into the well. He gave his assent to the continuation of the operations going on, which some of the anxious friends of the prisoner were beginning to exclaim against, from their seeming slowness. In presence of the gentlemen mentioned, the labours were continued, and on the evening of the 29th the well was clear to the upper part of the fallen mass. Without delay, the process of lifting them was begun; but from the size of the stones the work went on very tardily, through the difficulty of hoisting them to such a distance above. After they had advanced a certain way, a new difficulty met them full in the face. It was impossible to tell the exact state of the arch formed so miraculously over the head of the unfortunate man, or its degree of stability. It was necessary, therefore, to go on with the elevation of the stones with extreme care and delicacy, otherwise the unsettlement of any portion of the heavy masses above him might have caused his instantaneous death either from a crush or suffocation.

At ten o'clock in the evening of the 29th, the work-

men were calculated to be about six feet above the captive, who had now been shut out from the light since the morning of the 27th. It was impossible to send him food by a bore as in the case of Dufavel, and he had therefore the pressure of hunger added to his misery. His voice was heard more clearly as the workmen went on, and they could now even tell the exact point where he was confined. But during the night of the 29th his voice became a source of fear and alarm to the labourers above. Billard's motionless condition, his want of food and air for so long a time, began to overthrow his moral courage. His reason gave place to delirium, his hope to despair. The workmen heard him at one moment lamenting his fate and piteously crying for food, and at the next moment they heard him abandoning himself to the most extravagant gaiety. Laughter heard in such a situation was a thing almost too deplorable and shocking for human ears to listen to. When consulted on the meaning of these symptoms on the part of Billard, M. Nabert, a surgeon, had never quitted the spot since the time of the accident, recommended the workmen to hurry on their labours, as the man could probably survive but a few hours in this state.

In consequence of this advice, a new direction was given to the work, and in place of passing down by the side of the spot where the poor man was supposed to be, the excavation was carried slopingly down to his head. In five, after three days and three nights of incessant toil, the head of Billard was reached, and cleared of all surrounding matter. The instant that this took place, it was notified to those above by a cry, and the deafening shouts that were immediately raised showed what an assemblage had gathered around the place to learn the issue of the case. The deliverance took place exactly a quarter of an hour before eleven o'clock in the morning of the 30th. When raised once more, caution was used to prevent any bad effects from a change so sudden. He was carried to a neighbouring house, with his body and head well wrapped up, and there he was laid in an apartment, from which the light was in great measure excluded. After some spoonfuls of light broth and a little wine had been administered to him, he fell immediately asleep never having tasted that blessing during his confinement. Before sleeping, he had spoken in such a way as to show that his mind had recovered its tone. His pulse weak but quick, beating 126 times in a minute; his skin was cold, his thirst burning, and his tongue stuck almost to the roof of his mouth. While confined he had eaten a portion of the leather front of his cap or bonnet, and he had even, he said, endeavored to grind with his teeth a stone that lay before his mouth.

Etienne Ballard soon recovered. His imprisonment had not been so protracted as to render the vital heat difficult of restoration. His body, however, though not mangled or bruised, as it might have been expected to be retained for a long time a feeling of dull pain, from the pressure that had been exerted upon it.

CLOTH MAKING WITHOUT SPINNING OR WEAVING.

Among the many extraordinary and truly wonderful inventions of the present times, is a machine for the making of broad or narrow woollen cloths without spinning or weaving, and, from our acquaintance with the staple manufacture of this district, after an inspection of patterns of this cloth, we should say there is every probability of this fabric superseding the usual mode of making cloth by spinning or weaving. The machines are patented in this and every other manufacturing nation. The inventor is an American, and appears to have a certain prospect of realizing an ample fortune by the sale of his patent right. We understand patterns of this cloth, as well as a drawing of the machinery, have been shown to many of our principal merchants and manufacturers, none of whom have expressed a doubt but that the machinery appears capable of making low cloths which require a good substance. Should it succeed to any thing near the expectations of the patentees, its abridgement of labour, as well manual as by machinery, will be very great. We find that means are already taken to introduce this machine among our continental rivals; a company of eleven gentlemen in London have deposited five thousand pounds with the patentees, who have ordered a machine for them; when finished, they are

to try it for one month, and if at the end of that time they think it will succeed, they are to pay twenty thousand pounds for the patent right in the kingdom of Belgium, and it will of course be worked there. We are therefore bound in duty to our country, and her manufacturing interests, to adopt such facilities as will prevent us falling into a position below our rivals in other countries. We are informed, the necessary machinery for the production of this patent woollen cloth will be tried here in a week or two, under the superintendence of the inventor, by a cloth merchant who has an exclusive license, but is about to associate with him twenty other respectable business men, for the purpose of sharing the expense of giving the invention a fair trial. It is calculated that one set of machinery, not costing more than six hundred pounds, will be capable of producing six hundred yards of woollen cloth, thirty-six inches in width, per day of twelve hours.—*Lancet Mercury.*

ODDS AND ENDS.

Sterne, who used his wife very ill, was one day talking to Garrick in a fine sentimental manner, in praise of conjugal love and fidelity. "The husband," said Sterne, "who behaves unkindly to his wife, deserves to have his house burnt over his head." "If you think so," said Garrick, "I hope your house is insured."

A lady, after performing, with the most brilliant execution, a sonata on the pianoforte, in the presence of Dr. Johnson, turning to the philosopher, took the liberty of asking him if he was fond of music? "No, madam, replied the doctor, "but of all noises I think music is the least disagreeable."

The Abbe Maury, who had rendered himself obnoxious to the Democrats, during the French revolution, was one night seized by the mob, who looked around for a lamp-post to suspend him on. "Pray, my good friends," said the Abbe, "were you to hang me to that lamp-post, do you think that you would see any the clearer for it?" This well-timed wit softened the rabble and saved his life.

Saluzzo de Pedrado praising an old lady for her beauty, she answered that beauty was incompatible with her age. To which he replied, "We say, as beautiful as an angel; and yet the angels are, of all creatures, the most ancient."

A French officer quarreling with a Swiss, reproached him with his country's vice of fighting on either side for money, while we Frenchmen, said he, fight for honour. "Yes, sir," replied the Swiss, "every one fights for that which he most wants."

SCIENTIFIC.

Reasons for supposing that the great lakes of North America were originally composed of salt water.

The remains of marine animals throughout the continents of the earth have long been called as proofs that the ocean formerly covered them, lithophytous and testaceous substances are so numerous, and distinguishable, that in the present case the mind is easily led to this conclusion. They abound the greater part of the way from Cayuga to Buffalo and Erie through the counties of Seneca, Ontario, Genesee and Niagara, a distance of more than one hundred miles. They are found also in Montgomery, Madison, St. Lawrence, Oneida, and other counties. At the remarkable sulphurous spring in the town of Phelps, eleven miles north-west of Geneva, they appear like corallines and madreporas. On both sides of the Genesee and Tonawanta rivers, they resemble marine shells, while on the East and West banks of Niagara river, they assume, in addition to the already enumerated forms, those that have erroneously been called petrified wasp-nests and honey-combs. In some cases these calcareous petrifications are blended with pyrites; and in others they are impregnated with a petroleum or bituminous matter called Seneca oil. On viewing these appearances, the mind recurs to the unascertained time when oceanic water of the primitive globe rolled over this land, and afterwards on the emigration of the latter, withdrew to valleys and lower receptacles. The saline waters were thus collected in the places they have since occupied, while the upland became bare and dry, on the subsidence of the deluge.

It may therefore be reasonably concluded, that the inferior seas, now mis-called lakes, were originally filled

with salt water. Their present freshness, on this supposition, is the consequence of the dilution they have undergone, changing them from briny seas to fresh lakes. To understand the subject, let Ontario, Erie and the Upper lakes of North America, be compared with the collections of salt water, in the other parts of the world.

The Caspian is naturally salt, and retains that quality because there is no outlet, the waters it receives by the rivers and rains are so nearly balanced by that which goes off by evaporation, that this reservoir has never burst its boundary. The like observation applies to the Dead Sea in Syria. The exhalation from its surface seems to be supplied from the influx of the Jordan. And there has been no sufficient accumulation to force a passage out. The Mediterranean has a communication with the Atlantic, and its saltiness is preserved by the great supplies it receives through the Herculean Straits near Gibraltar. The same remark may be made concerning the Euxine: though the large and numerous fresh rivers which empty into it, co-operating with its more northern and cold situation, impel the saline part of it through the Teraecian Bosphorus and Straits of the Dardanelles into the Archipelago. Should the supply through the Danube, the Dniester, the Don and other tributary rivers, be more considerable than the quantity carried off in vapour, the Black Sea must find a discharge into the Egean and a diminution of its saltiness by dilution with river water, be the consequence. It is accordingly well understood that the Euxine is undergoing the freshening process, which has long ago been completed in the great American lakes.

The Mexican presents a case, which strongly corroborates this doctrine. Of the two lakes which in part health and convenience to the city of Mexico, the upper one is fresh and the lower salt. The salt is not a muriate, but a carbonate of soda, like that of the Nitrian pools of Egypt; the argument loses none of its force on that account. Two streams which enter the upper lake have washed out the alkali, and carried it down to the lower basin. From this latter, in dry seasons, more water goes off by exhalation than comes in by the current. Extensive shoals are left bare and incrustated with alkaline crystals which the natives gather and sell, when from copious rains this lower lake rises above a certain height, it overflows, as some other ponds are known to do, and finds an occasional outlet.

The inland seas of North America differ from all those cases, except that of the upper lake of Mexico. They are unlike the Caspian and Julian seas, because these latter have no outlets. They vary from the Mediterranean and Euxine, inasmuch as their supplies are abundant, and the outlets of the American lakes pass along such declivities, and are so rapid and precipitous, that the current always sets vehemently one way, and wholly prevents a reflux, and they can scarcely receive a more apt and happy illustration than the Mexican lakes afford. Their original saltiness may therefore be conceived as having been subjected to incessant dilution, and the freshened waters as having left their reservoirs never to flow back.

Under such circumstances where the salt water was constantly going forth, and the fresh water running in it must necessarily have happened, that the former would gradually be exhausted, and in its place occupied by the latter. Thus it may be conceived, that the ancient saltiness of our lakes was lost. When however we survey the marine exuviae on their shores we can with difficulty refuse full credit to these evidences of the former state of things.

When also we reflect that Erie abounds with sturgeons who never visit the ocean, we must conclude that fish, which used to migrate from sea to river, and from salt to fresh, has gradually been weaned from his marine habits, and become a perfect fresh water animal.

The salmon of Ontario is believed by some to be a witness of the same fact. Since the transition, it is said he has acquired the faculty of living without brine and become contented with the unsalted water of his native lake.

The Gazette de Picardie states that a woman of Barwhein, in Belgium, who had contracted habits of intoxication, perished lately by spontaneous combustion. Persons who were present, says this journal, declare that the fire commenced in the mouth, and then extended to the breast and arms.

AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER.

ALBANY, SATURDAY, NOV. 9, 1839.

WANTED.—A competent person, to act during this winter, as travelling Agent. The applicant must have attained the degree of Master Masons; to such a person we can offer liberal inducements.

The call upon our time, in other branches of the business, for the last two or three weeks, has prevented that attention to the paper, which we intend to give it. We will try and do better for the future.

The Hon. Joseph M. White died at St. Louis, a few days since.

The St. Louis Republican, under the head of "Bank Suspensions," says that the Sheriff, under the direction of the Court, will publicly burn six *Roulette tables*, *two Faro Banks* and a lot of other gambling utensils, taken on the race ground, contrary to the laws in such cases made and provided.

Dr. Peck, of Washington, Ky., died in a fit of mental excitement, during the great race over the Oakland course at Louisville, between Wagner and Grey Eagle. It is said that he had \$10,000 bet upon the race.

Suicide from mental derangement.—The Easton Whig states that Mr. Unanget, of William township, committed suicide on Saturday last by hanging himself to an apple tree in his orchard.

Distressing Accident.—A little girl, 11 years of age, in the family of Mr. Miller in New Township, Ct., while studying her school lesson on Sunday night last fell asleep, when the light by which she was studying came in contact with her clothes, and she was so severely burned as to cause her death in a few hours.

A correspondent of the N. Y. Courier says:

I have little to say on the subject of Eastern affairs important though the subject be. No step has been taken since my last that can throw any light upon it. The much boasted union of the Five Powers is now discredited, and with reason. The interests of France, England and Russia are conflicting.

Six thousand bushels of wheat arrived at Sandusky last Wednesday week, which were sold for 75 cts. per bushel.

The French and British fleets, (about ten sail of the line each) are still at the mouth of the Dardanelles. The Turkish and most part of the Egyptian fleets are in the harbor of Alexandria.

I should observe that a letter from Constantinople dated 23d Sept. announces that the harvest has failed generally in Turkey, and that the prices of grain in the markets of the Black Sea was hourly rising.

Unprecedented Destruction of Property by Fires.—There have been in this country, since the beginning of this month, no less than twenty-four fires that we have account of, and the following is a list of them:

Fires in the U. S. since the first instant:		Loss.	
	Fires. Buildings.		
New York	7	50	\$1,000,000
Mobile,	6	450	1,600,000
Philadelphia,	2	53	1,000,000
Alton, Ill.,	1	12	20,000
Newark, N. J.,	2	9	25,000
New Orleans,	1	6	20,000
Norfolk,	1	8	10,600
Aiken, S. C.,	1	10	100,000
York, Pa.,	1	5	5,000
Louisville, Ky.,	1	1	10,000
W. Boylston,	1	2	50,000
	24	600	\$4,040,000

Suspected Murder—Horrid Details.—The New York Evening Star says, that the dead body of a female white child, shockingly mutilated and bruised, with a long string tied tight round her neck the skull smashed in, and one of the legs nearly eaten off by the pigs, was found early this morning, in the middle of the street, partially covered by a pile of dirt, in

Barclay street, near College Place. The body was perfectly naked, and the child of robust size, and about six months old. The workmen were labouring there till six last evening, and it is presumed that the infant was murdered and thrown into the street last night, or before day-break this morning, by some inhuman monster of a mother.

A Distressing death.—Says the same paper, an account of which we have not seen in any of the papers, occurred a few days since near Fort Neck, in Queens co. An Englishman, on a shooting excursion in that quarter, with his fowling piece in his hand heavily charged, was listening to the instructions of a young blacksmith where to find game, when the gun went off passed through the blacksmith's thigh, above the knee, shattering the bone to pieces, and severing the large arteries. After bleeding profusely he was put into a wagon, where convulsive spasms ensued from extreme agony, and in a few moments after reaching a house was dead—having doubtless died partly from exhaustion and partly from extreme irritation on the nervous system by the splintered extremities of the bone.

Fire at Charleston, Knawha.—The stables of Belien and Walker, stage proprietors, at Charleston, (K) were destroyed last week, with sixteen horses and several carriages, besides a large amount of other valuable property.

The Count Mailly Latour Landry, a French nobleman, lately deceased, has left to trustees the sum of 30,000 francs, to be distributed annually to poor young artists of talent, who have not the means of prosecuting their studies.

Mrs. Charles Matthews has published volumes three and four of her memoirs of her husband, the celebrated comedian. The London papers make copious extracts, and speak of the volumes as abounding with interesting matter.

Death of Theodore Sedgwick.—The Argus of this morning announces the death of Theodore Sedgwick, Esq. at Pittsfield, Mass. He died of Apoplexy, soon after addressing a public meeting. Mr. S. was formerly a Law Partner of Harmanus Bleecker, Esq.

The friends and acquaintances of Mary J. Worth, deceased, and of the family, are invited to attend her funeral from the residence of her brother Col. Worth, No. 77 Pearl street, this afternoon at half past three o'clock.

NOTES.

Last evening, by the Rev. Dr. Wyckoff, Mr. Geo. R. Groat to Miss Emeline Shaw.

At New Haven, by the Rev. J. Broadhead, D. D., Charles A. Ingersoll Esq., to Henrietta, daughter of the late John Slidell of New York.

At Kingston, Ulster co. by the Rev. Jas. Lillie, of Rhinebeck, Rev. John Lillie, to Sarah Morris, daughter of Hon. A. P. Hasbrouck.

DEATHS.

In New York, on the morning of the 1st inst., Emily Maria, daughter, of Charles A. Clinton, esq., aged two years.

Suddenly, in this city, of apoplexy, Michael Krippler.

In this city of consumption, Franklin Griswold Baker, son of Solomon Baker, printer aged 19 years and 6 months.

In New York on the 1th inst., John W. Laverty, aged twenty-nine years son of Henry Laverty, of that city.

At Buffalo, on the 1st inst., Col. Stephen K. Grosvener, aged 46 years 7 months.

At Detroit on the 29th inst. Lydia Gray, oldest daughter of Mr. J. L. Whiting.

THE AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER,

Is Published every Saturday by L. G. HOBBSMAN.

OPPOSITE THE EAGLE TAVERN, ALBANY.

TERMS.—To city subscribers *Two Dollars and Fifty Cents* a year. To subscribers who receive their paper by mail, *Two Dollars*, payable on the receipt of the 4th Number. No subscription received for a longer term than one year. Back numbers at all times furnished.

POETRY.

For the American Masonic Register and Literary Companion.

Mr. Editor, the foregoing lines of C. W. Thompson of Philadelphia has appeared in several of the public papers, I saw them and wrote the preceeding reply, if it contains worth enough to appear in your valuable paper, please publish them.

THE LEBANON SHAKER GIRL.

Where was thy heart, thou dark ey'd maid;
Was it not roaming far away,
When to the crowd thy glances strayed,
Among the gaudy and the gay?

Was it not then thy bosom burned
For that great world of glare and show;
From which thy youthful steps had turned
The wants of inward peace to know?

Thy simple dress, thy look demure,
But illy hide the thoughts within;
Which thro' a mind serene and pure,
Long other joys than these to win.

Thou art with those that round the throng,
With them in dance, with them in prayer,
But o'er thee comes a feeling strong
That tells thy heart no longer there.

Why shouldst thou shade thy sunny eye?
Why shouldst thou hide thy raven hair?
When other scenes before thee lie,
Which such as thou were formed to share

I throw aside thy garb again,
And light with smiles thy sadden'd face,
Pure as thou art so pure remain,
But find a fitter, cheerier place.

—
IMPROMTU.

THE SHAKER GIRL'S REPLY.

Unmeaning were those rites to thee,
Seemless, and void the path I trod,
But in my soul, my spirit free,
The essence of true piety glowed.

Thou ask'st me now, where was my heart,
As thus devotedly I prayed,
Thou say'st that when I feigned this part,
My soul would gladly far have strayed.

"Among the gaudy and the gay,"
With them their trifling joys to share,
With them t' enjoy the short liv'd day,
That waits attendance on the fair.

And proud one, dost thou vainly think
I would exchange the bliss I feel,
For toys like these, found on the brink
Of life, whose end their own must seal?

And dost thou tell me, wander far
From this my loved, my chosen place,
And 'neath another, brighter star,
Light up with smiles my sadden'd face?

Go, vain one, take the tender rose,
That blooms in arbour pure and fair,
Where the soft breeze upon it blows,
And spicy fragrance fills the air;

Transplant it on the dusty road
Where business rolls its wheels along,
Without a safe guard high and broad,
To screen it from the careless throng.

Then, as it droops its lovely head,
Then, as its petals fade and fall,
Then, as thou mourn'st the rose that's dead
Thou hast't an answer to thy call.

No foolish one, full well I know
That this drear world is cold and vain;
Deceitful, gaudy, empty show;
Has ever, ever been its bane.

Let those who will its mandates heed,
Let those who will its flag unfurl,
Mine by the place, mine be the creed
Of Lebanon's low Shaker Girl.

C. C.

THE HOUR OF DEATH.

BY MRS. HEKMAN.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, Oh, Death!

"Day is for mortal care,
Eve for glad meetings round the joyous hearth,
Night for the dreams of sleep, the voice of prayer,
But all for thee, thou mightiest of the earth!"

The banquet hath its hour,
Its feverish hour of mirth, and song, and wine;
There comes a day for grief's overwhelming power,
A time for soft tears—but all are thine!

Youth and the opening rose
May look like things too glorious for decay,
And smile at thee! but thou art not of those
That wait the ripened bloom to seize their prey!

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, Oh, Death!

We know when moons shall wane,
When summer birds from far shall cross the sea,
When autumn's hue shall tinge the golden grain—
But who shall teach us when to look for thee?

Is it when spring's first gale
Comes forth to whisper where the violets lie?
Is it when roses in our paths grow pale?
They have one season—all are ours to die!

Thou art where billows foam—
Thou art where music melts upon the air—
Thou art around us in our peaceful home,
And the world calls forth—and thou art there!

Thou art where friend meets friend
Beneath the shadow of the elm to rest:
Thou art where foe meets foe and trumpets rend
The skies, and swords beat down the princely crest!

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, Oh, death!

WHO IS MY NEIGHBOUR?

BY WILLIAM CUTTER.

Thy neighbour? It is he whom thou
Hast power to aid and bless—
Whose aching heart, and burning brow,
Thy soothing hand may press.

Thy neighbour? 'tis the the fainting poor,
Whose eye with want is dim,
Whom hunger sends from door to door—
Go thou, and succour him.

Thy neighbour? 'tis that weary man,
Whose years are at their brim,
Bent low with sickness, care and pain—
Go thou, and comfort him.

Thy neighbour? 'tis the heart bereft
Of every earthly gem—
Widow and orphan, helpless left—
Go thou, and shelter them.

Thy neighbour? yonder slave,
Fettered in thought and limb,
Whose hopes are all beyond the grave—
Go thou, and ransom him.

Whene'er thou meet'st a human form
Less favoured than thine own,
Remember, 'tis thy neighbour worn,
Thy brother, or thy son.

Oh! pass not, pass not heedless by—
Perhaps thou can'st redeem
One breaking heart from misery—
Go, share thy lot with him.

THE SLANDERER.

O, may the wretch to scandal given,
Be still the most accursed of Heaven,
From ev'ry social circle driven,
With stern disdain;
His envious rotten bosom riven,
With keenest pain.
The fiend, who could in spiteful jest
The honest fame of friend molest,
And fill with grief the virtuous breast,
Where'er he goes,
But still considered friendship's pest,
The worst of foes.

BOOK OF THE BOUDOIR for 1840, or Court of Queen Victoria; a series of portraits of the nobility of Great Britain, beautifully engraved by the Findens, with illustrations in verse, superbly bound in morocco-imperial quarto.

The Iris, prose, poetry, and arts for 1840, with large and beautifully engraved plates and fanciful picturesque borders, in a new and unique style, edited by Mary Russell Mitford splendidly bound in Turkey morocco and gold, imperial 4to.

Character and Costume for 1840, 21 illustrations designed and drawn from nature, with descriptive letter press, handsomely bound in morocco and gold imperial 4to.

Gems of beauty for 1840, displayed in 12 highly finished engravings, with illustrations, by the Countess of Blessington, richly bound in green silk and gold quarto. These splendid works have arrived and may be seen at

W. C. LITTLE'S Bookstore,
corner of State and Market.

TO PRINTERS.—The following reduced prices we hereafter be charged for printing types, at BRUCE'S New-York Type Foundry, 13 Chambers-st. and 3 City Hall Place

Pica,	38 cents a lb.
Small Pica,	40 do.
Long Primer,	42 do.
Bourgeois,	46 do.
Brevier,	54 do.
Minion,	66 do.
Nonpareil,	84 do.
Agate,	108 do.
Pearl,	140 do.

Ornamental letter and other type in proportion.

These are the prices on a credit of six months: but we wish at this time to encourage short credit or cash purchases, and will therefore make a discount of five per cent New York acceptances at ninety days, and ten per cent for cash.

We have recently added to our former extensive assortment seventy-five different kinds and sizes of ornamental letter, embracing Condensed, Extra Condensed, Extended, Outline, Skeleton, Shaded, Ornamental, modern thin-faced Black, &c. 100 new Flowers and a great variety of Ornaments, forming altogether the most extensive and elegant assortment of Printing Types in the United States, and absolutely an unrivalled one. We also furnish every other article that is necessary for a printing office.

Printers of newspapers who publish this advertisement three times before the 1st of November, 1839, sending us one of the publications, will receive payment when they purchase from the foundry four times the amount of their bill.

GEORGE BRUCE & CO.

New York, Sept. 1839.

SHERIFF'S OFFICE.—City and county of Albany, August 7, 1839.

ELECTION NOTICE.—A general election is to be held in the county of Albany on the 4th, 5th, and 6th, days of November next at which will be chosen the officers mentioned in the notice from the Secretary of State, of which a copy is annexed.

MICHAEL ARTHELLA, Sheriff,
State of New York, Secretary's Office,
Albany, Aug. 15, 1839.

Sir—Notice is hereby given you that the term of service of James Powers, a Senator of the Third Senate District of this state will expire on the last day of December next, and that a senator is to be chosen in that district, to which the county of which you are sheriff belongs, at the general election to be held on the fourth, fifth and sixth days of November next.

You will also take notice, that a vacancy has been caused in the representation of the Third Senate District, by the death of Noadiah Johnson, a senator from that district, whose term of office would have expired on the last day of December, 1840: and that a senator to supply the said vacancy is to be chosen at the said next general election.

You will also take notice, that a proposed amendment to the constitution is to be submitted to the people at the said election, at which the electors are to vote, "For the election of Mayors by the People," or "Against the election of Mayors by the People." At the same election the following officers are to be chosen, viz: Three members of Assembly.

JOHN C. SPENCER, Secretary of State.

N.B. You are to give notice of the aforesaid election, in writing to one of the inspectors of each town and ward in your county, and annex thereto a copy of this notice. You are also to publish the said notice and copy in all the public newspapers printed in your county.

AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER AND LITERARY COMPANION.

BY L. G. HOFFMAN.]

ALBANY, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1839.

[VOL. I.—NO. 11.]

MASONRY.

—Semita certe.

Tranquilla per virtutem patet unica vita.—Juv. Sat.

THE HISTORY OF FREEMASONRY.

DRAWN FROM AUTHENTIC SOURCES OF INFORMATION.

When men are in a state of barbarity and are scattered over the surface of a country in small and independent tribes, their wants are as small in magnitude as they are few in number. It is in the power, therefore, of every individual, to perform, for himself and his family, every work of labor which necessity or comfort requires; and while, at one time, he equips himself for the chase or the combat, at another, he is rearing a habitation for his offspring, or hollowing his canoe to surmount the dangers of the sea. But as soon as these tribes associate together, for the purposes of mutual protection and comfort, civilization advances apace; and, in the same proportion, the wants and desires of the community increase. In order to gratify these, the ingenuity of individuals is called forth; and those, who, from inability or indolence, cannot satisfy their own wants, will immediately resort to the superior skill of their neighbours. Those members of the community, who can execute their work with the greatest elegance and celerity, will be most frequently employed; and, from this circumstance, combined with the principle of emulation, and other causes, that distinction of profession will arise, which is found only among nations considerably advanced in civilization and refinement.

One of the first objects of man, in a rude state, is to screen himself and his family from the heat of the tropic sun, from the inclemency of the polar regions, or from the sudden changes of more temperate climates. If he has arrived at such a degree of improvements, as to live under the dominion of a superior, and under the influence of religious belief, the palace of his King, and the temple of his Gods, will be reared in the most magnificent style, which his skill can devise, and his industry accomplish, and decked with those false ornaments, which naturally catch the eye of unpolished men. From that principle, which impels the lower orders to imitate the magnificence and splendor of their superiors, a foundation will be laid for improvement in the art of building; and it is extremely probable, from the circumstances, which have been mentioned, as well as from others, which the slightest reflection will suggest, that architecture will be the first profession, to which men will exclusively devote their attention; and for which they will be trained by an established course of preparatory education.

Nor is it from this ground only, that masonry derives its superiority as a separate profession. While many other arts administer to our luxury and pride, and gratify only those temporary wants and unnatural desires which refinement has rendered necessary, the art of building can lay claim to a higher object. The undertaking of the architect, not only furnishes us with elegant and comfortable accommodation from the inclemency of the seasons, from the rapacity of wild beasts, and the still more dangerous rapacity of man; they contribute also to the ornament and glory of nations, and it is to them that we are indebted for those fortresses of strength, which defend us from the roads of surrounding enemies. Nor can the works of the architect be ranked among those objects which

furnish amusement and accommodation for a few years or at most during the short term of human life; they descend unimpaired to generations; they acquire additional grandeur and value from an increase of age; and are the only specimens of human labor which in some measure, survive the revolutions of kingdoms and the waste of time. The splendid remains of Egyptian, Grecian and Roman architecture, which, in every age, have attracted the attention of the learned, and excited the astonishment of the vulgar, are standing monuments of the ingenuity and power of man; and, in ages yet to come, they will reflect a dignity on the art of building, to which no other profession can arrogate the slightest claim.

But still there is another consideration, which entitles architecture to a decided pre-eminence among the other arts. It is itself the parent of many separate professions; and requires a combination of talents, and an extent of knowledge, for which other professions have not the smallest occasion. An acquaintance with the sciences of geometry, and mechanical philosophy, with the arts of sculpture and design, and other abstruse and elegant branches of knowledge are indispensable requisites in the education of an architect; and raise his art to a vast height above those professions, which practice alone can render familiar, and which consist in the mere exertion of muscular force. It appears, then, from these considerations, that there is some foundation, in the very nature of architecture, for those extraordinary privileges, to which Masons have always laid claim, and which they have almost always possessed—privileges, which no other artist could have confidence to ask, or liberty to enjoy; and there appears to be some foundation for that ancient and respectable order of Freemasons whose origin we are now to investigate, and whose progress we are soon to detail.

But, that we may be enabled to discover Freemasonry under those various forms, which it has assumed in different countries, and at different times, before it received the name which it now bears, it will be necessary to give a short description of the nature of this institution, without developing those mysteries, or revealing those ceremonial observances which are known only to the brethren of the order.

Freemasonry is an ancient and respectable institution, embracing individuals of every nation, and of every condition in life. Wealth, power, and talents are not necessary to the person of a Freemason. An unblemished character and a virtuous conduct, are the only qualifications which are requisite for admission into the Order. In order to confirm this institution, and attain the ends, for which it was formed, every candidate must come under a solemn engagement never to divulge the mysteries and ceremonies of the Order, nor communicate to the uninitiated, those important precepts, with which he may be intrusted; and those proceedings and plans, in which the Fraternity may be engaged. After the candidate has undergone the necessary ceremonies and received the usual instructions, appropriate words, and significant signs are imparted to him, that he may be enabled to distinguish his Brethren of the Order from the uninitiated public; and convince others that he is entitled to the privileges of a Brother, should he be visited by distress or want, in a distant land. If the newly admitted member be found qualified for a higher degree, he is promoted, after due intervals of probation, till he has received that Masonic knowledge, which enables him to hold the highest

offices of trust, to which the Fraternity can raise its members. In all ages, it has been the object of Freemasonry, not only to inform the minds of its members by instructing them in the sciences and useful arts, but to better their hearts by enforcing the precepts of religion and morality. In the course of the ceremonies of initiation, brotherly love, loyalty, and other virtues, are inculcated in hieroglyphic symbols; and the candidate is often reminded, that there is an eye above which observeth the workings of his heart, and is ever fixed upon the thoughts and the actions of men. At regular and appointed seasons, convivial meetings of the Fraternity are held in lodges constructed for this purpose: Temperance, harmony, and joy, characterize these mixed assemblies. All distinctions of rank seem to be laid aside, all difference in religious and political sentiments are forgotten; and those petty quarrels which disturbed the quiet of private life, cease to agitate the mind. Every one strives to give happiness to his brother; and men seem to recollect, for once, that they are sprung from the same origin, that they are possessed of the same nature and are destined for the same end.

Such are the general features of an institution, which has of late produced so great division in the sentiments of the learned, respecting its origin and tendency. While a certain class of men,* a little over-anxious for the dignity of their Order, have represented it as coeval with the world; others, influenced by an opposite motive, have maintained it to be an invention of English Jesuits, to promote the views of that intriguing and dangerous association.† Some philosophers, among whom we may reckon the celebrated Chevalier Ramsay, have laboured to prove, that Freemasonry arose during the Crusades; that it was a secondary order of chivalry; that its forms originated from that warlike institution; and were adapted to the peaceful habits of scientific men.‡ Mr. Clinch|| has attempted, with considerable ingenuity and learning, to deduce its origin from the institution of Pythagoras. M. Barruel§ supposed, that it is a continuation of the Temples; while others, with a great degree of audacity and malice, rarely to be found in the character of ingenious men, have imputed the origin of Freemasonry to secret associations, averse to the interests of true government and pursuing the villainous and chimerical project of leveling the distinctions of society, and freeing the human mind from the sacred obligations of morality and religion.

Without adopting any of these untenable opinions, or attempting to discover the precise period when Freemasonry arose, it may be sufficient to show, that it can justly lay claim to an early origin, and that it has existed from that period to the present day, under different forms, and different appellations¶. In the ex-

* Anderson's History and Constitution of Freemasonry, p. 1. Desaguliers's Constitutions, p. 1. Smith's Use and Abuse of Freemasonry, p. 27. Preston's Illustrations of Masonry, p. 6, 10th edition.

† Manuscript of Bode of Germany, in possession of M. Mounier.

‡ Leyden's Preliminary Dissertation to the Complayant of Scotland, p. 67, 71.

|| Anthologie Hibernica, for January, March, April, and June, 1794.

§ Memoirs of Jacobinism, vol. 2 p. 377, 378, &c.

¶ M. Mounier observes, that if the Order of Freemasons existed among the ancients, it would have been mentioned by contemporary authors. This argument;

cution of this task, the candid enquirer will be satisfied with strong and numerous resemblances, as the nature of the subject excludes the possibility of rigid demonstration. Every human institution is subject to great and numerous variations; the different aspects under which they appear, and the principles by which they are regulated, depend upon the progress of civilization upon the nature of the government by which they are protected, and on the peculiar opinions and habits of their members. If, therefore, in comparing Freemasonry with other ancient associations, we should find it coincide with them in every circumstance, there would be strong reasons for suspecting, that the imagination of the writer had counterfeited resemblances when destitute of authentic information; or that the order had adopted the rites and ceremonies of antiquity, to cloak the recency of their origin, to command the veneration and excite the notice of the public. Against Freemasonry, however, this charge cannot be preferred: We shall have occasion to consider it when connected with the idolatry of the heathens, when devoted to the church of Rome, and when flourishing under the milder influence of the reformed religion.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

however, for the recency of their origin, is far from being conclusive. A secret association, unconnected with national affairs, would seldom come under the consideration of cotemporary writers, who could only tell their readers that such an association existed. They who believe that the Eleusinian mysteries were those of Freemasonry, under a different appellation, will deny the premises from which Mounier's conclusion is drawn. These mysteries existed in the eighth century of the Christian era and have been mentioned by cotemporary authors on account of their connection with the history of the times and the religion of their country. From the eighth century, to the revival of learning in Europe, Freemasonry must have been in a very languishing condition, and could not engage the attention of writers, when but few lodges, and still fewer authors existed. The minds of men were then bent upon less noble pursuits. Science and common sense could not be found; and those amiable propensities of the heart upon which Freemasonry is founded, were smothered; under that debasing superstition, which characterised those ages of ignorance and iniquity.

CHARACTER.

For the American Masonic Register and Literary Companion,
YOUTH.

(CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 74.)

As another mean of promoting education among the young, I would mention the *readings of dramas*. This however may be dispensed with easier and with much less disadvantage than the preceding one, or the two I shall hereafter advance. Of dramas I have little or nothing to say. At the present time we are sadly deficient in dramatists; but like every thing else they have their day. Never perhaps shall we behold a better delineator of nature than Shakespeare.

Thrice happy! could we catch great Shakespeare's art,
To trace the deep recesses of the heart;
His simple plain sublime, to which is given
To strike the soul with darted flame from heaven

Thompson.

They are beneficial for the human nature they display. This is the most remarkable characteristic of them; and so long as they present a faithful copy of the human heart, so long should they be read by all who wish to be esteemed as men of general information. They also give the most perfect specimens of the beautiful and sublime in writing; but this is to be considered of minor importance compared with the other. Shakespeare has given us the true manner in which they should be written. For his close adherence to nature he has justly merited the appellation—Father of the Drama. He has combined originality and the beauty and elegance of language with a faithful representation of the human heart, and herein he has no equal, nay, not even one, who dare lay any claim to equality.

But Shakespeare's magic could not copied be;
Within that circle none durst walk but he.

Dryden.

A knowledge of the deep and secret workings of the heart, a knowledge of man, is a desideratum above all

most every thing else. He who wishes to be informed on this subject, can have no better school than the legitimate drama.

POETRY, I would have the student rank as high as any kind of writing except history. Before I proceed to an exhibition of the elegancies and results of poetical reading, I would introduce this beautiful quotation as a sort of sentimental motto.

The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven,
And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.—Shak.

Poetry, in the early ages of society, as far back as when Greece was in a flourishing condition, was the only kind of composition that exerted any influence.—Go back to Homer, the Father of Poets, and you will have a true picture of the esteem, the ancients had for this style of writing. So sublime and touching were his verses, that they were required to be learned by the young in their schools; and well would it be if coercion were used at this day in the same thing. Poetry is gifted with an omnipotence, a power of inciting the reader to any deed of daring. It had this effect upon the Greeks. Never would they have stood the brunt of battle with that firmness if Homer had not inspired them with a warlike spirit. Metamorphose the Iliad or Odyssey into prose, and half its force, beauty, and enlivening qualities, are lost; and the like result will be with any of our popular poems. Poetry draws, the reader along through every scene it describes.—When it paints a battle, it places him in the field, and he almost hears the thundering of the cannon and sees wounded falling at his feet. Dr. Darwin has given us a very fine instance of this:

Near and more near the intrepid beauty press'd.
Saw through the driving smoke his dancing crest;
Saw on his helm, her virgin hands inwove,
Bright stars of gold, and mystic knots of love;
Heard the exulting shout, 'they run, they run!'—
'Great God!' she cried, 'he's safe, the battle's won!'—
A ball now hisses through the airy tides
(Some fury wing'd it, and some demon guides.)
Parts her fine locks, her graceful head that deck'
Wounds her fair ear, and sinks into her neck;
The red stream issuing from her azure veins,
Dyes her white veil, her ivory bosom stains!

This is certainly a most beautiful exemplification of the power of poetry. It places the reader in the midst of the conflict—he in fact sees the lady fall, and the blood gush from her wound. Let these same sentiments be expressed in a prosaic style, and their worth will be entirely lost. When poetry describes a rural life, its felicities and advantages, how it makes one loathe the city with all its appurtenances. When it places before the eye the solar system—the revolution of the planets and the laws which govern them, it fills the mind with a secret pleasure, it pours into the heart a joy of solemnity. The rythmical structure and the equal number of syllables in each line are mnemonic properties by which a piece of poetry may be committed to memory in half the time a piece of prose of equal length can. The melody of the lines so please the ear that it can be recollected much longer than any other style of writing. It is certainly necessary every young man should read the standard poetical works, such as Shakespeare, Milton, Dryden, Byron, Pope, and others. The poems of David, present the most striking illustration of the wonderful effects of poetry. Only those poets the public have ranked high, should be studied. The common every day rhyme that appears in our newspapers is not poetry; but sentiments or sentences collected from the standard poets or prose writers, and mangled and torn to pieces by some scape-grace.—'Try poetry by this standard: that which wearies, on acquaintance, is false; that which improves is true.' I have omitted saying any thing of its character in the earlier ages of society, both for the want of time and the fullness it would be to the reader. For the same reason I have also omitted going into the proofs that poetry is an older medium for the communication of thought than prose.

Lastly, I would mention history as the most important branch of reading. To the young it is of most inestimable advantage, and should be the least neglected. No special course can be very well pointed out, as the youth of our land have different professions in view,

and each of these professions require a different course. A few historical works can be named that ought to be studied by all, such as Rollin, Hume, Robertson, Goldsmith, &c. Among the more modern, Marshall's Life of Washington, which may as properly be termed, The History of the American Revolution. There are several other American histories, the youth should read attentively whatever may be his business in after life. They can be found in almost all our libraries. There are those that will exert a deleterious influence, unless the principles of the reader are firmly fixed. Among these, Hume's is the most prominent, and perhaps Gibbon's may be ranked next. Hume's infidel principles and want of veracity make him a dangerous author to the young. President Jefferson severely and justly condemns his History of England. 'Were it faithful, it would be the finest piece of history that ever was written. Its unfortunate bias may be partly ascribed to the accident of his having written backwards. His maiden work was the history of the Stuarts—the object of this work was an apology for them. He spared nothing, therefore, to wash them white and to palliate their misgovernment. For this purpose he suppressed truths, advanced falsehoods, forged authorities, and falsified records. All this is proved on him unanswered by Brodie, but so bewitching was his style, and manner, that his readers were unwilling to doubt any thing, swallowed every thing, and all England became tormented by the magic of his art. His pen revolutionized the public sentiment of that country more completely than the standing armies could even have done, which were deprecated by the patriots of that day.' Such is the opinion of Jefferson. He ought also to have set his face against the infidelity running through the whole history. The good he might have done by so doing would have been incalculable. Suffice it to say, that the young must expect forever to remain in the lower walks of their profession, unless they have a thorough knowledge of this kind of reading.

I have pointed out in the best manner possible what should be done to make a thorough-bred scholar. It remains now with the young to say whether they will be one or not. Here are two roads; at the end of one is happiness, peace, and prosperity—at the end of the other is infelicity, trouble, and misfortune; choose ye, while the freshness and vigor of life is yours, which road you will take.

NOTICES OF LEARNED FEMALES.

It is wrong to deny that the fair sex are capable of literature; all the old philosophers thought better of them. Pythagoras instructed not men only, but women; and among them Theano, whom Laertius makes to be his wife, and St. Clement calls the first of women declaring, that she philosophized and wrote poems.—The stoics, epicureans, and even the academics, delivered their lessons freely to both sexes and all conditions. Themistocles, the wife of Leontius, to whom there is extant an epistle of Epicurus, was a disciple of this philosopher.

Atossa, queen of Persia, is said to be the first who taught the art of writing epistles. In the time of Alexander the Great, flourished Hipparchia, the sister of Metrocles the cynic, and wife of Crates. She wrote of philosophical arguments, essays, and questions, to Theorus, surnamed the Deist.

Pamphilia the Egyptian, who lived in the time of Nero, wrote eight books of historical miscellanies. Agillia of Coreyra is celebrated for skill in grammar. She ascribes the invention of the play at ball to her country-woman Nausica, who is the only one of all heroines that Homer introduces at this diversion.

Quintilian celebrates three Roman women in words to this effect. "Cornelia, the mother of the Gracchi, contributed much to the eloquence of her sons; and her learned style is handed down to posterity in letters. The daughter of Lælius expressed in her conversation the eloquence of her father. There is an oration of the daughter of Quintus Hortensius, delivered before the Triumvirs, which will ever be read to the honor of her sex." Quintilian has omitted the learned consort of Varus, and Cornificia the poetess, who left behind her the most exquisite epigrams. This lady, who flourished in the reign of Octavius Caesar, used to say, that learning was free, as being entirely out of the reach of fortune.

Catharine of Alexandria was a most learned lady, if we may credit what is related of her. She is said to

have disputed with fifty philosophers, at the age of only 18 years, and so far to have overcome them by the subtlety of her discourse, as to have converted them to the christian religion.

Who was more learned than Zenobia, queen of Palmyra, by religion a Jew? We have the testimony of her conqueror himself, the emperor Aurelian, to her character, in his letters to the Roman senate. Trebellius Pollio says, she spoke Egyptian, read Latin into Greek, and wrote an abridgement both of the Alexandrine and Oriental history. Her master in the Greek was Dionysius Longinus, who had before taught Porphyrus, and who was called a living library, in a walking museum.

Sosipatra, wife of the famous Eustathius, remembered the finest passages of all the poets, philosophers, and orators, and had an almost inimitable talent at explaining them. Though her husband was a man of prime rank in learning, yet she so far outshone him, as to obscure his glory; and after his death, she took upon her the education of youth.

What shall we say of Eustochium, daughter of Paula the Roman, who was learned in Latin, Greek and Hebrew, and most assiduous in the study of the sacred scriptures? St. Jerome speaks things in her praise. There are epistles of the same father extant to several illustrious women, as Paula, Læta, Fabiola, Marcella, Furia, Demetria, Salvia, Gerontia, &c.—Why should we mention others, to whom there are letters extant of Ambrose, Augustin, and Fulgentius? The compliments of the fathers are testimonies of their learning.

Hypatia was the daughter of that Theon of Alexandria, whose writings now remain. She was a vast proficient in astronomy. This lady was murdered through religious frenzy, by the Alexandrine mob, because she made frequent visits to Orestes the philosopher. Some accuse Cyril, surnamed the Saint, as the author of this inhumanity: but those who are willing to exculpate him, lay the charge upon Theodorus, his reader or curate.

At the same time flourished Eudocia, whose name before was Athenais, daughter of Leontius the philosopher, and consort of the emperor Theodosius the younger. She was deeply read both in Greek and Latin learning, skilled in poetry, mathematics, and all the philosophical sciences.

About the year of Christ 500, Amalasuenta, the daughter of Theoric, king of the Goths, and wife of Eutharic, who was made counsellor by the emperor or Justin, was celebrated both for her learning and her wisdom. Princes are said to come and advise with her, and admire her great understanding. She took upon her the administration of affairs in the name of her son Athalaric, who was left king at eight years of age, and whom she instructed in all the polite learning before unknown to the Goths; but this barbarous people made an insurrection on the occasion, and drove her out of authority.

Helpis, the learned wife of the learned Boethius, flourished in 530. She left behind her hymns to the apostles.

Bandonia, the scholar of St. Radegundis, wrote the life of her holy mistress, who died in 530.

About 650 flourished Hilda, an abbess celebrated by Pits among his English writers, and Bede in his Ecclesiastical History. She was daughter of Hereic, prince of Deira, and aunt of Adolph, king of the East Saxons.

Anno 770, St. Rictrude, a noble virgin, made great proficiency in literature under her master Alcuin: after whose departure out of England she shut herself up to her studies in the monastery of St. Bennet at Canterbury, where she produced many writings. St. Walfurge flourished about ten years after; and was also very famous.

Two centuries lower down, under the emperors Otto I and II, lived the nun Rhositar, skilled both in the Latin and Greek languages. She wrote a panegyric upon the deeds of the Othos, six comedies, the praises of the blessed virgin and Saint Dennis, in elegiac verses, with other works. In the year of Christ 1340 flourished Anna Comena, daughter of Alexis Comnenus, emperor of Constantinople. This princess, in the 15 books of her Alexiad, which she wrote upon the deeds of her father, displayed equally her eloquence and learning.

St. Hildegard of Mentz was famous about 8 years after; and at the same time flourished St. Elizabeth,

of Schonau, sister of a certain king Egbert. The monkish writers celebrate them for their visions, which received the sanction of pope Eugenius III. But we mention them for their historical, didactical, and epistolary writings, a collection of which has been published. St. Catharine Senesis also wrote epistles, and various treatises in the dialogue manner which are now extant, as well as her life, written by Raimund her confessor, a dominican friar.

In the year 1484, under Charles VIII, king of France flourished Gabriele de Bourbon, princess of Trimouille. A catalogue of her various writings are preserved in French authors.

Three years after, Cassandra Fidele, a Venetian virgin, acquired great applause. By an excellent oration delivered publicly in the universities of Padua, in behalf of Betruti Lamberti, her relation, she won the supreme laurel crown in philosophy.

Alike for her own learning, and her patronage of the learned, Margaret of Valois, queen of Navarre, merited the praise of mankind. Joan the daughter of this princess had by Antony of Bourbon, Henry IV king of France, founder of the family of the late reigning monarch.

Bologna boasts of several learned woman, among which were Joanna Blanchetta, and Novella Andrea; and of the learning of Catharina Landa, we read in Bembo's epistles.

In the year of Christ 1533, Catharine queen of England aunt by the mother's side to the emperor Charles V, wrote Meditations upon the Psalms, also a book of the lamentations of a sinner.

What shall we say of her sister Joanna, married to Philip archduke of Austria, duke of Burgundy, and by his wife king of Spain! She answered extempore in Latin the orations made to her in that tongue, in a progress through her several towns and cities after her accession.

Sir Thomas More, chancellor of England, had three daughters, Margaret, Elizabeth, and Cæcilia, of whom their father took care that they were not only chaste, but very learned; because he rightly judged, that their chastity would be by this means the more secure.

The learning of Fulvia Olympia Morata, daughter of Peregrine Moratus, is evident from the writings she has left. And that Hippolita Taurella's was equal appears from her pieces collected together with those of Morata.

It is needless to quote queen Elizabeth, or the lady Jane Grey, as eminent instances of this kind; because the English historians are full of their praises upon the subject.

Vossius also mentions Anne Schurman, whose Latin poetry recommends her to this day. He thinks that if this catalogue was added to those he had given before of the female poets and historians that sufficient examples would appear in behalf of the fair sex to prove they were equally capable of fine literature with the men.

SALMAGUNDI.

Francis I, having asked Castellan, bishop of Orleans, whether he was of noble extraction: "Sire," replied he. "Noah had three sons with him in the ark, I cannot say from which of them I am descended."

A French gentleman, totally unacquainted with our language, being introduced into a circle of young ladies and gentlemen in Boston, after the usual compliments had passed, seated himself beside a beautiful young lady, and being deprived of the satisfaction of conversing with her, he seized her by the hand and began to evince by his looks the emotion of his heart. She requested him to be easy; which he mistaking for the French word *baisez* (kiss me) began kissing her, to the great mirth of the company. The consequence was, that the ladies came to an unanimous determination never again to say "be easy" to a Frenchman.

I never knew but one person, said Sterne, who interfered between man and wife either with safety or success. Upon a domestic *pro* and *con* once between the parties, that was rising even to blows, a friend of mine, who happened to be by, hit the husband a stroke with his right hand, crying, "Be quiet, you brute!" and struck the woman at the same time with his left saying, "Hold your tongue, you vixen." Then repeating his moral admonitions and friendly buffets,

with a "Peace, you monster—Have done you termagant it—Hands off, you coward—Retire, you virago"—a fit of shame and laughing seized them both at the same time, at such extraordinary and impartial an umpire; they shook hands, immediately, and became good friends for the remainder, of their lives.

A very thin audience attending the third representation of a new comedy, the author observed, "Oh, it is entirely owing to the war." "Oh, no, (cried the manager,) it is actually owing to the piece."

Affected Honesty—Look out of your door—take notice of that man—see what disquietude, intriguing and shifting he is content to go through with, merely to be thought a man of plain dealing. Three grains of honesty would have saved him all this trouble.

Sterne.

The "cheap defence of nations."—Dr. Franklin said "Where I see a house well-furnished with books and newspapers, there I see intelligent and well informed children: but if there are no books or papers, the children are ignorant, if not profligate."

Falstaff's soliloquy on Honour.—Owe heaven a death? 'Tis not due yet; and I would be loth to pay him before his day. What need I be so forward with him that calls not on me?—Well, 'tis no matter, honour pricks me on. But how, if honour pick me off when I come on? how then? Can honour set a leg? no: or an arm? no: or take away the grief of a wound? no.—Honour hath no skill in surgery, then? no. What is honour? a word. What is the word? a trim reckoning. Who hath it? he that died a Wednesday. Doth he feel it? no. Doth he hear it? no. Is it insensible, then? yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? no. Why? detraction will not suffer it; therefore, 'Til none of it. Honour is a mere scutcheon; and so ends my catechism.

[Shakspeare.]

A solicitor, who was remarkable for the length, and sharpness of his nose, once told a lady, that if she did not immediately settle a matter in dispute, he would file a bill against her. "Indeed, Sir," said the lady, there is no necessity for you to file your bill, for I am sure it is sharp enough already.

The first Coffee House in London.—Coffee is a native of Arabia, supposed by some to have been the chief ingredient of the old Lacedæmonian broth. The use of this berry was not known in England till the year 1657, at which time Mr. D. Edwards a Turkey merchant, on his return from Smyrna to London, brought with him one Pasquet Rosee, a Greek of Ragusa, who was used to prepare this liquor, for his master every morning, who, by the way, never wanted company. The merchant therefore, in order to get rid of a crowd of visitants, ordered his Greek to open a coffee house, which he did in St. Michael's alley in Cornhill. This was the first coffee house opened in London.

A barrister observed to a learned brother in Court, the other morning, that he thought his whiskers were very unprofessional. "You are right," replied his friend, "a lawyer cannot be too barefaced."

Some one observed, "Matches are made in heaven." "Yea," answered another, "and they are very often *app*ed in the other place."

"Does your husband expectorate?" said an apothecary in Cheltenham, to a poor Irish woman who had long visited the shop for her sick husband.—"Expect to ate yer honour—no shure, and Paddy does not expect to ate—he's nothing at all to ate!" The husband was sent a large bason of mixture from a tureen of soup, then smoking on his table.

Vinegar made from Honey.—If a pound of honey be dissolved in three or four quarts of water, and exposed to a temperature between the 79th and 80th degrees of Fahrenheit's thermometer, it will in a short time become a very agreeable acid liquor, which possesses an aromatic flavour, and strength, superior to that of the best vinegar made of white wine. As the latter is frequently adulterated, and incomparably more expensive than the substitute we have proposed, this appears to deserve every attention in domestic economy.—*Dom Encyclopedia.*

POPULAR TALES.

THE ADALANTADO OF THE SEVEN CITIES.

A LEGEND OF ST BRANDAN.

(CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 77.)

Don Fernando could scarcely believe but that this was all a dream. He fixed a scrutinizing gaze upon the grand chamberlain, who, having delivered his message, stood in buckram dignity, drawn up to his full stature, curling his whiskers, stroking his beard, and looking down upon him with inexpressible loftiness, through his lack-lustre eyes. There was no doubting the word of so grave and ceremonious a hidalgo.

Don Fernando now arrayed himself in gala attire.—He would have launched his boat, and gone on shore with his own men, but he was informed the barge of state was expressly provided for his accommodation, and, after the fete, would bring him back to his ship; in which, on the following day, he might enter the harbor in befitting style. He accordingly stepped into the barge, and took his seat beneath the awning. The grand chamberlain seated himself on the cushion opposite. The rowers bent to their oars, and renewed their mournful old ditty and the gorgoon, but unwieldy barge moved slowly and solemnly through the water.

The night closed in, before they entered the river.—They swept along, past rock and promontory, each guarded by its tower. The sentinels at every post challenged them as they passed by.

'Who goes there?'

'The Adalantado of the Seven Cities.'

'He is welcome. Pass on.'

On entering the harbor, they rowed close along an armed galley, of the most ancient form. Soldiers with cross bows were stationed on the deck.

'Who goes there?' was again demanded.

'The Adalantado of the Seven Cities.'

'He is welcome. Pass on.'

They landed at a broad flight of stone steps, leading up, between two massive towers, to the water-gate of the city, at which they knocked for admission. A sentinel, in an ancient steel casque, looked over the wall.

'Who is there?'

'The Adalantado of the Seven Cities.'

The gate swung slowly open, grating upon its rusty hinges. They entered between two rows of iron-clad warriors, in battered armor, with cross bows, battle-axes, and ancient maces, and with faces as old-fashioned and rusty as their armor. They saluted Don Fernando in military style, but with perfect silence, as he passed between their ranks. The city was illuminated, but in such manner as to give a more shadowy and solemn effect to its old-time architecture. There were bonfires in the principle streets, with groups about them in such old-fashioned garbs, that they looked like the fantastic figures that roam the streets in carnival time. Even the stately dames who gazed from the balconies, which they had hung with antique tapestry, looked more like effigies dressed up for a quaint mummery, than like ladies in their fashionable attire.—Every thing, in short, bore the stamp of former ages, as if the world had suddenly rolled back a few centuries. Nor was this to be wondered at. Had not the Island of the Seven Cities been for several hundred years cut off from all communication with the rest of the world, and was it not natural that the inhabitants should retain many of the modes and customs, brought here by their ancestors.

One thing, certainly they had conserved; the old-fashioned Spanish gravity and stateliness. Though this was a time of public rejoicing, and though Don Fernando was the object of their gratulations, every thing was conducted with the most solemn ceremony, and wherever he appeared, instead of acclamations, he was received with profound silence, and the most formal reverences and swaying of their sombreros.

Arrived at the palace of the Alcayde, the usual ceremonial was repeated. The Chamberlain knocked for admission.

'Who is there?' demanded the portier.

'The Adalantado of the Seven Cities.'

'He is welcome. Pass on.'

The port was thrown open. The chamberlain led the way up a vast but heavily moulded marble stair-case, and so through one of those interminable

suites of apartments, that are the pride of Spanish palaces. All were furnished in a style of obsolete magnificence. As they passed through the chambers, the title of Don Fernando was forwarded on by servants stationed at every door; and every where produced the most profound reverences and courtesies. At length they reached a magnificent saloon, blazing with tapers in which the Alcayde, and the principal dignitaries of the city, were waiting to receive their illustrious guest. The grand chamberlain presented Don Fernando in due form, and falling back among the other officers of the household, stood as usual curling his whiskers, and stroking his forked beard.

Don Fernando was received by the Alcayde and the other dignitaries with the same stately and formal courtesy that he had every where remarked. In fact, there was so much form and ceremonial, that it seemed difficult to get at any thing social or substantial.—Nothing but bows, and compliments, and old-fashioned courtesies. The Alcayde and his courtiers assembled, in face and form, those quaint worthies to be seen in the pictures of old illuminated manuscripts; while the cavaliers and dames who thronged the saloon, might have been taken for the antique figures of gobelin tapestry suddenly vivified and put in motion.

The banquet, which had been kept back until the arrival of Don Fernando, was now announced; and such a feast! such unknown dishes and obsolete dainties; with the peacock; that bird of state and ceremony, served up in full plumage, in a golden dish, at the head of the table. And then, as Don Fernando cast his eyes over the glittering board, what a vista of odd heads and head-dresses, of formal bearded dignitaries, and stately dames, with castellated lock and towering plumes!

As fate would have it, on the other side of Don Fernando, was seated the daughter of the Alcayde.—She was arrayed, it is true, in a dress that might have been worn before the flood; but then she had a melting black Andalusian eye, that was perfectly irresistible. Her voice, too, her manner, her movements, all smacked of Andalusia, and showed how female fascination may be transmitted from age to age, and clime to clime, without ever losing its power, or going out of fashion. Those who know the witchery of the sex, in that most amorous region of old Spain, may judge what must have been the fascination to which Don Fernando was exposed, when seated beside one of the most captivating of its descendants. He was, as has already been hinted, of an inflammable temperament, with a heart ready to get in a light blaze at every instant. And then he had been so wearied by pompous, tedious old cavaliers, with their formal bows and speeches; is it to be wondered at that he turned with delight to the Alcayde's daughter, all smiles, and dimples and melting looks and melting accents? Beside, for I wish to give him every excuse in my power, he was in a particularly excitable mood, from the novelty of the scene before him, and his head was almost turned with this sudden and complete realization of all his hopes and fancies: and then, in the flurry of the moment, he had taken frequent draughts at the wine cup, presented him at every instant by officious pages, and all the world knows the effect of such draughts in giving potency to female charms. In a word, there is no concealing the matter, the banquet was not half over, before Don Fernando was making love, outright, to the Alcayde's daughter. It was his old habitude, contracted long before his matrimonial engagement. The young lady hung her head coyly; her eye rested upon a ruby heart, sparkling in a ring on the hand of Don Fernando, a parting gaze of love from Serafina. A blush crimsoned her very temples. She darted a glance of doubt at the ring, and then at Don Fernando. He read her doubt, and in the giddy intoxication of the moment, drew off the pledge of his affianced bride, and slipped it on the finger of the Alcayde's daughter.

At this moment the banquet broke up. The chamberlain with his lofty demeanor, and his lack-lustre eyes, stood before him, and announced that the barge was waiting to conduct him back to the caravel. Don Fernando took a formal leave of the Alcayde and his dignitaries, & a tender farewell of the Alcayde's daughter, with a promise to throw himself at her feet on the following day. He was rowed back to his vessel in the same slow and stately manner, to the cadence of some mournful old ditty. He retired to his cabin, his brain whirling with all that he had seen, and his heart now and then giving him a twinge, as he recollected

his temporary infidelity to the beautiful Serafina. He flung himself on his bed, and soon fell into a feverish sleep. His dreams were wild and incoherent. How long he slept he knew not, but when he awoke he found himself, in a strange cabin, with persons around him of whom he had no knowledge. He rubbed his eyes to ascertain whether he were really awake. In reply to his enquiries, he was informed that he was on board of a Portuguese ship, bound to Lisbon; having been taken senseless from a wreck drifting about the ocean.

Don Fernando was confounded and perplexed. He retraced every thing distinctly that had happened to him in the Island of the Seven Cities, and until he had retired to rest on board the caravel. Had his vessel been driven from her anchors, and wrecked during his sleep? The people about him could give him no information on the subject. He talked to them of the Island of the Seven Cities and of all that had befallen him there. They regarded his words as the ravings of delirium, and in their honest solicitude, they administered such effectual remedies, that he was fain to drop the subject, and observe a cautious taciturnity.

At length they arrived in the Tagus, and anchored before the famous city of Lisbon. Don Fernando sprang joyfully on shore, and hastened to his ancestral mansion. To his surprise, it was inhabited by people unknown him; and when he asked about his family, no one could give him any information concerning them.

He now sought the mansion of Don Ramiro, for the temporary flame kindled by the bright eyes of the Alcayde's daughter had long since burnt itself out, and his genuine passion for Serafina had revived with all its fervor. He approached the balcony, beneath which he had so often serenaded her. Did his eyes deceive him? No! There was Serafina herself at the balcony. An exclamation of rapture burst from him, as he raised his arms toward her. She cast upon him a look of indignation, and hastily retiring, closed the casement. Could she have heard of his flirtation with the Alcayde's daughter? He would soon dispel every doubt of his constancy. The door was open. He rushed up stairs, and entering the room, threw himself at her feet. She shrank back with affright, and took refuge in the arms of a youthful cavalier.

'What mean you,' cried the latter, 'by this intrusion?'

'What right have you,' replied Don Fernando, 'to ask the question?'

'The right of an affianced suitor!'

Don Fernando started, and turned pale. Oh Serafina! Serafina! cried he, in a tone of agony, 'is this thy plighted constancy?'

'Serafina?—what mean you by Serafina? If it be this young lady you intend, her name is Maria.' 'Is not this Serafina Alvarez, and is not that her portrait?' cried Don Fernando, pointing to a picture of his mistress.

'Holy Virgin!' cried the young lady, 'he is talking of my great grandmother!'

An explanation ensued, if that could be called an explanation, which plunged the unfortunate Fernando into tenfold perplexity. If he might believe his eyes, he saw before him his beloved Serafina, if he might believe his ears, it was merely her hereditary form and features, perpetuated in the person of her great grand-daughter.

His brain began to spin. He sought the office of the Minister of Marine, and made a report of his expedition, and of the Island of the Seven Cities, which he had so fortunately discovered. No body knew any thing of such an expedition, or such an island. He declared that he had undertaken the enterprise under a formal contract with the crown, and had received a regular commission, constituting him Adalantado.—This must be a matter of record, and he insisted loudly that the books of the department should be consulted. The wordy strife at length attracted the attention of an old gray-headed clerk, who sat perched on a high stool, at a high desk, with iron rimmed spectacles on the top of a thin, pinched nose, copying records into an enormous folio. He had wintered and summered in the department for a great part of a century, until he had almost grown to be a piece of the desk at which he sat; his memory was a mere index of official facts and documents, and his brain was a little better than wax and parchment. After peering down for a time from

his lofty perch, and ascertaining the matter in controversy, he put his pen behind his ear, and descended. He remembered to have heard something from his predecessor about an expedition of the kind in question, but then it had sailed during the reign of Don Joan II., and he had been dead at least a hundred years. To put it, beyond dispute, however, the archives of the Torre do Tombo, that sepulchre of old Portuguese documents, were diligently searched, and a record was found of a contract between the crown and one Fernando de Ulmo, for the discovery of the Island of the Seven Cities, and of a commission secured to him as Adalantado of the country he might discover.

'There!' cried Don Fernando, triumphantly, 'there you have proof, before your own eyes, of what I have said. I am the Fernando de Ulmo specified in that record. I have discovered the Island of the Seven Cities, and am entitled to be Adalantado, according to contract.'

The story of Don Fernando had certainly, what is pronounced the best of historical foundation, documentary evidence; but when a man in the bloom of youth talked of events that had taken place above a century previously, as having happened to himself, it is no wonder that he was set down for a mad man.

The old clerk looked at him from above and below his spectacles, shrugged his shoulders, stroked his chin, reascended his lofty stool, took the pen from behind his ears, and resumed his daily and eternal task, copying records into the fiftieth volume of a series of gigantic folios. The other clerks winked at each other shrewdly, and dispersed to their several places, and poor Don Fernando, thus left to himself, flung out of the office, almost driven wild by these repeated perplexities.

In the confusion of his mind, he instinctively repaired to the mansion of Alvarez, but it was barred against him. To break the delusion under which the youth apparently labored, and to convince him that the Serafina about whom he raved was really dead, he was conducted to her tomb. There she lay, a stately matron, cut out in alabaster; and there lay beside her: a portly cavalier, in armour; and there knelt, on each side, the effigies of a numerous progeny, proving that she had been a fruitful vine. Even the very monument gave proof of the lapse of time, for the hands of her husband, which were folded as if in prayer, had lost their fingers, and the face of the once lovely Serafina was noseless.

Don Fernando felt a transient glow of indignation at beholding this monumental proof of the inconstancy of his mistress; but who could expect a mistress to remain constant during a whole century of absence?—And what right had he to rail about constancy, after what had passed between him and the Alcayde's daughter. The unfortunate cavalier performed one pious act of tender devotion; he had the alabaster nose of Serafina restored by a skillful statuary, and then tore himself from the tomb.

He could now no longer doubt the fact that, somehow or other he had skipped over a whole century, during the night he had spent at the Island of the Seven Cities, and he was now as complete a stranger in his native city, as if he had never been there. A thousand times did he wish himself back to that wonderful island, with its antiquated banquet halls, where he had been so courteously received; and now that the once young and beautiful Serafina was nothing but a great grandmother in marble, with generations of descendants, a thousand times would he recall the melting black eyes of the Alcayde's daughter, who doubtless, like himself, was still flourishing in fresh juvenility, and breathe a secret wish that he were seated by her side.

He would at once have set on foot another expedition, at his own expense, to cruise in search of the fabled island, but his means were exhausted. He endeavored to rouse others to the enterprise, setting forth the certainty of profitable results, of which his own experience furnished such unquestionable proof. Alas! no one would give faith to his tale; but looked upon it as the feverish dream of a ship-wrecked man. He persisted in his efforts; he sought forth in all places and all companies, until he became an object of jest and jeer to the light-minded, who mistook his earnest enthusiasm for a proof of insanity, and the very children in the streets bantered him with the title of "The Adalantado of the Seven Cities."

Finding all his efforts in vain, in his native city of Lisbon, he took shipping for the Canaries, as being nearer the latitude of his former cruise, and inhabited by people given to nautical adventure. Here he found ready listeners to his story: for the old pilots and mariners of those parts were notorious island-hunters and devout believers in all the wonders of the seas. Indeed, one and all treated his adventure as a common occurrence, and turning to each other, with a sagacious nod of the head, observed, 'He has been at the Island of St. Brandan.'

They went on to inform him of that great marvel and enigma of the ocean; of its repeated appearance to the inhabitants of their island; and of the many but ineffectual expeditions that had been made in search of it. They took him to a promontory of the island of Palma, from whence the shadowy St. Brandan had oftenest been descried, and they pointed out the very tract in the west where its mountains had been seen.

Don Fernando listened with rapt attention. He had no longer a doubt that this mysterious and fugacious island must be the same with that of the Seven Cities; and that there must be some supernatural influence connected with it, that had operated upon himself, and made the events of a night occupy the space of a century.

He endeavored, but in vain, to rouse the islanders to another attempt at discovery; they had given up the phantom island as indeed inaccessible. Fernando, however, was not to be discouraged. The idea wore itself deeper and deeper in his mind, until it became the engrossing subject of his thoughts and object of his being. Every morning he would repair to the promontory of Palma, and sit there throughout the five-long day, in hopes of seeing the fairy mountains of St. Brandan peering above the horizon; every evening he returned to his home, a disappointed man, but ready to resume his lonesome post, on the following morning.

His assiduity was all in vain. He grew gray in his ineffectual attempt; and was at length found dead at his post. His grave is still shown in the island of Palma, and a cross is erected on the spot where he used to sit and look out upon the sea, in hopes of the reappearance of the enchanted island.

MISCELLANY.

THE JEWELS.

A TRADITION OF THE RABBIS.

The celebrated teacher Rabbi Meir, sat, during the whole of one Sabbath day, in the public school instructing the people. During his absence from the house his two sons died. Both of them of uncommon beauty, and enlightened in the law. His wife bore them to her bed, and spread white covering over their bodies. In the evening the Rabbi Meir came home.

'Where are my two sons,' he asked, 'that I may give them my blessing? I repeatedly looked round the school, I did not see them.'

'She reached to him a goblet. He praised the Lord at the going out of the Sabbath, drank and again asked.

'Where are my sons that they too may drink of the cup of blessing?'

'They will not be far off,' she said, and placed food before him that he might eat.

He was in a gladsome and genial mood: and when he had said grace after the meal, she thus addressed him.

'Rabbi, with thy permission I would fain propose to thee one question.'

'Ask it then, my love!' he replied.

'A few days ago a person entrusted some jewels to my custody, and now he demands them again: should I give them up?'

'This is a question,' said Rabbi Meir, 'which my wife should not have thought necessary to ask. What wouldst thou hesitate or be reluctant to restore to every one his own?'

'No,' she replied, 'but I thought it best not to restore them without acquainting thee therewith.'

She then led him to the chamber and stepping to the bed, took the white covering from the dead bodies.

'Ah my sons, my sons!' thus loudly lamented the father, 'my sons! the light of mine eyes and the light of

my understanding! I was your father, but ye were my teachers in the law.'

The mother turned away and wept bitterly. At length she took her husband by the hand and said.

'Rabbi, didst thou not teach me that we must not be reluctant to restore that which was entrusted to our keeping? See the Lord gave, the Lord hath taken away, and blessed be the name of the Lord!'

'Blessed be the name of the Lord!' echoed Rabbi Meir, 'and blessed be his name for thy sake too, for well it is written. "Whose hath found a virtuous wife, hath a greater treasure than costly pearls; she openeth her mouth with wisdom and in her tongue is the law of kindness."

THE SEA'S BOTTOM.

The bottom of the basin of the sea seems to have inequalities like those of the surface of the continents. Were it dried up, it would present valleys and plains. It is covered almost throughout with an immense quantity of testaceous animals, or those who have shells intermixed with sand and grain. The bottom of the Adriatic Sea is composed of a compact bed of shells, several hundred feet in thickness. A celebrated diver, employed to descend into the Straits of Messina, saw there, with horror, enormous polypi attached to the rocks, the arms of which, being several feet long; were more than sufficient to strangle a man; in many seas, the eye perceives nothing but a bright, sandy, plain bottom, extending for several hundred miles without an intervening object. But in others, particularly in the Red Sea, it is very different; the whole body of this extensive bed of waters, literally speaking, a forest of submarine plants and corals, formed by insects for their habitation, sometimes branching out to a great extent. Here are seen the madrepores, sponges, mosses, sea mushrooms, and various other things, covering every part of the bottom. The bed of many parts of the sea near America presents a very different though very beautiful appearance. This is covered with vegetables, which make it look as green as a meadow; and beneath are thousands of turtle and other sea animals feeding thereon. There are some places of the sea where no bottom has yet been found, still it is not bottomless. The mountains of continents seem to correspond with what are called the abysses of the sea. The highest mountains do not rise above 25,000 feet; and, allowing for the effects of the elements some suppose that the sea, is not beyond 56,000 feet in depth. Lord Mulgrave used, in the Northern Ocean, a very heavy sounding lead, and gave out, along with it, cable rope to the length of 4,686 feet, without finding the bottom. But the greatest depth hitherto sounded was by Captain Scoresby, who, in the Greenland Sea, could find no bottom with 1,200 fathoms or 7,200 feet of line. According to Laplace its mean depth is about two miles, which supposing the general received estimates to be correct, as to the proportion the extent of the water bears to the dry land on the earth's surface, would make about two hundred and 80 millions of cubic feet of water.—*Rev. C. Williams' Works.*

ANECDOTE OF GARRICK.

When Garrick first came upon the stage, and, one very sultry evening in the month of May, performed the character of Lear, he, in the four first acts, received the customary tokens of applause; and at the conclusion of the fifth, when he wept over the body of Cordelia, every eye caught the soft infection, the big round tear ran down every cheek; at this interesting moment, to the astonishment of all present, his face assumed a new character and his whole frame appeared agitated by a new passion—it was not tragic, for he was evidently endeavoring to suppress a laugh; in a few seconds the attendant nobles appeared to be affected in the same manner; and the beautiful Cordelia, who was reclined upon a crimson couch, opening her eyes to see what occasioned the interruption, leaped from the sofa; and with the majesty of England, the gallant Albany, and tough old Kent, ran laughing off the stage. The audience could not account for so strange a termination of a tragedy, in any other way than by supposing the dramatic persona were seized with a sudden frenzy; but their risibility had a different source. A fat Whitechapel butcher, seated on the centre of the first bench of the pit, was accompanied by his mastiff, who, being accustomed to sit on the same seat with his

master at home, naturally thought he might enjoy the same privilege here; got upon the bench, and fixing his fingers on the rail of the orchestra, peeped at the performers with as upright a head, and as grave an air, as the most sagacious critic of his day. Our corpulent slaughterman was made of melting stuff, and, not being accustomed to a playhouse heat, found himself much oppressed by the weight of a large and well-powdered Sunday peruke, which, for the gratification of cooling and wiping his head, he pulled off, and placed on the head of his mastiff. The dog, being in so conspicuous, so obtrusive a situation, caught the eye of Garrick and of the other performers. A mastiff in a churchwarden's wig (for the butcher was a parish officer) was too much; it would have provoked laughter in Lear himself, at the moment he was most distressed; no wonder then that it had such an effect in his representative.

THE WONDERS OF HORTICULTURE.

Innumerable are the advantages which mankind have derived from the horticulturists. Few would suppose that the peach (from which branched the nectarine) had its origin in the almond; or that the shaddock, the citron, the orange, the lemon, proceeded from the diminutive white lime. The favourite edible celery, springs from a rank and acid root denominated smallage, which grows on all sides of ditches, and in the neighbourhood of the sea. The hazel nut was the ancestor of the filbert and the cubnut, while the luscious plum can claim no higher source than the sloe. From the sour-crab issues the golden pippin, and the pear and cherry originally grew in the forest. The garlen asparagus, which grows, though not very commonly, in stony and gravelly situations near the sea, when growing spontaneously, is a diminutive plant, and none indeed but a practised eye, examining into the species which is reared by artificial culture, can discern the least resemblance. Wondrous to relate the cauliflower, of which broccoli is a sub-variety, derives, together with the cabbage, from the cale-wort; a plant in its natural state, and scanty leaves, not weighing half an ounce. The Crambe Maritima, which is found wild adjacent to the sea, has been improved into sea-kale; the invaluable potato is the offspring of a bitter American root of spontaneous growth; and the all-tempting pine-apple descends from a fruit which in foreign climates grow wild by the sides of rivulets, and under the shade of lofty trees.—*Gardner's Gaz.*

Masonic Maxims.—To shroud the imperfections of our friend, and cloak his infirmities, is Christian and charitable, and consequently befitting a Mason; even the truth should not be told at all times; for where we cannot approve, we should pity in silence. What pleasure or profit can there arise by exposing the errors of a brother? To exhort him is virtuous; to revile him is inhuman; to set him out as an object of ridicule is infernal.

FINISHING AN EDUCATION.

"She has finished her education," said my friend. F'n'shed her education! said I—just as though a young lady's education was a stocking or rather a bonnet, and now it was to be placed in the band box, to be displayed to visitors and worn only on set occasions. Mr. editor, I protest against the doing up and finishing off a young lady's education with her teens—just at that time when she begins if she ever does begin, to think. A young man has just acquired at one-and-twenty, the elements of education, and is prepared to study advantageously according to his own discretion; but a young lady has done—finished,—the circle of her science is complete; and she is ready for any station in life, that may be thrown in her way. Now, why, in the name of common sense may not a woman think, and if she may think, why may she not study, and acquire profitable food for thought?

There is a lady, of whom I have some knowledge that "finished her education," by learning peculiarly good advantages at an early age. She is now a wife and mother of six children. She plays well upon the Piano—sings sweetly—dances elegantly—is very polite, &c.—but her husband must, and actually does put all her children to bed, and takes care of them through the night; and as to her table—the bread is execrable, to one who has visited his grand mother's pantry: and her coffee—O! her coffee! it would cost her head, if the very scent of it reached the Grand Turk's palace; and yet the lady has "finished her education."

The question "Why Printers do not succeed in business as well as Brewers?" was thus answered:—"Because Printers work for the head and Brewers for the stomach, and where twenty men have a stomach but one has a head."

A silly fop in company with lady F. and I wanting his servant, cried out, 'where is my blockhead.'—'Upon your shoulders,' replied the lady.

BIOGRAPHY.

AUDUBON.

This distinguished ornithologist, one of America's most gifted and most remarkable sons, has recently returned from Europe with his entire collection of original drawings. They are now exhibited at the Lyceum in New York. The Herald furnishes the following interesting sketch of this truly extraordinary man:

Early one morning in the month of October, in 1805 a young man sat reading a volume of Goldsmith's Natural History, in a small house in Pearl-street in this city. He was just entering his 19th year: his form was admirably moulded, though slight; his stature rather under than over the middle size; his dark hair, parted back, displayed a forehead unusually well developed; his features were finely formed, and lighted up by eyes dark and fiery as the eagle's gave token of intelligence of no common order. His eye glanced alternately from the page before him to a small and beautiful bird in the room, fluttering against the bars of his wry prison; at last, closing the book and rising from his seat, he exclaimed: "This description is true, but the drawing is bad; I will paint that bird myself from nature." Before that day's sun went down behind the western hills, the bird was painted with a truth to nature never excelled! That young painter was Audubon!

This was his first great effort; the fire of true genius which nothing on earth can quench, had long been smouldering in his bosom; it now burst forth with an ardor never again to be repressed. Young Audubon had made rough sketches and drawings, and copies of birds often before the time we speak of; but from this hour the destiny of his future life was fixed. He was thenceforth to be the painter, the historian of the birds of the great continent of North America. Thirty-five years have rolled over his head; the fiery suns of summer, and the frosts of winter have left him unscathed in form or intellect; his figure is still erect; his sinewy limbs as active as ever; his features calm, clear, hale and hearty; and though the hand of time has somewhat silvered his hair, his eye still retains the eagle fire that beamed from it in dawning manhood. And in every sense of the word, Audubon is a great, an extraordinary man.

Audubon left the city of New York whilst still a young man, and went to Louisiana and Kentucky.—Here all his leisure time was spent wandering in the woods, with his gun, pencil, and sketch book. At that early age, he had resolved to travel on foot over North America, and find every bird it contained, sketch it from nature, shoot, stuff and finish it. He has done this. At Louisville he first met with the eccentric and talented John Wilson, the pioneer in American ornithology, from whom he obtained much valuable information, and with whom he was on terms of the warmest friendship to the day of his death. Leaving Louisville he descended the Ohio, still exploring the woods and forests of the then far west, till he reached the Mississippi; and soon after this he gave up every other business, occupation and pursuit, and devoted himself entirely to this great undertaking of describing with pen and pencil, all the birds of North America.

His life has been a most eventful and curious one; sometimes teeming with pleasure and delight; sometimes abounding with pain of body and bitterness of soul. His has been alternately a life of privation, glory, suffering, delight, want, misery, care, wrong, prosperity and happiness. He has crossed and recrossed every passable portion of North America, at least ten times, and mostly on foot. Alone, unheeded, unaided, uncheered, except by the inward delight thrilling through his own bosom, he has accomplished most of the great task that will hand his name down to Time's latest day with never dying fame.

He has caught, killed, prepared, and painted with his single hand, every known bird in the country, numbering over five hundred.

He has spent 25 years of his illustrious life to effect

this, he has succeeded in his tremendous task. He has every bird and every original drawing of each bird in his possession. He has been to England, and succeeded in getting all his drawings engraved in a style of excellence never surpassed.

He has 200 sets only of his great work printed, five volumes forming a set; of these seventy-six have been sold in Europe, and seventy-four in the United States, at an average of \$1000 each set of 500 plates, the latter press forming a distinct block. And after accomplishing all this, he has returned, at the age of 53, to the city of New York, the successful scene of his early efforts, with his splendid and unrivalled collection of original drawings, which are now in the course of exhibition at the Lyceum in Broadway.

AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER.

ALBANY, SATURDAY, NOV. 16, 1839.

THE HISTORY OF MASONRY.—We commence this week, on our first page, an interesting and ably written history of freemasonry. To those of the "mystic tie" we flatter ourselves it will be particularly acceptable, as it is eminently calculated to settle the conflicting opinions entertained in regard to the institution. To the general reader, it cannot fail of proving a source of information on a subject, which so much has been said, of late years, and which so little has been understood.

Masonry is truly a science, and that too of the noblest order. No man, be he intelligent, who is inducted into its mysteries, but will rise up a "wiser and a better man." That our ceremonies are unmeaning is untrue. It is true, they do not conform to "modern usages," and it is equally true, that there is many a brother who has been hurried thro' the ceremonies, with about as much of the science of masonry, when he came out, as when he went in. But to the heart that is prepared to receive the impress of our ceremonies, there is a continual progressive beauty from the "rough ashler," to the perfect Arch.

Perhaps there has been no more bitter enemies to the institution, than can be found in the writings of the Abbe Barreul, and Dr. Robinson, (opponents of the Giddens school scarcely merit a notice) neither were Masons, and both of them had suffered their prejudices to assimilate Masonry with German Illuminism.

It has been the author's object "to divest the history of Freemasonry of that jargon and mystery in which it hath hitherto been enveloped; and to attempt something like a classical view of this ancient and respectable institution.

"The history of an association, which has existed from the remotest antiquity; which has extended to every corner of the world, and embraced men of every rank, of every religion and every form of government, must surely be interesting to a contemplative man, who is accustomed to discover new features of the mind, in every human institution. But those who derive amusement, only from the recital of bloody wars and domestic commotions, who are delighted with romantic narrations, and stories of imaginary happiness and misery, will find here no gratifications of their sanguinary and corrupted taste. They will turn, with disappointments, from the history of a peaceable association, formed for the purpose of scientific improvement and the exercise of mutual benevolence; patronising and executing those magnificent structures, which at one time have contributed to the utility and ornament of nations, and at another to the amusement and admiration of succeeding ages; an association sometimes persecuted from the jealousy of power,—sometimes alarmed by the threats of superstition,—frequently attacked, but never overturned."

OFFICERS

Of Olive Branch Lodge, No. 39, held at Bethany Centre, Genesee County, N. Y.

S. W. Curtis, W. M.
G. W. Webb, S. W.
C. Barrows, J. W.
Wm. Mott, Treas.
N. Huggins, Sec'y
J. Gardner S. D.
O. Perkins, J. D.

Regular communications the first Wednesday preceding the full moon.

There are several circumstances connected with this Lodge, which are worthy of remark. It has been termed the "Veteran frontier Lodge," although it perhaps, might with more propriety be denominated the insulated Lodge, it being the only Lodge, west of Genesee, in this State, which has held its regular communications and paid its dues to the Grand Lodge from the commencement of the Morgan excitement, to this time. Much praise is due to the brethren in Bethany and its vicinity, in sustaining themselves against that tremendous cataract, which for years swept almost every thing before it. Truth has prevailed; error has been combated by reason and this little band of brethren, who have contended manfully for the principles of their order, have witnessed their triumph in the downfall of apostacy, and the utter prostration of the natural enemies of the order.

We hope the brethren will not consider us invidious, if *en passant*, we render to our veteran Brother Blanchard Powers, that public masonic acknowledgement, which is so richly his due. Br. Powers, although upwards of *Seventy years* of age, has from the commencement of the Morgan difficulties, exhibited a devotion and zeal for the interests and welfare of the institution, scarcely to be found among the most enthusiastic Supporters of the Masonic Institution. To his steadfast and untiring perseverance, may be ascribed in a great measure the duration and prosperity of Masonry in the region of the country in which he resides. During the sitting of the Grand Lodge, at their late communication, the Grand Secretary in his annual report, says—"I cannot allow the present opportunity to pass without mentioning the valuable services of Brother Powers, who although upwards of *Seventy years* of age, is zealously attached to the order, and has in the discharge of his duties as Grand Visiter, performed services which entitle him to the thanks of the Grand Lodge." The Grand Secretary was directed to express the views of the Grand Lodge by giving Br. Powers a written testimonial of the appreciation of his services.

GENESEE ENCAMPMENT.

At a regular communication of Genesee Encampment, No. 10 held at Lockport, Niagara county, on the 18th day of September, last, the following officers were elected, for the ensuing year:—

M. E. Sir Ebenezer Mix, G. C.

" Horace Narramor, G.
" Jonathan Austin, C. G.
" Peter P. Murphy, Prelate.
" Philip Murphy, S. W.
" B. V. Peterson, J. W.
" Blanchard Powers, Treasurer.
" Henry Maxwell, Recorder.
" Liller Fisher, Standard Bearer.
" James High, Sword Bearer.
" Reuben Harriman, Warder.

Sirs Frederic Follett, Ezekiel Hall, and Sherman M'Lean, Capts. of the Guard.

After the election, the doors of the Hall were thrown

open for the admission of companions, brethren, and others, and the M. E. Grand Commander, delivered a lecture, setting forth the origin, and tracing the progress of the orders of Masonic Christian Knighthood, and exhibiting the connection of those orders with ancient Freemasonry, derived from authentic ancient and modern, sacred and profane history. We shall endeavor to procure a copy of the address for publication in our paper.

CLOSE VOTING.—According to the official canvass, of this District, just published, in which was polled at the late election, 49,098 votes, Gen. Root is elected over his opponent, Mr. Wilson, by only *two votes*.—Gen. R. received 24,550 votes, and Mr. W. 24,548.

Provisions.—The late press in the money market, has had the tendency of bringing almost all kinds of provisions down, to the old standard. A friend who is daily in the market, informs us, that butter has been sold for 13 cents, chickens 10, pork 4½, and other articles of consumption, in the same proportion. We shall probably be enabled to buy this winter, as much for one shilling, as we did last for two, and the only difficulty will be to get, as the Hibernian said, the same one shilling.

Five young females took the veil of nuns last week at Georgetown, D. C. in the convent of the Sisters of the Visitation. They belonged, says the Georgetown Advocate, to "wealthy families in the District, and had been on probation four years."

Masters, Wardens, and Secretaries of Lodges, are requested to act as our Agents, in procuring subscribers. The Back Numbers will in all cases be furnished.

Peter Woodard, aged 24 years, (on the 21st inst.) while feeding a thrashing machine in the town of Aurelius, Cayuga Co. under the power of seven horses, had his right arm drawn into the machine, and so terrible torn, as to render immediate amputation necessary.

MOBILE.—The Register of the 30th says: There were six interments yesterday, and up to the present writing, we have heard of three today, embracing some of our oldest and most respectable citizens. In most of the malignant cases, the black vomit occurs.

Our friends should wait surer indications of returning salubrity to the atmosphere, than we yet have. The weather continues very unfavorable—dry and sultry at mid day, with cold nights. Duty compels us to caution absentees against returning until we have a severe frost. Interments during the month of October, were 120.

The yellow fever, it is said, has broke out with great violence at Vicksburgh.

The city Inspector reports the deaths of 123 persons, in the city and county of New York, from the 2d to the 9th of Nov. 1839.

MUSEUM.—This place continues to be a source of much attraction. Welden the Magician, is said to be unique in his line.

The Apollo.—In Green street, has lately undergone several improvements. A neat little pit has been added. Mr. & Mrs. Thorn are among the attractions at this place.

Steamboat Sunk.—The N. O. Bulletin of the 5th inst. says:—The steamboat Far West is sunk to the guns on Island shore, opposite Bayou La Poudre, having been run into by steamboat Southerner. Her cargo of cotton probably will be saved; the boat, &c. lost.

MARRIED.

On the 20th ult. by the Rev. Dr. Nichols, Lieut. Robert Allen, 2d U. S. Artillery, to Miss N. I. Preble daughter of the Hon. W. P. Preble, of Portland, Maine.

In Rochester, on the 7th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Beecher, Mr. James H. Weld, of Columbiaville, to Miss Ellen Ann Medbery, of Rochester.

On Tuesday evening last by the Rev. Mr. Kelly, Mr. Peter Stanton, to Miss Margaret Fitzgerald. All of this city.

On the 12th inst. in the city of New York, by the Rev. Dr. Strobel, Mr. Thomas J. Mesick, merchant of this city, to Louisa C. second eldest daughter of Mrs. H. F. Benne, formerly of this city.

At Schodack, on the 11th inst. by the Rev. E. P. Stimson, James D. Van Vechten, to Rachel Ann, daughter of Henry Van Denbergh, esq.

At Rensselaerville on Wednesday evening Nov. 6th, by the Rev. Zebulon Phillips, Mr. Chester Cook, of Rensselaerville, to Miss Marietta Russ of the same place.

At Oakhill on Thursday Nov. 7th at 10 o'clock A. M. by the Rev. J. Cone, Mr. Alban Crocker of Rensselaerville, to Miss Adela Campbell of Oakhill. Greene Co.

DIED.

On the 6th of November, inst., Dominic T. Blake, a member of the New York Bar for the last 36 years.

At Donaldsonville, La. on the 24th ult., of nervous fever, Rensselaer Gansevoort, M. D. formerly of this city, aged 39 years, son of the late Leonard Gansevoort, jr., esq.

Suddenly, at Sandy Hill, on the 29th ult., George Burr, esq. aged 33 years.

Suddenly, on Tuesday morning, the 12th inst., Phoebe, wife of John McKnight, in the 25th year of her age.

In this city, yesterday, Mr. John Godden, in the 25th year of his age.

At St. Augustine on the 5th inst. Lieut. Rodney, and on the 6th. Quartermaster McCrabb, U. S. Army.

A Patriot gone.—The Republican Journal, printed in Belfast, Me. records the death of one John Cochran, who made one of the famous "Boston Tea Party." He was born in Boston and removed to Belfast a number of years since. He was a man of good property, which is not always the case with revolutionary veterans, and highly respected by a large circle of friends.

At Carlisle, Pen., on the 16th ult., Miss Catharine, 4th daughter of Commodore Jesse D. Elliott, aged 16 years and 6 months.

In Brownington (Vt.) on the 25 ult. Humphrey Nichols, 85 years a veteran of the Revolution and a Pensioner.

NICHOLAS NICKLEBY, complete—Life and Adventures of Nicholas Nickleby, by Chas. Dickens, (Box) with illustrations, complete in one vol.

Curtis on Health: or, the art of living: observations on the preservation of health in infancy, youth, manhood and age, London edition.

Part XI pictorial edition of Shakespeare's comedy of Errors.

The Hand Book of Heraldry, the Cricketer's Hand Book, the Hand Book of Magic. Swimming Hand Book Language and Sentiment of Flowers, the Angler's Hand Book of Domestic Cookery, &c.

Constantinople, complete in 1 vol. elegantly bound in morocco gilt; scenery of Asia Minor, illustrated. Drawings from nature, with historical account of Constantinople, and description of the places.

American Almanac, for 1840.

Second series of the School Library, 50 volumes for \$20, in a case, for sale by

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HAWES & BAKER.

POETRY.

For the American Masonic Register and Literary Companion
MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

I know that there are fairer climes,
Where the bright sun forever shines;
Where citron groves and orange bowers,
Their perfume lent to fairy bowers,
But in our land the wind blows keen,
And beautiful flowers are seldom seen;
Yet, I would always here remain,
For mother's in the churchyard lain.

I've heard of climes where birds' sweet song
Borne by the gentle breeze along,
Is heard o'er streams that murmur by,
Whose bosoms mirror the blue sky,
Though these all bright appear to be,
There is no beauty there for me.
Ah! no, these scenes they tempt me not
My mother's grave is on this spot.

Though songsters linger not here long,
But fly o'er they complete their song,
Though we have winters cold and drear,
And chilling winds throughout the year,
And frost and snow, and piercing blast,
And leafless trees and sky o'er cast,
Yet O! persuade me not to go,
My mother's grave is 'neath the snow.

FLORA.

ODE TO THE SOUTH POLE.

BY BOANERGES BURSTALL.

Stupendous Pole!—thou walking-stick of Time!
Thou giant flag-staff in empyreal air!
Throned in Antarctic solitude sublime,
Portentous mystery! what dost thou do there?

Ly'st thou enchain'd in that benighted sea?
Sleep'st thou in lullaby of whistling thunders?
O Pole! in frenzy when I think of thee,
I think—I think—unutterable wonders!

There dost thou sit, unseen, untouch'd, unshaken,
A thousand sea-calves roar at thee in vain;
Ten thousand bears in vain their growls awaken,
And thrice ten thousand whales spout up the foam-
ing main!

Should thou, O stedfast Pole! desert thy station,
New Zealand's coasts would tremble at the sight,
The Hindoo tawnies quake in consternation,
And sable Hottentots turn pale with fright.

Shouldst thou break loose in some stupendous thaw,
Leap to the North, and kiss thy Arctic brother,
Then sea and land, "in elemental war,"
As poets say, would make a "dreadful pother."

Hark! hear we not the South Sea island rushing
Through Behring's Straits which vainly bid them
stand.

There goes New Holland, old Spitzbergen crushing,
Cape Horn runs butting against Newfoundland!

I see old Neversink falling away,
And Bunker Hill upset in Lake Champlain,
I see Gibraltar skate through Baffin's Bay,
And Cuba scouring o'er the State of Maine.

Here, I see sea-serpents twist their tails on high,
And shoals of frightened porpoises are dashing;
There great leviathans and little fry,
Penobscot shad and Norway kraken splashing.

Six waterspouts stream up Wakulla fountain
Thund'ring from Pasquotank to Tombigbee,
Rhode Island jumps astride of Saddle Mountain
And canters down the Falls of Genesee!

The Blue Ridge tumbles o'er the western prairie,
And pounds the buffaloes with desperate slaughter;
Now strong Madeira dashes Grand Canary,
And now up hill, good Lord! runs Taunton water!

Behold Bermuda burst his rocky tether,
And rush upon Cape Cod in roaring war!
And there the ~~Winds~~ all go smash together,
Boston and Paris, Bangtown and Bangor!

The moon blows up, the fix'd stars run away,
Earth, sun and comets into chaos swing!
'Tis done! the skies come tumbling down!—But stay
It is *not* done, because there's no such thing.

No! mortal sight is happily a stranger
To all the horrors of the astounding scene;
Fate has look'd out in time to spy the danger,
And placed the equinoctial line between.

While stands the mountains, the South Pole will
stand,
When fall, the mountains, the South Pole will
fall,
New Holland, Java and Van Dieman's Land,
And Owhyhee and South Sea Islands all.

Then fare the well, dread Pole, the very notion,
Curdles my blood with horrifying chill.
Don't think of such tremendous locomotion,
But fare thee well, South Pole, and stand stock
still!

The following beautiful Ode is from the pen
of the "Boston Bard," and accords so exactly with
those sentiment of charity, taught and practised in Ma-
sonic Lodges, that we republish it, probably for the
hundredth time, with pleasure.

WHAT IS CHARITY?

'Tis not to pause, when at our door
A shiv'ring brother stands,
To ask the cause that made him poor,
Or why he help demands.

'Tis not to spurn that brother's prayer,
For faults he once had known;
'Tis not to leave him in despair,
And say that we have none.

The voice of charity is kind;
She thinketh nothing wrong;
To every fault she seemeth blind,
Nor vaunteth with her tongue.

In penitence she placeth faith;
Hope smileth at her door;
Relieveth first, then kindly saith,
Go, brother, sin no more.

MASONIC ODE.

When first Eternal justice bade
Life's varied ills untemper'd flow,
'Twas then Almighty goodness said,
Go Pity, cheer the realms of woe.
Go mild Compassion, go Charity and Love,
Tell man there's Mercy yet above.

Scarce fled from heaven the high behest,
That whelm'd in light the smiling earth,
Ere wide creation doubly bless'd,
Hail'd MASONRY's propitious birth.
With strains majestic, ye Masons lift the skies,
I ot g:e'afu! hallelujahs i'e.

Hail *Royal Art!* in humble zeal!
The *Mason* greets thy gladdening sway;
'Tis thine to teach his heart to feel,
And thine to bid his hand obey.
'Twas *wisdom* fashion'd, 'twas *strength* thy temple rais'd
And *Beauty* o'er the fabric blaz'd.

Sweet Charity, whose soothing art
Can bid dull apathy adore,
Can sweep the chords of every heart,
Primeval harmony restore.
Come lovely sister, come smooth life's rugged way,
And lead our souls to realms of day.

VERSES

Addressed to Miss R—B—, who complained of
the tooth-ache.

You complain, my dear girl, of the *ache* of your *tooth*;
And I've heard it, indeed, with surprise;
Pray have you forgot, that, to many a youth,
You have given *heart-aches* with your *eyes*?

And the *ache* of the *heart*, let me tell you, sweet maid,
Is worse than the pain you lament;
It throws o'er the prospects of life a deep shade,
And drives from the bosom content.

Then cease from your wailings and outcries of woe,
And quit a'l your sobbings and sighs;
The Fates, dear Rebecca, order'd it so—
Through your *teeth*, thus to punish your *eyes*.

SONNET.

BY A MOTHER TO HER SLEEPING BOY.
O, I could gaze for ever on that brow,
Where innocence and peace in beauty rest!
Upon those curls, that seem a cherub's nest;
That quiet smile, of sweet and heavenly glow,
And the dark silken lash, which gently now
Falls on that rosy cheek, so oft impressed
With love's warm kiss, when folded to this breast.
And will thy face in manhood's slumbers show
These tokens of a soul within serene?
Or in their stead, by time, will marks of care,
And disappointment's traces, there be seen?
No, if a widowed mother's fervent prayer
Prevail with Heaven, the ills which hers have been,
Shall never blight thee, bud of promise fair!

WEEDS.

Scorn not those rude, unlovely things,
All cultureless that grow;
And rank o'er woods, and wilds, and springs,
Their vain luxuriance throw.

Eternal love and wisdom drew
The plan of earth and skies;
And He, the span of heaven that threw,
Commands the weeds to rise.

Then think not nature's scheme sublime
These common things might spare:—
For science may detect in time
A thousand virtues there.

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AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER AND LITERARY COMPANION.

BY L. G. HOFFMAN.

ALBANY, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1839.

[VOL. I.—NO. 12.]

MASONRY.

—Sunt illa coelestia,
Trenquille per victricem patet unica viam.—Juv. Sat.

THE HISTORY OF FREEMASONRY,

DRAWN FROM AUTHENTIC SOURCES OF INFORMATION.
No. II.

As men in the early ages of society, were destitute of those methods of diffusing knowledge which we now enjoy, and even of those which were used in Greece and Rome, when the art of printing was unknown: the few discoveries in art and science which were then made must have been confined to a small number of individuals. In these ages, the pursuit of science must have been a secondary consideration, and those who did venture to explore the untrodden regions of knowledge, would overlook those unsubstantial speculations which gratify the curiosity of philosophic men; and would fix their attention on those only which terminate in public utility, and administer to the necessities of life. As architecture could only be preceded by agriculture itself it must have been in this science that the first efforts of human skill were tried: and in which man must have first experienced success in extending his dominion over the works of nature. The first architects, therefore, would be philosophers. They alone required the assistance of art: and they alone would endeavor to obtain it. The information which was acquired individually, would be imparted to others of the same profession: and an association would be formed for the mutual improvement of its members. In order to preserve among themselves that information which they alone collected: in order to excite amongst others a higher degree of respect for their profession, and prevent the intrusion of those who were ignorant of architecture, and, consequently, could not promote the object of the institution, appropriate words and signs would be communicated to its members; and significant ceremonies would be performed at their initiation, that their engagement to secrecy might be impressed upon their minds, and greater regard excited for the information they were to receive. Nor is there more speculation: there exist at this day, in the deserts of Egypt, such monuments of architecture, as must have been reared in those early ages, which preclude the records of authentic history, and the erection of these stupendous fabrics, must have required an acquaintance with the mechanical arts, which is not in the possession of modern architects. It is an undoubted fact, also, that there existed, in these days, a particular association of men to whom scientific knowledge was confined, and who resembled the society of Freemasons in every thing but the name.

In Egypt, and those countries of Asia which lie contiguous to that favored kingdom, the arts and sciences were cultivated with success, while other nations were involved in ignorance. It is here, therefore, that Freemasonry would flourish, and here only can we discover marks of its existence in the remotest ages. It is extremely probable, that the first, and the only object of the Society of Masons, was the mutual communication of knowledge connected with their profession: and that those only would gain admittance into their Order, whose labours were subsidiary to those of the architect. But when the ambition or vanity of the Egyptian priests prompted to erect huge and expensive fabrics, for celebrating the worship of their Gods,

or perpetuating the memory of their kings, they would naturally desire to participate in that scientific knowledge, which was possessed by the architects they employed: and as the sacerdotal order fell, among a superstitious people, to gain the objects of their ambition, they would in this case, succeed in their attempt, and be initiated into the mysteries, as well as instructed in the science of Freemasonry. These remarks will not only assist us in discovering the source from which the Egyptian priests derived that knowledge, for which they have been so highly celebrated: they will assist us also in accounting for those changes which were superinduced on the forms of Freemasonry, and for the admission of men into the Order, whose professions had no connection with the royal art.

When the Egyptian priests had, in this manner, procured a mission into the Society of Freemasons, they connected the mythology of their country, and their metaphysical speculations concerning the nature of God, and the condition of man, with an association formed for the exclusive purpose of scientific improvement, and produced that combination of science and theology which, in after ages, formed such a conspicuous part of the principles of Freemasonry.

The knowledge of the Egyptians was carefully concealed from the vulgar: and when the priests did condescend to communicate it to the learned men of other nations, it was conveyed in symbols and hieroglyphics, accompanied by theatrical rites and ceremonies, marking the value of the gift they bestowed. What those ceremonies were, which were performed at initiation into the Egyptian mysteries, we are unable, at this distance of time, to determine. But as the Eleusinian and other mysteries had their origin in Egypt, we may be able, perhaps, to discover the qualities of the fountain, by examining the nature of the stream.

The immense population of Egypt, confined with other causes, occasioned frequent emigrations from that enlightened country. In this manner it became the centre of civilization, and introduced into the most distant and savage climes, the sublime mysteries of religion, and those important discoveries and useful inventions, which originated in the ingenuity of its inhabitants. The first colony of the Egyptians that arrived in Greece, was conducted by Inachus, about nineteen hundred and seventy years before the Christian era: and about three centuries afterwards he was followed by Cecrops, Cadmus, and Demos. These were the inhabitants of Greece, beheld with astonishment the magical tricks of the Egyptians: and regarded as so many skilful adventurers, who communicated to them the arts and sciences of their native land. In this manner were sown those seeds of improvement, which, in future ages, exalted Greece to such pre-eminence among the nations.

After the Egyptian colonies had obtained a secure settlement in their new territories, and were freed from those uneasy apprehensions, which generally trouble the invaders of a foreign land, they instituted, after the manner of their ancestors, particular festivals or mysteries, in honor of those, who had benefited

their country by arts or by arms. In the reign of Erichonius, about fifteen hundred years before the commencement of our era, the Eleusinian mysteries were instituted in honor of Ceres, who, having come to Greece in quest of her daughter, resided with Triptolemus at Eleusis, and instructed him in the knowledge of agriculture, and in the still more important knowledge of a future state.

About the same time, the Panathena were instituted in honour of Minerva, and the Dionysian mysteries in honour of Bacchus, who invented theatres, and instructed the Greeks in many useful arts, but particularly in the culture of the vine. That the Eleusinian and Dionysian mysteries, were intimately connected with the progress of the arts and sciences, is manifest from the very end for which they were formed, and they were modelled upon the mysteries of Isis and Osiris, celebrated in Egypt, is probable from the similarity of their origin as well as from the consent of ancient authors. If there be any plausibility in our former reasoning, concerning the origin of knowledge in Egypt, it will follow, that the Dionysian, and the mysteries of Eleusis, were societies of Freemasons, formed for scientific improvement though tinged with the doctrines of the great Egyptian mythology.

But it is not from conjecture only that this conclusion may be drawn. The striking similarity among the external forms of these secret associations, and the still more striking similarity of the objects they had in view, are strong proofs, that they were only different streams issuing from a common fountain. Those who were initiated into the Eleusinian mysteries, were bound by the most awful engagements, to conceal the instructions they received, and the ceremonies that were performed. None were admitted as candidates, till they arrived at a certain age; and particular persons were appointed to examine and prepare them for the rites of initiation. Those, whose conduct was found irregular, or who had been guilty of atrocious crimes, were rejected as unworthy of initiation, while the successful candidates were instructed, by significant symbols, in the principles of religion; were exhorted to quell every turbulent passion, and to merit, by the improvements of their minds, and the purity of their hearts, those ineffable benefits which they were still to receive. Significant words were communicated to the members: Grand officers presided over their assemblies: Their emblems were exactly similar to those of Freemasonry; and the candidate advanced from one degree to another, till he received all the lessons of wisdom and of virtue, which the priests could impart. But besides these circumstances of resemblance, there are two

1 Robertson's Greece, i. 53, 59.

2 Horatius, Pansy, p. 132.

3 Indor, Voyage au Levant, lib. 3, cap. 13.

4 Robertson's Greece, p. 59. Bacchus or Dionysius came into Greece during the reign of Amphytrion, who flourished about 127, B. C.

5 Antiqu. de Myst. p. 7. Minerva in Eleus. Myst. cap. 20. As at Eleusis has collected a little passages in ancient writers of the Eleusinian mysteries.

6 Demost. Alex. p. 5. Strabo lib. 1. p. 325. lib. vii. p. 845.

7 Plutarch ap. Stob. Eclog. Phys. p. 442.

8 Plutarch ap. Epictet. in. m. cap. 21. p. 440.

9 Robertson's Greece, p. 127.

10 Plutarch ap. Pansy, Eclog. lib. iii. cap. 12. p. 117.

11 Plutarch ap. Themis p. 414. Anacarsis, tom. ii. p. 582.

12 The Brethren of the Order may consult, for this purpose, the article Eleusis, in the 6th vol. of the last edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica, and Robertson's history of Ancient Greece, p. 127.

Voage du Jeune homme en France, c. 1. et m. p. 2. Les creux arrivés en Attique en 657 B. C. Cadmus vint de Phoenicie à Bœotie en 1534 B. C. and Demos to Argos en 1550 B. C.

13 Chart Geograph. Sic. lib. i. cap. 20. Herodotus, lib. cap. 58. Robertson's Hist. Ancient Greece, p. 45, 46.

facts, transmitted to us by ancient authors, which have an astonishing similarity to the ceremonies of the third degree of Freemasonry. So striking is the resemblance, that every brother of the Order who is acquainted with them, cannot question, for a moment, the opinion which we have been attempting to support[.]

Having thus mentioned some features of resemblance between the mysteries of Eleusis, and those of Freemasonry; let us now attend to the sentiments of cotemporaries, respecting these secret associations; and we will find, that they have been treated with the same illiberality and insolence. That some men, who from self-sufficiency, or unsocial dispositions, have refused to be admitted into these Orders, should detract from the character of an association, which pretends to enlighten the learned, and expand the affections of narrow and contracted minds, is by no means a matter of surprise; and it is equally consistent with human nature, that those, whose irregular conduct had excluded them from initiation, should calumniate an Order, whose blessings they were not allowed to participate, and whose honours they were prohibited to share. Men of this description represented the celebration of the Eleusinian mysteries, as scenes of riot and debauchery; and reproached the members of the association, that they were not more virtuous, and more holy than themselves*. But it is in the opinion of cotemporary writers, that these rumours were wholly conjectural; and originated in the silence of the uninitiated, and the ignorance of the vulgar. They even maintain, that the mysteries of Eleusis produced sanctity of manners, attention to the social duties, and a desire to be as distinguished by virtue as by silence†. The illustrious Socrates could never be prevailed upon to partake of these mysteries‡; and Diogenes, having received a similar solicitation, replied, That Patæcion, a notorious robber, obtained initiation; and that Epaminondas and Agesilaus never desired it||. But did not these men know, that in all human societies, the virtuous and the noble must, sometimes, associate with the worthless and the mean? Did they not know that there often kneel in the same temple, the righteous and the profane; and that the saint and the sinner frequently officiate at the same altar?—Thus did the philosophers of antiquity calumniate and despise the mysteries of Eleusis; and, in the same manner, have some pretended philosophers of our own day, defamed the character, and questioned the motives of Freemasons. With a little less modesty than the ancients, they have not, like them, quarrelled with us because we are not more virtuous than themselves; they have told us, that we are less than the least of men, and charged upon us crimes as detestable in the eyes of Masons, as they are hostile to the interests of men.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

*Robertson's Greece, p. 147, Porphyro do Abstinencia lib. 4. p. 353 Julian orat. 5, p. 173.
†Encyclopædia Britannica article Eleusinia.
‡Lucian in Democrit. t. 2. p. 330
||Plut. de aud. Poet t. 2. p. 21. Diog Laert lib. 6. 39.

IMITATION WINES.

It is not perhaps generally known that very large establishments exist at Certe and Marseilles in the south of France, for the manufacture of every description of wines. Some of these establishments are on so large a scale as to give employment to an equal if not greater number of persons than our large breweries. It is no uncommon occurrence with speculators engaged in this sort of illicit traffic, to purchase and ship imitation wines, fabricated in the places named, to Madeira, where, by collusion with persons in the custom-house department of the island, the wines are landed in the *entrepot* and thence, after being branded with the usual marks of the genuine Madeira vintage, reshipped principally, it is believed, for the United States. The scale of gratuity for this sort of work to the officials interested, may be estimated by the fact, that on one occasion seventy pipes were thus surreptitiously passed at a charge of one thousand dollars. It is a circumstance no less singular, that the same manœuvre is said to be commonly carried on with counterfeit wine made up in Certe and Marseilles; and thence dispatched to Oporto where the same process of landing, branding, and re-shipment as genuine port, is gone through, the destination of this spurious article being most generally the

United States. Such is the extent of this nefarious commerce, that one individual alone has been in the habit of despatching, four times in the year twenty-five thousand bottles of Champagne each shipment of wines not the produce of the Champagne districts, but fabricated in these wine factories.

THE LEGENDARY. THE GERMAN STUDENT.

Gottfried Wolfgang was a young man of good family. He had studied for some time at Göttingen, but being of a visionary and enthusiastic character, he had wandered into those wild and speculative doctrines which have so often bewildered German students.—His secluded life, his intense application, and the singular nature of his studies, had an effect on both mind and body. His health was impaired; his imagination diseased. He had been indulging in fanciful speculations on spiritual essences, until, like Swedenborg, he had an ideal world of his own around him. He took up a notion, I do not know from what cause, that there was an evil influence hanging over him; an evil genius or a spirit seeking to ensnare him and ensure his perdition. Such an idea working on his melancholy temperament produced the most gloomy effects. He became haggard and desponding. His friends discovered the mental malady that was preying upon him, and determined that the best cure was a change of scene; he was sent, therefore, to finish his studies amidst the splendours and gaieties of Paris.

Wolfgang arrived at Paris at the breaking out of the revolution. The popular delirium at first caught his enthusiastic mind, and he was captivated by the political and philosophical theories of the day; but the scenes of blood which followed shocked his sensitive nature; disgusted him with society and the world, and made him more than ever a recluse. He shut himself up in a solitary apartment in the Pays Latin, the quarter of students. There in a gloomy street not far from the monastic walls of the Sorbonne, he pursued his favourite speculations. Sometimes he spent hours together in the great libraries of Paris, those catacombs of departed authors, rummaging among their hoards of dusty and obsolete works in quest of food for his unhealthy appetite. He was, in a manner, a literary goul, feeding in the charnel house of decayed literature.

Wolfgang, though solitary and recluse, was of an ardent temperament, but for a time it operated merely upon his imagination. He was too shy and ignorant of the world to make any advances to the fair, but he was a passionate admirer of female beauty, and in his lonely chamber would often lose himself in reveries on forms and faces which he had seen, and his fancy would deck out images of loveliness far surpassing the reality.

While his mind was in this excited and sublimated state, he had a dream which produced an extraordinary effect upon him. It was a female face of transcendent beauty. So strong was the impression it made, that he dreamt of it again and again. It haunted his thoughts by day, his slumbers by night; in fine he became passionately enamoured of this shadow of a dream. This lasted so long, that it became one of those fixed ideas which haunt the minds of melancholy men, and are at times mistaken for madness.

Such was Gottfried Wolfgang, and such his situation at the time I mentioned. He was returning home late one stormy night, through some of the old and gloomy streets of the Marais, the ancient part of Paris. The loud claps of thunder rattled among the high houses of the narrow streets. He came to the Place de Greve, the square where public executions are performed. The lightning quivered about the pinnacles of the ancient Hotel de Ville, and shed flickering gleams over the open space in front. As Wolfgang was crossing the square, he shrank back with horror at finding himself close by the guillotine. It was the height of the reign of terror, when this dreadful instrument of death stood ever ready, and its scaffold was continually running with the blood of the virtuous and the brave. It had that very day been actively employed in the work of carnage, and there it stood in grim array amidst a silent and sleeping city, waiting for fresh victims.

Wolfgang's heart sickened within him, and he was turning shuddering from the horrible engine, when he

beheld a shadowy form cowering as it were at the foot of the steps which led up to the scaffold. A succession of vivid flashes of lightning revealed it more distinctly. It was a female figure, dressed in black. She was seated on one of the lower steps of the scaffold, leaning forward, her face hid in her lap, and her long dishevelled tresses hanging to the ground, streaming with the rain which fell in torrents. Wolfgang paused. There was something awful in this solitary monument of woe. The female had the appearance of being above the common order. He knew the times to be full of vicissitude, and that many a fair head, which had once been pillowed on down, now wandered homeless. Perhaps this was some poor mourner whom the dreadful axe had rendered desolate, and who sat here heart-broken on the strand of existence, from which all that was dear to her had been launched into eternity.

He approached, and addressed her in the accents of sympathy. She raised her head, and gazed wildly at him. What was his astonishment at beholding, by the bright glare of the lightning, the very face which had haunted him in his dreams. It was pale and disconsolate, but ravishingly beautiful.

Trembling with violent and conflicting emotions, Wolfgang again accosted her. He spoke something of her being exposed at such an hour of the night, and to the fury of such a storm, and offered to conduct her to her friends. She pointed to the guillotine with a gesture of dreadful signification.

'I have no friend on earth!' said she.

'But you have a home,' said Wolfgang.

'Yes, in the grave!'

The heart of the student melted at the words.

If a stranger dare make an offer, said he, 'without danger of being misunderstood, I would offer my humble dwelling as a shelter; myself as a devoted friend. I am friendless myself in Paris, and a stranger in the land; but if my life could be of service, it is at your disposal, and should be sacrificed before harm or indignity should come to you.'

There was an honest earnestness in the young man's manner that had its effect. His foreign accent, too, was in his favor; it showed him not to be a hackneyed inhabitant of Paris. Indeed there is an eloquence in true enthusiasm that is not to be doubted. The homeless stranger confided herself implicitly to the protection of the student.

He supported her faltering steps across the Point Neuf, and by the place where the statue of Henry the Fourth had been overthrown by the populace. The storm had abated, and the thunder rumbled at a distance. All Paris was quiet; that great volcano of human passion slumbered for awhile, to gather fresh strength for the next day's eruption. The student conducted his charge through the ancient streets of the Pays Latin, and by the dusky walls of the Sorbonne to the great, dignified hotel which he inhabited. The old portress who admitted them stared with surprise at the unusual sight of the melancholy Wolfgang with a female companion.

On entering his apartment, the student, for the first time, blushed at the scantiness and indifference of his dwelling. He had but one chamber, an old fashioned saloon, heavily carved and fantastically furnished with the remains of former magnificence, for it was one of those hotels in the quarter of the Luxembourg palace which had once belonged to nobility. It was lumbered with books and papers, and all the usual apparatus of a student, and his bed stood in a recess at one end.

When lights were brought, and Wolfgang had a better opportunity of contemplating the stranger, he was more than ever intoxicated by her beauty. Her face was pale, but of a dazzling fairness, set off by a profusion of raven hair that hung clustering about her. Her eyes were large and brilliant, with a singular expression that approached almost to wildness. As far as her black dress permitted her shape to be seen, it was of perfect symmetry. Her whole appearance was highly striking, though she was dressed in the simplest style. The only thing approaching to an ornament which she wore was a broad black band round her neck, clasped by diamonds.

The perplexity now commenced with the student how to dispose of the helpless being thus thrown upon his protection. He thought of abandoning his chamber to her, and seeking shelter for himself elsewhere. Still he was so fascinated by her charms, there seemed

to be such a spell upon his thoughts and senses, that he could not tear himself from her presence. Her manner, too, was singular and unaccountable. She spoke no more of the guillotine. Her grief had abated. The attentions of the student had first won her confidence, and then, apparently, her heart. She was evidently an enthusiast like himself, and enthusiasts soon understand each other.

In the infatuation of the moment, Wolfgang avowed his passion for her. He told her the story of his mysterious dream, and how she had possessed his heart before he had ever seen her. She was strangely affected by his recital, and acknowledged to have felt an impulse toward him totally unaccountable. It was the time for wild theory and wild actions. Old prejudices and superstitions were done away; every thing was under the sway of the 'Goddess of reason.' Among other rubbish of the old times, the forms and ceremonies of marriage began to be considered superfluous bonds for honourable minds. Social compacts were the vogue. Wolfgang was too much of a theorist not to be tainted by the liberal doctrines of the day. 'Why should we separate?' said he; 'our hearts are united, in the eye of reason and honor we are one. What need is there of sordid forms to bind high souls together?'

The stranger listened with emotion; she had evidently received illumination at the same school.

'You have no home nor family,' continued he; 'let me be every thing to you, or rather let us be every thing to one another. If form is necessary, form shall be observed; there is my hand. I pledge myself to you for ever.'

'For ever?' said the stranger solemnly.

'For ever!' repeated Wolfgang.

The stranger clasped the hand extended to her.—'Then I am yours,' murmured she, and sunk upon his bosom.

The next morning the student left his bride sleeping, and sallied out at an early hour to seek more spacious apartments, suitable to the change of his situation. When he returned, he found the stranger lying with her head hanging over the bed, and one arm thrown over it. He spoke to her, but received no reply. He advanced to awaken her from her uneasy posture. On taking her hand, it was cold; there was no pulsation; her face was pallid, ghastly. In a word she was dead.

Horried and frantic, he alarmed the house. A scene of confusion ensued. The police was summoned. As the officer of police entered the room, he started back on beholding the corpse.

'Great heaven!' cried he, 'how did this woman come here?'

'Do you know any thing about her?' said Wolfgang eagerly.

'Do I!' exclaimed the police officer, 'she was guillotined yesterday!'

He stepped forward, undid the black collar round the neck of the corpse, and the head rolled upon the floor.

The student burst into a frenzy. 'The fiend! the fiend has gained possession of me!' shrieked he. 'I am lost for ever!'

They tried to soothe him, but in vain. He was possessed with the frightful belief that an evil spirit had reanimated the dead body to ensnare him. He went distracted, and died in a madhouse.

THE TURNSPIT.

Louis XI. of France once took it into his head to visit the kitchen, and see what was going forward. He there found a little fellow about fourteen years of age busily engaged in turning the spit, with roast meat.—The youth was handsomely formed, and of so engaging an appearance, that the king thought him entitled to some better office than the humble one which he then filled. Accosting him, Louis asked whence he came, who he was, and what he earned by his occupation. The turnspit did not know the king, and replied to his interrogatory without the least embarrassment. 'I am from Berny, my name is Stephen, and I earn as much as the king.' 'What then does the king earn?' rejoined Louis. 'His expenses,' replied Stephen, 'and I mine.' By this bold and ingenious answer he won the good graces of the monarch, who afterwards promoted him to the situation of groom of the chamber.

THE ESSAYIST.

USE OF BIOGRAPHY.

That "what man has done man may do," is a most stimulating and encouraging truth. It is this consideration chiefly that renders the lives of individuals who have distinguished themselves in their day and generation so interesting to their fellow-creatures; and it is a remark which should be borne in mind, whether we are studying the actions of *great good men*, or of *clever bad men*. In the former case, we should inquire whether we are not possessed of the same qualities, powers, and opportunities (generally speaking) with which they were favored; and in the latter, that we partake of the same depraved nature, and are liable to the same temptations that led them astray. It is not the history of other beings—of those above or below us in the scale of intelligence; it is neither of angels nor brutes, but of men like ourselves, that we read.

It is a common remark, that biography is one of the most useful studies to which we can apply; but we must remember that its usefulness to us entirely depends upon our right application of it. It is idle, indeed, to take up a book of any kind, merely with a view to entertainment: we hope our readers are all of them by this time above so childish a practice; but it is possible to read with a general desire to derive benefit, and yet without that close personal application of it to ourselves, which alone is likely to do us good. We would therefore recommend, especially to the reader of biography, to keep one grand object in view; and to make this close inquiry whenever such a volume is opened—in what respects is this applicable to me. How can I make it subservient to my own improvement? We will endeavor to offer some suggestions that may assist the reader in this inquiry.

Suppose that a young person in the quiet and humble walks of life should meet with the annals of some great warrior or statesman, he would probably say, "this is nothing to me, except as mere amusement; I have no ambition, at least I have no talents or opportunities, to distinguish myself in public life; I am quite contented with my humble lot; I seek not great things for myself." Herein, indeed, he would show his wisdom; and yet it might not be true that such a history was nothing to him. Whatever is in itself excellent, is worthy of our attention, and more or less of our imitation, however widely our circumstances may differ.

Great talents and splendid achievements are necessarily confined to a few; and as we may be virtuous and happy without them, this is not to be regretted; but it is the duty and interest of every individual to aim at excellence in his own sphere, however humble; and while it may be the farthest from our wishes or our duty to engage in public services, it may still be highly to our advantage to trace the steps, and to mark the progress by which great men have arrived at eminence. Many of the very same qualities are requisite to make a good tradesman, or skilful mechanic, which are needed to form a great statesman or general.

We shall probably find that such a man was early distinguished from the frivolous or dissolute around him by devotedness to his object; that he made it his study, his pleasure; not merely engaging in it as a matter of course or necessity. We shall find that he was not discouraged by difficulties, but rather stimulated by them to more vigorous efforts; that he never consulted his own ease or gratification, when they stood in the way of his grand design; that he was characterized by a disregard to trifles of all sorts, and by a steady aim at the most important ends. Now, as these, among other good qualities, insured to him success and distinction, so we may be assured that the same causes will produce the same effects, in whatever situations they may be applied. Thus far a little apprentice boy may learn of Peter the Great, and become, by and bye, as distinguished in his trade as the Czar was in his empire.—*June Taylor.*

The Jews in Russia.—Hitherto the title of citizens of the first class could not be held by the Jews in Russia. The Emperor has just issued an order to the Minister of the interior, by which this title may be held for any eminent service tendered to the State, either in art, science, manufactures, trade, or otherwise.

SKETCH OF TRAVEL.

THE SCHAH OF PERSIA.

His majesty was seated near the window, supported by a pile of cushions, while a single attendant knelt behind him, waving a broad fan of feathers above his head. His dress was, as usual, perfectly simple: the rich jewelled handle of his dagger alone betokened his rank. His age does not exceed one or two-and-thirty, but his thick beard and heavy figure make him appear an older man. His countenance is rather handsome, and except when his anger is excited, of a prepossessing and good-humoured expression; his manner, especially towards Europeans, is extremely affable; he generally speaks Turkish, the language of his tribe, but, both in that and in Persian, his enunciation is so rapid, that it requires some practice to understand him. Compared with the generality of Asiatics, the Schah is a man of considerable energy, and by no means deficient in information; he is well versed in the history of his own country, and has a tolerable correct idea of the geography and political state of Europe. His army is his hobby, and to his thirst for military fame he sacrifices both his own ease and comfort and the welfare and prosperity of his country. His court is far inferior in style and splendor to that of his grandfather and predecessor, the principal officers of state being occupied by men of low origin, deficient in that magnificent courtliness of manner which formerly distinguished the Persian noble. The late king was always attended by a numerous and gallant retinue of princes of the blood and officers of state, besides a crowd of inferior retainers; the present monarch often rides out with a few ill-mounted and worse-appointed followers. The Schah is a strict and conscientious Mussulman; he never indulges in the forbidden juice of the grape, an abstinence rare in a royal family; nor does he follow the universal practice of smoking. His harem, unlike that of his grandfather, the number of which exceeded all credibility, is within the limits prescribed by the Mohammedan law. Well would it have been for Persia and Fatteh, had Ali Schah been as moderate; for every governor, however insignificant, was conferred upon one of his countless sons, who drained the very heart's blood of the country. Since the accession of the present monarch, the greater part of these have been removed, and many of them are now reduced to the utmost distress, living from hand to mouth by the sale of shawls and jewels, the relics of better days. Some of the late king's wives have passed into the harem of private individuals; others who had amassed some property, live in their respective villages. Mohammed Schah has two sons; the eldest, the destined successor, is now at Tabrez, under the care of Suleiman Khan, his maternal uncle. The mother of the boy was of the royal tribe. The second, who resides at Tehran, is a chubby little fellow about three years old, the son of a Koordish woman.—*From Wilbraham's Trans-Caucasian Travels.*

Folly and Death.—We understand that the elephant exhibited in this place last week, killed an individual on Sunday at Low's tavern, about twelve miles distant hence. It appears that the elephant was fastened in the neighborhood of the house, when some foolish persons undertook to amuse themselves at the expense of the sagacious animal. His keeper, knowing the danger of such a proceeding, removed him to a retired spot about one fourth of a mile off, and chained him to a tree. The same heedless and reckless individuals followed him there, when one of them was taken up by the elephant in his trunk and thrown several rods. Another then advanced to within reach of the enraged and insulted beast, when he was seized and thrown in a similar manner, his body pierced through with the enormous tusk of the elephant, which caused the immediate death of the unfortunate man.—*Port Deposit Rock.*

The reproach of New England for her blue laws, long a standing joke, must now be transferred to Old England. We notice that a young man in Leicester-shire has been fined 40 shillings and costs, for cleaning his shoes on Sunday morning, before going to church! The complaint was made by the lad's employer, with whom he had lived two years, and who admitted that his conduct as a servant was irreproachable.

MISCELLANY.

OLDEN TIMES.

The following account of the affair between Alexander Hamilton and Aaron Burr, we copy from the New York Evening Post, of 1804—thirty-six years ago. To those of that day, it will we believe prove an interesting reminiscence; and to those who have come on the stage of life, since that period, we presume it will be alike acceptable, as containing a correct historical account of that unhappy affray, which destroyed the life of one great man, and forever ruined the prospects of another. "*Sic transit gloria mundi.*"

HAMILTON AND BURR.

The shocking catastrophe which has recently occurred, terminating the life of Alexander Hamilton, and which has spread a gloom over our city that will not be speedily dissipated, demands that the circumstances which led to it, or were intimately connected with it, should not be concealed from the world. When they shall be truly and fairly disclosed, however some may question the soundness of his judgment on this occasion, all must be ready to do justice to the purity of his views, and the nobleness of his nature. It will only here be added, that the authenticity of the documents and the accuracy of the information which we have at last obtained, are beyond any question; and must put an end to all mistake or misrepresentation.

The following is the correspondence that passed between Gen. Hamilton and Col. Burr, together with an explanation of the conduct, motives and views of Gen. Hamilton, written with his own hand the evening before the meeting took place, and only to have been seen in the deplorable event that followed.

NO. 1.

New York June 18 1804.

Sir,
I send for your perusal a letter signed Charles D. Cooper, which, though apparently published some time ago, has but very recently come to my knowledge—Mr. Van Ness, who does me the favor to deliver this, will point out to you that clause of the letter to which I particularly request your attention.

You must perceive, *sir*, the necessity of a prompt and unqualified acknowledgment or denial of the use of any expression which would warrant the assertion of Dr. Cooper.

I have the honor to be,
Your obedient ser't.

A BURR.

Gen. Hamilton.

NO. 2.

New York, June 21st, 1804.

Sir,
I have maturely reflected on the subject of your letter of the 18th inst, and the more I have reflected, the more have I become convinced that I could not without manifest impropriety make the avowal or disavowal which you seem to think necessary. The clause pointed out by Mr. Van Ness is in these terms, "I could detail to you a still more despicable opinion which Hamilton has expressed of Mr. Burr. To endeavor to discover the meaning of this declaration, I was obliged to seek in the antecedent part of this letter for the opinion to which it referred, as having been already disclosed: I found it in these words "Gen. Hamilton and Judge Kent have declared in substance, that they looked upon Mr. Burr to be a dangerous man, and one who ought not to be trusted with the reins of government."

The language of Dr. Cooper plainly implies, that he considered this opinion of you, which he attributes to me, as a despicable one, but he affirms that I have expressed some other, still more despicable, without, however, mentioning to whom, when, or where. It is evident that the phrase "still more despicable" admits of infinite shades from very light to very dark. How am I to judge of the degree intended, or how shall I annex any precise idea to language so indefinite.

Between gentlemen, *despicable* and *more despicable* are not worth the pains of a distinction; when therefore you do not interrogate me, as to the opinion which is specifically ascribed to me, I must conclude, that you view it as within the limits to which the cause of political opponents upon each other may justifiably extend,

and consequently as not warranting the ideas of which Dr. Cooper appears to entertain. If—what precise inference could you draw, as a guide for your conduct, were I to acknowledge that I had expressed an opinion of you still more despicable than the one which is particularized. How could I be sure that even this opinion had exceeded the bounds which you would yourself deem admissible between political opponents.

But I forbear further comment on the embarrassment to which the requisition you have made naturally leads. The occasion forbids a more ample illustration, though nothing could be more easy than to pursue it.

Repeating that I cannot reconcile it with propriety to make the acknowledgment or denial you desire, I will add that I deem it inadmissible on principle to consent to be interrogated as to the justice of the inference which may be drawn by others from whatever I may have said of a political opponent in the course of fifteen years competition. If there were no other objection to it, this is sufficient, but it would tend to expose my sincerity and delicacy to injurious imputations from every person who may at any time have conceived the import of my expressions, differently from what I may then have intended or may afterwards recollect. I stand ready to avow or disavow promptly and explicitly any precise or definite opinion which I may be charged with having declared of any gentleman. More than this cannot fully be expected from me, and especially it cannot be reasonably expected that I shall enter into an explanation upon a crisis so vague as that which you have adopted. I trust on more reflection you will see the matter in the same light with me. If not I can only regret the circumstances and must abide the consequences.

The publication of Dr. Cooper was never seen by me till after the receipt of your letter.

I have the honor to be,
Your most obedient ser't.

A. HAMILTON.

Col. Burr.

NO. 3.

New York, June 21st 1804.

Sir,
Your letter of the 21st inst, has been this day received. Having considered it attentively, I regret to find in it nothing of that sincerity and delicacy which you profess to value.

Political opposition can never absolute gentlemen from the necessity of a rigid adherence to the laws of honor, and the rules of decorum. I neither claim such privilege nor I indulge it in others.

The common sense of mankind affixes to the epithet adopted by Dr. Cooper, the idea of dishonor. It has been publicly applied to me under the sanction of your name. The question is not, whether he has understood the meaning of the word or has used it according to syntax, and with grammatical accuracy; but, whether you have authorized this application, either directly or by uttering expressions or opinions derogatory to my honor. The time when is in your own knowledge, but no way material to me, as the column has now first been disclosed, so as to become the subject of my notice, and as the effect is present and palpable.

Your letter has furnished me with new reasons for requiring a definite reply.

I have the honor to be,
Sir, your servant,

A. BURR.

Gen. Hamilton.

On Saturday the 22d of June, Gen. Hamilton, for the first time called on Mr. P. and communicated to him the preceding correspondence. He informed him that in a conversation with Mr. V. N. at the time of receiving the last letter, he told Mr. V. N. that he considered the letter rude and offensive, and that it was not possible for him to give it any other answer and that Mr. Burr must take such steps as he might think proper. He said further, that Mr. V. N. requested him to take time to deliberate, and then return an answer, when he might possibly entertain a different opinion, and that he would call on him to receive it. That his reply to Mr. V. N. was, that he did not perceive it possible for him to give any other answer than that he had mentioned, unless Mr. Burr would take back his last letter and write one which would admit of

a different reply. He then gave Mr. P. the letter hereafter mentioned, of the 23d of June, to be delivered to Mr. V. N. when he should call on Mr. P. for an answer, and went to his country house.

The next day Gen. Hamilton received, while there, the following letter.

NO. 4.

June 23, 1804.

Sir,
In the afternoon of yesterday, I reported to Col. Burr the result of my last interview with you, and appointed the evening to receive his future instructions. Some private engagements, however, prevented me from calling on him till this morning. On my return to the city I found upon inquiry, both at your office and house, that you had returned to your residence in the country. Least an interview there might be less agreeable to you than elsewhere, I have taken the liberty of addressing you this note to enquire when and where it will be most convenient to you for receive a communication.

Your most obedient,
and very humble ser't
W. P. VANNESS.

Gen. Hamilton.

Mr. P. understood from Gen. Hamilton that he immediately answered, that if the communication expressing he would receive it at his country house that day, if not, he would be at his house in town the next morning at 9 o'clock. But he did not give Mr. P. any copy of his note.

NO. 5.

New York, June 23, 1804.

Sir,
Your first letter, in a style too peremptory, made a demand, in my opinion, unprecedented and unwarrantable. My answer, pointing out the embarrassment, gave you an opportunity to take a less exceptionable course. You have not chosen to do it, but by your last letter received this day containing expressions indecorous and improper, you have increased the difficulties to explanation intrinsically incident to the nature of your application.

If by a "definitive reply," you mean the direct avowal or disavowal required in your first letter, I have no other answer to give, than that which has already been given. If you mean any thing different, admitting of greater latitude, it is requisite you should explain.

I have the honor to be,
Sir, your obedient servant.

A. HAMILTON.

Col. Burr.

This letter, although dated on the 23d June, remained in Mr. P.'s possession until the 25th, within which period he had several conversations with Mr. V. N. In these conversations, Mr. P. endeavored to illustrate and enforce the propriety of the ground Gen. Hamilton had taken. Mr. P. mentioned to Mr. V. N. as the result, that if Col. Burr would write a letter requesting to know in substance whether in the conversation to which Dr. Cooper alluded, any particular instance of dishonorable conduct was imputed to Col. Burr, or whether there was any impeachment of his private character, Gen. Hamilton would declare to the best of his recollection what passed in that conversation; and Mr. P. read to Mr. V. N. a paper containing the substance of what Gen. Hamilton would say on that subject, which is as follows:

NO. 6.

"Gen. Hamilton says he cannot imagine to what Dr. Cooper may have alluded unless it were to a conversation at Mr. Taylor's in Albany last winter (at which Mr. Taylor, he, and Gen. H. were present) Gen. H. cannot recollect distinctly the particulars of that conversation so as to undertake to repeat them, without running the risk of varying or omitting what might be deemed important circumstances. The expressions are entirely forgotten, and the specific ideas imperfectly remembered; but to the best of his recollection it consisted of comments on the political principles and views of Col. Burr and the results that might be expected from them in the event of his election as governor, without reference to any particular instance of past conduct, or to private character."

After the delivery of the letter of the 23d, as above

mentioned, in another interview with Mr. V. N. he desired Mr. P. to give him in writing the substance of what he had proposed on the part of Gen. Hamilton, which Mr. P. did in the words following:

NO. 7.

"In answer to a letter properly adapted to obtain from Gen. Hamilton a declaration whether he had charged Col. Burr with any particular instance of dishonorable conduct, or had impeached his private character, either in the conversation alluded to by Dr. Cooper, or in any other particular instance to be specified—he would be able to answer, consistently with his honor, and the truth, in substance, that the conversation to which Dr. Cooper alluded, turned wholly on political topics, and did not attribute to Col. Burr any instance of dishonorable conduct, or relate to his private character, and in relation to any other language or conversation of Gen. H. which Col. Burr will specify, a prompt and frank avowal or denial will be given."

On the 26th June, Mr. P. received the following letter:

NO. 8.

June 26th.

Sir,
The letter which you yesterday delivered me and your subsequent communication in Col. Burr's opinion evince no disposition on the part of Gen. H. to come to a satisfactory reconciliation. The injury complained of and the reputation expected, are so definitely expressed in Col. Burr's letter of the 21st inst. that there is not perceived a necessity for further explanation on his part. The difficulty that could result from confining the enquiry to any particular times and occasions must be manifest. The denial of a social conversation only, would have strong implications that on other occasions improper language had been used. When and where injurious opinions and expressions have been uttered by Gen. H. must be known to him, and of him only Col. Burr can require. No denial or declaration will be satisfactory, unless it be general, so as wholly to exclude the idea that rumors derogatory to Col. Burr's honor have originated with Gen. Hamilton or have been early introduced in any thing he had said. A definite reply to a request of this nature was demanded by Col. Burr's letter of the 21st inst. This being refused, leaves the alternative alluded to in Gen. Hamilton's letter of the 20th.

It was required by the position in which the controversy was placed by Gen. Hamilton on Friday last, and I was immediately furnished with a communication demanding a personal interview. The necessity of this measure has not in the opinion of Col. Burr been diminished by the general's list, or any communication which has since been received. I am consequently again instructed to deliver you a message, as soon as it may be convenient for you to receive it. I beg therefore you will be so good as to inform me at what hour I can have the pleasure of seeing you.

Your most obt. and
very humble servant
W. P. VAN NESS.

Nathaniel Pendleton Esq.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE STOLEN GIPSEY GIRL.

A number of years ago, two little girls each about the age of five or six years, disappeared about one and the same time from the house of their respective parents, who lived at separate and distant points in the south of France. The cause for the disappearance of these children was the same in both cases, namely, the dread of domestic correction for some trifling fault. Marguerite Cogordan, one of the girls, was taken away from the town of Valensole by a band of gypsies, who met the child at a fair there, and found her not unwilling to go with them. For nearly twenty years, Marguerite Cogordan lived with the gypsies, passing with them from place to place, but always retaining an indistinct recollection of her native spot, though she had forgot its name. Her longings to return to her parents and her imperfect remembrances, were treated by those around her as the ravings of insanity.

At length Marguerite left the company of gypsies, and got into service with a judge of the town of Carcassonne, also in the south of France. To her new

master the girl disclosed the wandering reminiscences that prevailed on her mind respecting her home and friends. The judge obliged the young woman, and paid every attention to her statements, with the view of discovering her relatives for her. At length it struck him that her descriptions of scenery applied to the district of the Lower Alps, and he addressed letters to a chief magistrate of Digne, the chief town of the department. The person addressed knew of no such case where a girl had disappeared from Digne, but he chanced to remember that the name of Cogordan was not an uncommon one in the little neighbouring town of Valensole, and wrote to Carcassonne, stating this fact to Marguerite's master, and adding that her description of the scene of her birth applied perfectly to Valensole.

Upon receipt of this information the judge set out with Marguerite Cogordan for Valensole, and at once found a family there, which had sustained the loss of a child, suiting Marguerite every way in name and age. But a strange circumstance overthrew the poor girl's hopes. The parents, while admitting that they had once lost their child, declared at the same time that they had long since recovered her, and produced a young woman whom they called their daughter. The unfortunate Marguerite was rejected by the parents; they looked coldly on her, and refused the testimony of her affection. This cruel and unexpected savour of truth threw the poor young woman into a violent fever. This warmth of feeling smote upon the hearts of the parents. They began to doubt, and finally, opened their hearts to the new comer, declaring their belief that she was the long-lost daughter.

But when the late Marguerite had held her peace, or at least had made no confession to explain the mystery. But when more closely interrogated, she avowed that her name was Rose Marie Bartolet, and that she was the daughter of a fisherman at Marseilles. She had left her home, she stated, when a child, and had been picked up by a band of gypsies, with whom she had travelled several years, and then down the country. Passing one day through Valensole, three years after the disappearance of Marguerite Cogordan, the parents of that girl had seen her, believed they recognised her to be their daughter, and had claimed her as such. Fearing to be sent back to a home where she had been ill used, she had given countenance to the deception, and had kept her real name secret. She remained with the Cogordans, and custom had at length made her feel as if she were truly in her own home. Once, indeed she had tried to find service somewhere else, but she had been driven back.

This disclosure made Marguerite Cogordan happy, and she now (1837 being the date of these events) lives with her long lost parents.

SUPERSTITIONS OF THE SWISS.

There is, perhaps, no canton of Switzerland where superstition has cast deeper roots than in that of the Grisons. Like the peasantry of Germany, they continually consult the signs of the almanc before they undertake any thing of great importance, such as sowing, planting, reaping, cutting of trees, bleaching, carrying, &c. But the most important season for them to dive into futurity is Christmas Eve, and they employ an endless variety of devices to obtain this interesting result. This is especially the case with such damsels as have passed the ominous limit of their twenty-fifth birthday, without having met with a husband, and who are now naturally anxious to ascertain whether and in what manner this supreme felicity is to fall on them for during the ensuing year. For this purpose they put heaps of salt or brim in such places as are inaccessible to light; they haul up the chimney; throw their supper backwards; draw cards; open their psalter at random by means of a pin-point melted lead or the white of an egg into water; pull a piece of wood from the fire; walk about the village green, or even the church yard; and from the peculiar appearances they observe, foretell all they wish to know. A woman must be excessively pious, renounce the hope of being ultimately relieved from that state of single blessedness which seems so irksome to the sensible people, and undergoes of a century of annual disquisition of the most cool their conjugal ardour, and make them renounce those fooleries.

The surest and best omen, however is to see their

future suitor in a dream. To effect this the expectant, without uttering a word, fetches salt, flour, and water, from three different houses, and at midnight, makes from these ingredients a small cake, which she eats before going to bed. This cake being very highly salted, and the heated imagination of the person rendering the blood feverish, it is natural that she should feel thirsty the next morning, and express a desire to drink before she goes to work. The first young man who then offers her drink is the person destined by heaven to marry her, and from that moment all little tricks of rustic coquetry are set in motion to bring about the execution of the celestial decree, and often with success.

When a person hears the cuckoo sing for the first time, and asks him if he shall enjoy long life, the bird's next note being long or short, is considered as a reply to the important question.

The *ignes fati* are, among the Grisons, less an object of terror than of pity, as they suppose them to be the souls of infants who have died without baptism. They never see one, without endeavoring to soothe the pain of the supposed sufferer by the recital of a few pater.

PUZZLING IRONS.

An expert hand will take off nine puzzling rings in six minutes. I have in my possession one with thirty-six rings, which was sent for a gentleman who vainly hoped he could disentangle them in a comparatively short time. He did believe persevere till he had taken off half the number, (for it remains with me in that state) after working at it at intervals, for about six or eight weeks, when he was obliged to give it up. Any one unacquainted with the power of numbers could scarcely be made to believe that, if nine rings can be taken off in six minutes four times that number would require nearly 3054 years and a half, working twelve hours in the day, without intermission, or that the averaged time required for taking off each ring would be about eighty five years. [*Mechanics Magazine.*]

SHAM DEAFNESS.

A marine, while serving on board a ship of war, complained from time to time to the surgeon that he was gradually losing the sense of hearing, and at the end of several months asserted that he was completely deaf. It being however, pronounced that the alleged infirmity was feigned, and as he could not be made to perform his duty, he was brought to the gangway and flogged; but previous to his being paraded for punishment, and during its infliction, he was informed that he should be pardoned if he would admit the fraud and return to his duty. Every means that promised to be successful in surprising him into showing that he possessed the sense of hearing, was resorted to, but without success; firing a pistol close to his ear, suddenly rousing him during sleep, and endeavoring to alarm him, elicited nothing satisfactory. The officers at Hader Hospital, to which he had been sent, resolved to punish him a second time. Dr. Lind, who was then physician to the hospital, believed that punishment might be deferred, with the view of gaining time to try by another experiment whether the man was an imposter or not. His request was granted. The doctor chose a favorable opportunity, and coming unperceived behind him one day, he put his hand on the man's shoulder, and said in an ordinary tone of voice, "I am happy to tell you that you are invalided at last." "Am I!" replied the overjoyed marine. The imposture being thus rendered evident he was forthwith punished and sent on board ship.—*Marshall on Enlisting, &c. of Soldiers.*

CHILDREN.

How little do they who have grown up to man's estate trouble themselves about the feelings of children! It would really seem as if they fancied that children were destitute of all those fine and delicate springs of emotion which are recognised in mature life, and are the sources of all our joys and sorrows. It is time that the grown up world went to school to some one who has not forgotten the tender susceptibilities of childhood, that it may learn to sympathise with the little sufferers. The germinating bud has within its folded recesses all the beauty and the fragrance of the flower; the gentle distillations of heaven sick sweetly in its secluded shrine, and the sunbeams fall there as

soothingly, as on the prouder details that would claim all to themselves. How many a sweet spirit withers beneath the blighting frown of an unsympathising guardian; how many a one retires to weep in solitude, because it is not loved as it would be, and is not comprehended in its affection! We little imagine what arcana we read, when the words "of such is the kingdom of heaven," pass our unheeded utterance.

Perhaps some of our readers may have read the following. There is truth and quaintness in it, and for 'he want of a better place, we will suppose the scene laid in Albany. Moses in the School for Scandal, never did it better.

THE LAST DAY OF GRACE.

—Ye Powers!
That dreadful note!—Day of Doom.

I awoke in the morning before the usual time. My sleep had little of quiet. I dreamed of duns and Deputy Sheriffs. I was no better off when awake, for my note was to be paid by two o'clock, and my pockets were empty. I put on my clothes. Dressing is bad at any time; but dressing when you have a note to pay before night is horrible. Every thing goes wrong.—You fasten the wrong buttons, stick pins into your flesh, and twist your clothes villainously out of shape.

At breakfast nothing was better. The coffee was scalding hot; the toast fell into my lap, butter side down (Nankeens on.) No appetite. Felt dyspeptical.—Thought of my note—two o'clock and it must be paid.

"I have a whole forenoon at least, before me," said I as I sallied forth intending to make a desperate effort to raise the money by borrowing. "Mr. Q——, my dear friend, I have four hundred dollars to raise this forenoon, all which I must borrow."

But Mr. Q—— had no cash. As to money, it was all sunk in the bottom of the sea, he believed. The banks would not discount. Horrible words! I had as lief hear it thunder as "the banks won't discount."

So I went to Mr. X. and Mr. W. and Mr. Z.—Not a dollar. Hard times—People failing, banks won't discount.

"Then nothing remains for me" said I "but to go to Sharp the broker." This was a worthy who assisted needy gentlemen at critical times, out of pure friendship.

The rascal knew I was in search of him as he stood talking with somebody at the corner of Congress-street. I shambled about near him, now trying to catch his eye, and now glancing at the dial on the Old State House, the hand of which moved with a fearful rapidity towards the point beyond which there was no salvation of credit. What could he be talking about so long? It was strange he could not see me.

After waiting a long time I succeeded in catching him as he pretended to be moving off. "Mr. Sharp" said I "have you any money to-day?"

"Not a dollar. I overdraw my cash account at the bank yesterday. Never saw such a time for money in my life.

"If the thing be possible" said I, "I should like to get a note cashed."

"Ahem!" said he, "money is money now. I have a sum to raise myself, but if you are in urgent want of this—"

"So much so" answered I, "that if it were for my own particular use, I could not really want it more."

"I think," said he, "that I know a man that can do it for you, a particular acquaintance of mine—(very particular, I dare say, thought I.) I'll step over the way and see him. Call on me in ten minutes."

"Very well" said I, and walked off.

My worthy friend saw me out of sight and then went into his office and sat down. Presently I came in. I knew very well, what he was about to say.

"I have been to see the person I spoke of" said he, "but could not find him. Wait a moment and I will try again." I sat down, and Mr. Sharp walked up the street, took a turn round the Old State House and came back.

"Ah I have found him" said he, "but he is so short of money—(I looked at my watch.)

"Why ye-es, but he demands fourteen percent, for cashing your note at thirty days."

I looked at my watch again,—it wanted ten minutes of two. I looked at my obliging and conscientious friend——. "There is no remedy" thought I "when a man is between the devil and the deep sea."

Here is my note Mr. Sharp."

"You have made so hard a bargain with him" said he "that I ought not demand any thing for my trouble."

("How generous" thought I.) But as I must provide for my family—"your family must be horse-leeches" thought I, "if they want providing for at this rate") I must say five dollars for my trouble."

There was no remedy again, so five dollars more went. I got to the bank one minute before two. Coming away I saw a great monster of a dog with a poor miserable half starved puppy under his paw, squeezing the breath out of his body.

"There's a broker and his customer" thought I.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

Every stranger who goes to Verona is sure to have his sympathy moved, and his curiosity excited by what is called "the Tomb of Juliet," and there is no man who has read Shakspeare that will not be drawn to the spot where it lies, regardless, at the moment, whether it be real or not.

It is a fact well known that this part of Italy had furnished to our immortal Bard the materials of a tragedy, which for all the pathetic details of hapless love and devoted constancy, stands unrivalled in any language. And though much of legendary exaggeration is superadded to the catastrophe yet the main fact is attested by the local history of Verona; and, therefore the mind is disposed to the probability that the excavated oblong stone, which is now pointed out in the neglected ruins of an old Franciscan Monastery, might have once contained the beautiful form of the unhappy Juliet. Count Persico, one of the native nobility, who has published a very interesting work on the curiosities of Verona, and of the provinces adjacent, thus narrates the melancholly story of Romeo and Juliet:

"In the year 1303, or about that time, Bartholmew della Scala, being Captain of the Veronese, Romeo de Monticello was enamored of Juliet de Capelletti, and she of him, their families being at that time in bitter enmity with each other on account of party feuds. As, therefore, they could not be openly married, a private union took place between them. Shortly afterwards, Romeo having, in an affray of the two factions, killed Tebaldo, the cousin of Juliet, was obliged to seek for safety in flight, and proceeded to Mantua. His unhappy spouse, afflicted beyond measure, sought commiseration and counsel from the immediate agent of her secret marriage, seeing that there was no longer any hope of reconciliation between families now still more incensed against each other than before. Therefore, by a preconcerted arrangement, Juliet procured a sleeping draught, and shortly after, according to common report, yielded up her life. Romeo, having been apprized of the dire news before he heard that she was only apparently dead, resolved, in the bitterness of his anguish, to take poison and die likewise. Previous to his doing so however, not entirely despairing of her life, he went to Verona, and availed himself of the evening to enter the Monastery. Being here assured that his Juliet had been interred not long before, he swallowed the poison, which he had with him, and hastened to the tomb, where their mutual friend pointed out the way by a passage beyond that which was ready for his return. The friar wondered very much what had happened to Romeo, unconscious of the hard fate that awaited him. While he endeavored to assure him that the lady was not in reality dead, the poison began to operate, and now, on the very verge of death, he called on his Juliet, with a faint voice. She awoke, and scarcely recognised him. Romeo expired, and Juliet breathed for a moment only to share his hapless doom."

JUDGE BUNDLE'S CHARGE TO A GRAND JURY.

All laws are laws, and every law is a law; and laws are things made by the lawyers, to make men live according to the law, without any respect to the gospel; for that is another affair, and to be considered at another

opportunity, and by another sort of men and in another manner. Vide Coke upon Littleton chap 10th page 15th. But as the law. Now there are some men that are good men and some men that are bad men, and the bad men are not the good men, and the good men are not the bad men, but the bad men and the good men, and the good men and the bad men are two different sorts of men; and this we gather from Magna Charta, an old man that lived in the reign of King John the Great. Now, if any are good men, there would be no need of laws:—Therefore ergo, the laws were made for the bad men, and the good men have no business therewith, nor no advantage to receive therefrom: Ergo, therefore those who receive advantage from the laws must be bad men: and so, gem'em call up the prisoners and despatch them as soon as possible for I must go out of town tomorrow.

THE WAY TO BE HAPPY.

Cut your coat according to your cloth, is an old maxim and a wise one; and if people will only square their ideas according to their circumstances how much happier might we all be. If we would come down a peg or two in our notions, in accordance with our waning fortunes, happiness would be always within our reach. It is not what we have, or what we have not, which adds to or subtracts from our felicity. It is the longing for more than we have, the envying of those who possess that more, and the wish to appear in the world of more consequence than we really are, which destroys our peace of mind, and eventually leads to our ruin.

TO HOUSEWIVES.

The N. Y. American, which is exemplary in matters of taste, says—"The way to boil rice is not to boil it at all. Put it in a pot and cover it with water, place it near the fire, or over coals on the hearth, were it will get gradually hot, but not at any time faster than to simmer. It will thus be cooked so that every grain will be distinct and separate, and have that crawling appearance so much boasted of by the Carolinians."

A Virginia paper gives this recipe to make corn soup; cut the corn from the cob, and boil it in water until it is sufficiently done: then pour in new milk, with salt, pepper, and one or two eggs; continue the boiling, and stir in flour in order to thicken it a little. This soup is superiour to the best turtle soup ever made.

If so, our Farmers may live like Aldermen.

A SELF-MADE MAN.

The executors of the estate of William Young Birch, Esq., (who died about two years ago,) have paid over to "The Pennsylvania Institution for the Instruction of the Blind," the balance of his estate. The whole now amounts to \$192,000, a munificent bequest, and one which places our most excellent institution in a far better situation for carrying out its great charity.

Mr. Birch was emphatically a self-made man. He came to this country from England, and worked for many years, we are told, as a book-binder, and subsequently became a book-dealer, in which business he amassed a large fortune. He never was married.—Charity was a consonant part of life. He was a good and kind-hearted man; and at his death, he gave to his house-keeper enough to render her independent, and aided others on the way to do well. The bestowment of the greater part of his estate to aid in educating the blind, shows him to have been a man of enlarged philanthropy.—*Phil. Courier.*

A celebrated German chemist, Mr. Hoenle, has invented a new plan for marking linen without ink.—This is effected by simply covering the linen, with a fine coating of pounded white sugar. The stamp, of iron, very much heated, is impressed on this material. Two seconds suffice for the operation. The linen remains slightly scorched, but the mark is indelible.

A woman in Waterville was divorced because her husband gets drunk. Reason enough. No creature should have a wife who is an habitual drunkard,

AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER.

ALBANY, SATURDAY, NOV. 23, 1839.

THE GRAND LODGE OF THE DISTRICT of Columbia, held its annual Communication, on the 4th of November last, at Freemasons Hall, in the City of Washington. A full representation from every subordinate Lodge, under its jurisdiction, were present. We learn from the National Intelligence, that a greater degree of unanimity, courteousness, and kind feeling prevailed, than has been witnessed for several years. Each brother evinced a determination to sustain the *ancient principles* of the order, in the entire exclusion of *party politics*, or local prejudices, and meeting 'on the level,' the energies of the craft were concentrated on the restoration of the great leading principles of the Order. in the diffusion of useful knowledge, the cultivation of the mind, the dissemination of those principles which are calculated to qualify a man so to deport himself, that the world may be benefitted by his having lived in it: to cheer the heart of the care worn widow, wipe away the falling tear of the orphan, place a staff under the arm of decrepitude, and light up a fire on the hearth of the disconsolate.

The meeting was favored with the venerated chiefs of the Order, which contributed very materially to the interest of the occasion.

After the transaction of the ordinary business of the Grand Lodge, the following brethren were elected the Grand Officers, for the ensuing year.

- M. W. Rob't Keyworth, of Lebanon, No. 7, G. Master.
 R. W. William L. Ellis, Naval, No. 4, D. G. Master.
 R. W. John Myers, Potomac, No. 5, D. G. Master.
 R. W. Levi Hurdle, No. 8, G. S. W.
 " Sam'l Walker, No. 1, G. J. W.
 " James Lawrenson, No. 1, G. S.
 " John M. St. John, G. T.
 " Wm. Greer, No. 1, G. V. & L.
 Rev. Samuel Clark, No. 5, G. Chaplain.
 Bro. T. F. Harkness, No. 10, G. S. D.
 " Adam Geddes, No. 4, G. J. D.
 " Dan'l Fister, No. 8, G. M.
 " Joel Downer, Lebanon, No. 7, G. S. B.
 " Thomas Smith, No. 10, G. P.
 " John Robinson, G. S. & T.

CORONER'S INQUEST.—The Coroner of New-York, held an inquest at 28 Monroe street on the body of Harriet, wife of William Blanchard, a native of Albany aged 47. Deceased was, it appeared, subject to temporary fits of insanity, pending which she had been often heard to threaten to take her own life. On Saturday evening she procured a quantity of laudanum which she took, and from the effects of which she died about noon on Sunday. Verdict suicide by laudanum. Mrs. Blanchard, was the daughter of the late Jared Skinner, of this city.

ANNIVERSARY SUPPER.

The Officers and Brethren of Lafayette Lodge, No. 18, of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, hereby give notice, that they will celebrate their anniversary, by a Supper and Ball, on Thursday evening the 28th of November instant, in the village of Poughkeepsie. All regular brethren are respectfully invited to attend.

John Hastings, N. G.
 James Bridge, Y. G.
 Thos. Williams, W.
 Japha Bridge, S.
 Joseph Blackburn, D. D. G. M.

The Mobile Fires.—The Committee of safety at Mobile, have reported to a public meeting, that after an impartial investigation, they have come to the opinion, that John H. Love, and James B. Wilson, are guilty: they recommend the appointing of another committee, who shall be empowered to examine the testimony and *dispose of them* in such manner as may be deemed proper. The English of which, is, we suppose, to turn them over to Judge Lynch.

THE LATE SOLOMON SOUTHWICK.
TRIBUTE OF RESPECT.

At a meeting of the Editors and Printers of the city of Albany, at the City Hotel, November 19, to devise the means of paying due respect to the memory of their departed and lamented brother, SOLOMON SOUTHWICK. E. W. Skinner was called to the chair, and George Hanford appointed secretary.

On motion a committee was appointed, consisting of E. Croswell, Jesse Buel, Robert Packard, M. McPherson and G. W. Ryckman, to report resolutions expressive of the sense of the meeting.

Resolved, That the members of this meeting have heard with unfeigned regret, of the death of their venerable and distinguished fellow-citizen, SOLOMON SOUTHWICK.

Resolved, That we deplore the event as a public loss—as the withdrawal from his field of usefulness and labor, of one who during a long and not unchequered life, has exhibited the characteristics of a large and gifted mind, who as an able and gifted writer, a respected citizen, and a Christian philanthropist, as the intrepid advocate of truth and of liberal principles; the generous friend of humanity, has been prominently known in this community for the last forty years.

Resolved, That we feel it particularly incumbent on us as members of the editorial and printing professions, with which he has been so long and honorable connected to express in this public manner, our sense of his merit, and of the public deprivation.

Resolved, That as a suitable tribute to genius and talent, and a further testimony to professional character and personal worth, we will as a body attend the funeral of our deceased brother; and that we tender to the surviving members of his bereaved family, our sympathy and condolence, under this afflicting dispensation of the Divine Will.

Resolved, That a copy of the proceedings of this meeting be addressed by the Chairman to the family of the deceased, and that they be published in the city newspapers.

E. W. SKINNER, Chairman.
 G. HANFORD, Sec'y.

ST. ANDREW'S SOCIETY.

At a meeting of the St. Andrew's Society of the city of Albany, held on the 4th inst., at Wm. Leggat's in Beaver street the following gentlemen were duly elected officers of the society for the ensuing year.

Robert Boyd, President.
 Peter Smith, 1st Vice President.
 John McDowall 2d Vice President.
 Peter Bullions, Chaplain.
 Dr. D. McLachlan, Physician.
 Lachlan McPherson, Treasurer.
 James Dickson, Secretary.
 John Leask, Assistant Sec'y.
 Alexander Gray,
 James Taylor,
 William Leggat,
 David Beatson,
 David Brown, Managers.

Old Prices Returning.—The Dayton (Ohio) Journal states that a contract to deliver 1000 barrels flour at \$3 62 1-2, has been made by a miller of that vicinity. The Middleton (Ohio) Mail states that a lot of corn was sold in Hamilton last week, at 25 cents per bushel, and that another lot could not find a purchaser at that price. In the rich corn district of Missouri, 12 1-2 cents per bushel is now the standing price.

Homopathy in Paris.—Hahneman, the father of the science of Homopathy, who is now 85 years of age has so many patients in Paris, that he is compelled to turn a portion over to his wife, a lady who having been cured, or having fancied that she was cured by Homopathy, married her doctor under the impulse of admiration and gratitude, and now assists him in his labors.

MARRIED.

In this city, on Monday 18th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Castle, Mr. Peter Courtright to Miss Margaret Angus, all of this city.

In Bethlehem, on Thursday evening 14th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Kissam, Mr. Andrew Bender to Miss Maria P. Warren, all of Bethlehem.

In New Scotland, on Wednesday 13th inst., by the Rev. S. V. E. Westfall, Mr. James W. Coughtry, of New Scotland, to Miss Nancy Latta, of Clarksville, Albany county.

In New York, on Tuesday morning, in the church of St. Thomas, by the Rev. Dr. Hawks, the Hon. Luther Bradish, Lieut. Governor of the State of New York, to Miss E. Hart, of New-York.

At Cambridge, Washington co. on the 14th inst., by the Rev. Ephraim H. Newton, Mr. John L. Quackenbush, of Hoosic, to Miss Mary D. Brownell, of Pownel, Vt.

In this city, on the 17th inst., by the Rev. T. Seymour, Mr. John Manethrop, of Troy, to Miss Mary Van Leuven, of this city.

On Monday afternoon, by the Rev. W. F. Walker, Mr. Joseph C. Potter, of New York, to Miss Cornelia Livingston, of Troy.

DIED.

On Sunday, Samuel Watkins, youngest son of John S. Van Rensselaer, aged 7 years.

In this city on the 19th inst., of a short but painful illness, Mr. John F. Dunlap, formerly of the city of Boston.

On the 4th inst., at Phelps, Ontario county, Wm. Hildreth, Senr., in the 56th year of his age.

In Troy, on the evening of the 16th inst., Daniel Gleason, esq., Counsellor at Law, of consumption, aged 67.

At Quebec, on Tuesday morning in his 74th year, the Hon. Jothathan Sewell, LL. D., of Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass., member of the Executive Council, and for many years its President.

At Sodus, Wayne co. on the 14th inst. Thaddeus Bancroft, aged 75 years. Mr. Bancroft was a revolutionary soldier, and in the army at West Point at the time Arnold's treason was discovered.

Died at New Lebanon, on Friday, Oct. 25th. Walter Scott, Harrington, son of David and Eliza Harrington, aged 9 years, 10 months, and 4 days.

In Niagara, U. C., on the 28th September, John Jordan, Esq. late Captain in her Majesty's 66th Regiment, and inspector of the Niagara District.

NO PRINTERS.—The following reduced prices we hereafter be charged for printing types, at BRUCE'S New-York Type Foundry, 13 Chambers-st. and 3 City Hall Place.

Pica, - - - - -	38 cents a lb.
Small Pica, - - - - -	40 do.
Long Primer, - - - - -	42 do.
Bourgeois, - - - - -	46 do.
Brevier, - - - - -	54 do.
Minion, - - - - -	66 do.
Nonpareil, - - - - -	84 do.
Agate, - - - - -	108 do.
Pearl, - - - - -	140 do.

Ornamental letter and other type in proportion.

These are the prices on a credit of six months: but we wish at this time to encourage short credit or cash purchases, and will therefore make a discount of five per cent New York acceptances at ninety days, and ten per cent for cash.

We have recently added to our former extensive assortment seventy-ve different kinds and sizes of ornamental letter, embracing Condensed, Extra Condensed, Extended, Outline, Skeleton, Shaded, Ornamental, modern thin-faced Black, &c. 100 new Flowers and a great variety of Ornaments, forming altogether the most extensive and elegant assortment of Printing Types in the United States, and absolutely an unrivalled one. We also furnish every other article that is necessary for a printing office.

Printers of newspapers who publish this advertisement three times before the 1st of November, 1839, sending us one of the publications, will receive payment when they purchase from the foundry four times the amount of their bill.

New York, Sept. 1839.

GEORGE BRUCE & CO.

POETRY.

For the American Masonic Register and Literary Companion.

THE DYING CHILD.

List, mother, to the strains I hear,
That whisper to my soul of bliss;
Whose softness dries the falling tear,
I ne'er heard sound so sweet as this.

My sister sings with melody
So sweet, so touching is her voice,
Enraptured still I fear to break
The charm that bids my soul rejoice.

But sweeter these than mortal tones,
For they speak not of earthly joy;
They whisper that this fleeting earth
Is nothing but a transient toy.

Ah! now I know that heavenly sound,
'Tis angel's beckoning me away,
And my root soul would gladly bound
To realm's above. Why bid me stay?

Life, I'm not weary of thy hours,
For still thou'st many charms for me;
The warbling birds the lovely flowers,
Do but increase my love for thee.

But hark! my Saviour calls me home,
Gladly I will his voice obey;
Then shall I meet those spirits pure
That now are calling me away.

Without one murmur of regret,
My last farewell to thee is given;
Hopes of reunion's soft are sweet,
Assures me we will meet in heaven.

Ah! nearer sound those voices now,
And louder does the music swell;
I must away, my weeping friends,
I mount the car—farewell—farewell.

FLORA.

THE FUTURE LIFE.

BY W. C. EVANS.

How shall I know thee in the sphere which keeps
The disembodied spirits of the dead,
When all of thee that time could wither, sleeps,
And perishes amongst the dust we tread?

For I shall feel the sting of ceaseless pain
If there I meet thy gentle presence not,
Nor hear the voice I love, nor read again
In thy serene eyes the tender thought.

Will not thy own meek heart demand me there—
That heart whose fondest throbs to me were given
My name on earth was ever in thy prayer:
Shall it be banished from thy tongue in heaven?

In meadows framed by heaven's life-breathing wind—
In the resplendent of that glorious sphere,
And far as movements of thy unlettered mind,
Wilt thou forget the love that joined us here?

The love that I'ved through all stormy past,
And meekly with my harsher nature bore,
And deep grew, and tenderer, to the last:
Shall it expire with life, and be no more?

A happier lot than mine, and larger light,
Await thee there, for thou hast bowed thy will
In cheerful homage to the rule of right,
And loved all, and rendered good for ill.

For me—the world cares in which I dwell
Sunk and consumed the heart, as heat the scro:
And wrath has left the scar—that fire of hell
Has left its frightful scar upon my soul.

Yet, though thou wear'st the glory of the sky,
Wilt thou not keep the same beloved name,
The same fair though awful brow and gentle eye,
Lovelier in heaven's sweet climate, yet the same.

Shalt thou not teach me, in that edler home,
The wisdom that learned so all in this—
The wisdom that is love, till I become
Thy fit companion in that land of bliss?

MASONIC HYMN.

Grand Architect! Supreme! Sublime!
Whose energetic word divine,
In thunder breath'd from glory's clime,
Gave light, and life, bliss, to be;
Where primal darkness walk'd the round,
Of wild confusion's void profound,
With wreaths of gloomy horror crown'd,
Till chaos heard a God's decree!

'Twas thine, O Lord! in strength to lay,
On wisdom's base, the sphere of day,
From whence the Sun, with boundless ray,
On wings of flame triumphant soars;
While life, O God! at thy command,
Inform'd the dust of ev'ry land,
And bliss the gift of mercy's hand,
In twice ten thousand forms ador'd!

Hark! hark! what songs are these, that sweep
Adown the vast, th' eternal steep,
And die away amid the deep:
To you archangel's ken unknown?
These songs are those which seraphs sung,
On glory's hill, with flaming tongue,
When rapture round th' empyrean rung,
And hail'd creation's corner stone!

Accept, approve, and bless, we pray
The work of this auspicious day,
On which, as masons, men, we lay,
A corner stone, inscrib'd to Thee,
Thou Ancient of eternal days!
And high above, the temple raise,
Devote to prayer, devote to praise;
And grant, O Lord! so much it be!

TAKE THE RUBY WINE AWAY.

Bring me forth the cup of gold,
Chased by Druid's hands of old,
Filled from yonder fountain's breast
Where the waters are at rest;
This for me—in joyous hour,
This for me—in beauty's tower,
This for me—in marriage's shrine,
This for me—in life's decline.

Bring me forth the humble horn,
Filled by hunter's hand at morn,
From the crystal spring that flows
Underneath the blooming rose,
Where the violet loves to sip,
Where the lily cools her lip;
Bring me this—and I will say,
Take the ruby wine away.

Take away the dawning draught,
By the bacchanian quaff'd;
Take away the liquid death—
Serpent's nestle in its breath,
Terror rides upon its flood,
Vice surrounds its train of blood,
Sorrow in its bosom stings,
Sorrow buoyed on pleasure's wings.

Dip the bucket in the well,
Where the trout delights to dwell—
Where the sparkling water sings,
As it bubbles from the springs—
Where the breezes whisper sweet,
Where the happy children meet,
Draw, and let the draught be mine—
Take away the rosy wine!

Washington, 1839.

TO THE WINDS.

BY BERNARD EARTON.

Ye viewless Minstrels of the sky!
I marvel not in times gone by
That ye were deified:
For even in this latter day,
To me oft has your power, or play,

Unearthly thoughts supplied.

Awful your power! when by your might
You heave the wild waves, crested white,
Like mountains in your wrath;
Ploughing between them valleys deep,
Which, to the seamen roused from sleep,
Yawn like Death's opening path!

Graceful you play! when round the Bower
Where Beauty culls Spring's loveliest flower
To wreath her dark locks there,
Your gentlest whispers lightly breathe
The leaves between, flit round that wreath,
And stir her silken hair,

Still, thoughts like these are but of earth,
And you can give far loftier birth—
Ye come—we know not whence!
Ye go!—can mortals trace your flight?
All unperceptible to sight;
Though audible to sense.

The sun,—his rise and set we know:
The Sea—we mark its ebb, and flow;
The moon—her wax and, and wane;
The stars,—Man knows their courses well
The Comet's vagrant path can tell—
But you his search disdain.

Ye restless, homeless, shapeless things!
Who mock a hour in our things,
Like spirits in a dream;
What epithet can words supply
Unto the bard who takes such high
Unmanageable theme?

But one:—to me, when Fancy stirs
My thoughts, ye seem *Heaven's messengers*,
Who leave no path untrod
And when, at midnight's hour,
I hear your voice in all its power,
It seems the *Voice of God*.

THE GRAVE.

BY ROWING.

Why should the grave be terrible?
Why should it be a word of fear,
Jarring upon the mortal ear?
There repose and silence dwell:
The living hear the funeral knell,
But the dead no funeral knell can hear.
Does the ray flower scorn the grave, the dew
Forget to kiss its turf? the stream
Refuse to bathe its? or the beam
Of moonlight, from the narrow bed,
Where the first pilgrim rests his head?
No! the moon is there, and smiling too!
And the sweetest song of the morning bird
Is oft in that ancient yew tree heard:
And there may you see the heron's bill
Bending his light form—easily—proudly,
And listen to the fresh wind, loudly
Playing around yon's d, as gay
As if it were a boy's play,
And children feed of m durance they.

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AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER

AND LITERARY COMPANION.

BY L. G. HOFFMAN.]

ALBANY, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1839.

[VOL. I.—NO. 13.]

MASONIC.

*Secula certe,
Teanquillo per virtutem patet unica vita.*—Juv. Sat.

THE HISTORY OF FREEMASONRY,

DRAWN FROM AUTHENTIC SOURCES OF INFORMATION.
No. III.

This similarity of treatment, which the mysteries of Ceres and Freemasonry have received, is no small proof of the similarity of their origin, and their object. To this conclusion, however, it may be objected, that though the points of resemblance between these secret societies are numerous, yet there were circumstances in the celebration of the Eleusinian mysteries, which have no counterpart in the invocations, and dances, which were necessary in the festival of Ceres, have indeed, no place in the society of Freemasons: But these points of dissimilarity, instead of weakening, rather strengthen our opinion. It cannot be expected that in the reign of Polytheism, just sentiments of the deity should be entertained; and much less, that the adherents of Christianity should bend their knees to the gods of the heathens. The ancients worshipped those beings, who conferred on them the most signal benefits, with sacrifices, purifications, and other tokens of their humility and gratitude. But when revelation had disclosed to man more amiable sentiments concerning the Divine Being, the society of Freemasons banished from their mysteries, those useless rites with which the ancient brethren of the Order attempted to appease, and requite their deities; and modelled their ceremonies upon this foundation, that there is but one God, who must be worshipped in spirit and in truth.

The mysteries of Ceres were not confined to the city of Eleusis; they were introduced into Athens about thirteen hundred and fifty-six years before Christ; and, with a few slight variations, were observed in Phrygia, Cyprus, Crete, and Sicily. They had reached even to the capital of France; and it is highly probable that, in a short time after, they were introduced into Britain, and other northern kingdoms. In the reign of the Emperor Adrian, they were carried into Rome, and were celebrated, in that metropolis, with the same rite and ceremonies, which were performed in the humble village of Eleusis. They had contracted impurities, however, from the length of their duration, and the corruption of their abettors; and though the forms of initiation were still symbolical of the original, and noble objects of the institution; yet the licentious Romans mistook the shadow for the substance; and, while they underwent the rites of the Eleusinian mysteries, they were strangers to the object for which they were framed.

About the beginning of the fifth century, Theodosius the Great prohibited, and almost totally extinguished the Pagan Theology in the Roman empire; and the my-

steries of Eleusis suffered in the general devastation. It is probable, however, that these mysteries were secretly celebrated, in spite of the severe edicts of Theodosius; and that they were partly continued during the dark ages, though stripped of their original purity and splendour. We are certain, at least, that many rites of the Pagan religion were performed, under the dissembled name of convivial meetings, long after the publication of the Emperor's edicts: and Paellust, informs us, that the mysteries of Ceres, subsisted in Athens till the eighth century of the Christian era, and were never totally suppressed.

Having thus considered the origin and decline of the mysteries of Eleusis; and discovered in them, numerous and prominent features of resemblance to those of Freemasonry; we may reasonably infer, that the Egyptian mysteries which gave rise to the former, had a still nearer affinity to the latter; and, from this conclusion, the opinions that were formerly stated, concerning the antiquity of the Order, and the origin of Egyptian knowledge, will receive very considerable confirmation.

Let us now direct our attention to the Dionysia, or mysteries of Bacchus, which were intimately connected with those of Ceres, and perhaps, still more with the mysteries of Freemasonry. Herodotus informs us that the solemnities, in honor of Dionysius or Bacchus, were transported from that country into Greece, by one Melampus. But not only did the mysteries of Ceres and Bacchus flow from the same source; the one was in some measure interwoven with the other, and it is almost certain, from what we are now to mention that those who were initiated into the former, were entitled to be present at the celebration of the latter. The sixth day of the Eleusinian festival was the most brilliant of the whole. It received the appellation of Bacchus, because it was chiefly, if not exclusively, devoted to the worship of that god. His statue, attended by the initiated, and the ministers of the temple, was conducted from Athens to Eleusis, with much pomp and solemnity. And after it had been introduced into the temple of Ceres, it was brought back to Athens with similar ceremonies. The connection between the Eleusinian and Dionysian mysteries is manifest, also, from the common opinion, that Ceres was the mother of Bacchus; and Plutarch assures us, that the Egyptian Isis was the same with Ceres; that Osiris was the same with Bacchus; and that the Dionysia of Greece was only another name for the Pamyia of Egypt. As Bacchus was the inventor of theatres, as well as of dramatical representations, that particular class of Masons, who were employed in the erection of these extensive buildings, were called the Dionysian artificers, and were initiated into the mysteries of their founder, and consequently in those of Eleusis. But, from the tendency of the human mind to embrace the ceremonial, while it neglects the substan-

tial part of an institution, the Dionysian festival, in the degenerate ages of Greece, was more remarkable for inebriation and licentiousness, than for the cultivation of virtue and science; and he who at first celebrated as the inventor of arts, was afterwards worshipped as the god of wine. Those who were desirous of indulging, secretly, in licentious mirth, and unhallowed festival, cloaked their proceedings under the pretence of worshipping Bacchus; and brought disgrace upon those mysteries, which were instituted for the promotion of virtue, and the improvement of art.

About two hundred years before Christ, an illiterate and licentious priest came from Greece to Tuscany, and instituted the Bacchanalia, or feast of the Bacchanals. From Tuscany they were imported to Rome; but the promoters of these midnight orgies having proceeded to the farthest extremity of dissipation and disloyalty, they were abolished throughout all Italy, by a decree of the senate. It has been foolishly supposed, that the Bacchanalia were similar to the Dionysian mysteries, merely because they were both dedicated to Bacchus. The Liberalia of Rome was the festival corresponding to the Dionysia of Greece; and it is probable that this feast was observed, throughout the Roman empire, till the abrogation of the Pagan Theology in the reign of Theodosius. The opinion which an impartial enquirer would form, concerning the nature and tendency of the mysteries of Bacchus, would not be very favourable to the character of the institution. But it should be remembered that deviations from the intentions and form of any association, are no objection to the association itself; They are rather proofs of its original purity and excellence; as it is not from the paths of vice, but from those of virtue, that we are accustomed to stray.

Hitherto we have considered the Dionysian mysteries under an unpropitious aspect; let us now trace them in their progress from Europe to Asia, where they retained their primitive lustre, and effectually contributed to the rapid advancement of the fine arts.

About a thousand years before Christ, the inhabitants of Attica, complaining of the narrowness of their territory, and unfruitfulness of its soil, went in quest of more extensive and fertile settlements. Being joined by a number of the inhabitants of surrounding provinces, they sailed to Asia Minor, drove out the inhabitants, seized upon the eligible situations, and united them under the name of Ionia, because the greatest number of the refugees were natives of that province. As the Greeks, prior to the Ionic migration, had made considerable progress in the arts and sciences, they carried these along with them into their new territories; and introduced into Ionia the mysteries of Minerva and Dionysius, before they were corrupted by the licentiousness of the Athenians. In a short time the Asiatic colonies surpassed the mother country in prosperity and science. Sculpture in marble and the Doric and Ionic orders were the results of their

* Playfair's Chronology.

† Lucii Apuleii Metamorph. lib. xi. p. 197. 198.

‡ Prime of Paris, or a sketch of the French capital, 1803, by S. West, F. R. S. F. A. S. This author observes, in the preface to his work, that Paris is derived from Par Isis, because it was built beside a temple, dedicated to that goddess;—that this temple was demolished at the establishment of Christianity, and that there remains, to this day, in the Petite Augustins, a statue of Isis nursing Orus.

§ A. D. 117. Encyclop. Brit. vol. 6. p. 355. Potter's Antiq. vol. 1. p. 379.

|| Gibbon's History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, vol. 6. p. 100.

¶ Z. v. m. Hist. lib. 4.

* Gibbon v. 6. p. 110.

† In his treatise on the gods which the Greeks worshipped, quoted by Mr. Clench in the Anthologia Hibernica, for January 1794. p. 36.

‡ Lib. ii. The testimony of Herodotus is greatly corroborated, when we recollect, that there were temples in Egypt, erected, in honour of Bacchus. It is not probable that the Egyptians would borrow from the Greeks.

§ Anacharsis, tom. iii. p. 331. Plut. in Phoc. t. i. p. 754. Memoirs in Elens. M. v. c. 27.

¶ Potter, v. i. p. 379.

|| De Isis et Osiride. Moe. du Gouvernement Ancien et Moderne de l'Egypte. p. 16. Paris 1743.

** Vid. Potter, v. i. p. 41.

Tit. Liv. lib. xxxix. cap. 8.

† Liv. lib. xxxix. cap. 18.

‡ Liberalia (says Fustus) liberi Festa, quae apud Graecos dicitur Dionysia.—Vid. Universal History, vol. 13. p. 242.

§ Playfair places the Ionic migration in 1644. B. C. Gillies in 1655; and Bartholemy, the author of Anacharsis's Travels, in 1676.

Herodotus lib. I. cap. 142. Gillies's Hist. of Greece, vol. i. p. 107.

According to the Author of Anacharsis's Travels, the arts rose in Greece about 1547. B. C.

ingenuity††. They returned even into Greece; they communicated to their ancestors the inventions of their own country; and instructed them in that style of architecture, which has been the admiration of succeeding ages. For these improvements the world is indebted to the *Dionysian Artificers*, an association of scientific men, who possessed the exclusive privilege of erecting temples, theatres, and other public buildings in Asia Minor††. They supplied Ionia, and the surrounding countries, as far as the Hellespont with theatrical apparatus by contract; and erected the magnificent temple at Teos, to Bacchus, the founder of their order. These artists were numerous in Asia, and existed under the same appellation, in Syria, Persia, and India. About three hundred years before the birth of Christ, a considerable number of them were incorporated by command of the King of Pergamus, who assigned to them Teos, as a settlement, being the city of their tutelary god†. The members of this association, which was intimately connected with the Dionysian mysteries, were distinguished from the uninitiated inhabitants of Teos, by the science which they possessed, and by appropriate words and signs, by which they could recognize their Brethren of the order†. Like Freemasons they were divided into lodges, which were distinguished by different appellations; They occasionally held convivial meetings in houses erected and consecrated for this purpose; and separate associations were under the direction of a master, and presidents, or wardens. They held a general meeting once a year, which was solemnized with great pomp and festival, and at which the Brethren partook of a splendid entertainment, provided by the master, after they had finished the sacrifices to their gods, and especially to their patron Bacchus†. They used particular utensils in their ceremonial observances; some of which were exactly similar to those that are employed by the Fraternity of Freemasons: And the more opulent artists were bound to provide for the exigencies of their poorer brethren†. The very monuments which were reared by these Masons, to the memory of their masters and wardens, remain to the present day, in the Turkish burying grounds, at Siverhisar and Erakill. The inscription upon them express, in strong terms, the gratitude of the Fraternity, for their disinterested exertions in behalf of the Order; for their generosity and benevolence to its individual members; for their private virtues, as well as for their public conduct. From some circumstances, which are stated in these inscriptions, but particularly from the name of one of the lodges: it is highly probable, that Attalus, King of Pergamus, was a member of the Dionysian Fraternity.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

* Chandler's Travels in Asia Minor, p. 100, lte. 1775. The Panathones and the Dionysian mysteries were instituted about 300 years before the Ionic migration.

†† Gillies's Hist. Ant. Greece, v. ii. p. 162.

†† Strabo, lib. iv. Chishull Antiquitates Asiaticae, p. 107. Robinson's Proofs of a Conspiracy, p. 20.

†† Ionian Antiquities, published by the Society of Dilettanti, p. 4.

†† Strabo, lib. iv. Chishull Antiqu. Asiat. p. 139.

* Chandler's Travels, p. 100. Chishull Antiqu. Asiat. p. 138.

†† Ionian Antiquities, p. 4.

†† Robinson's Proofs of a Conspiracy, p. 20.

* Chandler's Travels, p. 103.

†† Chishull, p. 40.

* Chandler's Travels, p. 100. These monuments were erected about 150 years before Christ. The inscriptions upon them were published by Edmund Chishull in 1728, from copies taken by Consul Sherar in 1709, and examined in 1716. Ionian Antiquities, p. 3.

MANNERS OF OUR ANCESTORS.

Lord Dorchester, having no wife to do the honours of the table at Thoresby, imposed that task upon his eldest daughter, as soon as she had bodily strength for the office, which in these days required no small share. For the mistress of a country mansion was not only to invite—that is, urge and tease—her company to eat more than human throats could conveniently swallow, but to carve every dish, when chosen, with her own hands. The greater the lady, the more indispensable the duty. Each joint was carried up in its turn, to be operated upon by her, and her alone; since the peers and knights on either hand were so far from being bound to offer their assistance, that the very master of the house, posted opposite to her, might not act as her cupbearer; his department was to push the bottle for dinner. As for the crowd of guests, the most in-

considerate among them—the curate, or subaltern, or squire's younger brother—if suffered through her neglect to help himself to a slice of the mutton placed before him would have chewed it in bitterness, and gone home an affronted man, half inclined to give a wrong vote at the next election. There were then professed carving-masters, who taught young ladies the art scientifically: from one of whom Lady Mary said she took lessons three times a week, that she might be perfect on her father's public days; when in order to perform her functions without interruption, she was forced to eat her own dinner alone an hour or two beforehand.—*Correspondence of Lady Mary Montague*, by Lord Wharncliffe.

POPULAR TALES.

DUVAL THE HIGHWAYMAN.

Leaving out of sight Robin Hood, whose thievery has been so varnished over by time and romance as to look now like a lawful muling of the rich and oppressive, there is no robber or highwayman in the annals of the English "road," who pursued his profession in so accomplished a manner, and threw so many graces over his thievery, as Claude Duval. This personage was a real Macheath, one who eschewed all the corsair traits of the rascal's character, and there are some incidents in his history, which, we are sure, will amuse those of our readers to whom they are new.

Claude Duval was a Frenchman by birth, having first seen the light, in the year 1643, at Domfront, in Normandy, where his father, Pierre Duval, a miller, resided. Claude was well brought up, and at the age of thirteen or so, he either ran away from his parents, or was permitted by them to go and push his fortune in the world. Having reached Rouen, the Norman capital, Claude chanced to fall in with some post-horses returning to Paris, and was allowed to mount one of them on condition of helping the conductor to dress them at night.

The period of the restoration was well fitted for the development of such a character as that of Claude Duval. Hespeditly became a proficient in gaming, drunkenness, and all those other practices, which under royal favour, were regarded as the highest accomplishments of a gallant of the time.

He was the most insinuating of filcher's, contriving to steal with such a grace, that, so far from terrifying even the ladies, they were content to lose all they had for the pleasure of contemplating his courtesy, and to wish him good luck with what he had appropriated. One story which is told of him will exemplify his manner of going to work. We quote the words of a quaint and ironical notice of Claude Duval in the Harleian Miscellany. Having on one occasion received intelligence that a coach was about to pass along a certain road, with a booty of four hundred pounds in it, Duval and four associates took the field, and at the expected time beheld the object of their search. "In the coach, was a knight, his lady, and only one serving maid, who perceiving five horsemen making up to them, presently imagined that they were beset; and they were confirmed in this apprehension, by seeing them whisper to one another, and ride backwards and forwards. The lady, to show she was not afraid, takes a flageolet out of her pocket and plays: Duval takes the hint, plays also, and excellently well, upon a flageolet of his own, and in this posture he rides up to the coach side. 'Sir,' says he to the person in the coach, 'your lady plays excellently, and I doubt not but that she dances as well: will you please to walk out of the coach, and let me have the honor to dance one currant with her upon the heath!' 'Sir,' said the person in the coach, 'I dare not deny any thing to one of your quality and good mind; you seem a gentleman, and your request is very reasonable;' which said, the lacquey opens the door, out comes the knight, Duval leaps lightly off his horse, and hands the lady out of the coach. They danced, and here it was that Duval performed marvels: the best master in London, except those that are French, not being able to show such footing as he did in his great French riding-boots. The dancing being over, he waits on the lady to her coach. As the knight was going in, says Duval to him, 'Sir, you have forgot to pay the music.' 'No, I have not,' replies the knight, and putting his hand under the seat of the coach, pulls out a hundred pounds in a bag, and delivers it to him;

which Duval took with him a very good grace, and courteously answered, 'Sir, you are liberal, and shall have no cause to repent your being so; this liberality of yours shall excuse you the other three hundred pounds; and, giving him the word, that, if he met with any more of the crew, he might pass undisturbed. Duval civilly takes his leave of him."

He always treated the fair sex, when he met them on the road, with the most winning politeness, and would restore a favourite trinket with the grace of a cavalier who had picked up a dropped glove. Once, when in company with several of his crew, Duval met with a coach filled with ladies, and sent one of his friends forward to lay them under contribution. The fellow did his office rudely, taking away money, watches, rings, and even the gum bottle of a baby that was present. The child naturally cried, and one of the ladies, the infant's mother, entreated the man only to return the sucking bottle. But the surly thief refused, until Duval, observing him to stay longer than necessary, came up and discovered what had been done. Drawing forth a pistol, Duval levelled it at his associate's head, exclaiming at the same time, "Give back the bottle to the child. Can't you behave like a gentleman, and raise a contribution without stripping people? But, perhaps, you had some occasion for the sucking-bottle yourself, and, indeed, by your actions one would imagine you were hardly weaned." The abashed thief did as he was bid, and Duval departed, having the ladies in admiration of the courteous style of thievery which it was his will to practise, as well as of the ready wit by which he repressed his companion's acquisitiveness.

Claude Duval is said to have exhibited much ingenuity occasionally in compassing such purposes as sheer courage alone could not carry him through. He once entered the Crown Inn, in Beaconsfield, where he heard singing, dancing, and fiddling in merry progress. On inquiry, he found that a sort of wake or fair was kept there that day, and that a large company were assembled. Partly from his natural liking for sport, and partly from the hope of doing business, Duval resolved to alight, and spend the evening there. He did so, entered the kitchen, and called for a pint of wine. By chance an old farmer was sitting by the fire with a companion, whom he told, in Duval's hearing, that he had a hundred pounds in his pockets, which he was anxious for the safety of. Our appropriative hero immediately set down this money as his own, more particularly when he heard the old countryman ask leave to enter the dancing room, and see the diversion. Duval made the same request, and did it so courteously, that he was told he might stay as long as he pleased, and welcome. Thinking more of the hundred pounds than the fiddle or the dancing, the highway practitioner looked around him for some means of making the money change possessors. Clever as he was, he was no conjuror, and could not have what he wished by crying "Presto! pass." But he hit on another method of accomplishing his object. He saw that the only rational way of lightening the farmer of his burden, was to create confusion among the company, during which he might use his fingers unseen. A chimney in the room with a large funnel, struck him as a proper means of executing his project. He went out, and, having told the ostler of his wish to have a bit of frolic with the good company, prevailed upon that personage, by a bribe of two guineas, to dress up the large mastiff-dog of the stable-yard in a raw cow-hide with horns, which lay conveniently at hand, and then, by the help of a ladder and a rope, to let the disguised animal down the fore-mentioned chimney. Having thus arranged matters with his confederate, Duval returned quietly to the dancers, who continued to foot it in the merriest manner. By and bye, an alarming noise was heard in the chimney, and a most unearthly howling succeeded from the same quarter, followed by the thundering descent into the room of what appeared to be a black, yelling, horned demon. The whole company was thrown into confusion, and the question was, which should be first out of the room. The most active pushed down others, and the lights were overthrown, and trampled under foot. In this state of general consternation, Duval found it no difficult matter to empty the pocket of the farmer, whom he had kept a sharp hold of in the bustle. The dog, meanwhile having broken the rope by its weight, bounded over the prostrate crowd, and made its way to the stable, where the ostler instant-

ly uncased it, and rendered it impossible for the trick to be discovered.

Whether it had been found out or not, Duval had taken care of himself. As soon as he had effected his purpose, he took horse, and spared neither whip nor spur till he found himself in London. The loss of the money was discovered after his departure, and search was made for it every where: but, of course it could not be found. It was thereupon settled by common consent that the devil had been permitted to take it away in order to punish the old farmer, who was noted for his miserly covetousness.

When the proclamation, already alluded to, was promulgated, Duval, being then well provided with money thought proper to decamp for France. He was not here long ere he squandered all he possessed, and was compelled to resort to his old practices. It is recorded of him that he assumed the character of alchemist, ostensibly for the purpose of extracting gold from lead but in reality to squeeze it out of an avaricious Jesuit, confessor to the king of France. By putting some pieces of gold into the end of a stick, and then stirring with this stick a crucible filled with melting lead, Duval contrived to exhibit the seeming transmutation of a portion of the lead into gold, by the melting of the particles in the stick. By this means he insinuated himself into the Jesuit's confidence; and the result was, that one day his reverence being alone with his philosophic friend, found himself suddenly bound and gagged, and had the satisfaction of seeing his strong-box rifled before his face, himself being all the while unable to utter a word of remonstrance.

This enabled Claude Duval to return to England, which, somehow or other, foreigners of his class have always chosen as the favourite field of their exertions, possibly from the patriotic wish to spare their own countrymen. How long Duval flourished his after return to England, it is difficult to say, as the dates of the principal events of his life have not been preserved. He did not confine himself entirely to highway practice, but preyed upon the world, in various other ways. Dressed elegantly after the fashion of a finished gallant of the time, he frequented gaming-tables and laid under contribution knights, and squires, and lords of high degree, who little dreamt of the true character of their companion. Duval, was a most dexterous cheat at cards—or, to speak in more measured language of such a man's qualifications, he could slip a card beautifully. He was mightily given to betting, and laid his wagers with such skill and prudence, that he often won large sums by the practice, and seldom lost small ones.

The law, which has no respect for persons, at length laid its hands on this polished highwayman, whom it had described in a thousand bills and proclamations.—He was not taken while attacking the king's lieges but after having assaulted several pottles of wine. In plain language, he was arrested while drunk, at the Hole in the Wall tavern in Chandos Street. His capture excited a sensation proportioned to the repute he had gained in life. After being arraigned convicted, and condemned, while he lay awaiting his doom in Newgate, he was visited by many ladies, among whom were several of rank, all anxious to see the man who, in his lawless courses, ever preserved a degree of romantic and most unwonted courtesy to those of their sex.—There rested on him, besides, we believe, no stain of blood, though, from the life he had led, this would be difficult to determine. The life of Duval was interceded for, but in vain. On the 21st of January 1669-70, when he had barely reached the age of twenty seven, he was executed at Tyburn. His youth, comeliness, and extraordinary character, in which a vein of good ran through the bad, caused tears it is said, to dim many gentle eyes, when he suffered at the fatal tree. Thanks to an improved moral of society, and thanks to an improved system of police, the race of Duvals are now extinct in the land, never, it is hoped to be revived.

Important to Farmers. A farmer of Long Island, writes that the half breed Durham cattle are better suited to bear the extremes of heat and cold which they will be exposed to in this climate, than the pure Durham, as their skins are thicker, and their coats closer and longer than the pure breed. The milking qualities of the heifers bred in this way are almost beyond belief some of them milking forty, and even fifty quarts a day, of rich fine milk.

CHARACTER.

From *Benley's Dictionary*.

MATHEWS, KEMBLE, AND MUSTAPHA THE CAT.

As everything relating to the late Charles Mathews is an object of public interest, we are happy to have it in our power to present our readers with a portrait in character of that unrivalled comedian, and with a scene in private life between him and his friend, Kemble.

Mr. Mathews and Mr. Kemble had been dining together at Mr. Charles Kemble's house. Mr. John Kemble had taken much wine, and when the party broke up, Mr. Mathews determined to accompany the tragedian to his own door. Giving him his arm, therefore, they proceeded slowly to Mr. Kemble's house in Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury. The tragedian was full of talk, and 'very happy' as it is called; and although the hour was late, his pressing invitation to his friend to enter the house with him induced my husband to obey. It was evident that the man who opened the door was the only person who remained up in the establishment. Mr. Kemble went into his library, by Mr. Mathews, and desired the attendant to bring a tray, at the same time, with great formality, introducing him to the notice of his guest as the 'gentleman who did him the honour to take care of his wine,' &c. It was in vain that Mr. Mathews protested against further hospitality. Mr. Kemble was too much excited to have his spirit easily laid; and, surrounded as he was with books, he began a disquisition upon their authors above all his 'beloved Shakespeare;' on whom he discoursed most eloquently, after taking a volume from the shelf, and devoutly kissing the binding. At length the tray was brought in with wine, water, &c., and with it entered an enormous cat decorated with a red collar and a bell. The appearance of his favourite cat called forth its master's most affectionate notice, and many relations of its extraordinary powers of understanding, its devoted attachment to its master's person, &c. were detailed to Mr. Mathews. Mustapha, Mr. Kemble declared, had much of human feeling of the best kind in his composition; he described how he watched his return home, mourned his absence, &c. and grew maudlin in its praise. The animal seemed happy in its master's presence: and looked up in his face as it composedly lay down before him.—Mr. Mathews mewed; Mr. Kemble, turning round at this sound, which he believed to proceed from the cat observed, 'There, my dear Mathews, do you hear that? Now that creature knows all I say of him, and is replying to it.' This amused my husband, and he repeated the experiment in all the varieties of feline intonation, mewing, purring, &c. Mr. Kemble, at last, said to him in his slow and measured tones. 'Now you don't know what he means by that, but I do. Mus! Mus!' (on every reiteration of this affectionate diminutive, raising his voice to its most tragic expression of tenderness) 'umph! My dear sir, that creature knows that it is beyond my usual time of sitting up, and he's uneasy! Mus! Mus!'—but Mus. was sleepy and inattentive, and his master resumed his criticisms upon the different readings of Shakespeare, talked also of *Lope de Vega*, and was again interrupted by a mew, as he believed, from the dissatisfied Mus. 'What,' asked his fond master, looking down upon him, 'what is it you desire, my good friend?' (Mus., alias Mathews, mewed once more, in a more supplicating and more touching tone.) 'Well, well! I understand you; you want to go to bed. Well, I suppose I must indulge you.' Here Mr. Kemble deliberately arose, put down his book upon the table, with his face open at the page to which he had referred, took a measured pinch of snuff, and tottered to the door, which he with difficulty opened. He then awaited Mustapha's exit; but Mustapha having no voice in the affair, preferred remaining where he was; and his master kindly reproached him with being a 'little capricious' in first asking to go, and then preferring to stay. With a smile and look at my husband of the gentlest indulgence towards his favourite's humour, he tottered back again to his chair, resumed his declamatory observations upon the relative powers of dramatic writers, and their essential requisites, till the troublesome Mustapha again renewed his mewing solicitations. Mr. Kemble once more stopped, and looking again at the imaginary cause of his

interruption, with philosophic patience, asked, 'well, Mus. what would you have?' Then after another pause, turning to his guest, said; 'Now, my dear Mathews, you are fond of animals, and ought to know this one; he's a perfect character for you to study. Now, sir, that cat knows that I shall be ill to-morrow, and he's uneasy at my sitting up.' Then benevolently looking at the cat, added—'Umph!—my dear Mus. I must beg your indulgence, my good friend; I really can-not go to bed yet.' Mus whined his reply, and his master declared that the cat asked to be allowed to go away. On the door being a second time opened, after similar exertion, on Mr. Kemble's part to effect this courtesy, and several grave chirpings in order to entice Mus. from the fireplace, the animal at length left the room. Mr. Kemble then returned, as before, to his seat, drank another glass of wine and water, and, just as he was comfortably re-established, the incorrigible Mus. was heard in the passage again, in loud lament, and importunate demand for re-admittance. 'Umph!' said Mr. Kemble, with another pinch of snuff—'now that animal, sir, is not happy, after all, away from me. (Mus. was louder than ever at this moment.) 'Why what ails the creature? Surely, there is more in this than we dream of, Mathews. You, who have studied such beings, ought to be able to explain.' Poor Mus. made another pathetic appeal for re-admission, and his master's heart was not made of flint. Mr. Kemble apologized to his guest for these repeated interruptions, and managed once more to make his way to the door. After opening it, and waiting a minute for the re-entrance of his favourite, but not seeing it, he smiled at my husband with the same indulgent expression as before, and remarked, 'Now, would you believe it, Mathews, that extraordinary animal was affronted at not being let in again on his first appeal—and now it is his humour not to come at all! Mus!—Mustapha!—Mus!' But as no Mus. appeared, the door was closed with the same deliberation, and Mr. Kemble once more contrived to regain his chair, and recommenced his comments, quite unobservant of the almost hysterical fit of laughter to which my husband was by this time reduced, at the imposition he had so successfully, though in the first place so unintentionally, practised upon the credulity of his grave and unsuspecting friend. But it did not end here; for Mr. Mathews reiterated his imitations, and Mr. Kemble again remarked upon his favourite's peculiarities of temper, &c.—again went to the door—again returned, till even Mr. 'Midnight' (as some friends of ours christened Mr. Mathews, from his love of late hours) felt it time to retire, and leave Mr. Kemble, which he did as he saw him fall asleep in the act of representing his idea of the scene of the sick king in Henry IV.—with his pocket handkerchief spread over his head as a substitute for the characteristic drapery of the dying monarch.*

* From the forthcoming conclusion to the "Memoirs of Charles Mathews," by Mrs. Mathews.

ODDS AND ENDS.

There is no vice so pitiful, so contemptible as that of lying. He who permits himself to tell a lie once, finds it much easier to do it a second and third time till at length it becomes habitual; he tells lies without attending to it, and truths without the world's believing him.

There is nothing like keeping up one's dignity.—An Ohio editor, in speaking of the river, says it has got so low that it is beneath his notice.

"Why did Adam bite the apple?" asked a country schoolmaster of his pupil. Because he had no knife," said the boy.

A young lady, engaged as "help in a family up town" is so extremely modest that she dressed the legs of a chicken in pantalettes, and put chemisette over the breast, before sending it to the table.

An editor apologizes for the lack of editorial matter by saying that he carried several good and interesting articles to a wedding in his hat, and the girls coaxed them all out of him to wrap up bride's cake in! That's the last excuse we have heard.

An Irishman advertised a newly invented washing machine in these words:—"Every man his own washer-woman."

Richness of dress contributes nothing to a man of sense; but rather makes his sense, inquired into. The more the body is set off, the mind appears the less.

MISCELLANY.

HAMILTON AND BURR.

(CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 93.)

No. 9.

26th June, 1804.

Sir,
I have communicated the letter which you did me the honor to write to me of this date to Gen. Hamilton. The expectations now disclosed on the part of Col. Burr, appear to him to have greatly extended the original ground of enquiry, and instead of presenting a particular and definitive case for explanation, seem to aim at nothing less than an inquisition into his most confidential conversations, as well as others, through the whole period of his acquaintance with Col. Burr.

While he was prepared to meet the particular case fairly and fully, he thinks it inadmissible that he should be expected to answer at large as to every thing that he may possibly have said in relation to the character of Col. Burr at any time or upon any occasion.— Though he is not conscious that any charges which are in circulation to the prejudice of Col. Burr have originated with him, except one which may have been so considered, and which has long since been fully explained between Col. Burr and himself—yet he cannot consent to be questioned generally as to any rumors which may be afloat derogatory to the character of Col. Burr without specification of the several rumors, many of them probably unknown to him. He does not, however mean to authorise any conclusion as to the real nature of his conduct towards Col. Burr by his declining so loose and vague a basis of explanation, and he disavows, any unwillingness to come to a satisfactory, provided it be an honorable, accommodation. His objection is, the very indefinite ground which Col. Burr has assumed, in which he is sorry to be able to discern nothing short of predetermined hostility. Presuming, therefore, that it will be adhered to, he has instructed me to receive the message which you have in charge to deliver. For this purpose I shall be at home and at your command, to-morrow morning, from 9 to 10 o'clock.

I have the honor to be, respectfully,
Your obedient servant.
N. PENDLETON.

No. 10.

Sir,

The letter which I had the honor to receive from you, under date of yesterday, states that among other things, that in Gen. H.'s opinion Col. B. has taken a very indefinite ground, in which he evinces nothing short of predetermined hostility, and that Gen. Hamilton thinks it inadmissible that the enquiry should extend to his confidential as well as other conversations. In this Col. Burr can only reply, that secret whispers traducing his fame and impeaching his honor are, at least, equally injurious with slanders publicly uttered; that Gen. H. had, at no time, and in no place, a right to use any such injurious expressions; and that the partial negative he is disposed to give, with the reservations he wishes to make, are proofs that he has done the injury specified.

Col Burr's request was, in the first instance, proposed in a form the most simple, in order that Gen. H. might give to the affair that course to which he might be induced by his temper and his knowledge of facts. Col. Burr trusted with confidence that from the frankness of a soldier and the candor of a gentleman he might expect an ingenuous declaration. That if, as he had reason to believe, Gen. H. had used expressions derogatory to his honor, he would have had the magnanimity to retract them; and that if from his language injurious inferences had been improperly drawn, he would have perceived the propriety of correcting errors which might have been thus widely diffused.— With these impressions, Col. B. was greatly surprised at receiving a letter which he considered as evasive, and in a manner not altogether decorous. In one expectation, however, he was wholly deceived, for the close of Gen. Hamilton's letter contained an intimation that if Col. Burr should dislike his refusal to acknowledge or deny he was ready to meet the consequence. This Col B. deemed a sort of defiance, and would have felt justified in making it the basis of an immediate message. But as the communication contained something concerning the indefiniteness of the re-

quest; as he believed it rather the offspring of false pride or reflection, and as he felt the utmost reluctance to proceed to extremities while any other hope remained, his request was repeated in terms more explicit. The replies and propositions on the part of Gen. H. have in Col. B.'s opinion been constantly in substance the same.

Col. B. disavows all motives of predetermined hostility, charged by which he thinks insult added to injury. He feels as a gentleman should feel when his honor is impeached or assailed; and without sensation of hostility or wishes of revenge, he is determined to vindicate that honor at such hazard as the nature of the case demands.

The length to which this correspondence has extended, only tending to prove that the satisfactory redress earnestly desired cannot be obtained, he deems it useless to offer any proposition except the simple message which I shall now have the honor to deliver.

I have the honor to be,
Your obedient servant.
W. P. VANNESS,

Wednesday, June 27th, 1804.

With this letter a message was received, such as was to be expected, containing an invitation, which was accepted, and Mr. P. informed Mr. V. N. that he should hear from him the next day as to further particulars.

This letter was delivered to Gen. H. on the same evening, and a very short conversation ensued between him and Mr. P. who was to call on him early the next morning for a further conference. When he did so, Gen. H. said he had not understood whether the message and answer were definitively concluded, or whether another meeting was to take place for that purpose between Mr. P. and Mr. V. N. Under the latter impression, and as the last letter contained matter that naturally led to animadversion, he gave Mr. P. a paper of remarks, in his own hand writing, to be communicated to Mr. V. N. if the state of the affair rendered it proper.

In the farther interview with Mr. V. N. that day, after explaining the causes which had induced Gen. H. to suppose that the state of the affair did not render it improper, he offered this paper to Mr. V. N. but he declined receiving it, alleging that he considered the correspondence as closed by the acceptance of the message that he had delivered.

Mr. P. informed Mr. V. N. of the inducements mentioned by Gen. H. in those remarks for the postponing the meeting until the close of the circuit, and as this was uncertain Mr. P. was to let him know when it would be convenient.

On Friday, the 6th of July, the circuit being closed, Mr. P. gave this information, and that Gen. Hamilton would be ready at any time after the Sunday following. On Monday the particulars were arranged, and the public are but too well acquainted with the result.

The paper above alluded to is as follows:

No. 11.

Remarks on the letter of June 27th, 1804.

Whether the observations on this letter are designed merely to justify the result which is indicated in the close of the letter, or may be intended to give an opening for rendering any thing explicit which may have been deemed vague, heretofore, can only be judged of by the sequel. At any rate it appears to me necessary not to be misunderstood. Mr. Pendleton is therefore authorised to say that in the course of the present discussion, written or verbal, there has been no intention to evade, or defy or insult, but a sincere disposition to avoid extremities if it could be done with propriety. With this view Gen. H. has been ready to enter into a frank and free explanation on any and every object of a specific nature; but not to answer a general and abstract inquiry, embracing a period too long for any accurate recollection, and exposing him to unpleasant criticisms from, or unpleasant discussions with any and every person, who may have understood him in an unfavorable sense. This (admitting that he could answer in a manner the most satisfactory to Col. Burr) he should deem inadmissible, in principle and in precedent, and humiliating in practice. To this, therefore, he can never submit. Frequent allusion has been made to slanders said to be in circula-

tion. Whether they are openly or in whispers they have a form and shape, and might be specified.

If the alternative alluded to in the close of the letter is definitively tendered, it must be accepted; the time, place and manner, to be afterwards regulated. I should not think it right in the midst of a circuit court to withdraw my services from those who may have confided important interests to me, and expose them to the embarrassment of seeking other counsel, who may not have time to be sufficiently instructed in their cause. I shall also want a little time to make some arrangements respecting my own affairs.

The following paper, in the hand writing of Gen. H., was enclosed with his will and some other papers in a packet addressed to one of his executors, which was of course not to have been delivered but in case of the melancholy event that has happened. As it contains his motives and reflections on the cause that have led to this fatal catastrophe, it is deemed proper to communicate it to the public.

No. 12.

On my expected interview with Col. B., I think it proper to make some remarks, explanatory of my conduct, motives and views.

I was certainly desirous of avoiding this interview, for the most cogent reasons.

1. My religious and moral principles are strongly opposed to the practice of duelling, and it would ever give me pain to be obliged to shed the blood of a fellow creature in a private combat forbidden by the laws.

2. My wife and children are extremely dear to me, and my life is of the utmost importance to them, in various views.

3. I feel a sense of obligation towards my creditors, who in case of accident to me, by the forced sale of my property, may be in some degree sufferers. I did not think myself at liberty, as a man of probity, lightly to expose them to this hazard.

4. I am conscious of no ill will to Col. B. distinct from political opposition, which, as I trust, has proceeded from pure and upright motives.

Lastly, I shall hazard much and can possibly gain nothing by the issue of the interview.

But it was, as I conceive, impossible for me to avoid it. There were intrinsic difficulties in the thing, and artificial embarrassments, from the manner of proceeding on the part of Col. B.

Intrinsic, because it is not to be denied that my animadversion on the political principles, character and views of Col. B. have been extremely severe, and on different occasions I in common with many others, have made very unfavorable criticisms on particular instances of the private conduct of that gentleman.

In proportion as these impressions were entertained with sincerity, and uttered with motives and for purposes which might appear to me commendable, would be the difficulty (until they could be removed by evidence of their being erroneous) of explanation or apology.— The disavowal required of me by Col. B. in a general and indefinite form, was out of my power, if it had really been proper for me to submit to be so questioned; but I was sincerely of opinion that this could not be, and in this opinion I was confirmed by that of a very moderate and judicious friend whom I consulted. Besides that Col. Burr appeared to me to assume, in the first instance, a tone unnecessarily peremptory and menacing, and in the second positively offensive. Yet I wished, as far as might be practicable, to leave a door open to accommodation. This, I think, will be inferred from the written communications made by me and by my direction, and would be confirmed by the conversations between Mr. V. N. and myself which arose out of the subject.

I am not sure whether, under all these circumstances, I did not go further in the attempt to accommodate than a punctilious delicacy will justify. If so, I hope the motives I have stated will excuse me.

It is not my design, by what I have said, to inflict any odium on the conduct of Col. B. in this case.— He doubtless has heard of animadversions of mine which bore very hard upon him; and it is probable that, as usual, they were accompanied with some falsehoods. He may have supposed himself under a necessity of acting as he has done. I hope the grounds of his proceeding are such as ought to satisfy his own con-

science.

I trust, at the same time, that the world will do me the justice to believe that I have not censured him on right grounds, nor from unworthy inducements. I certainly have had strong reasons for what I may have said, though it is possible that I may have been influenced by misconception or misinformation. It is also to my ardent wish that I may have been more mistaken than I think I have been, and that he, in his future conduct may show himself worthy of all confidence and esteem, and prove an ornament and blessing to the country.

As well because it is possible that I may have injured Col. B. however convinced myself that my opinions and declarations have been well founded, as from my general principles and temper in similar affairs—I have resolved, if our interview be conducted in the usual manner, to reserve and throw away my first fire, and I have thought even of reserving my second fire, and thus giving a double opportunity to Col. B. to pause and to reflect.

It is not, however, my intention to enter into any explanations on the ground. Apology, from principle. I hope, rather than pride, is out of the question.

To those who, with me, abhorring the practice of duelling, may think that I ought on no account to have added to the number of bad examples, I answer that my relative situation, as well public as private, enforcing all the considerations which constitute what men of the world, denominate honor, imposed on me (as I thought) a peculiar necessity not to decline the call. The ability to be in future useful, whether in resisting mischief or effecting good, in those crisis of our public affairs which seem likely to happen, would probably be inseparable from a conformity with public prejudice in this particular.

A. H.

The occurrences of that interview will appear from the following statement, No. 13, which has been drawn up and mutually agreed on by the seconds of the parties.

NO. 13.

Col. Burr arrived first on the ground, as had been previously agreed; when Gen. H. arrived, the parties exchanged salutations, and the seconds proceeded to make their arrangements. They measured the distance, ten full paces, and cast lots for the choice of position, and also to determine by whom the word should be given, both of which fell to the second of general H. They then proceeded to load the pistols in each others presence, after which the parties took their stations.—The gentleman who was to give the word, then explained to the parties the rules which were to govern them in firing, which were as follows: "The parties being placed in their stations, the second who gives the word shall ask them whether they are ready; answered in the affirmative, he shall say 'present,' after this the parties shall present and fire when they please. If one fires before the other, the opposite second shall say, one, two, three, fire—and he shall then fire or loose his fire." He then asked if they were prepared, being answered in the affirmative, he gave the word present, as had been agreed on, and both parties presented and fired in succession, the intervening time is not expressed, as the seconds do not precisely agree on that point. The fire of Col. Burr took effect, and Gen. H. almost instantly fell. Col. B. then advanced towards Gen. H. with a manner and gesture that appeared to Gen. Hamilton's friend to be expressive of regret, but without speaking turned about and withdrew, being urged from the field by his friend, as has been frequently stated, with a view to prevent his being recognised by the surgeon and bargemen who were then approaching.—No further communication took place between the principals, and the barge that carried Col. Burr immediately returned to the city. We conceive it proper to add that the conduct of the parties in this interview was perfectly proper as suited the occasion.

[The General's pistol was discharged inadvertently, in consequence of the shock he received from his antagonist's fire.]

FASCINATIONS OF THE SNAKE.

The following interesting anecdotes are from Dr. Bird's "Peter Pilgrim."

Walking (says Dr. Todd of Vermont) in a field in

Connecticut, near a small grove of walnut trees I saw a sparrow circling in the air, just in the margin of the wood, and making dreadful moans of distress. Immediately the former circumstances occurred (he had seen an instance of charming in his boyhood, but had been frightened away by the charmer,) and I approached with caution within twenty feet of a black snake, about seven feet long, having a white throat, and of the kind which the people call runners or choaking snakes.—The snake lay stretched out in a still pasture. I viewed him and the bird near half an hour. The bird, in every turn in its flight descended nearer the object of its terror, until it approached the mouth of the serpent. The snake, by a quick motion of its head, seized the bird by the feathers, and plucked out several. The bird flew off a few feet, quickly returned. The snake continued to pluck the feathers at every flight of the bird, until it could no longer fly. The bird would hop up to the snake and from him, until it had not a feather left, except on its wings and head. The snake now killed it by breaking its neck, by an amazing sudden motion; he did not devour it, but cast it a little off, and continued his station. Now the tragedy was to be again repeated; for another bird of the same kind, which had shown signs of distress during the first tragedy, was fascinated to the jaws of the monster, in the same circling manner as the former, and suffered the loss of some feathers. With indignation I attacked the hated reptile, but he escaped me. The living bird was liberated from his fangs. The dead one I picked up and showed to my friends, destitute of feathers as before mentioned.

The following is a story authenticated by Samuel Beach a naturalist, of two boys in New Jersey who, being in the woods looking for cattle, lighted by chance upon a large black snake, upon which one of them an inquisitive imp, immediately resolved to ascertain by experiment whether the snake so celebrated for its powers, could charm or fascinate him; he requested his companion to take up a stick and keep a good eye on the snake, to prevent evil consequences while he made a trial of its powers. This, says Mr. Beach, the other agreed to do, when the first advanced a few steps nearer the snake and made a stand, looking steadily at him. When the snake observed him in that situation, he raised his head with a quick motion, and the lad says that at that moment there appeared something to flash in his eyes which he could compare to nothing more like than the rays of light thrown from a glass or mirror when turned in the sunshine: he said it dazzled his eyes at the same time the colors appeared very beautiful, and were in large rings circles or rolls, and it seemed to be dark to him every where else, and his head began to be dizzy, much like being over swift running water. He then says he thought he would go from the snake, and as it was dark every where but in the circles, he was fearful of treading any where else; and as they still grew less in circumference, he could not see where to step; but as the dizziness in his head still increased, and he tried to call his comrade for help, but he could not speak; it then appeared to him as though he was in a vortex or whirlpool, and that every turn brought him nearer to the center. His comrade, who had impatiently waited, observing him move forward to the right and left and at every turn approach the snake, making a strange groaning noise, not unlike a person in the night-mare, could stand still no longer, but immediately ran and killed the snake which was of the largest size. He that had been charmed was much terrified and in a tremor, his shirt was in a few moments wet with sweat, he complained much of a dizziness in his head, attended with great pain, and appeared in a melancholy, stupid situation for some days.

Another account is given on the authority of Col. Coghorn, of Rutland, Va. and relates to two men of Salisbury, Conn. named Baker and Nichols. Going towards the Meeting House in the place, they discovered a large rattlesnake in a plain piece of open land.—The snake lay coiled up in a posture of defence. To attack him with safety they procured a long slender pole or switch with which they could reach him without being in any danger from his motions. As the snake could not escape, they diverted themselves by irritating him with their pole without giving him any considerable wound. They had carried on their business some time, the snake had repeatedly attempted to spring upon them from his coils and to escape by running and discovered uncommon appearances of rage

and disappointment. Being prevented in all his attempts to escape from or bite his opponents, he suddenly stretched himself at his full length, and fixed his eyes on the man who was tickling him with the end of the pole. The snake lay perfectly still, and Mr. Nichols kept on the same motion with his switch. When this scene had continued for a short time, Mr. Nichols seemed to incline his body more and more towards the snake, and began to move towards him in a very slow and irregular manner. Baker, who stood looking on, noticed these appearances, and called Nichols to desist from the business and despatch the snake. He took no notice of these admonitions, but appeared to have his whole attention fixed on the snake. He was observed to be gradually moving towards him, to have a pale aspect, and to be in a profuse sweat. Alarmed at the prospect, Baker took him by the shoulders, gave him a violent shake, and pulled him away by force, and inquired what was the matter. Mr. Nichols, forced from the scene, made an uncommon mournful noise of distress, appeared to be uncommonly and universally affected, and in a few minutes replied to the inquiries that he did not know what ailed him, that he could not tell how he felt, that he never felt so before, that he did not know what was the matter with him, but felt unwell.

A third case is the fascination of a lady of Lansingburg, on the North River, vouched for by Mr. Watkins, a minister of the gospel, whom she informed of the adventure. The spell was in this case relieved by a passer-by; when the disenchanted lady immediately felt as though she had been among poisonous herbs, itching, &c. which issued in a long fit of sickness, which her physician ascribed to the fascination of the snake; and she had not recovered, says the reverend narrator, when I saw her.

Another case still more interesting:—When I was a boy about 13 years old, (says Mr. Willard) my father sent me into a field to mow some briars. I had not long been employed when I discovered a large rattlesnake, and looked around for something to kill him; but not readily discovering a weapon, my curiosity led me to view him. He had coiled up, with his tail erect, and making the usual singing noise with his rattles. I had viewed him but a short time, when the most vivid and lively colors the imagination can paint, and far beyond the powers of the pencil to imitate, among which yellow was the most predominant, and the whole drawn into a bewitching variety of gay and pleasing forms, were presented to my eyes; at the same time my ears were enchanted with the most rapturous strains of music, wild, lively, complicated and harmonious, in the highest degree melodious, captivating and enchanting, far beyond any thing I ever heard before or since, and indeed far exceeding what my imagination in any other situation could have conceived. I felt myself irresistibly drawn towards the hated reptile; and as I had been used to seeing and killing rattlesnakes, and my senses were absorbed by the gay vision and rapturous music. I was not for some time apprehensive of much danger; but suddenly recollecting what I had heard the Indians relate, (but what I had never before believed) of the fascinating power of those serpents, I turned with horror from the dangerous scene; but it was not without the most violent efforts that I was able to extricate myself. All the exertions I could make with my whole strength were hardly sufficient to carry me from the scene of horrid, yet pleasing enchantment; and while I forcibly dragged on my body, my head seemed irresistibly drawn to the enchanter by an invisible power, and I fully believe that in a few minutes more it would have been wholly out of my power to make an exertion sufficient to get away. The latter part of the scene I was extremely frightened, and ran as fast as possible towards home, my fright increasing with my speed. The first person I saw was my uncle, who discovering my fright, ran to meet me, and asked the occasion of it I told him I had been frightened by a rattlesnake, but was in too great a perturbation to relate the whole. He rallied me for my pusillanimity, took me by the hand, and went to the place where the snake was still lying, but was soon dispatched by my uncle.

Comparison of Speed. A French scientific journal states that the ordinary rate is, per second, of a man walking 4 feet; of a good horse, in harness, 12; of a reindeer, in a sledge, on the ice, 26; of an English race horse 43; of a hare 88; of a good sailing ship 14; of the

wind, 82 of a twenty four pounder cannon ball 1300 of the air, which, so divided, returns into space 1,300.

A HIGHWAYMAN'S GRAVE.

As the train of vehicles on the London and Birmingham railway passes over Box-Moor, the passengers have a transient glance of a solitary grave on the adjacent heath. This is the place of burial of Snook, a highwayman, who, under a proper system of penal discipline, might have been reclaimed to the paths of rectitude. The following notice of Snook occurs in a book called *Railroadiana*, lately published:—

"About the year 1800, during the period of the formation of the canal over Box-Moor, a robbery of the mail bags was effected one night, by a man named Snook, which created a great sensation at the time, from the fact of Snook being afterwards executed near the spot of the robbery, which is now marked by a mound of earth opposite the farm-house at the western end of the moor. The mail bags were in those days carried by horse, and on the night in question the man who had them in charge was stopped by a robber and compelled to carry the bags to a solitary spot, and then told 'to go about his business.' The next morning the bags were found with part of their contents, in a field, by some labourers in the employ of a respectable farmer named Pope. Information was immediately given to the postmaster of the district, Mr. Page of the King's Arms, Berkhamstead, who forthwith proceeded to the Post Office, in London, where he delivered what had been found to Mr. Freeling (the late Sir Francis Freeling), and for the time all clue to the perpetrator of the robbery was lost.

It afterwards transpired that the name of the culprit was Snook. He obtained by this adventure a large booty, having from one letter alone abstracted property to the amount of five hundred pounds. With this he hastened to London, the needy villain's general home, and took up his abode in the borough of Southwark. There one of those incautious acts which commonly follow or accompany crime, had nearly betrayed him into the hands of justice. He sent a servant from the house where he resided, to purchase a piece of cloth for a coat, and gave her what she understood was a five pound note. When this as such was presented in payment for the cloth, the tradesman said there must be some mistake, as what she had tendered, instead of being a five, was a fifty-pound note. The female returned to Mr. Snook, who upon this thought it advisable instantly to decamp, and he then directed his steps to Hungerford in Wiltshire, which was his native place. Here he for sometime eluded pursuit, though the most active exertions were made by the police to discover his retreat, and a reward of three hundred pounds was offered for his apprehension. He was at length taken, in consequence of being recognised by a post-boy who had formerly been his school fellow. Carried to Hertford, he was put on his trial, and found guilty. A severe example was thought necessary, and he was ordered to die. Instructions were then given to Mr. Page, who was high constable of the district, as well as postmaster, to select a place for his execution, as near as possible to the scene of his crime, so as not to give annoyance to the neighborhood, and it was intended that he should be hung in irons but this being petitioned against by those who resided on or near Box-Moor, the design was abandoned.—The criminal conducted himself with great fortitude. He proposed to one whom he had formerly known, to give him his watch, on condition that he should take away his remains! but the party applied to, unwilling to have attention fixed on him as the friend of such a character, declined the offer. It was in consequence determined that he should be buried under the gallows. The place already described having been fixed upon for the closing scene, on the day of execution he was brought from Hertford in a post-chaise; and the apparatus of death, also brought from Hertford, having been previously erected, he was placed in a cart, and launched into eternity. After the corpse was cut down it was then asked if any one would give him a coffin.—Nobody came forward, and the hangman having stated that the clothes of the dead man were now his property, proceeded to strip the body for interment. His garments having been removed, with the exception of the lower part of his dress, the executioner was about

to seize also on them, when Mr. Page interfered, and insisted that some regard should be had to decency, and that these should not be taken from the defunct malefactor. A hole was then dug beneath the fatal tree, on which he had suffered, and a truss of straw having been procured, half of it was thrown into the grave, and the corpse being placed on it, the other half was thrown on the body, and the earth was without further ceremony filled in. But the people in the neighboring town of Hemel Hempstead, hurt at the manner in which a wretched fellow-creature had thus been entombed, subscribed to purchase a coffin, which on the following day they carried to the place where the miserable robber had paid the last penalty of the law, re-opened the grave, and deposited the lifeless form in the coffin so compassionately subscribed for, and the earth was again immediately closed over him."

AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER.

ALBANY, SATURDAY, NOV. 30, 1839.

Those Brethren who subscribed the prospectus for the *Masonic Register*, by me circulated, and who have not paid for the same to me, or Br. Mix, will oblige me much by sending the same to Br. L. G. Hoffman, by mail. The Post Masters, are authorised to send such money free of postage.

BLANCHARD POWERS.

Bennington, Nov. 19, 1839.

FOREIGN.—The British Queen arrived in New York last Saturday, having left Portsmouth, Nov. 4. She brings 180 passengers. The news by her, is in all respects favorable. The suspension of specie payments by the U. S. Bank, had not reached there. The English had taken possession of Passages in Spain, but on remonstrance, had evacuated it. A crazy woman, had thrown a stone into the carriage of the king of France. Russian officers, arrested on the charge of conspiracy, in June last, had made their escape. Lord Brougham narrowly escaped with his life, by the running away of his horses. It created a strong sensation. The British armies have gained signal victories in Afghanistan, and Cabool, and that country is now reduced under their power. The Russians have been defeated in Circassia. The loan on London for £300,000, had not been filled up beyond dispute—and a great controversy had broken out in the press respecting its character. The negotiation for the loan in Holland, had failed. The Liverpool, whose arrival is daily expected, brings out \$350,000 in specie, part of which was intended for the U. S. Bank. The Duke of Bedford is dead. The misunderstandings of Bulwer, the novelist, and his lady, have found their way into the newspapers. She appears under her own signature, and the papers ungallantly say, that she exhibits some jealousy, and a good deal of tergiversity.

Sheridan Knowles' new play was to have been produced on the 4th, and Ellen Tree was to have made her first appearance on the British stage, since her return from America. Mr. Wheaton, the agent of the U. S. at Prussia, has been successful in his mission to that country. The intelligence from Paris, gives a favorable account of the corn markets. The London Sun, in allusion to the Queen's marriage, says: Flying rumors begin to ripen into certainty as to the marriage of the Queen; and it seems that Victoria will not, like the former maiden sovereign, be teased with repeated applications from parliament to enter the matrimonial circle. Prince Albert is a guest at the palace, which is likely to be his home; and as our fair readers, at least, may be curious to know something of the form and bearing of the man who can win the hand of a Queen, we may add that he is described as a "fine, noble looking fellow, with blue eyes, hair and whiskers rather sandy, stature tall, of a cheerful dispo-

sition, not affected in his manners, and he speaks English well, but with something of a foreign accent."

THE ST. JOHNS' DAY.—We cheerfully comply with the wishes of our brethren in Po'keepsie, by publishing their card. We should be much rejoiced to be enabled to chronicle other cards of the same nature. In our own city, it is intended to remember the advent of our patron Saint, in the same manner. Indeed, we have done so, for several years past. There are other reasons why the days of December and June, should be kept, independent of the "feast of reason and flow of soul," which they are calculated to call forth. The 24th of June in particular, we are anxious to see observed. Two or three celebrations of that day, prudently and properly managed, we believe, would have the happy tendency of concentrating and bringing forth our strength. Will our brethren give it a thought.

We shall be happy to publish the proceedings of our Brethren in Poughkeepsie, as well as elsewhere, if they will send them to us.

IMPORTANT TO PRINTERS.—We observed some time since a paragraph in several of our exchange papers, stating that a postmaster was authorised by his instructions, to remit money to the publisher of a newspaper under his frank. Several of the post offices from whom we have received enclosures, do not appear to be aware of this fact, and to give it an official form, we addressed a note to the Post Master General, on the subject. He very promptly sent us a printed circular of instructions, from which we make the following extract:

"A post master may enclose money in a letter to the publisher of a newspaper, to pay the subscription of a third person, and FRANK the letter, if written by himself."

Our patrons will perceive, that any delicacy they may have had in burthening us with postage, is now entirely removed.

The *Courier des Etats Unis*, a paper printed in New York, says, that "Chance has just put into our hands a judicial document, the most imposing and interesting to all Christians, that has ever been recorded in human annals, namely, the identical death warrant of our Lord Jesus Christ." We are free to admit that the discovery of such a document, would not only be "interesting to all Christians," but to the world at large. The learned editor would undoubtedly make his fortune should he publish a second edition of *Sinbad the Sailor*, with his own notes. Locke's learned discoveries in the moon, bear no comparison to his own.

Mobile has been visited by another destructive fire. On the 9th inst. the warehouse of Ellis and Green, took fire in consequence of the spontaneous combustion of some lime, and was consumed, with its contents. Loss \$12,000. No insurance.

TO OUR POETICAL FRIENDS.—Our carrier, wishes us to say, that he will stand in need of an address, for the coming New Year, and that he will give a volume of the *Register*, handsomely bound, when completed, to any of his friends, who will help him out of this difficulty.

A Mr. Graham, is lecturing in this city at the Athenaeum, on courtship and marriage. The most natural "lecturers" on this heart-throbbing science, are the parties themselves. At least we used to think so.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Scio is under consideration. We don't exactly like it, on the cursory glance, we have been compelled to give it.

The following paragraph, copied from the New Yorker, affords a subject for some curious reflection. By the laws of Georgia, to decoy, or secrete a slave is punished with the highest penalties. If then the captain and mate, have committed a felony, known to the laws, is or is not the Gov. of Maine bound by the reciprocal courtesy existing between the States, to give up such "felon to justice"? Is not the violation of the law in carrying off a slave, from the state of Georgia, entitled to as much consideration, and "reciprocal courtesy," from the state of Maine, as the secretion or countenance of a horse-thief would be in Georgia, were Maine the aggrieved party. The abstract question, whether the holding of a slave is right or wrong has nothing to do with it. Both cases presume felony. We are not well enough versed in Blackstone, to answer the enquiry.

The idea of a Georgia legislature passing a law to imprison any man from Maine, who may come within her territory, as a "negro stealer," whether innocent or not, is preposterous, and too barbarous to be thought of.

A SERIOUS MATTER.—Some three or four years since, a slave escaped from Georgia in a Maine vessel by concealing himself secretly on board. He soon disclosed himself, and was landed in freedom when the vessel reached her Northern port. On this state of facts, the Governor of Georgia made a requisition on the Governor of Maine for the surrender of Kellerman and Philbrook, master and mate of the vessel, to be tried for a felony in abetting the escape of a slave. Governor Kent refused to surrender them; and a second application to Gov. Fairfield has met with no better success. Hereupon, a bill is now before the Legislature of Georgia which enacts that whenever a citizen of Maine shall be found within the jurisdiction of Georgia, he shall be considered as being there for no other purpose than to steal negroes, and shall be taken up, and upon proof that he is a citizen of Maine, shall be put into the penitentiary! There is very little doubt, we understand, that this bill will become a law.

THE UNITED STATES MINT.—The following interesting statement of the operations of this establishment from the first formation of the government to the year 1837, is from the Metropolitan:—

Summary of the whole coinage:

	Pieces coined.	Value.
Gold	4,716,325	\$22,102,035
Silver	115,421,762	46,739,183
Copper	77,752,965	740,331
Total,	197,891,052	\$69,581,548

Sleighting.—The Lewville Journal of Nov. 28 says that snow fell in this quarter, on Monday and Tuesday to the depth of ten or twelve inches. It was preceded by a heavy fall of rain and sleet which laid a good foundation, and we consequently have very fine sleighting.

The New York Catholic Register, is the title of a very neat quarto publication, recently established in the city of New York, by Messrs Gallagher & Smith at \$3. per annum. Mr. John T. Gough, is the agent for it, in this city.

The officers and Brethren of St. Simon, and St. Jude Lodge No. 72 of ancient York Masons, intend to celebrate the anniversary of St. John, by a supper on the 27th of Dec. 5839, at the house of Br. JOSEPH BLACKBURN, in Channingville in the Town of Poughkeepsie, Dutchess co. Brethren and friends are respectfully invited.

AMBROSE FORMAN, W. M.
JOSEPH BLACKBURN, S. W.
HENRY MILLAR, J. W.
ROBERT FRANCE, S. D.
THOMAS WELAND, J. D.
JOHN M. GORING, Secretary.

Nov. 30.

Samuel Ward Esq. well known as one of the House of Prime, Ward & King died at New York, on Wednesday last. He had been out of health for some time, but was supposed to be recovering.

We commence this week, the publication of the Calender of Communications. Their publication will assist the memory. We shall be happy to add to the list as fast as the Secretaries of Lodges will send them to us, if free of postage.

Br. Hoffman.

A few days since I met an acquaintance who informed me that he had taken three degrees in masonry—that he had not attended a lodge for many years, and did not think much of the institution—that he could not fellowship with any institution—whether political religious or masonic—who venerated so strenuously the existence of a God.* In disgust I left him in the full belief that he imbibed the real sentiments of antimasonry—disbelieving in a God, and turning aside from all the intrinsic principles of Freemasonry.

All who become initiated into this ancient and honorable institution, know full well, that the first great principle of a Freemason,—always strenuously enjoined upon the candidate, is the belief in the existence of a God—and never to desecrate his sacred name,—but to speak of him with that reverential awe which is due from the creature to the great and adorable Creator of his existence.—Thus, when we hear a man (once a Freemason) unblushingly renounce the institution, as a bad one, and give such reasons, we can very readily come to the conclusion that our rules and regulations, are too binding, religious and moral, to be congenial with the corrupt heart, and disorganizing disposition of those who secede from us. It is unpleasant in the extreme to all good and true masons, to learn that our lodges embody men who imbibe such impure and forbidding principles; but they will have as great reason to rejoice, when they are convinced that all such have gone from among us; and those of the household who remain faithful to their trust, will enjoy the happy reflection consequent on a well spent life, and die in the hope of a glorious immortality.

XENOPHON.

*This was probably the reason why Giddens became an Anti-Mason.—Ed.

Death by Carelessness.—The body of John G. Deane esq., was brought to Portland, Me., from Cherryfield on Saturday, and interred from his house. There was quite an attendance of the gentlemen of the bar and other citizens on the mournful occasion. Mr. Deane was 54 years old, the immediate cause of his death was a powerful dose of tartar emetic administered to him by his nurse by mistake for magnesia.—[N. Y. Sw.]

CALENDAR OF COMMUNICATIONS.

EACH MONTH.		
Temple Encampment	Albany	2d & 4th Tuesday
Temple R. A. Chapter	Albany	1st & 3d Thursday.
Mount Vernon Lodge,	Albany	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Temple Lodge,	Troy	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Apollo Lodge,	Troy	2d & 4th Tuesday.
Apollo Chapter,	Troy	3d Monday.
Apollo Encampment,	Lawrenceburg	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Phoenix Lodge,	Bethany Gr.	1st Wednesday p. m.
Olive Branch	Lockport N.Y.	
Genesee Encampment.		

MARRIED.

In Albany, on the 17th inst. by the Rev. T. Seymour. Mr. John Manethrop, of Troy, to Miss Mary Van Leuven, of Albany.

Yesterday afternoon, by the Rev. W. F. Walker. Mr. Joseph C. Potter of New York, to Miss Cornelia Livingston of Troy.

At Malta, the 2d Oct., by the Rev. Isaac Wescott, Mr. Moses Rowel to Miss Louisa M. Sweet, of Malta.

At Stillwater, by the same, Oct. 8. Mr. Schuyler R. Partial of Palmyra, N. Y. to Miss Mary G. Perkins of Stillwater.

At Stillwater, Oct. 27, by the same, Mr. Cady to Miss Sarah Shaw, both of Stillwater.

In Troy, on the 20th inst., by Rev. Mr. Hill, Gilbert Bally, esq., attorney at law, Union Village, Washington co., N. Y. to Miss Ann, daughter of John Ward of Troy.

In Troy, on the 19th inst., by the Rev. W. F. Walker, Mr. Oscar Hanks, to Miss Mary H. Grenell, all of Troy.

At Jackson Hill, on Thursday evening, the 21st inst. by Rev. Henry Slicer, Dr. Frederick B. Culver, of Ken., to Miss Adela Kendall, second daughter of the Postmaster General.

At Schodack on the 11th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Stimpson Mr. James W. Van Vechten to Miss Rachel Ann Vandenburg, daughter of Henry Vandenburg, esq. all of Schodack.

On Tuesday, Nov. 19th, at 2 P. M., by the Rev. Erastus Hopkins, Mr. P. S. Sanford to Miss Philena P. daughter of Hezekiah Thayer, all of this city.

On 7th inst. George Green to Hannah Miller.

DIED.

In this city, yesterday morning, Mr. Patrick Fitzsimmons.

In this city, on Saturday evening the 23d inst., after a painful illness of two months, Cathrine Mc Mahon.

At Newark, N. J. on Sunday evening, 17th inst., Mrs. Eliza L., wife of Timothy Mann, of Troy, N. York, and daughter of the late John Poirier.

At Arlington House, the seat of G. W. P. Custis, esq. on the 20th inst. Maj. Lawrence Lewis, of Wood Lawn, in the county of Fairfax, Va. in the 73d year of his age. Maj. Lewis was the nephew, and the last of Washington's near blood relations.

In Rockingham, Iowa Territory, on the 16th ult., Isaac Van Alen, esq. U. S. Attorney for that Territory, and son of Lucus I. Van Alen, of Stuyvesant, N. Y. in the 24th year of his age.

In Guilderland, on the 18th inst. Jane, wife of Thomas Mesick, esq. in her 88th year.

In New York, on Thursday morning, the 21st inst., Julia, youngest daughter of the late Governor De Witt Clinton, aged 24 years.

In N. York, on Sunday afternoon, the 24th inst, Mrs. Eliza B. Mason, wife of Gen. John T. Mason, of Detroit, and mother of Gov. Mason aged 50 years.

In Oswego, on the 18th inst., after a short but severe illness, Joseph Hunt, esq., attorney and counselor at law, aged about 56 years.

BOOK OF THE BOUTOIR for 1840, or Court of Queen Victoria; a series of portraits of the ladies of the nobility of Great Britain, beautifully engraved by the Findens, with illustrations in verse, superbly bound in morocco imperial quarto.

The Iris, prose, poetry, and arts for 1840, with large and beautifully engraved plates and fanciful picturesque borders, in a new and unique style, edited by Mary Russell Mitford splendidly bound in Turkey morocco and gold, imperial 4to.

Character and Costume for 1840, 21 illustrations designed and drawn from nature, with descriptive letter press, handsomely bound in morocco and gold imperial 4to.

Gems of beauty for 1840, displayed in 12 highly finished engravings, with illustrations, by the Countess of Blessington, richly bound in green silk and gold quarto.

These splendid works have arrived and may be seen at

W. C. LITTLE'S Bookstore,
corner of State and Market.

NICHOLAS NICKLEBY, complete—Life and Adventures of Nicholas Nickleby, by Charles Dickens, (407) with illustrations, complete in one vol.

Curtis on health: simplicity of living: observations on the preservation of health in infancy, youth, manhood and age, London edition.

Part XI pictorial edition of Shakspeare's comedy of Errors.

The hand Book of Heraldry, the Cricketer's Hand Book, the Hand Book of Magic, Swimming Hand Book Language and Sentiment of Flowers, the Angler's Hand Book of Domestic Cookery, &c.

Constantinople, complete in 1 vol elegantly bound in morocco gilt; scenery of Asia Minor, illustrated, drawings from nature, with historical account of Constantinople, and description of the plates.

American Almanac, for 1840.

Second series of the School Library, 50 volumes for \$30, in a case, for sale by

POETRY.

For the American Masonic Register and Literary Companion.

MASONIC HYMN.

Sung at the conclusion of an Address delivered before Olive Branch Lodge, No 39, June 24th 1839.

BY COMPANION BLANCHARD POWERS.

Farewell Companions, Brethren dear,
With you I've spent the festive night,
"Oft honour'd with supreme command,
Presiding o'er the Sons of light"

But now my glass is almost run,
The sands how swift they pass away;
O; let us bow before the throne;
Our Grand High Priest, the Mystic Three.

The christian faith, the gift of God,
Freemasonry her sister twin,
'Tis love unites the sisterhood,
And makes the twain one in Him.

Soon they will reach the throne of God,
Where angels worship and adore.
The great mysterious Three in One
And praise his name forever more.

There Masons free will join the song,
And sing of Moses and the Lamb,
With loud hosannas to the King
Whose mystic NAME is Three in One.

Then let us strive to live in love,
O Forgive and forgiven be,
And praise the mystic Three above
The mystic NAME is One in Three.

May charity, that peerless maid,
Preside in all your feasts of Love,
And the Silken Scarlet braid
Hang pendent from the courts above.

And when the silver trumpet shall sound,
Awake ye dead from land and sea,
We rise from earth's remotest bound
To praise I AM, the mystic Three.

Relieve the stranger in distress,
And Set the mourning captive free,
The widow and the fatherless,
These are thy feasts sweet charity.

None but the worthy, just, and true,
Can associate with the free,
None can our sacred treasure view,
That would blaspheme the Mystic Three.

THE SABBATH MORN.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

Light of the Sabbath—soul awakening morn,
Thou mirror of the mystery above!
Oh sainted day! on prophet pinions borne,
How waits the heart thy solemn rest to prove;
How longs the soul with Deity to move,
And drink thy deathless waters! and to feel
Thy beauty—and thy wisdom—and thy love,
Sublimely o'er the soaring spirit steal,
Till ope the heavenly gates JEHOVAH to reveal!

Whilst, mounting and expanding, the Mind's wings
Thus like a seraph's reach eternal day;
Futurity its starry mantle flings
And shrinks the past an atom in its ray!
So mighty—so magnificent—the way
Which leads to God!—so endless—so sublime!
The skies grow dark, their grandeur falls away
Before the worldless glory of that clime
Which feeds with light the suns and thousand worlds
of Time!

Light of the Sabbath—soul awakening morn;
Take me, Religion, on thy holy quest:
Lead me 'mid desert hills, the wild and lorn,
To mark the lowly shepherd hail his guest
And bless the voice which ever leaves him blessed!
Makes his rude cot an altar to God's praise!
Where 'neath a mother's pious bosom prest,
His child, with little hands, and upward gaze,
Pleads for its parents' health and happy length of days!

Sun of the Sabbath—lead me to the vale
Whose verdant arms unfold yon village fair;
Afar from towns where passions stern prevail,
Afar from commerce and her sons of care,
Guide me where maidens young for church prepare
In cottage grace—and garments Sunday-white!
With reverent step, and mild submissive air,
Oft let me hear their tuneful lips unite
To hail with humble hearts the Sabbath's sacred light!
Morning of worship!—with thy beams arise
Devotions sanctified by memories dear:
With thee the hymns of nations wake the skies!
The broken prayer;—the sinner's contrite tear;
Hail, blessed morn, that brings the distant near;
Bids kindred meet the hallowed page around:—
Pours comfort in the friendless widow's ear,
For Who the wild birds fed whilst winter frowned,
Will succor her poor babes when she sleeps in the
ground.

Some hand, she prays, an *Infant school* may raise
And learn—oh, task divine!—their lips to bless!
Teach them that hope the book of Christ conveys,
To be their consolation in distress!
And He—the Father of the fatherless—
The sheltering wing of the poor orphan dove,—
God,—more than words may show, or thought ex-
press,—
Shall aid them with his own almighty love!—
For angels plead for these—the motherless!—above!

Hail Sabbath hour!—hail comforter and guide!
Hour when the wanderer home a blessing sends;
Hour when the seaman o'er the surges wide
To every kindred roof his heart extends!—
Hour when to all that mourn thy peace descends,
When e'en the captive's bonds less sternly lower:—
Hour when the Cross of Christ all life defends;—
Hour of Salvation—God's redeeming hour—
Eternity is thine—and heaven exalting power.

MY BROTHER'S GRAVE.

From the *Etonian*.

Beneath the chancel's hallowed stone,
Exposed to every rustic tread,
To few, save rustic mourners, known,
My brother, is thy lowly bed.
Few words, upon the rough stone graven,
Thy name—thy birth—thy youth declare—
Thy innocence—thy hopes of Heaven—
In simplest phrase recorded there.
No 'scutcheons shine, no banners wave,
In mockery o'er my Brother's Grave.

No sound of human toil or strife.
To death's lone dwelling speaks of life,
Nor breaks the silence still and deep
Where thou, beneath thy burial stone
Art laid in that unstartled sleep
The living eye hath never known,
The lonely sexton's footstep falls
In dismal echoes on the walls,
As slowly pacing through the aisle,
He sweeps th' unholy dust away,
And cobwebs, which must not defile
Those windows on the Sabbath-day;
And passing through the central nave,
Treads lightly on my Brother's Grave.

But when the sweet-toned Sabbath clime,
Pouring its music on the breeze,
Proclaims the well-known holy time
Of prayer, and thanks, and bended knees;
When rustic crowds devoutly meet,
And lips and hearts to God are given,
And souls enjoy oblivion sweet
Of earthly ills, in thought of Heaven;
What voice of calm and solemn tone
Is heard above the burial stone?
What form in priestly meek array
Beside the altar kneels to pray?
What holy hands are lifted up
To bless the sacramental cup?
Full well I know that reverend form,
And if a voice could reach the dead,
Those tones would reach thee, though the worm,
My brother, makes thy breast his bed;
That Sire who thy existence gave,
Now stands besides thy lowly grave.

NATURAL REVELATION.

BY H. W. ROCKWELL.

Ho, heartless Atheist!—hear'st thou not
A mighty eloquence in every groan
Of the storm-riven pine wood, and a deep
And dread divinity in every crash
Of the hoarse midnight thunder? See'st thou not
The footsteps of thy God upon the sky,
What time the dreadful lightning's glare reveals
The spectral mountains, the snarl-smitten cliffs,
And the quick darkness makes them black again?
Be thou a man?—fling thy foul deed aside,
And forth with me into the dim old woods,
Where the strong trees are fighting with the storm,
And the loud torrents shake the misty hills,
With their great acclamations! Lo, behold!
It is the tempest's lordly tournament!
And the dark heralds of the storm have called
The mad winds to their mighty festival;
Whether they hear, on the Norwegian shore,
The death-cry of the drowning mariner,
Or toss the life-boat on the southern seas,
Or dance their war-dance round the icy pole!

Oh let your heart be willing to be taught
By these great ministers!—sea, wind, and sky,
And the black clouds that pilot in the storm:
The o'erflowing stream, the bald and time-worn rocks,
That dash the growling wave in fury back;
The blue hills gleaming in the lightning's glare,
And the deep thunder's awful requiem!
Yes! enter into Nature's glorious fame,
Whether the storm raves, or the soft winds sigh,
And in that beautiful humility
Which wakes a better nature in the heart,
Kneel down before her altars: make the birds,
In dell and rocking mountain wood, your friends;
And while they stir the dark green drapery
Of the old forests, or in harmony
With the soft sighing of the evening breeze,
And the sweet voice of waters, bear their part
In the great vesper anthem which rolls up
At night-fall from the fragrant wilderness,
Let their glad carolling glide from your ear
Down to the dim chambers of your heart,
And from your heart ascend in thankfulness,
To Him who made, and loves, and governs all!

From the *Fredonia Censor*.

"A landscape of Poussin's represents a group of
Shepherdesses dancing to the music of the pipe. In the
back-ground is seen a tomb, with this inscription: "I
also lived amid the delights of Arcadia!"

[Diderot upon *Dramatic Poetry*.]

Time was when this mouldering form
Led first the joyous dance,
And when this pulseless heart beat warm
To sunny smile and glance.

When a magic charm was o'er me thrown
With strains of music heard,
In pipe's shrill note and wind's low tone,
And song of forest bird.

When Fancy, with her radiant wings,
Enfolded coming days,
And Mem'ry's store of treasured things
Was open to my gaze.

And earth was fair with its brilliant sky
In sapphire field outspread,
And Fame, with laurel wreath stood by,
And Hope my pathway led.

Oh, what are now the spells of glee
O'er souls of mortal's cast,
And what is pleasure's voice to me,
The dream of life is past! S. J. C.
Fredonia, November, 1839.

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BY L. G. HOFFMAN.]

ALBANY, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1859.

[VOL. I.—NO. 14.]

MASONIC.

—Semitæ corte,
Tranquille per virtutem patet unica vitæ.—Juv. Sat.

THE HISTORY OF FREEMASONRY,

DRAWN FROM AUTHENTIC SOURCES OF INFORMATION.

No. IV.

[CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 98.]

Such is the nature of that association of architects, who erected those splendid edifices, in Ionia, whose ruins afford us instruction, while they excite our surprise. If it be possible to prove the identity of any two societies, from the coincidence of their external forms, we are authorised to conclude, that the Fraternity of the Ionian architects, and the Fraternity of Freemasons, are exactly the same; and as the former practised the mysteries of Bacchus and Ceres, several of which we have shown to be similar to the mysteries of Masonry; we may safely affirm, that, in their internal, as well as external procedure, the Society of Freemasons, resembles the Dionysiasts of Asia Minor.(a)

The opinion, therefore, of Freemasons, that their Order existed and flourished at the building of Solomon's temple, is by no means so pregnant with absurdity, as some men would wish us to believe. We have already shown, from authentic sources of information, that the mysteries of Ceres and Bacchus, were instituted about four hundred years before the reign of Solomon;(b) and there are strong reasons for believing that even the association of the Dionysian architects existed before the building of the temple. It was not, indeed, till about three hundred years before the birth of Christ, that they were incorporated at Tros, under the Kings Pergamus; but it is universally allowed, that they arose long before their settlement in Ionia, and, what is more to our present purpose, that they existed in the very land of Judea.(c) It is observed by Dr. Robinson,(d) that this association came from Persia into Syria, along with that style of architecture, which is called Grecian: And since we are informed by Josephus,(e) that that species of architecture was used at the erection of the temple; we are authorised to infer, not only that the Dionysiasts existed before the reign of Solomon, but that they assisted that monarch in building that magnificent fabric, which he reared to the God of Israel. Nothing, indeed, can be more simple and consistent than the creed of the Fraternity, concerning the state of their Order at this period. The vicinity of Jerusalem to Egypt; the connection of Solomon with the royal family of that kingdom;(f) the progress of the Egyptians in architectural science; their attachment to mysteries and hieroglyphic symbols; and the probability of their being employed by the king of Israel, are additional considerations, which corroborate the sentiments of Freemasons, and absolve them from those charges,

(a) Dr. Robinson, who will not be suspected of partiality to Freemasonry, ascribes their origin to the Dionysian artists. It is impossible, indeed, for any candid inquirer to call in question their identity.

(b) According to Playfair's Chronology, the temple of Solomon was begun in 1016, and finished in 1000, B. C. The Egyptian mysteries were introduced into Athens in 1384, B. C. a considerable time after their institution.

(c) R. Robinson's *Proofs of a G. Conspiracy*, p. 22.

(d) *Proofs of a Conspiracy*, p. 22, 23.

(e) *Jewish Antiquities*, Book vii. chap. 4.

(f) *Josephus' Jewish Antiquities*, Book viii. chap. 2.

of credulity and pride, with which they have been loaded.

To these opinions, it may be objected, that if the Fraternity of Freemasons flourished during the reign of Solomon, it would have existed in Judea, in after ages, and attracted the notice of sacred or profane historians. Whether or not this objection is well founded, we shall not pretend to determine; but if it can be shown, that there did exist, after the building of the temple, an association of men, resembling Freemasons, in the nature, ceremonies and object of their institution; the force of the objection will not only be taken away, but additional strength will be communicated to the opinion which we have been supporting. The association here alluded to, is that of the Essenes, whose origin and sentiments, have occasioned much discussion among ecclesiastical historians: They are all of one mind, however, respecting the constitution, and observances of this religious order.

When a candidate was proposed for admission the strictest scrutiny was made into his character.(g) If his life had hitherto been exemplary; and if he appeared capable of curbing his passions, and regulating his conduct according to the virtuous, though austere maxims of their order, he was presented, at the expiration of his novitiate, with a white garment, as an emblem of the regularity of his conduct, and the purity of his heart.(h) A solemn oath was then administered to him, that he would never divulge the mysteries of the Order: that he would make no innovations on the doctrines of the society; and that he would continue in that honorable course of piety and virtue, he had begun to pursue.(i) Like Freemasons they instructed the young member in the knowledge which they derived from their ancestors:(j) They admitted no women into their Order.(k) They had particular signs for recognizing each other, which have a strong resemblance to those of Freemasons.(l) They had colleges or places of retirement,(m) where they resorted to practise their rites, and settle the affairs of the society; and, after the performance of these duties, they assembled in a large hall, where an entertainment was provided for them by the president, or master of the college, who allotted a certain quantity of provisions to every individual.(n) They abolished all distinctions of rank; and, if preference was ever given, it was to piety, liberality, and virtue.(o) Treasurers were appointed in every town, to supply the wants of indigent strangers.(p) The Essenes pretended to higher degrees of piety and knowledge, than the uninitiated vulgar; and though their pretensions

were high, they were never questioned by their enemies. Austerity of manners was one of the chief characteristics of the Essenian Fraternity: They frequently assembled, however, in convivial parties; and relaxed for a while the severity of those duties, which they were accustomed to perform.(q) This remarkable coincidence, between the chief features of the Masonic and Essenian Fraternity, can be accounted for, only by referring them to the same origin. Were the circumstances of resemblance either few or fanciful, the similarity might have been merely casual. But when the nature, the object and the external forms of two institutions, are precisely the same, the arguments for their identity, are something more than presumptive. There is one point, however which may at first sight seem to militate against this supposition. The Essenes appear to have been in no respects connected with architecture; nor addicted to those sciences and pursuits, which are subsidiary to the art of building. That the Essenes directed their attention to particular sciences, which they pretended to have received from their fathers, is allowed by all writers; but, whether or not these sciences were in any shape connected with architecture, we are, at this distance of time, unable to determine. Be this as it may, uncertainty upon this head, nay, even an assurance that the Essenes were unconnected with architecture, will not affect the hypothesis which we have been maintaining. For there have been, and still are, many associations of Freemasons, where no architects are members, and which have no connection with the art of building. But if this is not deemed a sufficient answer to the objection, an inquiry into the origin of the Essenes will probably remove it altogether, while it affords additional evidence, for the identity of the Masonic and Essenian associations.

The opinions both of sacred and profane historians, concerning the origin of the Essenes, have been widely different. They all agree, however, in representing them as ancient associations, originating from particular fraternities, which formerly existed in the land of Judea.(r) Pliny refers them to such a remote antiquity,(s) that they must have existed during the reign of Solomon; and even Basnage, who is the only writer that seems disposed to consider them as a recent association, confesses that they existed under Antigonus, about three hundred years before the Christian era.(t) Scaliger contends, with much appearance of truth, that the Essenes were descended from the Kasikeans, who make such a conspicuous figure in the history of the Maccabees.(u) The Kasikeans were a religious fraternity, or an order of the Knights of the Temple of Jerusalem, who bound themselves to adorn the porches of that magnificent structure, and to preserve it from injury and decay.(v) This association was composed of the greatest men in Israel, who were distinguished for their charitable and peaceful dispositions;(w) and always signalized them-

(a) Piche's Theologic Chrestom., tom. iii. p. 3. p. 169. Basnage's History of the Jews, book ii. chap. 12 § 24.

(b) Pictet Theolog. Chrest. tom. iii. p. 3 p. 107, 108, 109, Basnage's History of the Jews, b. ii. chap. 12 § 1.

(c) Pictet Theolog. Chrest. tom. iii. p. 3. p. 107. Basnage's History of the Jews, b. ii. chap. 12, 24.

(d) Philo de Vita Contemplativa, apud opera. p. 691. Basnage, b. ii. ch. 13, § 1.

(e) Basnage, b. ii. chap. 15, sec. 26 id. sec. 22.

(f) In order to be convinced of this, our brethren of the Order may consult some of the works already quoted particularly Philo's Treatise de Vita Contemplativa, apud opera, p. 691.

(g) Basnage, b. iii. c. 12 sec. 14, vid. opera, Philonis, p. 678. When Philo, in his Treatise, entitled "Quod omnis probus Liber," is describing the society of the Essenes, he employs the same term to denote the association itself, and their places of meeting, which are used in the doctrine of the Dionysiasts already mentioned. Vide Philo de Vita Contemplativa, p. 691.

(h) Basnage, b. iii. c. 12 sec. 21.

(i) Philo de Vita Contemplativa, p. 678.

(j) Basnage, b. iii. c. 15, sec. 30 chap. 15 sec. 1.

(k) D. cam aliquid de soda tuis eorum, quoties hilarius convivia celebrant. Philonis opera, p. 692.

(l) Gale's Court of the Gentiles, part ii. book ii. chap. 4 p. 147. Serræ Trihaer. lib. iii. cap. ii. Vid. etiam Basnage b. ii. ch. 13, sec. 4, and Pictet Theolog. Chrest. tom. iii. p. 106.

(m) Pliny, lib. 5. cap. 17 Vid. etiam Soliman, c. 35. p. 48. Edit. Salmasii, and Encyclopaedia Britannica, Art. Essenes, vol. 6. p. 739.

(n) Basnage, book ii. chap. ii. sec. 8 Pictet Theolog. Chrest. tom. iii. p. 107.

(o) Scaliger Elench. Trihaer. cap. 22 p. 441.

(p) I Maccabees, vii. 13.

(q) Scaliger ut supra.

selves by their ardent zeal for the purity and preservation of the temple. (x) From these facts it appears that the Essenes were not only an ancient fraternity, but that they were originated from an association of architects, who were connected with the building of Solomon's temple: Nor was this order confined to the Holy Land. Like the fraternities of the Dionysians, and Freemasons, it existed in all parts of the world and though the Lodges in Judea were chiefly, if not wholly, composed of Jews, yet the Essenes admitted into their order men of every religion, and every rank in life. (z) They adopted many of the Egyptian mysteries; (aa) and, like the priests of that country, the Magi of Persia, and the Gymnosophists, in India, they united the study of moral, with that of natural philosophy. (bb) Although they were patronised by Herod, and respected by all men for the correctness of their conduct, and the innocence of their order; (cc) they suffered severe persecutions from the Romans, till their order was abolished, about the middle of the fifth century. (dd) a period extremely fatal to the venerable institutions of Egypt, of Greece, and of Rome.

Connected with the Essenian and Masonic Fraternities, was the institution of Pythagoras at Crotona. After this philosopher, in the course of his travels through Egypt, Syria, and Ionia had been initiated into the mysteries of these enlightened kingdoms, he imported into Europe the sciences of Asia, and offered to the inhabitants of his native soil, the important benefits which he himself had received. (ee) The offers of the sage having been rejected by his countrymen of Samos, (ff) he settled at Crotona, in Italy, where more respect was paid to his person, and more attention to his precepts. (gg) When the kindness of the Crotonians, and their solicitude to obtain scientific information, had inspired Pythagoras with some hopes of success, he selected a number of his disciples, who, from the similarity of their characters, the mildness of their dispositions, and the steadiness of their conduct, seemed best adapted for forwarding the purposes he had in view. (hh) He formed these into a fraternity, or separate order of men, whom he instructed in the sciences of the east, and to whom he imparted the mysteries and rites of the Egyptian, Syrian, and Ionian associations. (ii) Before any one was received into the number of his disciples, a minute and diligent inquiry was made into his temper and character. (jj) If the issue of this inquiry was favorable to the candidate, he bound himself, by a solemn engagement, to conceal from the uninitiated, the mysteries which he might receive, and the sciences in which he might be instructed. (kk) The doctrines of charity, of universal benevolence, and especially of affection to the Brethren of the Order, were warmly recommended to the young disciples. (ll) and such was the influence which they had upon their minds, that discord seemed to have been banished from Italy; (mm) and the golden age to have again returned. Strangers of every country, of every religion, and of every rank in life, were received, if properly qualified, into the Pythagorean association. (nn) Like Freemasons, they had particular words and signs, by which they might distinguish each other, and correspond at a distance. (oo) They wore white garments as an emblem of their innocence. (pp) They had a particular regard for the

East. (qq) They advanced from one degree of knowledge to another. (rr) They were forbidden to commit to writing their mysteries, which were preserved solely by tradition. (ss) The Pythagorean symbols and secrets were borrowed from the Egyptians the Orphic and Eleusinian rites, the Magi, the Iberians, and the Celts. (tt) They consisted chiefly of the arts and sciences, united with theology and ethics, and were communicated to the initiated in cyphers and symbols. (uu) To those who were destitute of acute discernment, these hieroglyphic representations, seemed pregnant with absurdity, while others, of more penetration, discovered in them hidden treasures, calculated to inform the understanding, and purify the heart. (vv) An association of this nature founded upon such principles, and fitted for such ends did no continue long in obscurity. In a short time it extended over the kingdoms of Italy, and Sicily, and was diffused even through ancient Greece, and the Islands of the Egean sea. (ww) Like other secret societies, it was vilified by malicious men, who were prohibited from sharing its advantages, from the weakness of their minds and the depravity of their hearts. (xx) Chagrined with disappointment, and inflamed with rage, they often executed vengeance upon the innocent Pythagoreans, and even set fire to the lodges in which they were assembled. (yy) But the disciples of the sage persisted in that honorable cause in which they had embarked; and, though the persecution of their enemies drove them from their native land, they still retained for each other the sympathy of brothers, and often suffered death in its most agonizing form, rather than violate the engagements into which they had entered. (zz) An attempt, like this, against the society of Freemasons has been witnessed in our own day. It has not, indeed proceeded to such an extremity of violence. The spirit of extirpation, however, existed in sentiment, though it had not the courage to display itself in action. Disaffection to government, and disrespect to religion, were charged upon them with all the confidence of truth: And, had the governments of Europe been churlish enough to swallow the dreams of a few nervous philosophers, their subjects might, at this moment, have been armed against each other, and the nations of the world embroiled in discord.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

(qq) of part 1 chap 32 p 191
(r) Warburton's Divine Legation of Moses, book iii sec 3 vol 2 p 131 133 Jamblichus, book 8 p 139 Gillies, v 2 p 27
(s) Jamblichus, book 8 p 139 Gillies, of supra
(t) Jamblichus, cap 23 p 104; cap 22, p 191, it is remarkable that this obsequiousness in Freemasonry
(u) Gillies v 2, p 28 Jamblichus cap 35, p 207
(v) Id 11 p 200
(w) Id 11 p 208, at seq
(x) Id 11 chap 31, p 189

From the London Masonic Magazine of 1794.
MASONIC ANECDOTE.

In a town in the West of England, and at an inn, where several people were sitting round the fire in a large kitchen, through which there was a passage to other apartments in the house, among the company there was a travelling woman and a tailor. In this inn there was a Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons held, and, it being Lodge night, several of the members passed through in their way to the Lodge; this introduced observations on the principles of Masonry, and the occult signs by which Masons could be known to each other. The woman said that there was not so much mystery as people imagined, for that she could shew any person the Mason's sign: "What," said the tailor, "that of the Free and Accepted?" "Yes," she replied, "and will hold you a half-crown bowl of punch to be confirmed by any of the members whom you please to nominate." "Why," said he, "a woman was never admitted, and how is it possible you could procure it?" "No matter for that," added she, "I will readily forfeit if I do not establish the fact." The company urged the tailor to accept the challenge, to which he consented, and the bet deposited. "The woman got up, took hold of the tailor by the collar. "Come," says she, "follow me," which he did, tremblingly alive, fearing he was to undergo some part of the discipline in the making a Mason, of which he had heard such a dreadful report. She led him into the street, and pointing to the Lion and Lamb, asked him, whose sign it was? he answered, "Mr. Loder's, the name of the innkeeper. "Is he a Freemason?" "Yes." "Then

I have shewn you the sign of a Free and Accepted Mason."— "The laugh was so much against the poor tailor for being taken in, that it was with some difficulty he, could be prevailed on to partake of the liquor.

THE NATURALIST.

From the *Encyclopædia Americana*.

ANIMAL HEAT.

Animal heat is that property of all animals, by means of which they preserve a certain temperature, which is quite independent of that of the medium by which they are surrounded, and appears rather to be in proportion to the degree of sensibility and irritability possessed by them. It is greatest in birds. The more free and independent the animal is, the more uniform is its temperature. On this account, the human species preserves a temperature nearly equal, about 36—100° Fahr., in the frozen regions at the pole, and beneath the equator: and on this account, too, the heat of the human body remains the same when exposed to the most extreme degrees of temperature: in fact, cold at first rather elevates, and extreme heat rather depresses the temperature of the human body. Fordyce and Blagden endured the temperature of an oven heated almost to redness, and two girls in France entered a baker's oven heated to 269° Fahr., in which fruits were soon dried up, and water boiled. A Spaniard, Francisco Martinez, by name, exhibited himself, a short time since, at Paris, in a stove heated to 279° of Fahr., and threw himself, immediately after, into cold water. Blagden was exposed in an oven to a heat of 257°, in which water boiled, though covered with oil. There is also a remarkable instance of a similar endurance of heat by the *convulsionnaires*, as they were called, upon the grave of St. Medardus, in France. A certificate signed by several eye-witnesses, among whom were Armand, Arouet, the brother of Voltaire, and a Protestant nobleman from Perth, states that a woman named la Sonet, surnamed the *salamander*, lay upon a fire nine minutes at a time, which was repeated four times within two hours, making, in all, 36 minutes during which time fifteen sticks of wood were consumed. The correctness of the fact stated is allowed even by those opposed to the abuses in which it originated. The flames sometimes united over the woman, who seemed to sleep; and the whole miracle is to be attributed to the insensibility of the skin and nerves, occasioned by a fit of religious insanity. These facts are the results of a law of all living substances, viz., that the temperature of the living body cannot be raised above certain limits, which nature has fixed. There is also an increased flow of perspiration, by means of which the heat of the body is carried off. The extreme degrees of cold which are constantly endured by the human frame without injury are well known, and are to be explained only by this power in the living body to generate and preserve its own heat. The greater the irritability of individuals whether from age, sex, peculiarity of constitution the greater the warmth of the body: it seems also to depend, in part, upon the quickness of the circulation of the blood; thus children and small animals, whose circulation is lively, feel the cold least. The heat and the power of preserving it differ also in the different parts of the body: those appearing to be warmest in which there is the most copious supply of blood, as the brain, the head and neck, the lungs and central parts of the body. We see also, that when the irritability of the body, or of any part of it, is particularly increased, the heat of the part undergoes a similar change. Increased activity and motion of the body, as in walking, running, &c. and diseases of increased excitement, as fever and inflammation, produce a similar increase in the temperature of the body. All this justifies the conclusion, that animal heat depends chiefly upon the irritability of the body, and is thus most intimately connected with the state of the nervous system. The view is confirmed by the late experiments of Brodie, who ascribed this power of the living body to the influence of the brain. He destroyed the brain of a rabbit, and kept up the respiration by artificial means; but the rest of the animal regularly diminished.

SUBSCRIBING TO LECTURES.—A gentleman being called on to subscribe to a course of lectures, objected, "because," said he, "my wife gives me a gratuitous lecture every evening."

- (x) Bagnage, b. ii. chap. 13 sec. 4
(y) Id. Id. chap. 12 sec. 20 compared with chap. 13 sec. 4.
(z) Id. Id. chap. 12 sec. 24.
(aa) Philo's Treatise, entitled "Quod omnis Probus Liber," pud opera, p. 678.
(bb) Id. Id. chap. 12, 13 25.
(cc) Bagnage, b. i. chap. 12, 25, 26.
(dd) Pythagoras returned from Egypt about 560 years before Christ.
(ee) Jamblichus de vita Pythagorae, part i. cap 5. p. p. 37.
(ff) Id. Id. cap 6 p 42 43
(gg) Gill Aistery of Ancient Greece vol 2 p 27
(hh) Aulus Gellius book i cap 9 Gillies, v 2 p 27
(ii) Jamblichus de vita Pythagorae, cap 17 p 76 Gillies v 2 p 27
(jj) Id 11 p 104
(kk) Id. cap 7 53 cap 33 p 193 cap 6 p 43 cap 23 p 102 Bagnage.
History of the Jews, b 2 cap 12 sec 21 Anthologia Hibernica for March 1794, p. 46
(ll) Jamblichus, cap 7 p. 48
(mm) Gill ex, v 2 p 24 Jamblichus, cap. 33 p 202
(nn) Gillies, v 2, p 27 Anthologia Hibernica for March 1794 p 181
(oo) Bagnage, b ii chap 13 sec. 21
(pp) Jamblichus, cap 17 p 72

VARIETY.

A RECEIPT FOR DESTROYING FLIES.—To one pint of milk and a quarter of pound of raw sugar, add two ounces of ground pepper; simmer the same together for eight or ten minutes, and place it about in shallow vessels; the flies attack it greedily and in a few minutes they are suffocated. By this method you may keep every part of your house, even your kitchen, clear of flies all summer, without the danger that may attend the use of poison.

COPERNICUS.—Copernicus was a cannon and physician, and occupied himself in directing buildings.—The aqueducts which he constructed at Graudenz, Thorn, and Dantzic still exist. He took twenty-four years to produce his famous astronomical system, against which the thunders of Vatican were hurled, when the author was dead. Copernicus died 1583.—The sentence of condemnation was repealed in 1824. Prussia claims Copernicus as one of her sons, although Thorn at this period, did not belong to Prussia.

CLASSICAL SWEARING.—The style of swearing at Florence, is most laughable classical. I hear the vagabonds in the streets, adjuring Venus and Bacchus; and my shoemaker swore by the aspect of Diana, that he would not take less than ten paoles, for work worth three—yet was the knave foresworn.

A young lady looking into the family Bible, and observing the date of her birth, took her pencil and wrote—"Above the age of 21, and not yet given in marriage." This induced her father to write beneath—"He who giveth in marriage doeth well, but he who giveth not in marriage doeth better." To which she made the following reply—"Dear father, I love to do well; let those do better who can."

GOOD ADVICE.—Swift, in a letter to a young lady says, I think you ought to be well informed how much your husband's revenue amounts to, and be so good a computer as to keep within it that part of the management which falls to your share, and not to put yourself in the number of those political ladies who think they gain a great point when they have teased their husbands to buy them a new equipage, a laced head, or a fine petticoat, without once considering what a long score remained unpaid to the butcher.

WESTERN HELP.—The Author of "A New Home" says she once had a *damsel* living with her, who used to put her *head* at the door, with—"Miss Clavers, did you holler? I thought I heered a yell."

NOT AT HOME.—A servant being asked if his master was at home, replied, "No." "When will he return?"—"Oh! when master gives orders to say he is not at home we never know when he will come in."

HARAM OF THE MOGUL.—As the climate obliges the ladies of the harem to wear only very light dresses, there are some manufactured of silk of so fine a texture, that the whole dress does not weigh more than an ounce! They repose in these dresses, which they change in the morning, casting aside the former as of no further use. Every day they assume a dress of a different colour. They are adorned besides with an immense quantity of jewels; the collar of their robe is bordered with two bands of diamonds encased in the centre of two rows of pearls, crossing upon the stomach. Their ear-rings and bracelets are of surprising beauty. Their fingers, and also their toes, which are bare (the feet being covered with sandals only) are ornamented equally with the most beautiful rings. All the wives of the Mogul, and all the princesses, his daughters, carry on the thumb of the left hand, in the form of a ring, a small looking-glass bordered with pearls. They cast their eyes incessantly upon this mirror; it is with them the occupation of every moment. Their most becoming ornament is a golden girdle of the breadth of two fingers, enriched with jewels. Mantles of the same metal are suspended to it, sewn with diamonds, whose points are terminated by knots of pearls. What is very surprising is, that each of these ladies has a change of six or eight sets of these pearls.

In old times children drew upon their fathers, but now we are living in the utmost extravagance and leaving

the bill for our children so pay. Verily, "we are wiser than our father's were."

CARLINI was the first comic actor on the stage of Padua: a single glance of his eye would diffuse smiles over the most rigid countenance.

A gentleman, one morning, waited on the first physician in that city, and requested he would prescribe for a disease to which he was not merely a subject, but a victim—*melancholy*. "Melancholy," repeated the doctor: "you must go to the theatre, and Carlini will soon dissipate your gloom and enliven your spirits." "Dear sir, (said the patient, seizing the doctor by the hand) excuse me—I am Carlini himself. At the moment I convulse the audience with laughter, I am the prey of the disease which I came to consult you upon."

THE CORPORAL.—During the American revolution, an officer, not habited in military custom, was passing by where a small company of soldiers were at work making some repairs upon a small redoubt. The commander of a little squad was giving orders to those who were under him, relative to a stick of timber which they were endeavoring to raise to the top of the works. The timber went up hard, and on this account the voice of the little great man was often heard in his regular vociferations of "heave away! there she goes! heave ho!" &c. The officer before spoken of, stopped his horse when arrived at the place, and seeing the timber scarcely move, asked the commander why he did not take hold and render a little aid. The latter appeared to be somewhat astonished, turning to the officer with the pizen of an Emperor said "Sir, I am a Corporal." "You are not though, are you?" said the officer, "I was not aware of it." And taking off his hat and bowing, "I ask your pardon Mr. Corporal." Upon this he dismounted from his elegant steed, flung the bridle over a post, and lifted till the sweat stood in drops on his forehead. When the timber was elevated to its proper station, turning to the man clothed in brief authority, "Mr. Corporal Commander," said he, "when you have another such a job, and have not men enough send to your Commander-in-chief, and I will come and help you a second time." The corporal was thunder-struck. It was Washington!

MAKING BRONZE. The best method of making bronze is to take spelter, and let it stand in spirits of wine for 24 hours: then pour off the solution, and boil it with three ounces, by measure, of sinitum senez, for two hours. Then take it off, and strain it through a fine ray, which will detain the powder, to be well washed with clear water, previous to using. The method of darkening the bronze, is by simply adding chloride of ammonia, mixed with asphaltum, applied while hot to the brass or copper. It has been successfully applied to iron or steel.

Importance of a single vote.—The tremendous results which may ensue from a thing so apparently unimportant as the casting of one vote, were never more fully shown than in the election of Oliver Cromwell to a seat in the Long Parliament. That singular man was chosen to represent Cambridge by a majority of only one vote. Cleveland, the royalist poet, said when the result of the election was declared, "That single vote hath ruined both church and kingdom." It is not, for a moment, to be supposed that a man like Cromwell would, under any circumstances, having remained quiet during the great Civil War, but it is equally undeniable, that but for his Parliamentary standing, he would have entered on his military career under very unfavorable auspices, and consequently could never have attained to that vast influence, which ultimately made him one of the most potent of English sovereigns "in all but name a king."

HUMAN LIFE HOW GENERALLY EMPLOYED.

The longest life of man consists of about 96 years. One third of the whole is devoted to sleep, viz. 32 years. Sickness, law-suits and a thousand other accidents, takes up at least one-fourth, that is, 24 years. Add those two numbers, and the sum is, 56 years.

Item—2 hours of study, and various other occupations, per day, makes about 8 years; and 4 hours of idleness, melancholy and corroding cares, 16 years; 4 an hour per day for projects, castles in the air, &c. will give 2 years; 1 hour and 4 for shaving, dressing, &c. 5 years; and these three sums added

together, amount precisely to the 32 years.

Item—2 hours per day to eat and drink, make eight years; which being added to the different portions of time already mentioned, will make about 95 years. One year remains to be disposed of. How shall it be employed? This lovers can best tell.

A THEATRICAL STRIKE.

"Come in. What is it?"

"Can you see Mr. Fatton?"

"What Mr. Fatton?"

"The master of the supernumeraries."

"Send him in. Now, Mr. Fatton, what is the matter? Make haste, for I am busy."

"Sir, there's a strike with the children in the theatre."

"So there ought to be, Mr. Fatton, if you did your duty properly, and kept a birch rod."

"Yes, Sir; but all their fathers and mothers come on me, and threaten to punch my head; now you know it is not my fault."

"Well, what is this strike, as you call it?"

"The girls who are to fly in the new ballet won't have the wires affixed to them unless they are raised to eighteen pence a night; their mothers won't let them endanger their lives under that sum! Now, sir, we should be in a scrape at night, if this were to happen; worse than they were in at the other house with the boys in the storm."

"What was that, Fatton?"

"Didn't you hear of that, Sir? Oh, there were sixty boys, who stood on the stage under a very large canvass, painted to represent the sea. Now, these boys were placed alternately, and were to rise and fall, first gradually and then violently, to represent the motion of the waves in a storm; and in the first three nights of the piece it had a powerful effect; but after that, the manager reduced the water-rate, that is to say, he lowered the salary of each wave to sixpence per night. The boys took their place under the canvass sea; and when the word was given, the water was stagnant—instead of the ship striking, it was the waves that struck. The Sub-manager, in a fury, enquired the cause; when the principal billow said, 'We won't move a peg unless you pay us a shilling a-night, for it wears out our corderoys so.'"

"Gad, I think that must have been the deep, deep sea! Well, I promise the girls the eighteen-pence; but I will be even with them; I will keep them dangling in the sky-borders in a thorough draught all the night. Tell them so."—*Exit Fatton.*

TAKE CARE OF YOUR TRUNKS.—A man of genteel appearance, who calls himself John Jones, was arrested on Wednesday evening by officer Moody, charged with stealing the trunk of Hon. Judson Allen, now on his way to Washington. He came from New-York on Wednesday in the rail road line, and got into the omnibus at the depot, and proceeded down Third to Market street, where he (Jones) stopped, and calling a porter, ordered him to take charge of his trunk, at the same time pointing out the trunk of Mr. Allen, which was delivered to the porter. On arriving at the Marshall house, Mr. Allen found that his trunk was gone, and upon enquiry, learned that it had been delivered to a gentleman, who appeared to be in a great hurry, at the corner of Third and Market st. An officer was soon procured, and the porter found, who stated that hotel in Bank street; thither they went, and were told that the gentleman had got another porter and taken the trunk to a house in south Front street; but before he carried the trunk in a great hurry for a gentleman to whom the party had got there, the gentleman in a great hurry had broken open the trunk and torn off the plate, on which was the name of the owner. Jones, who is also known by the name of Bond, was taken before Alderman Badger, who after hearing the facts, committed him to Moyamensing prison, where it is to be hoped that he will be allowed to remain until his hurry is over.

Mr. Allen was fortunate enough to recover all the contents of the trunk. On the top of the omnibus was another trunk, very similar in appearance and size to Mr. Allen's which contained securities to the amount of upwards \$100,000 in the care of one of the passengers, for a South Western Bank; and there is no doubt but that Jones had come on from New York in company, and with a view of obtaining it instead of Mr. Allen's. —*Phil. Herald.*

POPULAR TALES.

A NIGHT IN THE CATACOMBS.

In one of my lonely rambles about the wonderful and interesting capital I was now visiting, I joined a crowd of twenty or thirty persons, waiting at the outer door that leads to the upper entrance of the catacombs. I had heard of these extraordinary vaults, but not having passed before the Barriere d'Enfer, I had not inspected them in person. Though I could not help conjecturing that a subterranean cemetery, where the relics of ten centuries reposed, must be a sight too congenial with the morbid temper of my mind, I had no notion of the actual horrors of that mansion for the dead, or in my then distempered state of feeling, I should not have trusted my nerves with the spectacle to be expected. How will the curious tourist of the present day smile as he peruses this confession! but a few, perhaps will understand and pity what were my follies. As it was, I provided myself, like the rest, with a waxen taper, and we waited with impatience for the appearance of the guide from below, with the party that had preceded us. It was about three o'clock of a sultry afternoon, and we were detained so long, that when the door opened at last, we all rushed in, and hurried old Jerome to the task of conducting us, without giving him time for the necessary precaution of counting our number. I was an utter stranger to all present, and felt at first, as if I should have wished to view the sight, towards which we hurried our conductor, with him alone, or at least with fewer and less vociferous companions; but when we had descended many steps into the bowels of the earth, and the cold air from the dwellings of mortality smote my brow, I owned a sensible relief from the presence of the living around me, and was cheered by the sound of their various exclamations. Even with these accompaniments, however, it was with more than astonishment that I gazed upon the opening scene, and ever and anon, wrapped up in my thoughts, I anticipated with secret forebodings, the horrors I was doomed to undergo.

It would be superfluous to describe what has been described so often, yet none can have received, from a survey of the Catacombs, such impressions as my mind was prepared to admit; and few can have retained so vivid and distinct a picture of their appearance, as has been branded on my soul in characters not to be effaced. Alas! I entered them with little of that fine exalting spirit so divinely eulogized by Virgil, in the motto that is inscribed upon their walls.

The interminable rows of bare and blackening skulls—the masses interposed of gaunt and rotting bones, that once gave strength and symmetry to the young, the beautiful, the brave, now milled by the damp of the cavern, and heaped together in indiscriminate arrangement—the faint mouldering and deathlike smell that pervaded these gloomy labyrinths; and the long recesses in the low-roofed rock, to which I dared not turn my eyes except by short and furtive glances, as if expecting something terrible and ghastly to start from the indistinctness of their distance—all had associations for my thoughts very different from the solemn and edifying sentiments they must rouse in a well-regulated breast, and, by degrees, I yielded up every faculty to the influence of an ill-defined and mysterious alarm. My eyesight waxed gradually dull to all but the fleshless skulls which were glaring in the yellow light of the tapers—the hum of human voices was stifled in my ears, and I thought myself alone, already with the dead. The guide thrust the light he carried into a huge skull that was lying separate in a niche; but I marked not the action or the man, but only the fearful glimmering of the transparent bone, which I thought a smile of triumphant malice from the presiding spectre of the place, while imagined accents whispered, in my hearing, "Welcome to our charnel house, for this shall be your chamber!" Dizzy with indescribable emotions I felt nothing but a painful sense of oppression from the presence of others, as if I could not breathe for the black shapes that were crowding near me, and turning, unperceived, down a long and gloomy passage of the catacombs, I rushed as far as I could penetrate, to feed in solitude the growing appetite for horror, that had quelled for the moment, in my bosom the sense of fear, and even the feeling of identity. To the rapid whirl of various sensations that had bewildered me ever since I left the light of day, a season of intense ab-

straction now succeeded. I held my burning eyeballs full upon the skulls in front, till they almost seemed to answer my fixed regard, and claim a dreadful fellowship with the being that beheld them. How long I stood motionless in this condition I know not—my taper was calculated to last a considerable time, and I was awakened from my trance by the scorching heat of it's expiring in my hand. Still insensible of what I was about, I threw it to the ground; and, gleaming once more, as if to show the darkness and solitude to which I was consigned, it was speedily extinguished. But, by the strong impression on my brain, the whole scene remained distinct, and it was not for some time that my fit of abstraction passed away, and the horrific conviction came upon me, that I was left deserted, as I fancied in my first confusion, by faithless friends, and abandoned to the mercy of a thousand demons. All the ideal terrors I had cherished from my childhood, exalted to temporary madness by the sense and certainty of the horrid objects that surrounded me, rushed at once upon my soul; and in an agony of impatient consternation, I screamed and shouted, loud and long, for assistance. Not an answer was returned, but the dreary echoes of this dreadful tomb. I saw that my cries for succour were hopeless and in vain, and my voice failed me for very fear—my jaws were fixed and open, my palate dry—a cold sweat distilled from every pore, and my limbs were chill and powerless as death. Their vigour at length revived, and I rushed in a delirium through the passages, struggling through their every step in more inexplicable error, till running with the speed of lightning along one of the longest corridors, I came with violence in full and loathsome contact with the skelton relics at the end. The shock was like fire to my brain—I wept tears of rage and despair; and thrusting my fingers in the sockets of the empty skulls, to wrench them from the wall, I clutched their bony edges, till the blood sprung from my lacerated hand. In short, I cannot paint to you the extravagancies I acted, or the wild alternation of my feelings that endured for many hours. Sometimes excited to frenzy, I imagined I knew not what of horrid and appalling, and saw, with preternatural acuteness, through the darkness as clear as noon—while grisly visions seemed glaring on me near and red and bloody haze enveloped the more fearful distance. Then, when reason was on, the point of going, an interval of terrible collection would succeed. I felt in my very soul how I was left alone—perhaps not to be discovered at any rate for what appeared to me an endless period, in which I should perhaps expire of terror, and I longed for deep, deep sleep, or to be as cold and insensate as the things around me. I tried to recollect the courage, that only on one point had ever failed me, but judgment had ever missed her stays, and the whispers of the subterranean wind, or the stealthy noises I seemed to hear in concert with the audible beatings of my heart, overcame me irresistibly. Sometimes I thought I could feel silence palpable like a soft mantle on my ear—I figured dreadful hands within a hair-breadth of my body, ready to tear me if I stirred, and in desperation flung myself upon the ground. Then would I creep close to the mouldering fragments at the bottom of the wall, and try to dig with my nails, from the hard rock, something to cover me. Oh! how I longed for a cloak to wrap and hide me, though it had been my mother's winding-sheet, or grave flannel animated with worms. I buried my head in the skirts of my coat, and prayed for slumber; but a fearful train of images forced me again to rise and stumble on, shivering in frame with unearthly cold, and yet internally fevered with a tumult of agonizing thoughts. Any one must have suffered somewhat in such a situation; but no one's sufferings could resemble mine, unless he carried to the scene a mind so hideously prepared. Part of these awful excavations are said to have been once haunted by banditti; but I had no fears of them, and should have sworn with transport to have come upon their fires at one of their turnings in the rock, though my appearance had been the instant signal for their daggers.

In my wanderings I recovered for a moment the path taken by the guides, and found myself in a sort of cell within the rock, where particular specimens of mortality were preserved. My arm, rested on the table, where two or three loosened skulls, and a thigh-bone of extravagant dimensions, were lying, and a new

fit of madness seized me. My heart beat with redoubled violence, while I brandished the enormous bone, and hoarsely called for its original possessor to come in all the terrors of the grave, and there would I wrestle with him for the relic of his own miserable carcass. I struck repeatedly, and hard, the hollow-sounding sides of the cell, shouting my defiance; then throwing myself with violence towards the opening, I missed my balance and, snatching at the wall round the corner to save myself, I jammed my hand in an aperture among the bones, and fancied that the grisly adversary I invoked had grasped my arm in answer to my challenge. My shrieks of agony rang through the caverns, and, staggering back into the cell, I fell upon my face, hardly daring to breathe, and expecting unimagined horrors or speedy dissolution.

How my feelings varied for a space of time, I know not; but sleep insensible fell upon me. In my dream, I did not seem to change the scene, but still reclining in the cell, I fancied the skulls upon the wall the same in number, but magnified to a terrific size, with black jetty eyes imbedded in their naked sockets, and rivetted with malicious earnestness on me. A dim recess seemed opened beyond one side of the cell, and each spectral eye turning with a sidelong glance towards it, drew mine the same direction by an unconquerable fascination. Still appearing to gaze determinedly upon them I had power, as I dreamed, to obey their impulse simultaneously, and to perceive a dreadful figure, black, bony, and skull-headed, with similar terrific eyes, whom they seemed to hail as their minister of cruelty, while with slow and silent paces, it drew near to clasp me in its hideous arms. Closer and closer it advanced; but, thanks and praises to the all-gracious Power that stills the tempest of the soul! the limit of suffering was reached, and the force of terror was exhausted. My nerves so long weak, and prone to agitation, were recovered, by the over violence, of their momentum; and, instead of losing reason in the shock, or waking in the extremity of fear, the vision was suddenly changed—the scenery of horror melted into light, and a calm and joyful serenity took possession of my bosom. My animal powers must have been nearly worn out, for long—long I slept in this delightful tranquillity; and when I awakened, it was, for the first time of my life in a peaceful and healthy state of mind, unfettered, and released for ever from all that had enfeebled and debased my nature. I had passed in that celestial sleep from death to life, from the dreams of weakness and lapse of sanity, to the full use and animation of my faculties; and I felt as if a cemented load had broken and crumbled off my soul, and left me fearless and serene. I was never happier—I was never worthy the title of Man, till then; and, as I lay, I faltered out my thanks in ecstasy to Heaven, for all that had befallen me.

My limbs were numbed by the cold and damp of the floor on which I had been lying; but, rising from it, a new being in all that is essential to existence, I entered the passage, and walked briskly up and down, to recover the play and vigour of my frame. I found the thigh-bone on the ground where I had dropped it—and no longer tortured by the fears that were gone for ever, replaced it quietly in its former situation. I kept near the entrance of the cell, that the first guide who descended might not miss; and it could not be more than two hours, before Jerome, whose hair stood as end when he heard where I had passed the night, came down with an early party of visitors, and freed me from my dungeon.

A BUSY FELLOW.

The New Era says there is an editor down east who is not only his own compositor, pressman, and devil, but keeps a tavern, is village schoolmaster, captain in the militia, mends his own boots and shoes, makes potent Brandreth pills, peddles essence and tinware two days in the week, and always reads sermons on the Sabbath, when the minister happens to be missing. In addition to all this, he has a wife and sixteen children. The Boston Morning Post says this is not all, he owns a schooner, and came to Boston with a cargo of potatoes and onions, last fall, raised by himself, and gave notice to his subscribers, when he left, that the issuing of the next number of his paper would depend upon the wind atmospheric and financial, we suppose.

CHARACTER.

For the American Masonic Register and Literary Companion.

There is no time so important in the biography of man as the morning of his life. For, then it is that the character receives its inception, then that the mind is formed and its propensities established; and then to that the business or professions of life is chosen. Which latter act, as it fixes the sphere in which a man must move, is always durable in its consequences. A short account therefore of the choosing of a profession may not be unentertaining.

Uncle Duty G—, as he was familiarly called, was a fine farmer and an excellent man. His family was large, and owning, as he did, an extensive farm, he was greatly respected by the whole town, in which he lived. He was an easy, and a good natured man. I do not however mean to be understood that he wanted energy or decision, or that he was in any degree careless, either in business, or to the course his children might pursue. On the contrary it was his settled resolution to educate and leave them to choose for themselves what course of life they would adopt. Accordingly when Marcus advanced to the age at which boys wish most to be men, he began to look around upon the various avocations in which all are engaged and to consider which of them would best suit him, or which would afford the most leisure and sport. At first a dry goods clerk was his beau ideal of a man; the fine dress, lively appearance and apparent happiness of whom were to his unpracticed eye really enviable. He therefore observed to his father his predilection in favor of that employment. (Now by my intimacy with Marcus, I heard some and knew all of the discussions that took place on this subject.) His father in reply, spoke with firmness, not unmixed with contempt, and asked if he really wished to become a clerk? To which he, much disconcerted answered that he had the privilege of choosing an employment. Indeed you have replied the father; but you will certainly choose for yourself the business of a man? At which Marcus, greatly pleased that his right of choice was still preserved, recovered his confidence and ventured to suggest many weighty considerations for his novel inclination; for he himself was not yet fully resolved. But in vain did he attempt to convince uncle Duty of the wisdom of the choice he was about to make, by representing the politeness and delicacy of a clerk. His only answer was that delicacy was not the quality of a man, and that politeness consisted not in the vain and idle show of the fop, but in the genuine feelings of a kind heart, kindly expressed. With which the son apparently satisfied, yielded the point, and for the present, gave up his idle notion.

Time rolled on; and Marcus pursued his studies, stopping but occasionally to discuss the merits of the various occupations of men. Partaking in which his father never failed to contrast the dependence of the legal and medical professions with the dignity of the self-sustaining farmer, depending for his support on aught, but the labour of his hands and the smiles of Heaven. Indeed, whenever he spoke of the professions or callings of men, he failed not to bring them all into an invidious comparison with the cultivation of the soil. Now Marcus's inclinations were naturally opposed to the favourite scheme of his father; whose fixed determination he well understood was to infuse into his mind an utter contempt for every thing else but agricultural pursuits. Being therefore upon his guard, he readily suggested arguments to oppose whatever might be said, and when his father spoke of the dignity and independence of the farmer, committed not to intimate that in this respect, at least, he much resembled the Indian. To be sure more was implied than expressed; and though the father was far from being pleased with the insinuation, he replied boldly that with the independence and open frankness of the Indian, the agriculturalist might and actually did possess all the refined and social feelings of the highest civilization, that ignorance is not the necessary portion of any class, or condition of men, but the result of fortuitous circumstances, that the most dignified of all the Romans were farmers; that her senators cultivated the soil; that Cincinnatus the deliverer and preserver of his country, went from the plough into the field and cabin; to restore the declining fortunes of Rome; in fine, that it was esteemed the greatest honor among that remarkable people to be skilled in horiculture; that, with them, the field, the garden and nursery were the

most honorable as they are the most pleasant of possessions; that sowing lands and dressing orchards did not demean the loftiest intellects the world ever saw.—He turned also to the father of our own country retiring from public stations with a halo of honor shed around him of unparalleled brightness, to the quiet and peaceful abode of the farm. The force of these arguments were irresistible, and Marcus immediately admitted that there was nothing in the business in any wise low or demeaning. Still however he had an antipathy towards the employment stronger than reason itself. It was not therefore to be expected that he would easily be induced to abandon an opinion that was chiefly a matter of taste, supported by prejudice which grows with the growth and strengthens with the strength of manhood.

To account for this prejudice though in some degree prevalent, I shall not attempt, for the very plain reason that it is utterly unaccountable. Suffice it then to say that Marcus had mingled with that class of the "genteel" of whom all useful and productive labour is totally unworthy.

Having now finished his collegiate course, it was natural to expect, he would soon make choice of a profession for life and proceed to the discharge of those duties, which are incumbent on every member of a well regulated society. Natural however as this expectation may have been, it was, in this instance totally unfounded. For, as Marcus had none of those lofty notions of honor and high aspirations after fame which are so common among some of our educated young, he possessed no stimulus adequate to spur him on to great exertions, or even to any decisive action. And this recreant spirit of the son greatly annoyed the father; who though he wished not to see any herculean deeds performed, nor any mighty exploits accomplished, nevertheless hoped that his family might be free from dishonor. The hoary headed old man, however, for a time, was destined to be exceedingly grieved. Marcus chose no profession, engaged himself in no occupation. But at last, uncle Duty vexed in spirit at the undutiful behaviour of his son, and gathering courage from irritation, adopted the maxim "there is a point beyond which even forbearance ceases to be a virtue," and decisively informed his froward son, that as it was the duty of every man to be engaged in some employment beneficial to society, so to an idle son he should afford no home. This was bringing things to a focus. And Marcus began to deliberate, or I should rather say, to act, for the term of deliberation, was now passed. He therefore determined to adopt the medical profession as the business of his life.—He did so; and began the study of medicine—a circumstance the more remarkable from the situation in which he was placed. For, on one hand, was gratuitously offered a most fertile farm situated in the most delightful region of our country; where the society was the most pleasant and highly cultivated, where literature and science shed a benign influence; dispelling the discords and dissensions produced by the violent changes in the atmosphere of politics, and where the mighty revolutions of the currency and commerce destroying the bright hopes and fair expectations of thousands, are scarcely felt. On the other, was a profession already filled with the strongest, most enterprising and persevering intellects of the age; in which if he entered, he must expect an eternal competition.

Marcus, however, nothing moved at either the flowers or the thorns that might be strown in his path. He proceeded onward in his medical course. At first his success was flattering. But while attending a course of lectures at G—, he chanced to meet a beautiful young Miss, whose charms his youth and inexperience were little able to resist. He accordingly sued for favor; and his suit being favourably entertained, he soon found himself bound by those silken cords, to break which man never had inclination. For a while of course, as two objects cannot at the same time engage supreme attention, his studies languished, and it was evident he had found an employment far more delightful than any with which he had before been acquainted. Nor was his enjoyment in the least lessened, by ascertaining the object of his affections to be the daughter of a wealthy farmer, from home like himself to finish her education. Which being done, he did not even anticipate an obstacle to the consummation of his most ardent anticipations. What then must have been his astonishment to find the father of his lady fair, uncompromisingly opposed to the medical profession?

For, as a Thompsonian he was utterly opposed to the principles of the established medical system, and could not consent to affianc his daughter to one engaged in practice, in his estimation, so detrimental to the best interests, and health of community. Confounded at this unexpected opposition, our hero remonstrated with him for the rigidity of his principles or rather for the rigid manner in which he carried them into effect.—But finding remonstrance vain, he for a time "hesitated between two opinions." His firmness, however, was not sufficient to overcome the ruling passion of his heart. And he accordingly determined to abandon a profession assumed against his father's wishes, and which bid fair to defeat his fondest hopes. Thus the silent but powerful eloquence of the heart was able to accomplish what neither the kind expostulations of an indulgent father, nor the yet stronger teachings of self-interest, could effect. And thus too was a froward son brought at once into paternal favour, the possession of a splendid bride and the most delightful country seat in all the Western land.

Scio.

MISCELLANY.

A CAUTION TO PEDESTRIANS.

The following advice from the Picayune will answer as well for the meridian of New York as of New Orleans. It cannot fail to be peculiarly interesting to housewives who are particular as to the neatness of their domestic arrangements:—"It is sometimes very muddy in this city, and, therefore, some rule ought to be adopted for entertaining a house at such a time. The following, if not a good one, is very generally practised upon. Avoid mats and scrapers; none but people whom nobody knows use those things. The entry and stair-carpet, especially if they are very costly, will get a good deal of mud off your boots by the time you reach the drawing room, particularly if you lig your feet well into them every step you go, which you ought to do; because it makes people think that rich carpets are every-day things to you at home, and should any mud still stick to your boots after you have reached the drawing room, you may easily get rid of it upon the hearth rug, by a little dexterity in handing your feet while forking your locks before the chimney glass.

SAVING TIME.

A clergyman who had considerable of a farm, as was generally the case in our father's days went out to see one of his labourers who was ploughing in the field, and he found him setting upon his plough, resting his team: "John" said he, "would 't not be a good plan for you to have a stub scythe here, and be hubbing a few bushes while the oxen are resting?" John, with a countenance which might well have become the divine himself, instantly returned, "would it not be well, sir, for you to have a swin'ling log in the pulpit, and when they are singing, to swingle a little flax?" The reverend gentleman turned on his heel, laughed heartily, and said no more about hubbing bushes.

INCLEDON AND THE LOIN OF PORK

In the course of travelling to ether, Mr. Incledon and my husband differed in few things more than in their tastes in eating. Mr. Mathews liked the simplest fare; Mr. Incledon was always in search of an appetite, and therefore was very fastidious about the wherewithal to tempt it. On one occasion, at some town where they stopped only to change horses, Incledon, according to a habit in which he indulged, sought out the frier, and seeing a small undressed loin of pork displayed through a glass window with other delicacies, he fell deeply in love with it, and immediately applied coaxingly to the landlord (a portly independent sort of a person, with his hands in his waistcoat pockets,) to be allowed to purchase it to carry onwards. Mine host abruptly refused; "he could not sell it—he should want it for his linen customers, &c.; but in proportion as the land ord seemed unrepenting, Incledon's anxiety became stronger. He asked what the joint would be charged to his dinner customers, and then held out the sum with an addition; but the sulky landlord was inexorable. The episcure increased his temptation, until at last he offered double the worth of it, and Mr. Mathews, ashamed of

the childish behavior of his *chum*, left him with the lord to settle the important matter as they might, and walked on, telling the servant to wait for Mr. Incedon with the carriage, and overtake him on the road. In a short time he saw it approaching with Mr. Incedon, who after my husband had seated himself, and the horse were proceeding, took out a handkerchief from a pocket of the carriage with some appearance of mystery, and deliberately placing it upon his knees with evident satisfaction, opened it, and revealed the coveted little loin of pork! "Well," said his friend coolly, "what you prevailed at last; how did you manage to coax that surly fellow out of it?" Incedon twinkled his eyes: "Charles Mathews," said he, with something of solemnity, "I did *not* prevail. My dear boy, the man was a brute. I offered him all the silver in my pocket. I had set my heart upon the thing, my dear Charles Mathews. I couldn't have ate any thing else, my dear boy; so what do you think I did? Don't be angry, Charles (and here he looked like a child who knew he had done wrong, and dreaded the punishment for his fault), don't be angry: a man like yourself can have no idea what I feel, who want little delicacies to keep up my stamina. My dear Charles, the man was unfeeling." In this way did Incedon prepare his companion for the truth, and deprecate his wrath. The fact was, he had watched the lord's absence, entered the larger unperceived, and bore away the tempting prize, leaving the already proffered *double its value* in its place.—*Life of Charles Mathews, by his widow.*

AFFECTING ANECDOTE.—A circumstance of a very interesting kind occurred some time since at one of the Greek isles. A number of the islanders, terrified at the approach of a Turkish force hurried on board a large boat, and pushed off from land. The wife of one of them, a young woman of uncommon loveliness, seeing her husband departing, stood on the shore, stretching out her hands towards the boat, and imploring, in the most moving terms, to be taken on board. The Greek saw it without concern or pity, and, without aiding her escape, bade his companions hasten their flight.

This unfortunate woman, left unprotected in the midst of her enemies, struggled through scenes of difficulty and danger, of insults and suffering, till her failing health and strength, together with a heart broken by sorrow, brought her to her deathbed. She had never heard from her husband; and when wandering among the mountains, lying down in some wretched habitation, or compelled to urge her flight amidst cruel fatigues, her affection for him and the hope of meeting him again, bore up her courage through all.

He came at last, when the enemy had retreated, and the Greeks had returned to their homes again; and hearing her situation, was touched with deep remorse. But all hope of life was then extinguished—love had changed to aversion, and she refused to see or forgive him. There is at times, in the character of a Greek woman, as more than one occasion occurred of observing, a strength and sternness that is remarkable. Her sister and relations were standing round her bed; and never in the days of health and love did she look so touchingly beautiful as then. Her fine dark eyes were turned on them with an expression as if she mourned not to die, but still felt deeply her wrongs; the natural paleness of her cheek was crimsoned with a hectic hue, and the rich tresses of her black hair fell disheveled by her side. Her friends with tears entreated her to speak to and forgive her husband; she turned her face to the wall, and waved her hand for him to begone. Soon the last pang came over her, and affection conquered; she turned suddenly round, raised a look of forgiveness to him, placed her hand in his, and died.

FRENCH GAIETY.

In the campaign of 1812 a distinguished general officer of the French army was severely wounded in the leg. The surgeon on consulting declared that amputation was indispensable. The general received the intelligence with much composure. Among the persons who surrounded him he observed his valet-de-chambre, who showed by his profound grief the deep share which he took in the melancholy accident. "Why dost thou weep, Germain?" said his master, smilingly to him: "it is a fortunate thing for thee; you will have only one boot to clean in future."

THE DUNKERS.

This is a denomination which took its rise in the year 1724. It was founded by a German, who, weary of the world, retired to an agreeable solitude within fifty miles of Philadelphia, for the more free exercise of religious contemplation. Cuvosity attracted followers, and his simple and engaging manners made them proselytes. They soon settled a little colony, called Euphrate, in allusion to the Hebrews, who used to sing psalms on the borders of the river Euphrates. This denomination seem to have obtained their name from their baptizing their new converts by plunging. They are also called Tumblers, from the manner in which they performed baptism, which is by putting the person while kneeling, head first under water, so as to resemble the motion of the body in the action of tumbling.—They use the triune immersion, with laying on the hands and prayer, even when the person baptized is in the water.

Their habit seems to be peculiar to themselves, consisting of a long tunic, or coat, reaching down to their heels, with a sash or girdle round the waist, and a cap, or hood, hanging from the shoulders, like the dress of the Dominican friars. The men do not shave the head or beard. The men and women have separate habitations and distinct governments. For these purposes they have erected two large wooden buildings, one of which is occupied by the brethren, the other by the sisters of the society; and in each of them there is a banqueting room, and an apartment for public worship; for the brethren and sisters do not meet together, even at their devotions. They live chiefly upon roots and other vegetables, the rule of their society not allowing them flesh, except on particular occasions when they hold what they call a love-feast: at which time the brethren and sisters dine together in a large apartment, and eat mutton; but no other meat. In each of their little cells they have a bench fixed, to serve the purpose of a bed, and a small block of wood for a pillow. The Dunkers allow of no intercourse between the brethren and sisters, not even by marriage. The principal tenets of the Dunkers appear to be these: that future happiness is only to be attained by penance and outward mortification in this life; and that, as Jesus Christ by his meritorious sufferings, became the Redeemer of mankind in general, so each individual of the human race, by a life of abstinence and restraint, may work out his own salvation. Nay, they go so far as to admit of works of supererogation, and declare that a man can do much more than he is in justice or equity obliged to do, and that his superabundant works may therefore be applied to the salvation of others. This denomination deny the eternity of future punishment, and believe that the dead have the Gospel preached to them by our Saviour, and that the souls the just are of employed to preach the Gospel to those who have had no revelation in this life. They suppose the Jewish sabbath, sabbatical year, and year of jubilee, are typical of certain periods, after the general judgment, in which the souls of those who are not then admitted into happiness are purified from their corruption.

If any within these smaller periods are so far humbled as to acknowledge the perfection of God, and to own Christ as their only Saviour, they are received to felicity; while those who continue obstinate are received in torments until the grand period typified by the jubilee arrives, in which all shall be made happy in the endless fruition of the Deity. They also deny the imputation of Adam's sin to his posterity. They disclaim violence even in cases of self-defence, and suffer themselves to be defrauded or wronged rather than go to law.

Their church government and discipline are the same with the English Baptists, except that every brother is allowed to speak in the congregation; and their best speaker is usually ordained to be the minister. They have deacons and deaconesses from among their ancient widows and exhorters, who are all licensed to use their gifts stately.

WHISKERS AND LONG HAIR.

A letter from Paris states, that to be a fashionable young man in that metropolis, you must wear your hair falling in massive locks upon your shoulders—your beard must be in the style of Francis I., whilst your hand must be tightly squeezed into a canary-yellow glove; part of the costume as decidedly characteristic of an exquisite aristocrat of the present day, as a

red heel was in the time of Henry IV. He addressed, you may present your address to the Jockey-Club, the address of the present day. Our distant readers will be fully aware that these delectable fashions are much in vogue among our Brethren, and that they are in France. Long hair, whiskers, and a beard *a la Francis I.*, are all the rage. The derivation of this fashion of long hair is somewhat amusing. A young Parisian established himself a few years since in Cairo, in a business in which industry and perseverance would infallibly have led to competence. But our hero was impatient, and resolved to take a shorter cut to fortune. Thinking it no harm to cheat the infidels, he was in the daily practice of frauds, which, while they filled his coffers, were of little advantage to his character. At last his dishonest practices became so notorious, that the pacha was compelled to punish him in a manner in which all similar offenders had been punished in Cairo, from time immemorial. The youthful Shylock was nailed up to a pillory by the ear, and this punishment was repeated as often as his offences were discovered, until at length both his auricular organs were pierced with as many holes as a cylinder. Indeed, so obnoxious did he become at last that the cadi, placing the gentleman's head between his knees, cut off both his ears with a razor. But the Parisian, in the meanwhile, had managed to transfer a large property to his native metropolis, and thither he followed it soon after the loss of his ears. But how should he conceal his disgrace?—After much reflection he leagued himself with half a dozen individuals suffering under a similar inconvenience, and they introduced the elf-locks, now so fashionable, and which effectually concealed their losses. Nothing could have been more fortunate. They all made excellent matrimonial speculations, and it was not until their wives undertook to comb their hair, that they discovered, to their horror, that their husbands had no ears! Our fair readers must make their own application of the moral of the story.

AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER.

ALBANY, SATURDAY, DEC. 6, 1839.

Those Brethren who subscribed the prospectus for the Masonic Register, by me circulated, and who have not paid for the same to me, or Br. Mix, will oblige me much by sending the same to Br. L. G. Hoffman, by mail. The Post Masters are authorised to send such money free of postage.

BLANCHARD POWERS.

Bennington, Nov. 19, 1839.

"A post master may enclose money in a letter to the publisher of a newspaper, to pay the subscription of a third person, and FRANK the letter, if written by himself."

Our patrons will perceive, that any delicacy they may have had in burthening us with postage, is now entirely removed.

TO OUR POETICAL FRIENDS.—Our carrier, wishes us to say, that he will stand in need of an address, for the coming New Year, and that he will give a volume of the Register, handsomely bound, when completed, to any of his friends, who will help him out of this difficulty.

A SERIOUS MATTER.—For the last six or eight days, our city has been a theatre of "war and rumors of war," on account of apprehended and actual resistance to the laws of the land. Difficulties have for some time existed between the heirs of the late Patroon's estate, on account of the collection of quarter sales, back rents, &c. The particular merits of which we are unacquainted with. Some time since, processes were issued against the dissatisfied tenants, who we believe constitute a large number from several towns in the county. On attempting to serve these processes, the Sheriff was resisted, and after suffering insult, was finally driven back, the mob declaring their determination to resist any attempt on his part to enforce the collection of rents. Under this state of things, the Sheriff on Saturday last issued a general notice, calling on the citi-

zens to appear at his office on the Monday following, and assist him in the due execution of the law. Accordingly, in obedience to his notice, a large body of people assembled at his office, estimated at from 600 to 1000, and marched to the scene of strife, unarmed, where they met about an equal number of the belligerents; and after a parley of an hour or two, the Sheriff, returned with his posse without having been able to effect his object. Thus stands the case at the present moment.

Where this unhappy state of things will end, no one can tell. It appears to us that it would have been more judicious, if the Sheriff, instead of taking so large a body of men, had made a selection of some 50 or 100, from them and met these disaffected individuals with exposition. If it had been found that they would not have listened to persuasion, then a thousand men, armed if necessary, should force them into obedience. We are fearful that the present step has had rather a bad tendency; for from what we can learn, this matter which we are fearful will involve human life, was viewed more in the light of a frolic, than as a matter of grave import. We are told that these disaffected individuals are rather encouraged in their opposition, than otherwise—that they are sanguine of at least the sympathy of their fellow citizens. We trust it is not so, for it will be a fatal error. The laws must be enforced though it be at the expense of life. When we cease to be a GOVERNMENT OF LAWS, better that we had never been called into existence. We understand that one of the members, elect of the legislature, is a leader in this disaffection. If it is so, we trust the legislature will expel him. A man who will not observe the laws, should never be placed where he can help make them.

Since putting the above in type, we perceive by the Evening Journal, Mr. Van Rensselaer's version of the cause of the difficulties. Before reading this exposition of the affair, we must confess, that our feelings and sympathies were with the disaffected. The general impression was that while Mr. V. R. was only urging his legal rights, that there were peculiar hardships in the case which required a leniency, which was denied the tenants. The reverse, however is the fact. The heirs and trustees are fully authorised by the late Patroon's will, to give all that is reasonable. Mr. V. R.'s only fault appears to be in holding a large estate, which many of his tenants want to wrest from him without the colour of law or justice. We again repeat, that these anarchists, must be taught obedience to the law.

THE ANNUAL THANKSGIVING. On Thursday the 28th was observed our annual Thanksgiving, in conformity with the recommendation of the Governor. It gives us pleasure to notice the general feeling throughout the community as to the propriety of observing this custom of the Primitive Fathers. There is something beautiful in the thought, that one day at least in the year the whole population of the State are willing to lay aside the cares and turmoils of business, and let their thoughts dwell upon the innumerable blessings with which their path in life has been strewn,—to reflect upon the kindness that has "watched over the interests of their country,—preserved to them the enjoyment of civil and religious Liberty, and kept in full play the energies of society, by the ceaseless action, of which the general good of all results.

Surely the moral tendency of the observance of this custom cannot be otherwise than happy. Whilst alive with a grateful sense of the manifold blessings of which we have been the hourly recipients, we cannot pass by unheeding the giver of them all—nor fail to have

our benevolent feelings excited towards the less favoured of our fellow-beings. Our devotional feelings cannot but be quickened, and we be better prepared to engage in the every day pursuits of life. There were religious services in the several churches of this city—and a very general attendance of our citizens.

BENNETT, of the New York Herald, is a queer fellow, with all his rascality. He has a particular regard for the brokers. Take the following:

JOHN Q. ADAMS, the venerable Ex-President, took a walk in Wall street on the morning of Thanksgiving day. There was a fine looking lady on his arm, to whom he was pointing out the names of the several banks. As John Q. entered at the upper end of the street the devil escaped at the other, thinking, probably, that the sight of an honest man and a respectable woman in Wall street, betokened an earthquake, a hurricane, or the day of judgment.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—The poetical effusions of Eugene, and B. W. C. shall have a place next week.

"DEATH IN THE POT."—The blue writing ink, which is now being generally used, is said to be composed of deadly ingredients, no less than a solution of Prussic blue, having all the deleterious qualities of Prussic acid. If this is true, it should be banished from use, as many grown up, as well as young children, are apt to cleanse their pens with their mouth. One drop of pure Prussic acid, is said to be capable of destroying a cat or dog. Parents should look to it.

The Knickerbocker for November has just come to hand. The present number is a rich one, and compensates us in part for the disappointment in not receiving it earlier. The London Monthlies, reprinted in this country were received several days before. The editors would oblige their patrons by observing a little more punctuality.

MELANCHOLY ACCIDENT.—As the canal boat Champion, of the Troy and Ohio Line, was entering the lock about a mile east of Syracuse, on Monday night, the 18th inst. the captain, Mr. Luther Babcock, formerly of this village, and son of the late Mr. B. of Hopewell, in attempting to step from the top of the boat on to the lock, fell backwards and had his head crushed between the boat and lock, and instantly killed. Mr. B. was a respectable citizen, aged 35 years. His remains were brought to this village for interment.—*Ont. Freeman.*

MARRIED.

In this city on the 27th inst., by the Rev. J. Leonard, jr., Wm. Maxsted to Jane McAuley, both of this city.

In this city on the 28th inst., by the Rev. J. Leonard, jr., Josiah Foster of Bernardston, Franklin co., state of Mass. to Miss Mary Haner, of this city.

On the 1st inst., in the 1st M. E. church, by the Rev. T. Seymour, Mr. Christopher Lovell of Cohoes Falls, to Miss Olive Brown of this city.

On the 2d inst., by the Rev. T. Seymour, Mr. Abraham Strattan, to Miss Cornelia Eckerson, both of this city.

On the evening of the 29th ult. by the Rev. Dr. Wyckoff, George Washington Burdick, to Miss Mary Elizabeth Van Antwerp.

At Saratoga Springs, on the 26th inst., by the Rev. D. Babcock, Mr. John Weed of Black Brook, Clinton co., to Miss Susan B. Cowen, daughter of Hon Esek Cowen, of the former place.

At Troy, on the 21st inst., by the Rev. Dr. Butler, Mr. George H. Cramer, to Miss Henrietta K. Cannon, daughter of Lewis G. Cannon, esq., all of that city.

On the 28th ult., at Durhamville, by the Rev. D. D. Ransom, Mr. Levi Bennett, merchant, to Miss Maria More, daughter of Col R. L. More.

In Cortlandville, on the 19th inst., by the Rev. P. R. Kinney, Mr. Silas V. Crandall, to Miss Mary J.

Graves, all of the former place.

On the 17th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Cooty, Col. John Williams, of the Eagle Hotel in Peekskill, to Miss Jane H. W. Whitall, daughter of the late George Whitall, of Pennsylvania.

At Buffalo, on Thursday, the 21st ult., by the Rev. Mr. Hawks, Dr. Thomas Dwight Porter, of New York, to Mary Eliza, daughter of the late Ephraim Hart, esq., of Utica.

DIED.

In this city, on Monday last, Wm. Lathrop, aged 42 years. His remains were taken to the tomb by the brethren of Mount Vernon and Temple Lodges, and the customary Masonic funeral service performed.

On the 23rd inst., Mr. Robert Martin, formerly dyer in this city, aged 40 years, after a long and tedious sickness of lingering consumption.

In Washington city, on Wednesday evening, the 27th ult., of pulmonary disease, Dr. William Holland, late of New York.

At Cairo, on the 17th inst., of pulmonary consumption, Amasa Mattoon counsellor at law, in the 24th year of his age.

At St. Mary's Ga., on the 31st ult., in the 26th year of his age, William Lyon Law, esq., eldest son of the Hon. Samuel A. Law of Meredith, Delaware co., N. Y.

At the Naval Hospital, Pensacola, on the 8th inst., after an illness of five days, Walker W. Hays, from New York of yellow fever. On the 26th October of yellow fever, Wm. A. Green, assistant surgeon, U. S. Navy. On the 17th October, Elisha Fitch, professor of mathematics, U. S. Navy, of yellow fever. On the 14th November, passed Midshipman S. D. Wilkinson, of yellow fever.

At Rochester, on the 29th ult., Mrs. Emily Kempshall, wife of the Hon. Thomas Kempshall, aged 37 years.

At Clinton, on the 16th ult., Mrs. Mary Kirkland, in the 85th year of her age.

At Fonda, on Thursday morning last, Mr. Barney M. Weemple, aged 49 years.

In New York, on Friday evening, after a short and severe illness, David D. McKinney, Esq., comedian aged 31 years.

At Hartford, Conn., on Tuesday morning, Dr Leonard Bacon, aged 73 years.

In Lewiston on the 24th ult. after a short illness, Lemuel Cooke, father of the Hon. Bates Cooke, Comptroller of this State, aged 77.

NICHOLAS NICKLEBY, complete—Life and adventures of Nicholas Nickleby, by Charles Dickens, (3oz) with illustrations, complete in one vol.

Curtis on Health: simple and living observations on the preservation of health in infancy, youth, manhood and age, London edition.

Part XI pictorial edition of Shakespeare's comedy of Errors.

The Hand Book of Heraldry, the Cricketer's Hand Book, the Hand Book of Magic. Swimming Hand Book Language and Sentiment of Flowers, the Angler's Hand Book of Domestic Cookery, &c.

Constantinople, complete in 1 vol. elegantly bound in morocco gilt; scenery of Asia Minor, illustrated drawings from nature, with historical account of Constantinople, and description of the places.

American Almanac, for 1840.

Second series of the School Library, 50 volumes for \$20, in a case, for sale by

BOOK OF THE BOUDOIR for 1840, or Court of Queen Victoria; a series of portraits of the ladies of the nobility of Great Britain, beautifully engraved by the Findens, with illustrations in verse, superbly bound in morocco imperial quarto.

The Iris, prose, poetry, and arts for 1840, with large and beautifully engraved plates and fanciful picturesque borders, in a new and unique style, edited by Mary Russell Mitford splendidly bound in Turkey morocco and gold, imperial 4to.

Character and Costume for 1840, 21 illustrations designed and drawn from nature, with descriptive letter press, handsomely bound in morocco and gold imperial 4to.

Gems of beauty for 1840, displayed in 12 highly finished engravings, with illustrations, by the Countess of Blessington, richly bound in green silk and gold quarto. These splendid works have arrived and may be seen at

W. C. LITTLE'S Bookstore,
corner of State and Market.

POETRY.

CHRISTMAS.

SELECTED FROM SIR WALTER SCOTT.

The wind is chill,
But let it whistle as it will,
We'll keep our Christmas merry still.
Each age has deemed the new born year
Fit time for festival and cheer:
E'en heathen yet, the savage Dane
At Iol more deep the mead did drain,
High on the beach his galleys drew,
And feasted all his pirate crew;
Then in his low and pine-built hall,
Where shields and axes decked the wall,
They gorged upon the half-dressed steer;
Caroused in seas of sable beer;
While round, in brutal jest were thrown
The half-gnawed rib, and marrow-bone;
Or listened all, in grim delight,
While scalds yelled out the joys of fight
Then forth, in frenzy, would they hie,
And wildly loose their red locks fly;
And dancing round the blazing pile,
They make such barbarous mirth the while,
As best might to the mind recall
The hoisterous joys of Onin's hall.
And well our Christian sires of old
Loved when the year its cours had rolled,
And brought blithe Christmas back again,
With all its hospitable train.
Domestic and religious rite
Gave honor to the holy night:
On Christmas eve the bells were rung;
On Christmas eve the mass was sung
That only night, in all the year,
Saw the stole priest the chalice rear.
The damsel donned her kirtle sheen:
The hall was dressed in holly green:
Forth to the wood did merry-men go
To gather in the mistletoe,
Then opened wide the baron's hall
To vassal, tenant, serf, and all:
Power laid his rod of rule aside,
And Ceremony doffed his pride.
The heir, with roses in his shoes,
That night might village partner choose;
The lord, underogating, share
The vulgar game of "poat and pair."
All hailed, with uncontrolled delight,
And general voice, the happy night,
That to the cottage as the crown,
Brought tidings of salvation down.
The fire, with well-dried logs supplied,
Went roaring up the chimney wide;
The huge hall-table's oaken face,
Scrubbed till it shone the day to grace,
Bore then upon its massive board
No mark to part the squire and lord.
Then was brought in the lusty brawn,
By old blue-coated serving man;
Then the grim boar's-head frowned on high,
Crested with bays and rosemary.
Well can the green-garbed ranger tell,
How, when, and where, the monster fell;
And all the baiting of the boar;
While round the merry wassel bowl,
Garnished with ribands, blithe did trowl.
There the huge sirloin reeked; hard by
Plum-porridge stood, and Christmas pie;
Nor failed old Scotland to produce,
At such high-tide, her savoury goose.
Then came the merry masquers in,
And carols roared with blithesome din;
If unmelodious was the song,
It was a hearty note, and strong.
Who lists may in their mumming see
Traces of ancient mystery;
White shirts supplied the masquerade,
And smutted cheeks the visors made;
But, O! what masquers richly dight
Can boast of bosoms half so light!
England was merry England, when
Old Christmas brought his sports again.
'Twas Christmas broached the mightiest ale;
'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale;
A Christmas gambol oft could cheer
The poor man's heart through half the year.

THE FARWELL TO THE DEAD.

The following poem is founded on a beautiful part of the Greek funeral service, in which relatives and friends are invited to embrace the deceased, (whose face is uncovered) and to bid their final adieu.

—'Tis hard to lay into the earth
A countenance so benignant a form that walk'd
But yesterday so stately o'er the earth!

Come near!—ere yet the dust,
Soil the bright paleness of the settled brow,
Look on your brother, and embrace him now,
In still and solemn trust!

Come near!—once more let kindred lips be press'd
On his cold cheek; then bear him to his rest!

Look yet on this young face!
What shall the beauty, from among us gone,
Leave of its image e'en where most it shone,
Gladd'ning its hearth and race?
Dim grows the semblance on men's heart impress'd,
Come near, and bear the beautiful to rest!

Ye weep and it is well!
For tears befit earth's parting! Yesterday,
Song was upon the lips of this pale clay,
And sunshine seem'd to dwell
Where'er he moved—the welcome and the bless'd!
—Now gaze! and bear the silent unto rest!

Look yet on him, whose eye
Meets you, no more, in sadness or in mirth!
Was he not fair amidst the sons of earth,
The beings born to die?
—But not where death has power may love be
bless'd—
Come near! and bear ye the beloved to rest!

How may the mother's heart
Dwell on her son, and dare to hope again?
The spring's rich promise hath been given in vain,
The lovely must depart!
Is he not gone, our brightest and our best?
Come near! and bear the early-call'd to rest!

Look on him! is he laid
To slumber from the harvest or the chase?
—Too still and sad the smile upon his face,
Yet that, ev'n that, must fade!
Death holds not long unchain'd his fairest guest,—
Come near! and bear the mortal to his rest!

His voice of mirth had ceased
Amidst the vineyards! there is left no place
For him whose dust receives your vain embrace,
At the gay bridal feast!
Earth must take earth to moulder on her breath;
Come near! weep o'er him! bear him to his rest!

Yet mourn ye not as they
Whose spirit's light is quench'd!—for him the past
Is seal'd. He may not fall, he may not cast
His birthright's hope away!
All is not of our beloved and bless'd—
Leave ye the sleeper with his God to rest!

THE INVOCATION.

BY MRS. NEMANS

Answer me, burning Stars of night!
Where is the spirit gone,
That, past the reach of human sight
Even as a breeze hath flown?
—And the Stars answered me—"We roll
In light and power on high,
But of the never dying soul,
Ask things that cannot die!"
O, many a toned and changless Wind!
Thou art a wanderer free;
Tell me if thou its place can find,
Far over mount and sea!
—And the wind murmured in reply—
"The blue deep I have crossed,
And met its bark's and billows high,
But not what thou hast lost."
Ye clouds that gorgeously repose
Around the setting sun,
Answer! have ye a home for those
Whose earthly race is run?
The bright clouds answered—"We depart,

We vanish from the sky;
Ask what is deathless in thy heart,
For which that cannot die!
Speak, then, thou Voice of God within,
Though of the deep low tone!
Answer me through life's restless din,
Where is the spirit flown?
—And the voice answered—"Be thou still!
Enough to know is given;
Clouds, Winds, and Stars, their task fulfil
Thine is to trust in Heaven!"

When cold in the earth lies the friend thou hast loved,
Be his faults and his follies forgot by thee then;
Or if from their slumber the veil be removed,
Weep o'er them in silence and close it again.
And oh! if 'tis pain to remember how far
From the pathway of fight he was tempted to roam,
Be it bliss to remember that thou wert the star
That arose on his darkness, and guided him home.

From thee and thy innocent beauty first came
The revealing, that taught him true love to adore—
To feel the bright presence, and turn him with
shame
From the idols he darkly had knelt to before,
O'er the waves of a life long benighted and wild,
Thou cam'st like a soft golden calm o'er the sea;
And, if happiness purely glowingly smiled
On his evening horizon, the light was from thee.

And tho' sometimes the shade of past folly would rise
And tho' falsehood again would allure him to stray,
He but turn'd to the glory that dwelt in those eyes,
And the folly, the falsehood soon vanish'd away.
As the priest of the Sun, when their altar grew dim,
As the day-beam alone could its lustre repair;
So if virtue a moment grew languid in him,
He but flew to that smile, and rekindled it there!

LOVE.

True love's the gift which God has given
To man alone beneath the heaven.
It is not fantasy's hot fire,
Whose wishes, soon as granted, fly;
It liveth not in fierce desire,
With dead desire it doth not die;
It is the secret sympathy,
The silver link, the silken tie,
Which heart, and mind to mind,
In body and in soul can bind.

PATRIOTISM.

Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land.
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned,
From wandering on a foreign strand!
If such there breathe, go, mark him well,
For him no Minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentered all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprang,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

CALENDAR OF COMMUNICATIONS.

EACH MONTH.

Temple Encampment	Albany	24 & 25 Tuesday
Temple R. A. Chapter	Albany	1st & 2d Thursday
Mount Vernon Lodge	Albany	1st & 2d Tuesday
Temple Lodge	Troy	1st & 2d Tuesday
Apollon Lodge	Troy	2d & 3d Tuesday
Apollon Chapter	Troy	2d & 3d Tuesday
Apollon Encampment	Troy	2d Monday
Phoenix Lodge	Lansingburg	1st & 2d Tuesday
Olive Branch	Bethany Cir.	1st Wednesday p. m.
Genesee Encampment	Lockport Nia.	

THE AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER,

Is Published every Saturday by L. G. HOFFMAN,
OPPOSITE THE EAGLE TAVERN, ALBANY.

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AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER AND LITERARY COMPANION.

BY L. G. HOFFMAN.]

ALBANY, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1839.

[VOL. I.—NO. 15.]

MASONIC.

For the American Masonic Register and Literary Companion.

A LECTURE,

Setting forth the origin, and tracing the progress of the orders of MASONIC CHRISTIAN KNIGHTHOOD. And exhibiting the connexion of those orders with ancient Freemasonry. Derived from authentic ancient and modern, sacred and profane history.

By EBERHARD MIX, Esq. M. E. Grand Commander of Genesee Encampment, No. 10, holden, at Lockport, Niagara County N. Y.

Sir Knights, Companions and Brethren,

Permit me to attempt to lay before you, the origin, and trace the progress of the orders of Masonic Christian Knighthood, and to exhibit the connexion of those orders, with ancient Freemasonry, and should you discover, that any of my statements or remarks, in this effort, have been heretofore expressed and published to the world, accuse me not of plagiarism, for I here freely admit, that by far the greater portion of what I shall now communicate, is composed of extracts almost verbatim, from a great number of historians, both ancient and modern, sacred and profane, wherein, according to my view of the subject, consists its merit, if merit it possesses. In an undertaking like the present, although originality in manner, that is, the manner of collecting, arranging and condensing from many authorities, so as to make the production exhibit one connected, continued and unbroken detail of events, might be entitled to some credit; but originality as to matter, must necessarily be sheer fiction, and should meet the frowns of every lover of Truth. To name each authority however, in support of every extract, would encumber the delivery with so many digressions, that it would perplex and obscure the thread of the narration in the mind of the recipient, therefore I shall omit such references altogether.

In tracing the rise and progress of the orders of Masonic Christian Knighthood, to have a right understanding of the subject, it will be necessary in the first place to examine what is meant in ancient as well as modern history, by the terms of knight and knighthood.

Knight originally signified servant, but from usage the term became more particularly attached to those servants of ancient Sovereigns, kings and lords, whose duty it was to bear arms, and defend the persons and property of their masters. At length the term was applied, in some cases, to such chivalrous persons as volunteered their services, in arms, to the public, in cases of emergency, and in such cases only.

At as early a period, as the days of Romulus, the founder of Rome, he selected three hundred athletic young men, from the best families of patrician rank and had them trained, to serve their country on horseback, forming the highest grade of soldiers, in his power to organize, whom he designated as knights, or servants of the public, being a corps not on constant duty, but required and expected to appear at a moment's notice, ready to execute, to the utmost of their ability, those services which the state demanded; afterwards all persons of patrician rank, and of good character were admitted into this order. But it does not appear, that any other forms were observed in admitting a member, than enrolling his name, and presenting him with a ring and a horse provided at the public expense. Nor does it appear that there were any fraternal ligaments to bind the order together.

This kind of knighthood was early introduced into

England and France, by the sovereigns of those nations, as a conventional bond between the sovereigns and subject, to secure the services of the wealthy and aristocratical class of subjects, at all times and in all cases to the sovereign. During the reign of Edward the II. of England a law was passed by the British parliament requiring all persons possessed of a certain income, to appear before the King and be knighted.—From this time until the year 1630 in the reign of Charles the I., there appears to be a continual controversy between the King and his subjects, on this point, the Kings insisting on the subjects being knighted, or paying a commutation therefor, and the subjects endeavouring to evade either.

In the year 1630 Charles took strong and arbitrary grounds to enforce this prerogative of the crown, but becoming alarmed at the general expression of abhorrence created by his conduct, he published "a proclamation for the ease of his subjects in making their compositions for not receiving the order of knighthood according to law." Before this time however the ardent desire felt, and strong measures taken, by the Sovereigns of Europe to environ their force by enlisting knights in their service, the number of knights had so swollen that it became necessary to invent different orders of knighthood to render some of the number, at least, of importance in the estimation of the community. Therefore, the new orders of knights of the Garter, knights of Bath, knights of the Golden fleece &c. were instituted.

But even these exclusive orders, formed from the best of the general mass, partook of the general principles of the old order, they owing fealty to one head, and being governed by officers and associated with members in the selection of whom they had no choice, and among whom no mutual ties existed, as in most, if not all, certain lords, officers or ecclesiastical dignitaries, who occupied their stations, either by birth or appointment by other and disconnected powers were ex-officio officers and members of the orders. As an instance to support this position, I will refer to the order of knights of the Garter, which is claimed to be an order the most noble and ancient of any lay order in the world—it was instituted by Edward the III. in the year 1349.

This order consists of twenty-six knights, generally Princes and Peers, whereof the king of England is Sovereign or chief. The officers are a Prelate, Chancellor, Register, Garter or King-at-arms and Usher of the Black rod. They have also a Dean and twelve Canons and petty Canons, Vergers and twenty-six Pensioners or poor knights. The Prelate is the head. This office is vested in the Bishop of Winchester and ever has been so. Next to the Prelate is the Chancellor, which office is vested in the Bishop of Salisbury, who keeps the seals &c. All these offices except the Prelate have fees and provisions.

There are many other exclusive and separate orders, scions from the same stock, now established throughout all Europe, but as that of the Garter is considered the most ancient and honorable; it becomes unnecessary to particularize those of an inferior standing. The ancient ceremony of making a knight, consisted of giving the party a blow on the ear, and striking him on the shoulder with a naked sword, after which he had a sword girded round him, and spurs attached to his heels, and being otherwise completely armed as a knight, he was conducted in solemn procession to hear the offices of religion. Since the year 1630 Feu-

dal Military Knighthood, other than the high exclusive orders, has been considered by the Potentates of Europe, as a proper method of rewarding persons who have rendered slight services to the state. (Sir Allan M'Nab of Canada, for instance.)

This species of knighthood in all its phases and throughout all its branches, may properly be denominated feudal knighthood, the fundamental principles of which are, that each subordinate member is bound, and owes all his allegiance to one head, and that not of his own choosing, without being under any fraternal, benevolent or philanthropic obligations to their own companions, any order of society or mankind in general, and except the Roman knights, not even to the state under whose protection they reside.

Thus far I have followed through the historic account of feudal knighthood, not to show, what the characteristics of knight templers and the appendant orders are—but what they are not—and to enable us to draw the contrast between feudal knighthood and what I shall take the liberty to denominate masonic christian knighthood. I shall now proceed to give an historic account of the latter, to perform which I shall be under the necessity of beginning with a cursory view of the history of ancient Freemasonry.

Not but that, the principles of Freemasonry have been coeval with time, and that the wise, and the good in all ages have acted as near in conformity to those principles as human nature would admit, but that the institution of the order, so far as it is embraced in the first six degrees, took place during the building of Solomon's Temple in Jerusalem or are predicated on events which there took place is admitted by all masons. The first Temple was completed and dedicated one thousand and four years before the birth of Christ, and was destroyed by Nebuchadnezer, King of Babylon, about four hundred years after its completion; at which time the Princes, Elders, Rulers and chief men of the Jewish nation were taken captive, and together with the holy vessels and other treasures found in the Temple carried to Babylon.

About seventy years after the captivity of the Jews, they were released from bondage and suffered to return to Jerusalem, by Cyrus king of Persia, to whom Babylon at that time was subject. Cyrus also gave the Jews liberty to rebuild their city and Temple, and promised to return the holy vessels, although he still held the country in vassalage.

The Samaritans and others in and about Jerusalem, holding offices under the king of Persia, and who were enemies to the Jews, endeavoured to thwart their intention of rebuilding their Temple; to effect which they, in the first place offered to build with them, but they not being masons, the Jews refused to let them join in their labors.

Then the Samaritans wrote unto Artixerxes who had succeeded Cyrus in his reign and procured from him a mandate, directing the Jews to cease from their undertaking, which caused that great work to be suspended until the second year of the reign of Darius, king of Persia, when a prince of the house of Judah visited the Persian king and obtained his liberty and sanction to proceed in the rebuilding, which they persevered in without hindrance until they had finished and dedicated the second Temple, during the accomplishment of which certain circumstances took place, whereon was founded the seventh degree of Masonry, but before the Jews had finished rebuilding the walls of the city, their old enemies again persecuted them and threatened to

drive them from their work by force and power, and the Jewish masons being untaught in the use of arms, even for self-defence, were under the necessity of instituting a new order, to wield the sword and exercise themselves in the use of arms. This new order was founded on circumstances attending their obtaining the consent and patronage of Darius to proceed in their great and glorious undertaking until it should be completed. Wherein it is recorded in the holy scriptures that—"it came to pass from this time forth, that the half of my servants (the Jewish masons at work on the walls of Jerusalem) wrought in the work, and the other half of them held both the sword, the spear, the shield, the bows, and the habergeon, and the rulers were all behind the house of Judah. They which builded on the wall, and they that bear burdens, and those that laded, every one with one of his hands, wrought in the work, and with the other hand held a weapon. For the builders, every one had his sword girded by his side and so builded, and he that sounded the trumpet was by me."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

—Semita certe,

Tranquilla per virtutem patet unica vita.—Juv. Sat.

THE HISTORY OF FREEMASONRY,

DRAWN FROM AUTHENTIC SOURCES OF INFORMATION.

No. V.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 106.]

From these observations, it is manifest, that the Pythagorean and Masonic institutions, were similar in their external forms, as well as in the objects which they had in view; and that both of them experienced, from contemporaries, the same unmerited reproach. Mr. Clinch, in his *Essays on Freemasonry*,^a has enumerated, at great length, all the points of resemblance between these two institutions. He attempts to prove that Freemasonry took its rise from the Pythagorean Fraternity; but though he has been successful in pointing out a remarkable coincidence between these associations, he has no authority for concluding, that the former originated from the latter. In a Masonic manuscript, preserved in the Bodleian library, in the hand writing of King Henry VI. it is expressly said, that Pythagoras learned Masonry from Egypt and Syria, and from those countries where it had been planted by the Phenicians; that the Pythagoreans carried it into France, and that it was, in the course of time, imported from that country into England.^a This, indeed, is no direct proof of our opinion; it shows us, at least, that the same sentiments have been entertained about four hundred years ago by the Fraternity in England. It has been supposed by some philosophers, that Pythagoras derived his mysteries chiefly from the Essenes, who were, at that time, much respected, and very numerous, in Egypt and Syria.—The wonderful similarity, indeed, between these societies, both in the forms which they in common with Freemasonry, and in those lesser customs and ceremonies, which were peculiar to themselves, render such a supposition extremely probable. It is remarked by all ecclesiastical historians, that the Essenes were Pythagoreans, both in discipline and doctrine; without ever considering that the former existed some hundred years before the birth of Pythagoras.^d The Pythagoreans, therefore, were connected with the Essenes, and the Essenes with the Kasideans, who engaged to preserve, and adorn the temple of Jerusalem.^e

There is one objection to the view which we have taken of this subject, which, though it has already been slightly noticed, it may be necessary more completely to remove. Although it will be acknowledged by every unbiassed reader, that Freemasonry has a wonderful resemblance to the Eleusinian and Dionysian mysteries, the fraternity of Ionian architects, and the Essenian and Pythagorean associations; yet some may be disposed to question the identity of these institutions because they had different names, and because some usages were observed by one, which were neglected by another. But these circumstances of dissimilarity

arise from those necessary changes, which are superinduced upon every institution, by a spirit of innovation by the caprice of individuals, and by the various revolutions in civilized society. Every alteration or improvement in philosophical systems, or ceremonial institutions, generally produce a corresponding variation in their name, deduced from the nature of the improvement, or from the name of the innovator. The different associations, for example, whose nature and tendency we have been considering, received their names from circumstances merely casual, and often of trifling consideration; though all of them were established for the same purpose, and derived from the same source. When the mysteries of the Essenes were imported by Pythagoras into Italy, without undergoing much variation, they were there denominated the mysteries of Pythagoras, and, in our own day, they are called the secrets of Freemasonry, because many of their symbols are derived from the art of building and because they are believed to have been invented by an association of architects, who were anxious to preserve, among themselves, the knowledge which they had acquired.^f The difference in the ceremonial observances of these institutions, may be accounted for, nearly upon the same principles. From the ignorance or superior sagacity of those, who presided over the ancient fraternities, some ceremonies would be insisted upon more than others, some of less moment would be exalted into consequence, while others of greater importance would be depressed into obscurity. In process of time, therefore, some trifling changes would be effected upon these ceremonies, some rites abolished, and some introduced. The chief difference, however, between the ancient and modern mysteries, is, in those points which concern religion. But this arises from the great changes which have been produced in religious knowledge. It cannot be supposed that the rites of the Egyptian, Jewish, and Grecian religions, should be observed by those, who profess only the religion of Christ; or that we should pour out libations to Ceres and Bacchus, who acknowledge no heavenly superior, but the true and the living God.

It may be proper here to take notice of an objection urged, by M. Barruel, against the opinion of those, who believe that the mysteries of Freemasonry are similar to the mysteries of Egypt and Greece.^g From the unfairness with which this writer has stated the sentiments of his opponents on this subject; from the confidence and triumph with which he has proposed his own; and, above all, from the disingenuity with which he has supported them, many inattentive readers may have been led to adopt his notions, and to form as despicable an idea of the understanding, as he would wish them to form of the character of Masons. He takes it for granted, that all who embrace the opinion which we have endeavoured to support, must necessarily believe that a unity of religious sentiments, and moral precepts, was maintained in all the ancient mysteries; and that the initiated entertained just notions of the unity of God, while the vulgar were addicted to the grossest Polytheism. Upon this gratuitous supposition, which we completely disavow, because it has no connection with our hypothesis, does Barruel found all his declamations, against the connection of our order with the Pythagorean and Eleusinian institutions. If this supposition, indeed, were true, his opinion would

(f) Along with these fraternities, the Druids might have been mentioned, as resembling Freemasons in the object, as well as in the ceremonies of their Order. But the learned are so divided in their sentiments, concerning the nature and opinions of this Fraternity, that it is difficult to handle the subject, without transgressing the limits of authentic history. The most probable of all the hypotheses concerning the origin of the Druids, is that which supposes them to have learned their mysteries from the Pythagoreans. For in the 57th Olympiad, about 540 B.C. a colony of Phocians imported into Gaul the philosophy and the arts of Greece, (Justin, lib. 43. cap. 4.) and prior to this period, fraternities of Pythagoreans had been established in Greece. Ammianus Marcellinus, (lib. 15. cap. 9) informs us that "the Druids were formed into fraternities as the authority of Pythagoras had decreed;" and, indeed the similarity of their philosophical tenets, as detailed in Henry's History of Great Britain, vol. 2. b. 1. chap. iv. 8vo. To those of the Pythagoreans, authorizes us to conclude, that they borrowed from this philosopher, their forms and mysteries, as well as their religious and philosophical opinions. This supposition will appear more probable when we reflect that Abarr, a native of Britain, travelled into Greece, returned by the way of Crete, was instructed in the Pythagorean mysteries, and carried back into his native country, the knowledge which he had acquired. Compare this note with the facts, in p. 44. supra.

(g) Symbols derived from the art of building, were also employed by the Pythagoreans, for conveying instruction to those, who were initiated into their fraternity. Vid. Proclus in Eucl. lib. xi. def. 2. &c.

be capable of proof. But he is all the while combating the dogmas of Warburton, while he thinks he is overturning the antiquity of our order. There is, perhaps in no language, such a piece of downright sophistry as this portion of Barruel's work. He seems to scruple at no method, however base or dishonourable, that can bring discredit upon Freemasonry, and every thing connected with it. After having overturned the opinion of Warburton, he then attacks us on our ground, and stiles us the children of sophistry, deism, and pantheism, who deduce our origin from associations of men that were enemies to Christianity and followed no guide but the light of nature. But this writer should recollect, that the son is not accountable for the degeneracy of his parents; and, if the ancient mysteries were the nurseries of such dangerous opinions, as this writer, in opposition to authentic history, lays to their charge, it is to the glory of their posterity, that they have shaken off the yoke, and embraced that heavenly light which their ancestors affected to despise.

It is unfortunate for Freemasonry, that it should have to encounter such objections as these, stated by a writer, like Barruel, qualified to adorn fiction in the most alluring attire, and impart to sophistry the semblance of demonstration. Many careless readers have been misled by the elegance and animation of his diction; many religious men have been deceived by his affectation of piety and benevolence; and all have been imposed upon, by the intrusion of numerous, and, apparently wilful fabrications. But, though the name of Jesus sounds in every period; though a regard for individual happiness, and public tranquillity, are held forth as the objects of his labours; yet that charity and forbearance, which distinguish the Christian character, are never exemplified in the work of Barruel; and the hypocrisy of his pretensions are often betrayed by the fury of his zeal. The tattered veil, behind which he attempts to cloak his inclinations, often discloses to the reader, the motives of the man, and the wishes of his party. The intolerant spirit of a Romish priest bursts forth in every sentence, and brands with infamy every order of men, whom he supposes to have favoured that fatal revolution, which demolished the religious establishment of France, and forced a catholic to fly, for refuge, to our hospitable isle. i

Having finished what may properly be denominated the ancient history of Freemasonry, we are now to trace its progress from the abolition of the heathen rites, in the reign of Theodosius, to the present day; and, though the friends and enemies of the order, seem to coincide in opinion, upon this part of its history, the materials are as scanty as before, and the incidents equally unconnected. In those ages of ignorance and disorder which succeeded the destruction of the Roman empire; the minds of men were too debased by superstition, and contracted by bigotry, to enter into associations for promoting mental improvement, and mutual benevolence. The spirit which then reigned, was not a spirit of enquiry. The motives which then influenced the conduct of men, were not those benevolent and correct principles of action which once distinguished their ancestors, and which still distinguish their posterity. Sequestered habits, and unsocial dispositions characterized the inhabitants of Europe, in this season of mental degeneracy; while Freemasons, actuated by very different principles, insulate on their brethren the duties of social intercourse, and communicate to all within the pale of their order, the knowledge which they possess and the happiness which they feel. But, if science had existed in these ages, and if a desire of social intercourse had animated the mind of men, the latter must have languished for want of

(h) *Memoirs of Jacobinism*, vol. ii. p. 355—360.

(i) Vid. Barruel, v. 2. p. 357. I do not find in any system of chronology, that Christianity existed in the time of Pythagoras, or at the establishment of the Eleusinian mysteries!

(k) These remarks, upon the memoirs of Jacobinism, may be reckoned by some too general and acrimonious; especially as Barruel has culminated the Masons in England from those enemies of crime, with which he has charged his brethren on the continent. It is evident, however, though denied by the author, that this exception was intended merely as a compliment to the English nation; for many of his allegations against Freemasonry are so general, that they necessarily involve in guilt every class of Masons, whether British or continental. The falsehood of all these accusations is manifest, not only from their being unsupported by evidence, but from the mild and generous conduct of the British legislature of these secret societies. For, if the government of this country were silly enough to believe one half of what Barruel has said, it would be called upon by every motive, not only to dissolve, but to expiate such villainous associations.

(a) Published in the *Authologica Bibliotheca*, for 1794.

(b) *Lives of Leland, Hoar, and Wood*, Oxford, 1772. Appendix to the life of Leland, No. vii. A copy of this manuscript may be seen in every work on Freemasonry.

(c) *Faydit Lettre*, *Neuvelles de L. République des Lettres*, Octobre 1793, p. 472.

(d) *Gregory's Church History*, v. 1. cent. 1.

(e) *Finey*, book 5. cap. 17. *Solinus*, cap. 25. p. 42.

gratification, as long as the former was imprisoned within the walls of a convent, by the tyranny of superstition, or the jealousy of power. Science was in those days synonymous with heresy; and had any bold and enlightened man ventured on philosophical investigations, and published his discoveries to the world, he would have been regarded as a magician by the vulgar, and punished as a heretic, by the church of Rome.—These remarks may be exemplified and confirmed by an appropriate instance of the interfering spirit of the Romish church, even in the sixteenth century, when learning had made considerable advancement in Europe. The celebrated Baptista Porta having, like the sage of Samos, travelled into distant countries for scientific information, returned to his native home, and established a society which he denominated the academy of secrets. He communicated the information which he had collected to the members of this association, who, in their turn, imparted to their companions, the knowledge which they individually obtained. But this little fraternity, advancing in respectability and science, soon trembled under the rod of ecclesiastical oppression; and experienced in its dissolution, that the Romish hierarchy was determined to check the ardour of investigation, and retain the human mind in its former fetters of ignorance and superstition. How then could Freemasonry flourish, when the minds of men had such an unfortunate propensity to monkish retirement; and when every scientific and secret association was overawed and persecuted by the rulers of Europe? [TO BE CONTINUED.]

CHARACTER.

From Raynor's Life of Jefferson.

THE LAST HOURS AND DEATH OF THOMAS JEFFERSON.

When the morning of that day came, he appeared to be thoroughly impressed, as if preternaturally, that he could not live through it, and only expressed a desire that he might survive until mid-day. He seemed perfectly at ease, being willing to die. When the doctor entered his room, he said, "Well doctor, you see I am here yet." His disorder being checked, a friend expressed a hope of amendment. His reply was, that the powers of nature were too much exhausted to be rallied. On a member of his family observing that he was better, and that the doctor thought so, he listened with impatience, and said, "Do not imagine for a moment that I feel the smallest solicitude for the result." He then calmly gave directions for his funeral, expressly forbidding all pomp and parade, when, being answered by a hope that it would be long ere the occasion would require their observance, he asked with a smile, "Do you think I fear to die?" A few moments after, he called his family and friends around his bedside, and uttered distinctly the following sentence: "I have done for my country and for all mankind, all that I could do, and I now resign my soul without fear to my God, and my daughter to my country." These were the last words he articulated—his last solemn declaration to the world—his dying will and testament, bequeathing his most precious gifts to his God and his country. All that was heard from him afterwards was a hurried repetition, in indistinct and scarcely audible accents, of his favourite ejaculation. *Nunc Domitas Domine*—Nunc Domitas Domine. He sunk away imperceptibly, and breathed his last, without a struggle or a murmur, at ten minutes before one o'clock, on the great JUBILEE of American liberty—the day, and hour too on which the declaration of independence received its final reading, and the day and hour on which he prayed to Heaven that he might be permitted to depart.

In a private memorandum, found among some other obituary papers of Mr. Jefferson, was the suggestion, that in case any memorial of him should be ever thought of, a small granite obelisk should be erected with the following inscription.

Here lies buried
THOMAS JEFFERSON,
Author of the Declaration of Independence,
Of the Statutes of Va. for Religious Freedom,
And father of the University of Virginia.
Volumes of panegyric could never convey so adequate an idea of unpretending greatness as is contained in this brief and modest epitome of all the splendid achievements of a long, and ardent, incessantly useful life.

THE GATHERER.

A SALOR BISHOP.

Doctor Wm. Lyons, Bishop of Cork, in the latter end of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, was originally a Captain in the navy, who greatly distinguished himself in several actions against the Spaniards. On being introduced afterwards at Court, her Majesty told him that he should have the very first vacancy that occurred. The See of Cork soon after became vacant, and the honest seaman, who understood the Queen literally, immediately claimed the royal promise. Elizabeth was astonished at the request; but after some delay, finding him a strictly moral man, as well as an intrepid commander, she gave him the Bishopric, saying at the same time, "She hoped he would take as good care of the Church as he had done of the State." The date of his appointment, 1583, is on record in the Consistorial Court of Cork. He enjoyed the See above twenty years with great reputation, but never attempted to preach except once, and that was to pay the last honors to his royal mistress. The prelate's picture, in his Captain's uniform the left hand wanting a finger, it is still to be seen in the Bishop's Palace at Cork.

A DEFINITION.—A school boy, in the Literary Emporium, being asked to define the word 'admission,' said it meant twenty-five cents. "Twenty-five cents," echoed the master, "what sort of a definition is that? I don't know sulkily replied the boy, 'but I'm sure it says so on the advertisement down here at the show.' Yes said another boy, and children, half-price!"

THE DARK SIDE OF MATRIMONY.—Lately a slave in the West Indies, who had been married to another slave by one of the commissioners, at the end of three weeks brought his wife back to the clergyman, and desired him to take her again. The clergyman asked what was the matter with her? "Why massa, she no good. The book says she obey me. She no do what I want her to do." The minister. "But the book says you were to take her for better or for worse."—"Yes, massa, but she all worse and no better. She hath too much worse and no good at all."

SINGULAR TENURES.—King John gave several lands at Keppertown and Atterton, Kent, to Solomon Attefield, to be held by this singular service: "That, as often as the King should be pleased to cross the sea, the said Solomon, or his heirs, should be obliged to accompany him to hold His Majesty's head, if there should be occasion for, that is, if he should be seasick; and it appears, by the record in the Tower, that this office of head holding was actually performed in the reign of Edward the First.

FEMALE COURTSHIP IN ROME.

The women of Rome know nothing of those restraints which delicacy, modesty and virtue impose upon the sex in Northern Europe. A Roman lady, who takes a liking to a young foreigner, does not cast down her eyes when he looks at her, but fixes them upon him with evident pleasure; nay, she gazes at him alone whenever she meets in company, at church, at the theatre, or in her walks. She will say without ceremony, to a friend of the young man's, "Tell that gentleman I like him." If the man of her choice feels the like sentiments, and asks, "Are you fond of me?" she replies with the utmost frankness, "yes, dear." In this simple and unembellished manner commence connexions which last for years, which, when they are dissolved plunge the men into despair. The Marchese Gatti, lately shot himself, because on his return from Paris, he found that his mistress, had been false to him.

EARLY RISING.

Some people have an idea that early rising is better than late rising. It is a false idea altogether.—Early rising puts color into the cheek, to be sure, and elasticity into the step. But what of that? It makes you strong, beautiful and rosy cheeked, and gives you many long years to live. But for all that, early rising is decidedly vulgar, merely mechanical, and suited to the common people, who have to earn their meals before they eat them. We like to see people lie a bed till ten o'clock at least, especially the women. We

admire a woman who sleeps till ten, and then gets up with a pale face and fevered pulse—it looks so genteel.

ODDS AND ENDS.

We called to see a sick friend the other day—he was very low—so weak, he said, that he could not raise a dollar. We know many well persons similarly weak.

Miss Maria Chapman, a distinguished abolition lady of Massachusetts, received so many scattering votes from the joking Benedicts of the Bay State, that she is said to be actually one of the four highest candidates, from whom the legislature will have to choose a Governor!

A lady passing through New Hampshire, observed the following notice on a board:—"Horses taken into grass. Long tails three shillings and sixpence, short tails two shillings." The lady asked the owner of the land the reason for the difference of price. He answered, "You see, ma'am, the long tails can brush away the flies; but the short ones are so tormented by them that they can hardly eat at all.

"Which you tink, massa Cesar, de most beautifullest part ob Miss Dinah's face?" "Why, by de lunar observation, Sambo, I tink de neck is."

A boy at school was upbraided for always being last, replied, "Never mind, somebody must be last, you know."

He who receives a good turn; should never forget it—he who does one should never remember it.

In some of the western states money has become so scarce that the people have forgotten the color of it.

The farmers in New Hampshire have resolved rather than sell their pork for less than 5 cts. a pound, they will fall to eat it themselves, if they have to set up all night to do it.

A shopkeeper in recommending a piece of goods to a lady, remarked, "madam, it will wear forever and make you a first rate petticoat afterwards."

A gentleman, at a late fashionable assembly, being asked which of the ladies of the company he thought the most beautiful, replied—"Why, madam, they are all beautiful; but that lady, (pointing to Miss C. who was dressed in the extreme of fashion) I think out-strips them all."

Crowle was a noted punster. Once, on a circuit with Page, a person asked him if the Judge was not just behind. He replied, "I don't know; but I am sure he was never just before."

A negro woman at the south was relating her religious experience to a gaping congregation of darkies; among other things, said she had been to heaven. One of the brethren said to her, "Sister, you see any black folks in heaven?" She replied, "Oh gow way Sam—don't put a body out.—Do you tink I was in de kitchen?"

By the way, Christmas is close at hand. How may observe Christ's birth day! How few his precepts!—Oh 'tis easier to keep a holiday than commandments.

A country farmer told a friend of his, who had come from town for a few days, shooting that he once had so excellent a gun that it, went off immediately upon a thief coming into the house, although not charged.—"How the deuce is that?" said his friend, "Why," replied the farmer, "because the thief carried it off, and what was worse, before I had time to charge him with it."

"You are from the country, are you not sir?" said a dandy clerk in a bookstore to a homely dressed Quaker who had given him some little trouble. "Yes."—"Well, here's an Essay on the Rearing of Calves."—"That," said Aminidab, as he turned to leave the store "thee had better present it to thy mother."

PRESIDENT BOYER.—A correspondent of the N. Y. Observer, writing from France, says: "I was seated in the diligence beside a well dressed man of very respectable appearance, who after some conversation asked me if Boyer was still President of the United States."

POPULAR TALES.

CHRISTIAN WOLF.

Christain Wolf was the son of an innkeeper at Bielsdorf, who, after the death of his father, continued to his twentieth year to assist his mother in the management of the house. The inn was a poor one, and Wolf had many idle hours. Even before he left school he was regarded as an idle lad; the girls complained of his rudeness, and the boys, when detected in any mischief, were sure to give up him as the ringleader. Nature had neglected his person. His figure was small and unpromising; his hair was of a coarse greasy black; his nose was flat; and his upper lip, originally too thick, and twisted aside by a kick from a horse, was such as to disgust the women, and furnished a perpetual subject of jesting to the men. The contempt showered upon his person was the first thing which wounded his pride, and turned a portion of his blood to gall.

He was resolved to gain what was every where denied him; his passions were strong enough; and he soon persuaded himself that he was in love. The girl he selected treated him coldly, and he had reason to fear that his rivals were happier than himself. Yet the maiden was poor; and what was refused to his vows might perhaps be granted to his gifts; but he was himself needy, and his vanity soon threw away the little he gained from his share in the profits of the Sun. Too idle and too ignorant to think of supporting his extravagance by speculation; too proud to descend from *Mine Host* into a plain peasant, he saw only one way to escape from his difficulties—a way to which thousands before and after him have had recourse—*theft*. Bielsdorf is, as you know, situated on the edge of the forest; Wolf commenced deer-stealer, and poured the gains of his boldness into the lap of his mistress.

Among Hannah's lovers was one of the forester's men, Robert Horn. This man soon observed the advantage which Wolf had gained over her, by means of his presents, and set himself to detect the sources of so much liberality. He began to frequent the Sun; he drank there early and late; and sharpened as his eyes were, both by jealousy and poverty, it was not long before he discovered whence all the money came. Not many months before this time a severe edict had been published against all trespasses on the forest laws.—Horn was indefatigable in watching the secret motions of his rival, and at last he was so fortunate as to detect him in the very fact. Wolf was tried and found guilty; and the fine which he paid in order to avoid the statutory punishment amounted to the sum total of his property.

Horn triumphed. His rival was driven from the field, for Hannah had no notion of a beggar for a lover. Wolf well knew his enemy was the happy possessor of his Hannah. Pride, jealousy, rage, were all in arms within him; hunger set the wide world before him, but passion and revenge held him fast at Bielsdorf. A second time he became a deer-stealer, and a second time by the redoubled vigilance of Robert Horn, was he detected in the trespass. This time he experienced the full severity of the law; he had no money to pay a fine, and was sent straightway to the house of chastisement.

The year of punishment drew near its close, and found his passions increased by absence, his confidence buoyant under all pressure of his calamities. The moment his freedom was given to him, he hastened to Bielsdorf, to throw himself at the feet of Hannah.—He appears, and is avoided by every one. The force of necessity at last humbles his pride, and overcomes his delicacy. He begs from the wealthy of the place; he offers himself a day labourer to the farmers, but they despise his slim figure, and do not stop for a moment to compare him with his sturdier competitors. He makes a last attempt. One situation is yet vacant—the last of honest occupations. He offers himself as herdsman of the swine upon the town's common; but even here he is rejected; no man will trust any thing to the jail-bird. Meeting with contempt from every eye, chased with scorn from one door to another, he becomes yet the third time a deer-stealer, and for the third time his unhappy star places him in the power of his enemy.

This double backsliding goes against him at the

judgment seat; for every judge can look into the book of the law, but few into the soul of the culprit. The forest edict requires an exemplary punishment, and Wolf is condemned to be branded on the back with the mark of the gallows, and to three year's hard labour in the fortress.

This period also went by, and he once more dropt his chains; but he was no longer the same man that entered the fortress. Here began a new epoch in the life of Wolf. You shall guess the state of his mind from his own words to his confessor:

'I went to the fortress,' 'an offender, but I came out a villain. I had still something in the world that was dear to me, and my pride had not totally sunk under my shame. But here I was thrown into the company of three and twenty convicts; of murderers, the rest were all notorious thieves and vagabonds. They jeered at me if I spoke of God; they taught me to utter blasphemies against the Redeemer. They sang songs whose atrocity at first horrified me, but which I a shamed-faced fool, soon learned to echo. No day passed over, wherein I did not hear the recital of some profligate life, the triumphant history of some rascal, the concoction of some audacious villany. At first I avoided as much as I could, these men and their discourse.—But my labor was hard and tyrannical, and in my hours of repose I could not bear to be left alone, without one face to look upon. The jailors had refused me the company of my dog, so I needed that of men, and for this I was obliged to pay by the sacrifice of whatever good there remained within me. By degrees I grew accustomed to every thing; and in the last quarter of my confinement I surpassed even my teachers.

From this time I thirsted, after freedom, after revenge with a burning thirst. All men had injured me, for all were better and happier than I. I gnashed my fetters with my teeth, when the glorious sun rose up above the battlements of my prison, for a wide prospect doubled hell of duration. The free wind that whistled through the loop-holes of my turret, and the swallow that poised itself upon the grating of my window, seemed to be mocking me with the view of their liberty and that rendered my misery more bitter. It was then that I vowed eternal glowing hatred to every thing that bears the image of man—and I have kept my vow.

'My first thought, after I was set at liberty, was once more my native town. I had no hopes of happiness there, but I had the hope of revenge. My heart beat quick and high against my bosom, when I beheld, afar off, the spire arising from out the trees. It was no longer that innocent hearty expectation which preceded my first return. The recollection of all the misery, of all the persecution I had experienced there, aroused my wounds a-bleeding, every nerve a-jarring within me. I redoubled my pace, I longed to startle my enemies with the horror of my aspect—I thirsted after new contempts as much as I had ever shuddered at the old.

'The clocks were striking the hour of vespers as I reached the market-place. The crowd was rushing to the church-door. I was immediately recognized; every man that knew me shrank from meeting me. Of old I had loved the little children, and even now, seeking in their innocence a refuge from the scorn of others, I threw a small piece of money to the first I saw. The boy stared at me for a moment, and then dashed the coin at my face. Had my blood boiled less furiously, I might have recollected that I still wore my prison beard, and that was enough to account for the terror of the infant. But my hard heart had blinded my reason, and tears, such as I had never wept, leaped down my cheeks.

'The child, said I to myself, half aloud, knows not who I am, nor whence I came, and yet he avoids me like a beast of prey. Am I then marked upon the forehead like Cain, or have I ceased to be like a man, since all men spurn me? The aversion of the child tortured me more than all my three years slavery, for I had done him good, and I could not accuse him of hating me.

'I sat down in a wood-yard over against the church; what my wishes were I know not; but I remember it was wormwood to my spirits, that none of my old acquaintances should have vouchsafed me a greeting—no, not one. When the yard was locked up, I unwittingly departed to seek a lodging; in turning the corn-

ner of a street, I ran against my Hannah: 'Mine Host of the Sun,' cried she, and opened her arms as if to embrace me—'You here again, my dear Wolf, God be thanked for your return!'—Hunger and wretchedness here expressed in scanty raiment; dire disease had marred her countenance; her whole appearance told me what a wicked creature she had become. I saw two or three dragoons laughing at her through a window, and turned my back, with a louder laugh than theirs, upon the soldier's trull. It did me good to find that there was something yet lower in the scale of life than myself I had never loved her.

'My mother was dead. My small house had been sold to pay my creditors. I asked nothing more. I drew near to no man. All the world fled from me like a pestilence, but I had at last forgotten shame. Formerly I hated the sight of men, because their contempt was insufferable to me. Now I threw myself in the way, and found a savage delight in scattering horror around me. I had nothing more to lose, why then should I conceal myself? Men expected no good from me, why should they have any? I was made to bear the punishment of sins I had never committed. My infamy was a capital, the interest of which was not easy to be exhausted.

'The whole earth was before me; in some remote province I might perhaps have sustained the character of an honest man, but I had lost the desire of being, nay, even of seeming such. Contempt and shame had taken from me even this last relic of myself,—my resource, now that I had no honor, was to learn to do without it. Had my vanity and pride survived my infamy, I must have died by my own hand.

'What I was to do, I myself knew not. I was determined, however, to do evil; of so much I have some dark recollection. I was resolved to see the worst of my destiny. The laws, said I to myself, are benefits to the world, it is fit that I should offend them; formerly I had sinned from levity and necessity, but now I sinned from free choice, and for my pleasure.

'My first step was to the woods. The chase had by degrees become to me as a passion; I thirsted, like a lover after thick brakes and headlong leaps, and the mad delight all rushing along the bare earth beneath the pines. Besides, I must live. But these were not all. I hated the prince who had published the forest edict, and I believed, that in injuring him, I should only exercise my natural right of retaliation. The chance of being taken no longer troubled me, for now I had a bullet for my discoverer, and I well knew the certainty of my aim. I slew every animal that came near me, the greater part of them rotted where they died; for I neither had the power, nor the wish, to sell more than a few of them beyond the barriers. Myself lived wretchedly; except on powder and shot, I expended nothing. My devastations were dreadful, but no suspicion pursued me. My appearance was too poor to excite any, and my name had long since been forgotten.

'This life continued for several months. One morning, according to my custom, I had pursued a stag for many miles through the wood. For two hours I had in vain exerted every nerve, and at last I had begun to despair of my booty, when, all at once, I perceived the stately animal exactly at the proper distance for my gun—my finger was ready on the trigger, when of a sudden, my eye was caught with the appearance of a hat lying a few paces before me on the ground. I looked more closely, and perceived the huntsman Robert Horn, lurking behind a massy oak, and taking deliberate aim at the very stag I had been pursuing—at the sight, a deadly coldness crept through my limbs. Here was the man I hated above all living things here he was, and within reach of my bullet. At this moment, it seemed to me as if the whole world were at the muzzle of my piece, as if the wrath and hatred of a thousand lives were all quivering in the finger that should give the murderous pressure. A dark fearful unseen hand was upon me: the figure of my destiny pointed irrevocably to the black moment. My arm shook as with an ague, while I lifted my gun, my teeth chattered—my breath stood motionless in my lungs. For a minute the barrel hung uncertain between the man and the stag—a minute—and another and yet one more. Conscience and revenge struggled fiercely within me, but the demon triumphed and the huntsman fell dead upon the ground.

'My courage fell with him—*Murderer!*—E

stammered the word slowly. The wood was silent as a church-yard, distinctly did I hear it—*Murderer!*—As I drew near, the man yielded up his spirit. Long stood I speechless by the corpse; at last I forced a wild laugh, and cried, 'No more tales from the wood now my friend!' I drew him into the thicket with his face upwards! The eyes stood stiff, and stared upon me. I was serious enough, and silent too. The feeling of solitude began to press grievously upon my soul.

'Up to this time I had been accustomed to rail at the over severity of my destiny; now I had done something which was not yet punished. An hour before, no man could have persuaded me that there existed a being more wretched than myself. Now I began to envy myself for what even then I had been.

'The idea of God's justice never came into mind, but I remembered a bewildered vision of ropes, and swords, and the dying agonies of a child-murderess, which I had witnessed when a boy. A certain dim and fearful idea lay upon my thoughts that my life was forfeit. I cannot recollect every thing. I wished that Horn were yet alive. I forced myself to call up all the evil the dead man had done when in life, but my memory was sadly gone. Scarcely could I recollect one of all those thousand circumstances, which a quarter of an hour before had been suffered to blow my wrath into phrenzy. I could not conceive how or why I had become a murderer.

'I was still standing beside the corpse—I might have stood there for ever—when I heard the crack of a whip, and the creaking of a fruit wagon passing through the wood. The spot where I had done the deed was scarcely a hundred yards from the great path. I must look to my safety.

'I bounded like a wild deer into the depths of the wood; but while I was in my race, it struck me that the deceased used to have a watch. In order to pass the barriers, I had need of money, and yet scarcely could I muster up courage to approach the place of blood. Then I thought for a moment of the devil, and, I believe, confusedly, of the omnipresence of God. I called up all my boldness, and strode towards the spot, resolved to dare earth and hell to the combat. I found what I had expected, a dollar or two besides in a green silk purse. At first I took all, but a sudden thought seized me. It was neither that I feared, nor that I was ashamed to add another crime to murder. Nevertheless, so it was, I threw back the watch, and half the silver. I wished to consider myself as the personal enemy, not as the robber of the slain.

'Again I rushed towards the depth of the forest. I knew that the wood extended for four German miles (about twenty English measure) northwards, and there bordered upon the frontier. Till the sun was high in heaven I ran on breathless. The swiftness of my flight had weakened the force of my conscience, and its vigor. A thousand dismal forms floated before my eyes; a thousand knives of despair and agony were in my breast. Between a life of restless fear, and a violent death, the alternative was fearful, but choose I must. I had not the heart to leave the world by self-murder, yet scarcely could I bear the idea of remaining in it. Hesitating between the certain miseries of life, and the untold terrors of eternity, alike unwilling to live and to die, the sixth hour of my flight passed over my head—an hour full of wretchedness, such as no man can utter, such as God himself in mercy will spare to me, even to me, upon the scaffold.

'Again I started on my feet. I drew my hat over my eyes, as not being able to look lifeless nature in the face, and was rushing instinctively along the line of a small foot path, which drew me into the very heart of the wilderness, when a rough stern voice immediately in front of me cried, 'Halt!' The voice was close to me, for I had forgotten myself, and never looked a yard before me during the whole race. I lifted my eyes, and, and saw a tall savage-looking man advancing towards me, with a ponderous club in his hand. His figure was of gigantic size, so at least I thought, on my first alarm; his skin was of a dark mulatto yellow, in which the white of his fierce eyes were fearfully prominent. Instead of a girdle, he had a piece of sailcloth twisted over his green woollen coat, and in it I saw a broad bare butcher's knife, and a pistol. The summons was repeated, and a strong arm held me fast. The sound of human voice had terrified

me,—but the sight of an evil-doer gave me heart again in my condition, I had reason to fear a good man, but none at all to tremble at a ruffian.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MISCELLANY.

THE PHILOSOPHIC EPHEMERON.

Letter from Dr. Franklin to a Lady in France.

We copy the following from the London Masonic Magazine, of 1793, which we do not recollect of ever seeing before. Every thing which illustrates Franklin's character, should be treasured up. What is our own "Moulin Joly," but one of a little longer duration.—How little does our own "aphemera" differ from the one he so playfully describes:—

You may remember, my dear friend, that when we lately spent that happy day in the delightful garden and sweet society of the Moulin Joly I stopt a little in one of our walks, and staid some time behind the company. We had been shown numberless skeletons of a little fly, called an ephemera; whose successive generations, we were told, were bred and expired within the day. I happened to see a living company of them on a leaf, who appeared to be engaged in conversation; you know I understand all the inferior animal tongues: my too great application to the study of them, is the best reason I can give, for the little progress in your charming language. I listened through curiosity to the discourse of the little creatures; but as they in their national vivacity, spoke three or four together, I could make but little of their conversation: I found, however, by some broken expressions, that I heard now and then, that they were disputing warmly on the merit of two foreign musicians; one a cousin, the other a muscheto; in which dispute, they spent their time, seemingly as regardless of the shortness of life, as if they had been sure of living a month. Happy people! thought I, you live certainly under a mild government, since you have no public grievances to complain of, nor any subject of contention, but the perfections or imperfection of foreign music. I turned my head from them to an old grey-headed one, who was single on another leaf, and talking to himself. Being amused with his soliloquy, I have put it down in writing, in hopes it will likewise amuse her, to whom I am so much indebted, for the most pleasing of all amusements; her delicious company, and heavenly harmony. "It was," says he, "the opinion of learned philosophers of our race, who lived and flourished long before my time, that this vast world, the Moulin Joly, could itself subsist more than 18 hours: and I found there was some foundation for that opinion, since by the apparent motion of the great luminary, that gives life to all nature, and which in my time, has declined evidently towards the ocean at the end of our earth, it must then finish its course—be extinguished in the waters that surround us—and leave the world in cold and darkness, necessarily producing universal death and destruction. I have lived seven of these hours; a great age, no less than four hundred & twenty minutes of time. How very few of us continue so long! I have seen generations born, flourish, and expire. My present friends are the children and grand-children of the friends of my youth, who are now, alas! no more: and I must soon follow them; for by the course of nature, though stiff in health, I cannot expect to live above seven or eight minutes longer. What now avails all my toil and labor in amassing honey dew on this leaf, which I cannot live to enjoy? what the political struggles I have been engaged in, for the good of my compatriot inhabitants of the bush, or my philosophical studies for the benefit of our race in general! for in politics (what can laws do without morals?) our present race of ephemera will, in a very few minutes become corrupt, like those of other and older bushes, and consequently, as wretched: and in philosophy how small our progress; Alas! art is long and life is short. My friends would comfort me with the idea of a name, they say I shall leave behind me; and they tell me, I have lived long enough to nature and to glory. But what will fame be to an ephemera, who no longer exists? and what will become of all history in the 18th hour, when the world itself, even the whole Moulin Joly, shall come to its end, and be buried in universal

ruin?—To me, after my eager pursuits, no solid pleasure now remains, but the reflection of a long life spent in meaning well, the sensible conversation of a few good lady ephemera; and now and then a kind smile, and a tune from the ever amiable brilliant."

TRUTH STRANGER THAN FICTION.

We copy the following detail from the doings of the St. Louis Police Office, as reported in the Bulletin of the 8th ult. We doubt not it is true in every particular:—

George Mortimer Wardwell, a genteel and intelligent young man, of about thirty years of age, was brought up this morning on charge of being drunk in the streets, and disturbing the peace. He pleaded guilty to the charge, and evidently labored under the greatest emotion. When requested to give some account of himself, he replied:—

"Sir—I have now arrived at that extremity of degradation which, long ago, I became satisfied would one day or other become my position. Sir, I do not believe I was born to this. In my youth, when I first started in the world, my prospects and my hopes were as bright as the sky which bent over me. I married a beautiful wife when I was twenty-eight years old, and had acquired a considerable competence. Sir, I need not tell you how I loved her! I see by your countenance that you know something of human nature, and are already satisfied that I am not a common loafer—that I have been driven to the present extremity by some extraordinary circumstances. But I will proceed with my story.

Two years after I was married to my wife—who was a young English lady of handsome expectations—and had a beautiful boy to bless me with his innocent endearments, we received letters from England, announcing the death of my wife's father, and soliciting me to come to England immediately, for the purpose of settling up the affairs of the deceased, and receiving my portion of the estate. I immediately made preparations for my departure, and leaving my wife under the protection of an intimate friend, whose name was Henry Anson Willoughby, (d—n him!) I set sail for England. My business detained me longer than I had anticipated and I began to feel the most intense anxiety in regard to my family. The letters which I received from my wife grew brief and unrequited, sometimes startling me with their abruptness. Just before the final steps in regard to my wife's portion were about to be completed, I received a letter from America, written by an old friend of my father's family, warning me to hasten home if I would preserve my future happiness and the honor of my wife! Imagine my dismay! I hurried home, leaving my business still unsettled, and arrived in time to find my hearth desolate, my wife eloped with my friend Willoughby, and my boy—my darling boy—in the Orphan Asylum—an object of public charity!

Willoughby had represented himself as a rich planter from Alabama, and that he was sojourning at the north for the purpose of regaining his health. Placing my child under proper protection, I flew in pursuit of the destroyer of my peace, with my heart burning for revenge. At Montgomery, Ala., I learned that Willoughby had been there, in company with a lady, who he called his wife—that he had been for years a notorious black-leg and swindler, and had gone to Mobile, leaving his wife (my wife!) behind, in circumstances of destitution. After waiting for some time, she borrowed money of some of the citizens and allowed him.

Mad with rage and disappointment, I pursued. At Mobile I lost all traces of the villain and his wretched victim. I proceeded to New-Orleans; and on making inquiries of the different boats, I was told by the captain of one them engaged in running to St. Louis, that a woman answering the description I gave, had gone up the river on his boat some time since. I immediately embarked for this place, sir; and my money being nearly exhausted, I was compelled to take passage on deck. I arrived here in a state of complete destitution; and being unable to learn any thing of my wife or the villain Willoughby, I became discouraged and disheartened. The bottle was my resort. I mingled with the vilest of the vile; and, last night was persuaded by several others, to visit a house of ill-fame. I entered—and the first object that met my gaze was my wife,

resigning her tender cheek, which I had not suffered "even the winds of Heaven to visit too roughly," to disgusting carresses. Sir, sir, I became mad! I can tell no more, but that I rushed from the house, invoking the most impious maledictions upon him who had been the cause of so much misery and anguish, and found myself this morning in the situation which you behold me. Sir, nothing which you can inflict will be a punishment to me, and you can bestow no greater favor than to take my life. I have lived too long—I am ready to die."

He was discharged.

THE PIEDMONTESE SHARPER.

In the year 1695, a Piedmontese, who styled himself count Carassa, came to Vienna, and privately waited on the prime minister, pretending he was sent by the Duke of Savoy on a very important affair, which they two were to negotiate without the privy of the French court. At the same time he produced his credentials, in which the duke's seal and signature were exactly imitated. He met with a very favourable reception, and, without affecting any privacy, took upon him the title of envoy extraordinary from the court of Savoy. He had several conferences with the imperial council, and made so great a figure in the most distinguished assemblies, that once at a private concert at court, the captain of guard denying him admittance, he demanded satisfaction in his master's name, and the officer was obliged to ask his pardon. His first care was to ingratiate himself with the Jesuits, who at that time bore a great sway at court; and in order to this, he went to visit their church, which remained unfinished, as they pretended from the low circumstances of the society, he asked them how much money would complete it. An estimate to the amount of two thousand louis-d'ors being laid before him, Carassa assured them of his constant attachment to their order; that he had gladly embraced such a public opportunity of shewing his esteem for them, and that they might immediately proceed to finishing their church. In consequence of his promise, he sent that very day the two thousand louis-d'ors, at which sum the charge had been computed.

He was very sensible this was a part he could not act long without being detected; and that this piece of generosity might not be at his own expense, he invited a great number of ladies of the first rank to supper and a ball. Every one of the guests had promised to be there; but he complained to them all of the ill returns made to his civilities, adding, that he had been often disappointed, as the ladies made no scruple of breaking their word on such occasions, and, in a jocular way, insisted on a pledge from every lady for their appearance at the time appointed. One gave him a ring, another a pearl necklace, a third a pair of ear-rings, a fourth a gold watch, and several such trinkets, to the amount of twelve thousand dollars. On the evening appointed not one of the guests were missing; but it may easily be conceived, what a damp it struck upon the whole assembly, when it was at last found that the gay Piedmontese was a sharper, and had disappeared. Nor had the Jesuits any great reason to applaud themselves on the success of their dissimulation; for a few days before his departure, the pretended count, putting on an air of deep concern, placed himself in the way of the emperor's confessor, who inquiring into the cause of his apparent melancholy, he intrusted him with the important secret, that he was short of money at a juncture when eight thousand louis-d'ors were immediately wanted for his master's affair, to be distributed at the imperial court. The Jesuits, to whom he had given a recent instance of his liberality by so large a donation, immediately furnished him with the sum he wanted; and with this acquisition, and the ladies' pledges, he thought he had carried his jests far enough, and very prudently withdrew from Vienna.

A CHINESE WITNESS.

A cause was yesterday tried in the Marine Court in which a Chinese was called as a witness. He was objected to on account of his not believing in a God.—Upon being questioned, he replied that he believed in a great many Gods—that in his country the temples are full of them. Our Revised Statutes provide that every witness believing in any other than the Christian religion, shall be sworn according to the peculiar

ceremonies of his religion. Upon being asked how he was sworn in China, he said he went into the temple before the gods and read certain passages from a Chinese bible, then took a vessel of salt which he sprinkled on the ground, after which ceremony, he went before the Mandarin and gave his testimony. New York being unprovided with Chinese temples and idols it was of course found impossible to swear the witness according to law, and the party was obliged to lose the benefit of his testimony, until the court consider the matter further.—*N. York Sun of Friday.*

The Journal of Commerce of Saturday says:

The witness appeared in court again to-day, and on being questioned by Judge Scott, he said that there were various ceremonies attending the taking an oath in China, some of which might be dispensed with, and yet the witness consider himself equally bound to tell the truth. In addition to what he said the day before, he now mentioned that a witness sometimes holds a lighted torch in his hand, but that this omitting to do so, or to use some other ceremonies, such as spitting on the ground, are not necessary to render the oath binding and valid.

It would be sufficient, he said, to have the oath administered in the following manner, which was accordingly done. The plaintiff knelt down, and the witness took in his hand what he called the Chinese Bible, and the Judge, as does the Mandarin in such cases, told the witness to tell the truth. The witness then handed the Bible to the plaintiff. The witness then took a China cup in his hand, and held it while the witness read aloud a small portion of the Chinese Bible. When the witness stopped reading the plaintiff handed him the cup, which the latter dashed against the ground with much vehemence of manner, and of course broke it in pieces. The witness then shut up the book, and witness and plaintiff then kissed it, and the plaintiff stood up. The plaintiff then required the Judge to put his, the plaintiff's name in that part of the Bible which he had read, which the Judge did, and the witness then began to give his evidence. Prior to the oath being administered, the Court had decided that according to the Revised Statutes, the oath could be legally administered as it was the form in which oaths were sometimes sworn in China.

The difficulty in relation to the witness being sworn in a temple was obviated by the witness stating that their Chinese Courts are held in their temples, or as he called them, Churches. So that a Temple and Court of Justice in China is one and the same thing.—What he called a Bible is a small book in the form of a pamphlet containing a portion of the writings of Confucius, in the Chinese language, and having a Mandarin's signature on the cover, to attest its being a genuine copy of the work.

THE QUEEN'S MARRIAGE.—It is now definitely understood that Queen Victoria has plighted her troth to Prince Albert of Saxe Coburg, and that the marriage is to take place in April or May next. The Prince, with his father and brother, has just gone home, after some weeks sojourn at Windsor Castle where he received marked recognition as the favored youth—always at her Majesty's elbow when "walking on the terrace," or said amen in the chapel—when she rode on horseback, or in the pony phaeton—when she dined, and when she danced. Albert is three months younger than the royal spinster, and they say he is a very decent looking lad.

It appears that young Albert's mother died when he was twelve years old, and his father the duke, being acquainted with the dutchess of Kent, placed the young prince under her charge. A residence of three years at Kensington palace, as playmate and fellow-student of Miss Victoria, even to the matter of music lessons under the same teacher, might account for a mutual childish affection if no more—and twas perhaps 'this same,' as Pat says, which induced a refusal on her part of the Prince of Orange, (junior) and him of Cambridge. This chimes too with the policy of declining an alliance with a greater power, which might entangle England in its quarrels—and as for Catholics of any power, they have no chance in the game. If it's a love match then, and the husband worth the having, long life to them and a worthy line of Kings!

According to one of the catchpenny "Memoirs" of Prince Albert, he finished his education at the University of Bonn, where he was under the tutorship of

Schlegel, the celebrated Shakspeare critic. The same high authority states that on returning from a tour last autumn, after the coronation at London, he found in his chamber a beautiful portrait of Victoria, painted by Chalon, and forwarded to him by the lady herself!—Happy pair!

AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER.

ALBANY, SATURDAY, DEC. 14, 1839.

*. * New Subscribers to the Register, can be furnished, with the back numbers from the commencement.

OURSELVES.—It is our intention occasionally, to send duplicate copies of the Register, with a prospectus, to those of our friends, whom we think will take an interest in circulating the paper. We wish those to whom they may be sent, to enclose them and send them to their friends. By doing so, they will much oblige us.

POSTAGE.—We are glad to perceive, that this Subject is beginning to claim the public attention. The present rates, are unreasonably high, and neither adapted to the actual necessities of the revenue, nor accord with the genius of our government. The post-office department should never be a source revenue. The covering of annual expenditure, is all that can be asked or expected. The whole subject of postage, we understand, is to be brought before Congress, this Winter, and we trust that the people, will unite, by petition, and otherwise, in instructing their representatives, to modify the present exactions.

There is one particular feature, connected with the present post office regulations, which has always appeared to us as impolitic and oppressive. It is that which relates to periodicals, and particularly those received by printers. By the present law, one printer may receive a newspaper in exchange for his own, without being compelled to pay the postage on it.—But if he receive a pamphlet or magazine, although published periodically, he is compelled to pay 14 cent postage per sheet if within 100 miles, and 24 cents, if over that distance. Now the fact is conceded, that the object of giving printers this privilege, is that through them they may communicate the earliest and best intelligence at the cheapest rate, to their various readers. If this, then, is the policy of the Government why put an effectual bar, on this wholesome regulation, by shutting off the the very best matter that the press produces? We all know that the Knickerbocker, Southern Literary Messenger, and many other literary magazines we might mention, are each of more intrinsic worth to an editor, than a bushel of the ordinary exchange papers. Take, for instance the Knickerbocker, which we believe is five sheets. Every printer who receives this work out of the State, must pay fifteen cents postage on it, and if such printer sends his paper, fortunately in exchange the Knickerbocker is compelled to pay the postage, the post master telling him that as he prints a magazine, he has none of the privileges of the newspaper. The tendency of this is to deprive one branch of the public press from the intelligence of the other. For it cannot reasonably be expected that the editor of a magazine, which is chiefly made up of original matter, will send his paper in courtesy to one, of little use to him, and then pay the postage on the one received in exchange. This matter we think is of vital importance to the editors of newspapers, and we trust, they will use their best endeavors to have it remedied. As the law now stands, or is construed, it appears to us, to be giving the press privileges with one hand and taking them away

with the other. The spirit of the law never contemplated this paradox.

THE MANOR DIFFICULTIES, which has been the all-engrossing topic, for the last fifteen days, is likely by the appearance of things, to have an end—at least for the present. On Monday last the uniform companies of this city were ordered to the scene of action; on Tuesday three companies came from Troy, and on Thursday 500 troops arrived under the command of Gen. Averill. Orders were likewise sent to New York, directing the commanding general of that place, to hold himself in readiness with two thousand troops, at two hours notice. All these warlike preparations, however are now rendered unnecessary by the last news from the Sheriff, who is permitted to do his duty unmolested. Gen. Averill, and his troops were dismissed yesterday, and the public feeling is fast returning to its quietness.

How long we shall be suffered to remain in this state, is a matter for conjecture. We understand that many, of these "misguided citizens," threaten to enact the same scenes over, on some future occasion; which we suppose means, when another year's rent becomes due. Whether this outrage on the public peace will be suffered to pass unpunished, is for time to determine. If the ringleaders are imprisoned, and the expense of this affair is enforced on all who have participated in it, it will forever put a stop to "manor" rebellions. But if a temporising and pusillanimous policy is to govern, it will add strength and countenance to mob-law throughout the state and we may assuredly expect another affray within the year. We do not wish to be invidious, and we cannot but help as the friends of order, and law, to repudiate in the strongest terms the idea held out to these misguided men, that the legislature can or will give them any redress. If these anarchists "lay this flattering unction to their souls," they will be most grievously disappointed. A legislature dare not abrogate a contract, and such is their case. The laws have been violated, and these men must be punished. We have already too much agrarian principle among us in theory. Do not let us carry it out into practice, unless we are determined to become a nation of anarchists. Do not let us if we have one spark of the love of country, allow our laws to be trodden upon, as they have been in this instance, with impunity. Let the transgressor feel that his punishment is certain. Justice demands it.

EXTRAORDINARY SURGICAL OPERATION.—The last Boston Medical and Surgical Journal, gives an interesting account of the removal of the upper jaw, with a large portion of the molar bone, performed by Dr. Warren of that city. The unfortunate patient was about 60 years of age, and had been affected "with a faugoid disease in the antrum, of a dreadful painful kind. The tumour was of a sugar loaf form, occupying the right side of the face, and had forced its way through the cavities pertaining to the maxillary bone. The right eye was compressed and inflamed, and the cavities of the nostrils partly filled by the tumour." The patient supported the trying operation without a groan, and at the conclusion, undressed himself, before retiring to bed. In a fortnight he was well enough to leave his room. The Journal says, that it was the first operation of the kind ever performed in the U. S.

BEAU BRUMMELL.—We observe an article going the rounds of the newspapers, in which this celebrated personage, is said to be confined in a mad house. Some very amusing things are related of him, in his present situation, illustrative of his character. But unfortunately for Brummell, and his paraphrasts, he took it

into his head to die some ten years ago, and spoil what otherwise would have been a good newspaper article. Alas! poor Yorick!

The New Orleans papers of the 27th ult. contain advices from Houston and Galveston to the 22nd.—No mention is made of the capture of Matamoras, heretofore reported, and the story is probably untrue.

News.—Pretty much all the news of the late difficulties in the county, were received from New York.—According to those well informed journals, all the bridges have been destroyed, several times, many lives have been lost, some barns burned, with divers other strange things. All this is undoubtedly owing to the present facilities in travelling.

The Address of Companion Mix, on our first page, will occupy a portion of three of our numbers. The Address exhibits a great deal of close research, and will prove acceptable to those of our readers who look above the arch.

CANAL TOLLS.

The amount received on all the New York State canals in the month of November, is as follows:

In 1838	199,964 18
In 1839	187,349 41

Those Brethren who subscribed the prospectus for the Masonic Register, by me circulated, and who have not paid for the same to me, or Br. Mix, will oblige me much by sending the same to Br. L. G. Hoffman, by mail. The Post Masters, are authorised to send such money free of postage.

BLANCHARD POWERS.

Bennington, Nov. 19, 1839.

NOTICE.

Agreeable to the By-Laws of Mount Vernon Lodge, No. 3, the members thereof, are hereby Summoned to meet at St. John's Hall, on Thursday evening next, at 7 o'clock, for the purposes of election and the payment of annual dues.

By order of the W. M.

JOHN HURDIS, Sec'y.

CHINA.—By latest accounts, we find that the trade between this country and the Celestial Empire is resumed; the captain of each American ship signing a bond, that he brings no opium; and subjecting himself to some unknown pains and penalties in case of any opium being found in his vessel.—All direct trade is stopped with England, until the arrival of dispatches from the British government, when we shall probably have to record the entertainment of "the Bull in the China shop." In the meantime considerable trade will be carried on by means of American vessels.—N. Y. Sunday Atlas.

DYSPEPSIA.

In older times—in days of the revolution—when sons worked willingly in the forest and the fields and partook of the simple but substantial fare of their own farms; when daughters wore thick shoes, loose gowns and labored at the spinning-wheel and loom, such diseases as consumption and dyspepsia were seldom or ever known. Doctors were rare acquaintances then. But, now, if a young man would appear respectable, he must carry a green bag to court rather than a bag to mill; he must wield a yard stick rather than a hoe or shovel; and as for young ladies; alas! their shoes must be of kid, thin as wafers; their chests must be pent up in corsets as closely as a Chinese foot, and their time must be spent in spinning street-yarn, thrumming the piano forte, or discoursing sentimental songs. All these fashions are prejudicial to human life and health. Oh, that fashion would take the right direction, and go upon the maxim of sanctioning nothing which interferes with the laws of health. Then would the hopes of our country brighten, and individuals would enjoy an amount of comfort which is now too willingly but blindly sacrificed to false tastes.—Maine Cultivator.

ZAPHE, the German boy who shot his comrade in the woods near Jeffersonville, Ia., a few weeks since, has been tried and acquitted of intentional murder.—The case is the most singular on record. Four German boys it seems from the testimony, went out a bird hunting with a single gun, which was carried by Zaphe, who was the oldest, and scarce 14. After being in the woods together some time and killing one bird, Zaphe told the other boys he would shoot them 'mouse dead,' and immediately shot down one of them. No motive could be assigned by the surviving boys for the act of Zaphe.

There had been no quarrel or disagreement among them. The comrades of Zaphe bound up the wounds of their fallen companion with handkerchiefs, prayed over the body, in which they were joined by Zaphe. He then dragged the body to some logs, struck his victim on the head with a club, and concealed the corpse under leaves and rubbish, all the time threatening the other boys that he would 'shoot them mouse dead' if they informed of what he had done. He directed the boys to say that their companion had fallen into the river, and such was the terror his threats excited, that the boys, who were quite young, persisted in the story Zaphe had taught them for some days. All the boys were intelligent, and belonged to respectable German families. The trial excited great interest, and was altogether a strange affair.—Cleveland Herald.

MARRIED.

At Cobleskill, on the eve of the 5th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Deifenport, Mr. Abraham Shell, of Schoharie, to Miss Catharine Belinger, of the former place.

On Wednesday, 4th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Wilkerson, Mr. John A. E. Williams, to Miss Catharine Robinson, both of Prescott.

In this city, on the 7th inst. by the Rev. Jacob Leonard, jr. Wm. Walters, of West Troy, to Martha Burley, of the city of Troy.

DIED.

At Watertown, Jefferson co., N. Y. on the 16th inst., Rev. Z. Rogers Ely, late Pastor of the Congregational Church, at Deep River. Conn., aged 30 years.

At Monticello, Sullivan county, on the 4th inst., Randal S. Street, esq., counsellor at law, in the 69th year of his age.

On the 26th ult., at his residence in New Paltz, Walls Lake esq., aged 66 years.

At Bedford, Westchester county, very suddenly, on Monday evening, the 17th ult. Col John H. Smith, clerk of the county Westchester, aged 43 years.

Yesterday afternoon, Rachel Ann, youngest daughter of Daniel D. Winne, 14 months.

In Brooklyn, N. Y. suddenly, on the morning of the 29th ult., of hemorrhage of the lungs, Dr. Thomas B. Downing, in the 27th year of his age.

Last evening, Robert Stewart, in the 72d year of his age.

NEW BOOKS received at W. C. LITTLE'S Book-store.

Moore's new poem, "Alciphron."
Bulwer's new Play, "The Sea Captain."
Poe's Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque, 2 vols.
Memoirs of Charles Mathews, the comedian, continued.

Countess of Elessington's new Book, "The Governors," 2 vols.

Journal of the Franklin Institute.
Bell's Select Medical Library.
The Law Library for December.
The Gentleman's Magazine for December, with plates.
And all the Annuals and Illustrated Works for 1840.

THE AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER,

Is Published every Saturday by L. G. HOFFMAN
OPPOSITE THE EAGLE TAVERN, ALBANY.

TERMS.—To city subscribers, Two Dollars and Fifty Cents a year. To subscribers who receive their papers by mail, Two Dollars, payable on the receipt of the 4th Number. No subscription received for less term than one year. Back numbers at all times furnished.

"A post master may enclose money in a letter to the publisher of a newspaper, to pay the subscription of a third person, and FRANK the letter, if written by himself."
POST MASTER GENERAL.

POETRY.

For the American Masonic Register and Literary Companion,
TO "MARIETTE."

What joys Earth can give we may call ours—
How lasting are they?
Soon dark sorrow comes like frost on flowers,
And sweeps them away,

Mariette.

Then, when pleasures fly from our embrace,
And our hearts are sad,
Phantoms will oft come and take their place,
But make us not glad,

Mariette.

One many worship, the fiend Despair,
In Hope's garments dressed—
Ah! little think they the spirit there,
Is unblest, unblest,

Mariette.

They dream of pleasures on Earth again,
And die as they dream;
But heavenly Hope can banish all pain,
And Love reigns supreme,

Mariette.

How the heart pants for the bright abode
Of Eternal Love!—
Religion, sweet guide makes bright the road
From Earth to above,

Mariette.

Pure and bright, like a gem of even,
Shine thou Mariette;
So light that thou too wilt in heaven
Be gloriously set.— B. W. C.

Albany Dec. 1839.

For the American Masonic Register and Literary Companion,
TO—

Some, 'tis said, have an Evil Eye;
And they who meet it, droop and die,
Or linger long; but never meet,
Aught in life that the world calls sweet.
Now woe is me; for I have seen
That which to me hath Evil been
'Twas not the Eye of an Evil one—
I fear no witch's malison—
Yet am I bound by witchery,
And vainly struggle to be free:
Alas! I may not break the spell
That hath wrought its work so sure and well;
Flinging dark shadows o'er my mind,
'Till my thoughts are sad. Yes, oft I find
A phantom with me as I rove,
And some do call that spirit love!
I little thought, when pleased the while,
Of witchery in Ella's smile;
As well expect, when skies are fair,
The lightning shaft of death from there!
But oh! the heart is a subtle thing,
And we know not oft when passions spring,
'Till we find them reason mastering.

EUGENE.

Albany. Dec. 1839.

TO . . .

BY R. MONTGOMERY.

Oh, Lady! in my boyish hour,
Perchance thou see'st me gay as young,
The happy slave of Pleasure's power,
With rapture in my heart and tongue.

Yet think not thus I ever seem,
As though no grief did e'er annoy;—
There's darkness in the brightest dream,
And sorrow in the sweetest joy!

Alone amid the world I move,
With scarce a smile or tear for me,
And not a heart to share the love
Of unaffected sympathy:

Without it, what can realms bestow
Of all that mingling natures feel!—
It is to kindred mind we owe
The rapture Time delights to steal.

But may no cloudy shade intrude
Upon the sunshine of the lot,
And all that dims my gayest mood
In thy fresh feeling be forgot:

May Heaven attend thee! wheresoe'er
The winging years may waft thee on;
And nothing mar that blissful air
All eyes have loved to look upon!

A MASONIC SONG.

Not the fictions of Greece, nor the dreams of old Rome:
Shall with visions mislead, or with meteors consume,
No Pegasus' wings my short soarings misguide;
Nor raptures detain me on Helicon's side.
All clouds now dissolve; from the East beams the day—
Truth rises in glory and wakens the lay.
The Eagle-eyed Muse—sees the light—fills the grove
With the song of Free Masons, of Friendship and Love!

Inspir'd with the theme, the Divinity flies;
And thron'd on a rainbow—before her arise
PAST, PRESENT, and FUTURE—with splendid array,
In Masonic succession, their treasures display.
She views murder'd Merit by ruffian-hand fall,
And the grave gives its dead up, at fellowship's call!
While the Craft, by their badges, their innocence prove;
And the song of Free Masons is Friendship and Love.

From those ages remote, see the Muse speeds her way,
To join in the glories, the PRESENT display.
In freedom and friendship, she sees the true band,
With their splendor and virtues illumine the land.
Religion's pure beam breaks the vapours of night,
And from darkness mysterious, the Word gives the light!

While the Lodge here below, as the choirs from above,
Join the song of Free Masons in Friendship and Love.

That the FUTURE might keep what the Present bestows
In rapture prophetic the goddess arose,
As she sung through the skies, angels echo'd the sound
And the winds bore the notes to the regions around!
The kind proclamation our song shall retain:
'Twas—That Masonry long may its lustre maintain:
'And till Time be no more, our Fraternity prove,
'That the objects we aim at, are Friendship and Love.

OLD WINTER IS COMING.

Old Winter is coming again—slack!

How icy and cold is he!

He cares not a pin for a shivering back—
He's a saucy old chap to white and black
He whistles his chills with a wonderful knack,
For he comes from a cold countree!

A witty old fellow this Winter is—

A mighty old fellow for glee!

He cracks his jokes on the pretty sweet misses—
The wrinkled old maiden, unfit to kiss,
And freezes the dew of their lips:—for this
Is the way for old fellows like he!

Old Winter's a frolicsome blade I wot—

He is wild in his humour, and free!

He'll whistle along, for "the want of his thought,"
And set all the warpath of our furs at naught,
And ruffle the lozes by pretty girls bought—
A frolicsome fellow is he!

Old Winter is blowing his gusts along,

And merrily shaking the tree!

From morning 'till night he will sing his song—
Now moaning, and short—now howling, and long
His voice is loud—for his lungs are strong—
A merry old fellow is he!

Old Winter's a tough old fellow for blows,

As tough as ever you see!

He will trip up our trotters, and rend our clothes,
And stiffen our limbs from our fingers to toes—
He mads not the cries of his friends or his foes—
A tough old fellow is he!

A cunning old fellow is Winter, they say,

A cunning old fellow is he!

He peeps in the crevices day by day,
To see how we're passing our time away—
And marks all our doings from grave to gay—
I'm afraid he is peeping at me!

THE WITHERED ROSE.

I would not give this wither'd flower
For all the garlands you could twine,
It makes me think of many an hour
When love, and hope, and youth were mine.
Its blushes, like my cheeks, are dead;
But, oh! there lingers a perfume,
Like memory of pleasures fled,
That half revives its faded bloom!

This Rose was given me on the day
I first began to know love's power;
It was the fairest Rose of May—
Alas! it was an emblem flower!
So bright, so purely bright it seem'd,
I dreamt not that a canker lay
Within its breast—had I but dream'd
Aright, I should not weep to-day!

I placed it in my bosom, near
The new-found heart exchanged for mine,
The flower methought shed one cold tear;
Which chill'd while its burning shrine.
Day after day I saw it sink,
As Love took wing for newer bowers:
Alas! that there should be such link!
'Twixt fickle hearts and fading flowers!

CALENDAR OF COMMUNICATIONS.

EACH MONTH.	
Temple Encampment	Albany
Temple R. A. Chapter	Albany
Mount Vernon Lodge	Albany
Temple Lodge	Albany
Apollo Lodge	Troy
Apollo Chapter	Troy
Apollo Encampment	Troy
Phoenix Lodge	Leansburg
Olive Branch	Bethany, Ga.
Genesee Encampment	Lockport, N.Y.

PARMELEE'S STOVE.—This truly improved stove has won to itself the acknowledged superiority over all other extant, from its simplicity of arrangement its complete combination of every thing desirable in a cooking stove, being equally adapted for either wood or coal at a saving of 30 per cent in either kind of fuel. Those who have heretofore conceived any objections to using coal for culinary operations, will be perfectly satisfied of the utility of these stoves by calling at No. 5 Green st., Albany. Every stove will be warranted to give satisfaction, or the purchase money will be refunded. For sale only by the subscribers, at No. 5 Green street.

HAWES & BAKER.

NICHOLAS NICKLEBY, complete—Life and Adventures of Nicholas Nickleby, by Chas. Dickens, (Box) with illustrations, complete in one vol.

Curtis on health: simplicity of living: observations on the preservation of health in infancy, youth, manhood and age, London edition.

Part XI pictorial edition of Shakespeare's comedy of Errors.

The Hand Book of Heraldry, the Cricketer's Hand Book, the Hand Book of Magic, Swimming Hand Book, Language and Sentiment of Flowers, the Angler's Hand Book of Domestic Cookery, &c.

Constantinople, complete in 1 vol elegantly bound, in morocco gilt; scenery of Asia Minor, illustrated, drawings from nature, with historical account of Constantinople, and description of the plates.

American Almanac, for 1840.
Second series of the School Library, 50 volumes for \$20, in a case, for sale by

BOOK OF THE BOUDOIR for 1840, or Court of Queen Victoria; a series of portraits of the nobility of Great Britain; beautifully engraved by the Findens, with illustrations in verse, super-fine, bound in morocco imperial quarto.

The Iris, prose, poetry, and arts for 1840, with large and beautifully engraved plates and fanciful picture square borders, in a new and unique style, edited by Mary Russell Mitford splendidly bound in Turkey morocco and gold, imperial 4to.

Character and Costume for 1840, 21 illustrations designed and drawn from nature, with descriptive letter press, handsomely bound in morocco and gold imperial 4to.

Gems of beauty for 1840, displayed in 12 highly finished engravings, with illustrations, by the Countess of Blessington, richly bound in green silk and gold quarto.

These splendid works have arrived and may be seen at

W. C. LITTLE'S Bookstore,
corner of State and Market.

AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER

AND LITERARY COMPANION.

BY L. G. HOFFMAN.]

ALBANY, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1839.

[VOL. I.—NO. 16.]

MASONIC.

For the American Masonic Register and Literary Companion.
A LECTURE,

Setting forth the origin, and tracing the progress of the orders of MASONIC CHRISTIAN KNIGHTHOOD. And exhibiting the connexion of those orders with ancient Freemasonry. Derived from authentic ancient and modern, sacred and profane history.

By EDEMER MIX, E. q. M. E. Grand Commander of Genesee Encampment, No. 10, holden, at Lockport, Niagara County N. Y.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 114.]

This new order at that time was called, that of knights of the East, as the circumstances on which it was founded took place in that direction. There can be no doubt, but that this order including ancient Freemasonry, was sustained and cherished in Jerusalem, from the time of the rebuilding the city and temple, to the coming of the Messiah, at which time the great body of the order was converted to Christianity. In support of which assumption, I would refer to the characters of John the Baptist, John the Evangelist, Paul the Apostle, and Simon Peter, who carried his sword with which he smote off the high Priest servant's ear, at the time of betrayal. But the order, as such, during much of this period, and until the destruction of the second Temple, must have subsisted privately, as Jerusalem and the country round about, had been taken by the Romans and was under the charge of Roman officers, who were very jealous of conspiracies being formed among the Jews, against the Roman Government.

After the destruction of the second Temple, Judea, including Jerusalem, was seized and occupied alternately by different tribes of wandering Arabs, who from habit had become altogether averse to fixed habitations; but in process of time, several of these tribes became partially consolidated under the influence of the Mahometan religion, which they had blindly embraced, and more permanently took possession of the Holy Land. This horde, under the general appellation of Saracens, paid more attention to military enterprises, than to their religion, by which they spread their empire in a few years from the banks of the Ganges to the straits of Gibraltar. So intent on conquest however, were the Saracens that they gave little disturbance to those zealous Pilgrims who daily flocked to Jerusalem, and they allowed every man, after paying a moderate tribute to visit the Holy Sepulchre, to perform his religious duties and to return in peace. During all this time, however, it must be borne in mind, that the Pilgrims were defended against petty marauders and guarded against the impositions of mightier foes, by the vigilant and persevering knights of the East.—But the Tureomans or Turks, a tribe of Tartars, who had embraced Mahometanism, having wrested Syria from the Saracens, and having in the year 1065 made themselves masters of Jerusalem, rendered the performance of pilgrimage much more difficult and dangerous. The barbarism of the manners of the Turks and their unsettled government exposed the Pilgrims to many insults, robberies and extortions, from which the knights of the East were unable to defend them. The Pilgrims on their return from Jerusalem, filled all christendom with indignation against the infidels. Peter the Hermit, an indefatigable enthusiast, was one of

those Pilgrims who had returned from the Holy Land, fired with zeal in the cause against the Turks and usurpers of the consecrated ground in Jerusalem; and Judea. After consulting the Pope and many of the sovereigns of Europe, and having obtained their consent to attempt to raise a crusade against the infidels, he harangued the subject in every chief city where christianity prevailed. Although the Pope had little faith in the project at first, the success of Peter in inflaming the minds of the people in favor of a crusade, was so great that he espoused the cause with great enthusiasm, but to secure a firm support he summoned many councils of his clergy and secular dependants to take the matter into consideration, at a council held at Plautia, which consisted of four thousand ecclesiastics and thirty thousand seculars, the Pope and Peter himself harangued the assembly, representing the dismal situation of their brethren in the East, and the indignity suffered by the christian name, in allowing the holy city to remain in the hands of the infidels? when they found the minds of the audience so well prepared to second their views and prosecute their designs, that the whole multitude suddenly and violently declared for the war, and solemnly devoted themselves to perform this service, so meritorious as they believed it to God and religion.

At another council summoned by the Pope, near Clermont, in Auvergne, where the greatest prelates, nobles, and princes attended, after the Pope and Peter had made their pathetic exhortations, the whole assembly, as if impelled by an immediate inspiration, and not moved by their preceding impressions, exclaimed with one voice, "It is the will of God" "It is the will of God" on which they adopted "Will of God" for their motto, and a red cross affixed to the right shoulder for a badge. From this time the crusades were enthusiastically adopted and persevered in by all christendom. At this time the knights of the East, or knights of the Eagle as they are called sometimes, having no further duties to perform in Jerusalem, the christians having ceased to perform Pilgrimage to the tomb of their departed Lord, fled to the crusaders, took the appellation of "Knights of the Red Cross," adopted the crusaders badge as a device on one of their banners and "Will of God" as the motto.

After having expelled the infidels from the holy city, the knights of the Red Cross having congregated again at Jerusalem, founded a new order of knighthood, on the thrilling incidents through which themselves, and other devout christians, who had gone before them, had passed. An order much more in accordance with the character of knights or servants of Christ; and as their asylum was situated near the site of the Temple, they took the appellation of Knights Templars. But they still preserved the order of Knights of the Red Cross, in a distinct form, as a beautiful link to connect the degree of ancient Freemasonry with the new order of Knight Templars. The institution of this order, and the location of their asylum near the site of the Temple took place in the year of our Lord one thousand one hundred and eighteen.

The Knights Templars kept up this establishment, and guarded the holy sepulchre and the Pilgrims, who from devotion, or other motives, chose to visit it, until the country and city was again invaded, conquered and taken by the Turks. The territory which they had bound themselves to protect, having been wrested from them by an overwhelming force, they were compelled to leave the Holy Land and to establish the order

wherever they found a kind reception, which was in almost every part of the world, then under the influence of the christian religion, as they had double claims on the pious, proceeding from their peculiar profession and their severe sufferings for the cause of the Saviour. During the period in which they depended upon the alms and bounty of the public, they were distinguished for their meek and meritorious conduct, which operated so greatly in their favor, that gifts flowed into their treasuries from all classes in the christian world, from the sovereigns down to the peasant, in every country where a house of Knights Templars existed; and it is asserted that their riches accumulated to such an extent, that the order became possessed of 9,000 rich convents and 15,000 lordships.

The riches of the knights joined to the course of time, by degrees relaxed the severities of their virtue, and they are accused of becoming inflated with pride, and suffering insolence to usurp the place of meekness in their manners, by which they in a great measure lost that popularity which first raised them to honor and distinction. But however true this accusation may be, (and human nature is prone to such a result) it cannot be supposed that pride alone caused the dissolution of the order. Avarice on the part of their oppressors was the grand agent, and the riches of the knights. Some of the members residing in Paris were accused of causing a riot in that city. Philip the Fair, then on the throne of France, seizing on this opportunity, determined to make use of it, to accomplish the total ruin of the order, therefore procured the evidence of some infamous brethren, either by bribery or other means, who charged the knights generally with murder, robbery and the most shocking enormities. It was pretended that every one, whom they received into their order was obliged to renounce his Saviour and spit on the Cross, and to join to this impiety, the superstition of worshipping a golden head, which was secretly kept. It was also said that they initiated every candidate, by such infamous rites, as could serve to no other purpose than to degrade the order in his eyes, and to destroy forever the authority of all his superiors over him. In the whole of the accusation, so enormous and absurd, were the crimes imputed to them, as to be sufficient of themselves to destroy all the credit of the accusations.

Acting upon this base testimony, the king ordered the arrest of every Templar in his dominions, abolished the order, and even caused fifty-seven of them to be burned to death. Pope Clement probably anxious to partake in the plunder, issued an interdict to the order generally, and sent it to the different catholic kingdoms. Philip of France had already performed his part in this wicked and disgraceful drama. Edward the II. of England, a weak and vacillating prince, wishing to save the knights, endeavoured to dispense with his part, but he was crowded on by the Pope and compelled to follow in a great degree the example set by Philip.

The legate in Germany who was charged with the promulgation of the interdict, and causing it to be carried into execution, called all the clergy together, that the publication might be more formal and solemn. Wallgruffer, Count Sauvage, the grand master, with twenty knights of the order, appeared in the assembly, fully armed and equipped—he proclaiming that he came not to do violence, but to preserve the peace, yet he insisted that the bull should not be read, unless it was

merely for the purpose of receiving his protest there-to, and having the whole matter referred to the next council. The legate not being inclined to dispute with men thus armed, complied with the demands of the Count. Whereby the Templars of Germany were not deprived of their liberty, and were finally acquitted of all crime, although they were deprived of their large possessions in this country as well as elsewhere. The suppression of the order took place about the year 1330.

After the order of Templars was suppressed, their estates were mostly given to the order of St. John of Jerusalem, and the Templars being liberated from prison, retired to the different Monasteries throughout Christendom.

[CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

Semita certe,
Tranquilla per virtutem patet unica vita.—Juv. Sat.

THE HISTORY OF FREEMASONRY,

DRAWN FROM AUTHENTIC SOURCES OF INFORMATION.

No. VI.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 114.]

But, though the political and intellectual condition of society was unfavourable to the progress of Freemasonry; and, though the secret association of the ancients were dissolved in the fifth century, by the command of the Roman Emperor, yet there are many reasons for believing that the ancient mysteries were observed in private, long after their public abolition, by those enemies of Christianity who were still attached to the religion of their fathers. Some authors even inform us, that this was actually the case, and that the Grecian rites existed in the eighth century, and were never completely abolished. These considerations enable us to connect the heathen mysteries, with that trading association of architects, which appeared, during the dark ages, under the special authority of the See of Rome.

The insatiable desire for external finery, and gaudy ceremonies, which was displayed by the catholic priests in the exercise of their religion, introduced a correspondence. But as the demand for these buildings was urgent, and continually increasing, it was with great difficulty that artificers could be procured, even for the erection of such pious works. In order to encourage the profession of architecture, the bishops of Rome, and the other potentates of Europe, conferred on the fraternity of Freemasons, the most important privileges; and allowed them to be governed by laws, customs, and ceremonies, peculiar to themselves. The association was composed of men of all nations, of Italian, Greek, French, German and Flemish artists, who were denominated Freemasons, and who, ranging from one country to another, erected those elegant churches and cathedrals, which, though they once gratified the pride, and sheltered the rites of a corrupted priesthood, now excite the notice of antiquarians, and administer to the grandeur of kingdoms. The government of this association was remarkably regular. Its members lived in a camp of huts, reared besides the building in which they were employed. A surveyor, or master, presided over, and directed the whole. Every tenth man was called a warden, and overlooked those who were under his charge; and such artificers as were not members of this fraternity, were prohibited from engaging in those buildings which Freemasons alone had a title to rear. It may seem strange, and perhaps inconsistent with what we have already said, that the fraternity of Freemasons should have been sanctioned, and even protected by the bishops of Rome. Secret association, indeed, are always a terror to temporal and spiritual tyranny. But the church of Rome, insisted on approving of the principles of Freemasonry, by the encouragement and patronage which they gave to architects, only employed them as instruments for gratifying their vanity, and gratiating their ambition. For in after ages, when

Masons were more numerous, and when the demand for religious structures was less urgent than before, the bishops of Rome deprived the fraternity of those very privileges which had been conferred upon them without solicitation, and persecuted, with unrelenting rage, the very men whom they had voluntarily taken into favor, who had contributed to the grandeur of their ecclesiastical establishment.

Wherever the catholic religion was taught, the meetings of Freemasons were sanctioned and patronised. The principles of the order were even imported into Scotland, where they continued, for many ages, in their primitive simplicity, long after they had been extinguished in the continental kingdoms. In this manner, Scotland became the centre from which these principles again issued, to illuminate, not only the nations on the continent, but every civilized portion of the habited world. What those causes were which continued the societies of Freemasons longer in Britain than in other countries, it may not, perhaps, be easy to determine; but as the fact itself is unquestionably true, it must have arisen, either from some favorable circumstance in the political state of Britain, which did not exist in the other governments of Europe; or from the superior policy, by which the British Masons eluded the suspicion of their enemies, and the superior prudence with which they maintained the primitive simplicity, and respectability of their order. The former of these causes, had, without doubt, a considerable share in producing the effect under consideration; and we know for certain, that, in our own days, the latter has preserved Freemasonry in a flourishing condition throughout these united kingdoms, while, in other countries, the imprudence and foolish invocations of its members, have exposed it to the severest and justest censure, and, in many cases, to the most violent persecutions. It is a fact, requiring no confirmation, and resulting from the most obvious causes, that Freemasonry never flourishes in seasons of public commotion; and even in Great Britain, though the seat of war is commonly in foreign countries, it has universally declined. But in those lands, which are the theatre of hostilities it will be neglected in a still greater degree; and if these hostilities are long continued, the order must be soon extinguished. Amid those continual wars, therefore which during the middle ages distracted and desolated the continent of Europe, the association of architects would be soon dissolved while in the humble village of Kilwinning, on the western coast of Scotland, they found a safe retreat from the violent convulsions of continental wars.

Before we detail the progress of Freemasonry, after its importation into Britain, it will be necessary to give some account of the Knights Templars, a fraternity of Freemasons whose affluence and virtues often raised the envy of contemporaries, and whose unmerited and unhappy end must have often excited the compassion of posterity. It would be needless labor to enter into any investigation, in order to prove, that the order of the Knight Templars was a branch of Freemasonry. This fact has been invariably acknowledged by Freemasons themselves; and none have been more zealous to establish it than the enemies of their order. The former have admitted the fact, not because it was creditable to them, but because it was true; and the latter have supported it, because by the aid of a little sophistry, it might be employed to disgrace their opponents.

The order of the Knights Templars was instituted during the crusades, in the year 1118, by Hugo de Paganis, and Geoffrey of St Omers. It received this appellation because its members originally resided near the church in Jerusalem which was dedicated to our Saviour. Though the professed object of this religious association was to protect those Christian pilgrims whose mistaken piety led them to the Holy City; yet it is almost beyond a doubt, that its chief and primary intention, was to practise and preserve the rites and myste-

ries of Masonry. We know at least, that the Knights Templars, not only possessed the mysteries, but performed the ceremonies, and inculcated the duties of Freemasons; and it is equally certain, that the practising of these rites could contribute nothing to the protection and comfort of the Catholic pilgrims. Had the Templars publicly avowed the real object of their institution, instead of that favour which they so long enjoyed, they would have experienced the animosity of the church of Rome. But as they were animated with sincere regard for the Catholic religion, and with a decided abhorrence for the infidel possessors of Judea, it was never once suspected that they transacted any other business at their secret meetings, but that which concerned the regulation of their order, the advancement of religion, and the extirpation of its enemies. The many prodigies of valour which they exhibited against the infidels; the many charitable deeds which they performed towards the distressed pilgrims; and the many virtues which adorned their private character procured them, from the rulers of Europe, that respect and authority to which they were so justly entitled, and which they so long maintained. But respect and authority were not only the rewards which they purchased by their virtues and military prowess. From the munificence of the Popes, the generosity of the pious princes and nobles of Europe, and from the gratitude of those opulent pilgrims who, in the moments of distress, had experienced their kind assistance, the Knights Templars had acquired such immense possessions in every kingdom of Europe, but particularly in France, that their revenues often exceeded those of the secular princes. Thus independent in their circumstances, and being fatigued with those unsuccessful struggles against the infidels, which they had maintained with such manly courage, they returned to their native land to enjoy, in peace and quiet, the recompence of their toils. But, like all men who are suddenly transported from danger and fatigue, to opulence and ease, many of the Templars deviated from that virtuous course, which they had hitherto pursued and indulged too freely in those luxuries and fashionable amusements to which they were invited by opulence, and impelled by inactivity. Thus, from the indiscretion of a few, the Knights Templars lost a considerable share of those honors, and that celebrity which they had long enjoyed. But this relaxation of discipline, and attachment to luxurious indolence, were the only crimes of which the Templars were guilty; and to men of honor and spirit like them, the forfeiture of popularity which was the consequence of their apostasy, would be a sufficient punishment. This however was not the sentiment of Philip the Fair. That barbarous monarch, instigated by private revenge against some individuals of the order; encouraged by the prospect of sharing in their ample revenue; and spurred on by a spirit which seldom resides in a human breast, imprisoned in one day all the Templars in France, merely at the instance of two worthless members of the order, who had been disgraced and punished by their superiors, for the enormity of their crimes. It was pretended by these bare accusers, that the Templars abjured our Saviour, that they spit upon his cross that they burned their children, and committed other atrocious crimes, from which the human mind recoils with horror, and which could have been perpetrated only by men so completely abandoned as the informers themselves. Under the pretence of discovering what degree of credit might be attached to these accusations the Templars were extended on the rack till they confessed the crimes with which they were charged. Several of the Knights, when stretched on this instrument of agony, made every acknowledgement which their persecutors desired. But others, retaining on the rack that fortitude and contempt of death which they had exhibited on the field, persisted in denying the crimes laid to their charge, and maintained with their latest breath, the innocence of their order. Many of those, even, who had tamely submitted to their persecutors, retracted those ignominious confessions which the rack had extorted; and maintained their integrity in the midst of those flames, which the barbarous Philip had kindled for their destruction. Fifty-nine of these unhappy men were burnt alive at Paris, by a slow fire, and the same vindictive and inhuman spirit was exhibited in the other provinces of France, and in the other nations of Europe. The fortitude which, was every where displayed by these unfortunate sufferers, could have been inspired by innocence alone;

(d) A. D. 1140. Vid. Statistical Account of Scotland. vol. 21 Parish of Kilwinning; or Edinburgh Magazine for April 1802, p. 243.

(e) Vid. Barruel's Memoirs of Jacobinism, vol. 2, p. 379—383, where this is attempted at some length. As Barruel, however, was unacquainted with the ceremonies of the Templars and Masons, he has attributed to both many absurd rites which probably never existed but in his own mind. For the same reason he has omitted many points of resemblance which would have established the common opinion upon an immovable foundation.

(a) Gibbon, 8vo. v. 5, p. 110.

(b) Vid. Anthologia Hibernica, for January 1794, p. 26. and pp. 22, 23, supra.

(c) Wren's Parentalia, or a History of the Family of Wren, r. 307, 307. Henry's History of Great Britain, 8vo. v. 6, p. 237, b, v. chap. 5. Jacobson's Proof of a Conspiracy, p. 21.

and it is a strong proof, that their minds were not so enervated by indolence, nor their bodies so enfeebled by luxury as has been generally believed. The only murmurs which parted from their lips, were those which expressed their anguish and remorse, that they had betrayed, in the hour of pain, the interests of their order, and had confessed themselves guilty of crimes, unworthy of a Templar and a man.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE MORALIST.

The following essay by Miss Mary E. Field, of Stockbridge Massachusetts, was read at the annual exhibition of the Albany Female Academy in July.

For the American Masonic Register and Literary Companion.

THE IMMORTALITY OF MENTAL INFLUENCE.

Time speeds onward in rapid never-weary flight. He pauses not, but bearing on his wing the seeds of death—the fair bright things of earth, wither as he passes. He hath levelled the forest's pride; he hath defaced the chiselling of the sepulchre; the ivy-wreathed tower hath fallen beneath his touch. He has paled the cheek, and dimmed the eye, and stilled the voice.—The warrior's arm is palsied now in death; the dancer's footstep long has ceased to echo in the festive hall; the minstrel's voice is hushed; the poet's laurels have withered on his icy brow; for the breath of the chill destroyer hath been upon them. The costly urn and the proud tomb, mark their long home. A few, fleeting years, and time hath left his impress here. The inscription that commemorated the virtues of the departed is effaced, and the stone totters that bore it.

Has earth no record that may outlive the sculptured marble? no monument for the illustrious dead, that may withstand the ravages of time? Look back on ages past. Where the proud dome; the consecrated pile that marks the resting place of Homer. Are temple-fanes his monument? or mighty cities, with their pillared halls? These would have been swept away long since; but his memory, is as fresh, as though he were of yesterday. Time dares not touch that light, which emanating from the throne of the Eternal, must, like him, exist forever. Mind is too hallowed for his touch, and it is *midst those who knew the outstanding name*. When Homer sung, the fire of patriotism burned brighter, in the bosoms of his countrymen. Was war his theme; they saw the battle field; they heard the trumpet's voice—the clash of steel; they saw the arrow speeding on its death-winged flight; the life blood flowing fast, and then, the shout of victory rang in their ears. Their spirits were roused to action, and they thirsted for glory. No foe might then dare to attack their liberties. Peace, and the joys of home, were also celebrated in his majestic verse. Each listener, turned from the witching harmony, to gaze, with delight, upon the reality it had depicted, and felt that death alone, could deprive him of those blessings.—Now, as then, though long ages have elapsed—the thrilling chords, which that blind old bard rung out from the harp of poesy, have power to quicken the pulse, and to brighten the eye. He sung of Greece when in her glory; and what patriotic heart does not burn with a desire, that his own land may surpass that favored spot. He longs to see her, like Greece of old, the queen and mother of nations; himself, her Achilles. The influence of Homer's genius, must be immortal, for it has thrown a halo round his name that the lapse of ages has not been able to dim. He yet lived, while generations have passed away, unknown and unremembered.

Where is the resting place of Galileo? Amid domes and spires, and proud mausoleums to his memory? where the cypress mourns, and the yew throws its deep shade? Oh! seek ye not for his record, amid tombs, while the page of science glows with the impress of his intellect; while yet the glad jubilee is ringing for the emancipation of mind from its inglorious thralldom; while the astronomer holds converse with the stars in the silent watch of midnight. These are his trophies, and he needs no more.

What monument of proud antiquity has preserved the memory of Demosthenes so pure and unsullied by time? Is it not the lesson which he has taught the world; that difficulties, which seem insurmountable,

maybe overcome by the power of exertion? How many an aspiring mind, has been encouraged by his example, to rise superior to circumstances! See the pale care worn student, as he bends over the page, on which is stamped that burning eloquence, which, centuries since, animated every heart that could feel its force, or appreciate its beauties. He feels himself inspired by its lofty tone, or sheds a tear over some sudden strain of feeling. The fixed intensity of gaze—the deep-drawn sigh; breathe forth a touching eulogy, to the departed orator. Then it is, that ambitious longings fill his breast. Is poverty his lot? misfortune his attendant? Demosthenes rose superior to the ills of fortune; and the remembrance cheers his path-way.

The intellect of Shakspeare has exerted a lasting influence upon dramatic poetry. So powerful was the change he effected, that he is often called its father; and well does he deserve the title. Before his day, the dancing buffoon, with his unmeaning trick and coarse jest, was the only occupant of the stage. Nature was the guiding genius of Shakspeare, and from her he has derived those sentiments, which find an echo in the bosom of every individual; who starts to hear what seemed his private thoughts, a public theme. But his portraits of life and manners do not require the aid of external circumstances, in their appeals to the heart. Drapery and colouring may add to the momentary effect; but his unstudied nature and beauty, is better appreciated in the lone wild-wood, with nature's orchestra, than amid a crowded audience, with the combined influence of painting and artificial music. To the inquiring mind, he constantly discloses some new idea, at every step, some new string is touched, of that delicately constituted instrument, the human heart. The characteristic grace and originality of his sentences, have caused them to be taken on the lips, until "those ideas, which thrilled the mighty mind that originated them," have passed into common maxims of life.

Already, may we predict the immortality of that influence, which the great men of our own land, have been called upon to exert. Who struck the harp of liberty, and woke its slumbering chords, to tones of such deep harmony that distant nations paused to catch the sound, and that tuned the hearts of all, to its own holy strain? The kindred names of Washington and Henry burst from every lip. Need they the waving banner, or the sculptured trophy, to preserve their memory? Their price was immortality, and posterity shall pay it.

[CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

THE LEGENDARY.

The following, which we copy from a London Magazine, of 1793, forcibly brings to mind the thrilling incident of the fight between the rival clans, so glowingly depicted in Scott's *Valentine's Day*, if we recollect right. It would appear, that Scott did not always draw his facts from his imagination:—

Combat between the MACPHERSONS and the DAVIDSONS. From the Transactions of the Antiquaries of Scotland.

In the year 1291, Macdonald, lord of the isles, and of part of the high-lands, sent his sister's son, Angus Macintosh, chief of the Macintoshes, to inform Dugal Dall Macgillie Chattan, chief of the clan Chattan, that the lord of the isles intended to do him the honor of a visit.

It was then expected, that when this haughty lord made a visit, the host was to make an offer of his own wife or daughter, according to the situation of his family as a companion for the night to his visitor. Macgillie Chattan knew that this barbarous mark of respect would be rigorously insisted upon: and having an only daughter, and desirous of shunning the disgraceful consequences of the visit, he contrived matters so, as to clap up a marriage between his daughter and Angus Macintosh, who had come as messenger from his uncle the lord of the isles, to announce the intended visit. By this match the estate and chieftainship of the clan Chattan was transferred to Macintosh, who let the greatest part of his new acquired estate to the Camerons. But the Camerons had scarcely got possession than they refused to pay the stipulated rent; and Macintosh, endeavoring to compel them, many severe con-

flicts happened between the two clans, of which the most remarkable was at Innernahoven, in Badenoch. About the year 1296, Macintosh having received advice that the Camerons were assembling their numerous clan and dependents, to drive off his cattle, soon collected a superior force, consisting of several smaller clans, under the general name of clan Chattan. But, when the adverse hosts were in view of one another, an unseasonable difference arose between the Macphersons and Davidsons. Though both agreed that Macintosh should command the whole, Macpherson of Cluny, and Davidson of Innernahoven, contested for the next post of honor, each affirming that he was the eldest branch of the clan Chattan. This dispute being referred to Macintosh, he gave his decision in favor of Davidson, which Cluny resented so much, that he drew off his men, who stood by, idle spectators, while the Camerons overpowered the Macintoshes and Davidsons, a part of them being only saved by the coming on of night. Macintosh, taking advantage of the darkness, sent his own bard towards the camp of the Macphersons, but by a circuitous rout, as if he had come from the camp of the Camerons. There the bard, speaking as if in the person of a Cameron, often repeated the following sarcastic lines:

Tha luchd na failleadh air an tom,
'San bolg-shuileach donn na dhraip:
Cha ba bbur cairdeas ruinn a bhann,
Ach ba bbur lamhan a bhi tais.

The meaning of this is the false party are on the hillocks, and the man with the big brown eyes (by this expression was marked out Macintosh) in distress: it was not out of friendship to us, but merely your own cowardice. The reproach nettled Macpherson so much, that he called up his men, and, attacking the Camerons that same night, when he was least expected made a great slaughter, pursued them far, and killed their chief Charles Macalonnair, at a hollow place in the hills; which, in memory of that has been ever since known by the name of Coire Thearlaich, i. e. Charles's Caldron.

Though the above conflict terminated the dispute with the Camerons, there arose another between the Macphersons and Davidsons, that filled that part of the highlands with numberless disorders for an hundred years; so that King Robert III. found it necessary to send the Earls Crawford and Dunbar, two of the principal noblemen in Scotland, with an armed force to reconcile or subdue them. Finding to subdue them would be difficult, and to reconcile them impossible, brought them at last to submit to the only terms suited to their own distempered dispositions. These terms were, that their future superiority should be determined by the event of a combat of thirty on a each side. They were to fight in presence of the king, with only their broad-swords, on the north inch of Perth.

When the appointed day arrived, the Macphersons wanted one of their number. It was proposed to balance the difference by withdrawing one of the Davidsons; but these were so earnest for a share of the honor of the day that none of them would consent to be the man left out. In this perplexity, one Henry Wynd, a sword-cutler, commonly called An Gobheron, i. e. the Stopping Smith, offered to supply the place of the absent man for a French crown of gold, about seven shillings and sixpence sterling. This point being settled, the combat began with all the fury of enraged enemies; and Henry Wynd contributed much in making victory declare for the Macphersons; of this side, however, besides himself, there survived only ten, and these all grievously wounded. Of the Davidsons, twenty-nine were killed, and only one of them being unhurt, jumped into the Tay, swam across the river, and so escaped. Henry Wynd went home with the Macphersons, and was received as one of their clan.—His descendants are called Sliochd a Ghobheruim, i. e. the Race of the Stopping Smith. Smith of Balhary's motto, *Caraid ann am Feum*; a friend in Time of Need, seems to allude to this piece of history.

It seems proper here to take notice of two mistakes usual to those who relate the above incident.—First, Henry Wynd is usually said to have been a saddler; but the appellation of the Stopping Smith, still continued to his posterity, sufficiently proves what was his occupation. Secondly, What is here said to have been done by the Davidsons, is commonly attributed to the Mackays.

POPULAR TALES.

CHRISTIAN WOLF.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 116.

'Whom have we here?' said the apparition.
'Such another as yourself,' was my answer—that is, if your looks don't belie you.'

'There is no passage this way. Whom seek ye here.'

'By what right do you ask?' returned I boldly. The man considered me leisurely twice, from the feet up to the head. It seemed as if he were comparing my figure with his own, and my answer with my figure—

'You speak as stoutly as a beggar,' said he at last.

'That may be—I was one yesterday.'

'The man smiled—'One would swear,' cried he, 'you were not much better than one to-day.'

'Something worse, friend. I must on.'

'Softly, friend. What hurries you? Is your time so very precious?'

'I considered myself for a moment. I know not how the words came to the tip of my tongue. "Life is short," said I, at last, "and hell is eternal."

'He looked steadily upon me. "May I be d—d," said he, if you have not rubbed shoulders with the gallows ere now.

'It may be so. Farewell, till we meet again, comrade.'

'Stop, comrade, shouted the man: He pulled a tin flask from his pouch, took a hearty pull of it, and handed it to me. My flight and my anguish had exhausted my strength, and all this day nothing had passed my lips. Already I was afraid I might faint in the wilderness, for there was no place of refreshment within many miles of me. Judge how gladly I accepted his offer. New strength rushed with the liquor into my limbs—with that, fresh courage into my heart, and hope and love of life. I began to believe that I might not be for ever wretched, such power was in the welcome draught. There was something pleasant in finding myself with a creature of my own stamp. In the state in which I was, I would have pledged a devil, that I might once more have a companion.

The man stretched himself on the ground, and I did the same. He looked at me, and said, "I did not get better acquainted."

'He struck his flint, and lighted his pipe. "Are you old in the trade?" said I.

'He looked sternly at me—"What would you say, friend?"—"Has that often bloody?" said I, pointing to the knife in his girdle.

'Who art thou?' cried he fiercely, and threw down his pipe. "A murderer, friend, like yourself—but only a beginner." He took up his pipe again.

'Your home is not hereabouts?' said he, after a pause.

'Some three miles off,' said I; did you ever hear of the landlord of the Sun at Bielsdorf?

'The man sprang up like one possessed—"What, the poacher Wolf?" cried he hastily.

'The same.'

'Welcome! comrade, welcome! and give me a shake of thy hand: this is good, mine host of the Sun. Year and day have I sought for thee. I know thee well. I know all. I have long reckoned upon thee Wolf.'

'Reckoned on me? and wherefore.'

'The whole country is full of you, man; you have had enemies, Wolf; you have been hardly dealt with. You have been made a sacrifice. Your treatment has been shameful.'

'The man waxed warm—"What! because you shot a pair of boars or stags it may be, that the prince feeds here on our acorns: was that a reason for chasing you from house and hold, confining you three years in the castle, and making a beggar of you. Is it come to this that a man is of less worth than a hare? Are we no better than the beasts of the field, brother? and can Wolf endure it? I can't."

'Who can alter these things?'

'That we shall presently see: but tell me, whence come you, and what are you about?'

'I told him my whole story. He would not hear me

to the end, but leaped up, and dragged me along with him. "Come, mine host of the Sun," said he, "now you are ripe, now I have you. I shall look for honour from you, Wolf! follow me."

'Whither will you lead me?'

'Ask no questions. Follow.' And he pulled me like a giant.'

'We had advanced some quarter of a mile. The road was becoming every step more thick, wild, and impassable. Neither of us spake a word. I was roused from my reverie by the whistle of my guide. I looked up, and perceived that we were standing on the edge of a rock, which hung over a deep dark ravine. A second whistle answered from the foot of the precipice, and a ladder rose, as if of its own motion from below. My guide stepped upon it, and desired me to await his return. "I must first tie up the hounds," said he; "you are a stranger here, and the beasts would tear you in pieces."

'Then I was alone upon the rock, and I well knew that I was alone. The carelessness of my guide did not escape my attention. With a single touch of my hand I could pull up the ladder, and my flight was secured. I confess that I saw this—I began to shudder at the precipice below me, and to think of that depth from which there is no redemption. I resolved upon flight—I put my hand to the ladder, but then came that to my ear, as if with the laughter of devils, "What can a murderer do?" and my arm dropt powerless by my side. My reckoning was complete. Murder lay like a rock behind me, and barred all retreat for ever. At this moment my guide re-appeared and bade me come down. I had no longer any choice—I obeyed him.

'A few yards from the foot of the precipice the ground widened a little, and some huts became visible. In the midst of these there was a little piece of smooth turf, and there about eighteen or twenty figures lay scattered around a coal fire. Here comrades, cried my guide, leading me into the centre of the group; "here get up and bid the landlord welcome."

'Welcome, good landlord," cried all at once, and crowded around me, men and women. Shall I confess it? Their joy appeared hearty and honest; confidence and respect was in every countenance; one took me by the hand, another by the cloak;—my reception was such as might have been expected by some old and valued friend. Our arrival had interrupted their repast—we joined it, and I was called to pledge my new friends in a bumper. The meal consisted of game of all kinds; and the bottle, filled with good Rhenish, was not allowed to rest for an instant. The company seemed to be full of affection towards each other, and of good will towards me.

'They had made me sit down between two women, and this seemed to be considered as a place of honour. I expected to find these the refuse of their sex, but, how great was my astonishment, when I perceived, under their coarse garments, two of the most beautiful females I had ever seen. Margaret, the elder and handsomer of the two, was addressed by the name of Miss, and might be five-and-twenty. Her language was free, and her looks were still more eloquent. Mary, the younger, was married, but her husband had treated her cruelly and deserted her. Her features were perhaps prettier, but she was pale and thin, and less striking, on the whole, than her fiery neighbour. They both endeavored to please me. Margaret was the beauty, but my heart was more taken with the womanly, gentle Mary.

'Brother Wolf," cried my guide, "you see how we live here; with us every day is alike; is it not so comrades?'

'Every day is like the present," cried they all.

'If you like our way of life,' continued the man, 'strike in, be one of us: be our captain. I bear the dignity for the present, but I will yield it to Wolf. Say I right, comrades?'—A hearty 'Yes yes,' was the answer.

'My brain was on fire, wine and passion had inflamed my blood. The world had thrown me out like a leper—here were brotherly welcome, good cheer, and honour. Whatever choice I might make, I knew that death was before me; but here at least I might sell my life dearly. Women had till now spurned me,—the smiles of Mary were new to my soul. "I remain with you, comrades," cried I, loudly and firmly, stepping into the midst of the band—I remain with you, my good friends, providing you give me my pretty

neighbour. They all consented to gratify my wish, and I sat down contented, lord of a courtesan and captain of a banditti.

The following part of the history I shall entirely omit, for there is no instruction in that which is purely disgusting. The unhappy Wolf, sunk to this hopeless depth, was obliged to partake in all the routine of wickedness; but he was never guilty of a second murder; so at least he swore solemnly when upon the scaffold.

The fame of this man, spread in a short time, through the whole province. The highways were unsafe—nocturnal robberies alarmed the citizens—the name of Christian Wolf became the terror of the old and young—justices set every device at work to ensnare him—and a premium was set upon his head.—Yet he was fortunate enough to escape every attempt against his person, and crafty enough to convert the superstition of the peasantry into an engine of defence. It was universally given out that Wolf was in league with the devil—that his whole band were wizards. The province is a remote and ignorant one, and no man was very willing to come to close quarters with the ally of the apostate.

For a full year did Wolf persist in this terrible trade, but at last it began to be intolerable to him. The men at whose head he had placed himself, were not what he had supposed. They had received him at first with an exterior of profusion, but he soon discovered that they had deceived him. Hunger and want appeared in the room of abundance; he was often obliged to venture his life for a booty, which, when won, was scarcely sufficient to support his existence for a single day.—The veil of brotherly affection also passed away, and beneath it he found the lurking paltriness of thieves and harpies. A large reward had been proclaimed for him that should deliver Wolf alive into the hands of justice—if the discoverer should be one of his own gang, a free pardon was promised in addition—a mighty search for the outcast of the earth!—Wolf was sensible of his danger. The honor of those who were at war with God and man seemed but an insufficient security for his life. From this time sleep was agony; wherever he was, the ghost of suspicion haunted him—pursued his steps—watched his pillow—disturbed his dreams. Long silenced conscience again raised her voice, and slumbering remorse began to awake and mingle her errors in the universal storm of his life. His whole nature, was turned from mankind, and concentrated upon his own head. He forgave all nature, and was inexorable only to himself.

This misery of guilt completed his education, and delivered at last his naturally excellent understanding from its shackles. He now felt how low he had fallen; sadness took the place of phrenzy in his bosom. Cold tears, solitary sighs obliterated the past; for him it no more existed. He began to hope that he might yet be a good man, for he felt within himself the awakening power of being such. It may be that Wolf, at this the moment of his greatest degradation, was nearer the right path than he had ever been since he first quitted it.

About this time the seven years' war broke out, and the German Princes were every where making great levies of troops. The unhappy Wolf shaped some slight hope to himself from these circumstances, and at last took courage to pen the following letter to his sovereign.

'If it be not too much for princely compassion to descend to such as Christian Wolf, give him a hearing. I am a thief and a murderer—the laws condemn me to death—justice has set all her myrmidons in search of me—I beg that I may be permitted to deliver up myself. But I bring, at the same time, a strange petition to the throne. I hate my life, I fear not death, but I cannot bear to die without having lived. I would live, my prince, in order to atone, by my services, for my offences. My execution might be an example to the world, but not an equivalent for my deeds. I hate the wretchedness of guilt. I thirst after virtue. I have shown my power to do evil permit me to shew my power to do good.

'I know that I make an unheard-of request. My life is forfeit; it may seem absurd for me to state any pretensions to favour. But I appear not in chains and bonds before you—I am still free—and fear

is the least among all the motives which induces this petition.

'It is to mercy that I have fled. I have no claim upon justice—if I had I should disdain to bring it forward. Yet of one circumstance I might remind my judges—the period of my outrages commenced with that of my degradation. Had their sentence been less severe, perhaps I should have had no occasion to be a supplicant to day.

'If you give me life, it shall be dedicated to your service. A single word in the gazette shall bring me immediately to your feet. If otherwise you have determined—let justice do her part I must do mine.'

CHRISTIAN WOLF.

This petition remained without an answer; so did a second and third, in which Wolf begged to be permitted to serve as a hussar in the army of the prince. At last, losing all hope of a pardon, he resolved to fly from the country, and die a brave soldier in the service of King Frederick.

He gave his companions the slip, and took to his journey. The first day brought him to a small country town, where he resolved to spend the night.

The circumstances of the times, the commencing war, the recruiting, made the officers at every post doubly vigilant in observing travellers. The gate-keeper of the town had received a particular command to be attentive. The appearance of Wolf had something imposing but, at the same time, swarthy terrible, and savage. The meagre bony horse he rode, and the grotesque and scanty arrangement of his apparel, formed a strange contrast with a countenance whereon a thousand fierce passions seemed to lie exhausted and concealed, like the dying and dead upon a field of battle. The gate-keeper started at the strange apparition. Forty years of experience had made the man, grown grey in his office, as sharp-sighted as an eagle in detecting offenders. He immediately bolted his gate and demanded the passport of Wolf. The fugitive was however prepared for this accident; and he drew out, without hesitation, a pass which he had taken a few days before from a plundered merchant. Still this solitary evidence was not able entirely to satisfy the scruples of the practised officer. The gate-keeper trusted his own eyes rather than the paper and Wolf was compelled to follow him to the town house.

The chief magistrate of the place examined the pass, and declared it to be in every respect what it should be. It happened that this man was a great politician,—his chief pleasure in life consisted in canning over a newspaper, with a bottle of wine before him. The passport shewed forth that its bearer had come from the very centre of the seat of war. He hoped to draw some private intelligence from the stranger; and the clerk, who brought back the pass, requested Wolf to step in, and take a bottle of Mark-brunner with his master.

Meantime the traveller had remained on horseback at the door of the town-house, and his singular appearance had collected about him half the rabble of the place. They looked at the horse and his rider by turns,—they laughed,—they whispered,—at last it had become a perfect tumult. Unfortunately the animal Wolf rode on was a stolen one, and he immediately began to fancy that it was described in some of the prints. The unexpected invitation of the magistrate completed his confusion. He took it for granted that the reality of his pass had been detected, and that the invitation was only a trick for getting hold of him alive. A bad conscience stupified his faculties—he clapped spurs to his horse, and galloped off without making any answer to the clerk.

The sudden flight convinced all that had before suspected him. 'A thief, a robber,' was the cry, and the whole mob were at his heels. Wolf rode for life and death, and he soon left his pursuers breathless behind.—His deliverance is near; but a heavy hand was upon him—the hour was come—unrelenting destiny was there.

The road he had taken led to no outlet, and Wolf was obliged to turn round upon his pursuer.

The alarm of this incident had, in the mean time, set the whole town into an uproar: every road was blocked, and a whole host of enemies came forth to receive him. He draws out a pistol; the crowd yields: he begins to make a way for himself through their ranks.

'The first that lays a finger on me—dies,' shouted Wolf, holding out his pistol. Fear produced an universal pause. But a firm old soldier seized him from behind, and mastered the hand which held the weapon. He knocks the pistol from his grasp; the disarmed Wolf is instantly dragged from his horse, and borne in triumph back to the town house.

'Who are you?' said the magistrate, in a stern and brutal tone.

'One who is resolved to answer no questions, unless they be more civilly put.'

'Who are you, sir?'

'What I said I was. I have travelled through all of Germany, and never found oppression, till now.'

'Your sudden flight excites suspicion against you. Why fled you?'

'Because I was weary of being mocked by your rabble.'

'You threatened to fire?'

'My pistol was not loaded.' They examined it and found no ball.

'Why do you carry such weapons?'

'Because I have property with me, and I have heard a great deal of one Wolf that haunts in the woods here.'

'Your answers prove your courage, but not your honesty, friend. I allow you till morning. Perhaps you will then speak the truth.'

'I have already said all.'

'Take him to the tower.'

'To the tower?—I beg you would consider, sir.—There is justice in the country, and I will demand satisfaction at your hands.'

'I shall give you satisfaction, friend, so soon as you find justice on your side.'

Next morning the magistrate began to suspect that, after all, the stranger might be an honest man, and that high words might have no effect in making him alter his tone. He was half inclined to think that the best way might be to let him go. He called together the councillors, however, and sent for the prisoner.

'I hope you will forgive us, if we dealt somewhat hardly with you yesterday evening.'

'Most willingly, since you ask me to do so.'

'Our rules are strict, and your conduct gave rise to suspicion. I cannot set you free without departing from my duty. Appearances are against you. I wish you would say something, which might satisfy us of your good character.'

'And if I should say nothing?'

'Then I must send your passport to Munich, and you must remain here till it returns.'

Wolf was silent for a few minutes, and appeared to be much agitated; he then stepped close up to the magistrate.

'Can I be a quarter of an hour alone with you?'

The councillors looked doubtfully at each other, but the magistrate motioned to them, and they withdrew.

'Now what will you?'

'Your conduct yesterday evening, sir, could never have brought me to your terms, for I despise violence. The manner in which you treat me to-day has filled me with respect for your character. I believe you to be an honorable man.'

'What have you to say to me?'

'I see you are an honorable man. I have long wished to meet with such a man. Will you give me your right hand?'

'What will you, stranger?'

'Your head is gray and venerable. You have been long in the world—you have had sorrows too—Is it not so?—and they have made you more merciful?'

'Sir, what mean you?'

'You are near to eternity—yourself will soon have need of compassion from God. You will not deny it to man. Am I not right? To whom do you suppose yourself to be speaking?'

'What is this?—you alarm me.'

'Do you not guess the truth?—Write to your prince how you found me, and that I have been my own betrayer. May God's mercy to him be such as his shall be to me. Entreat for me, old man—weep for me—my name is WOLF.'

THE AGE.

DECLINE AND FALL OF THE CITY OF DOGTOWN.

BY TIMOTHY TITTERWELL, ESQ.

Dogtown is a beautiful place in the interior of this State. There is plenty of land around it, so that nothing can hinder it from growing in every direction, and thus becoming a great city. In fact, Dogtown has already a one-story church, part of a schoolhouse, and an elegant pound. Nobody can see Dogtown without being reminded of that celebrated town in France, named Grandville, of which we have the following description:

Grandville, grand vilain,
Une église et un moulin
Voilà Grandville tout a plain,

Which we may translate thus:

Grandville, great Grandville
Has a meetinghouse and mill,
Nothing else in all Grandville.

Dogtown is finely and advantageously situated. It stands on Eel River, a stream of water which runs into another stream, and that into a third, which runs into Connecticut River, which running into Long Island Sound, finally reaches the Atlantic; who does not see, therefore, that Dogtown may become a great seaport? The territory in the neighborhood of Dogtown is remarkable for its fertility, bating that part of it which is covered with rocks, the salt meadow, the pine woods, the clay-ponds and the swamps. It is past a doubt, therefore, that the territory, if well cleared, drained, people and cultivated, would become a perfect garden, abounding with the richest productions of nature, and affording a mine of wealth to the country. As to the facilities of communication with the great Atlantic cities and commercial marts, they are admirable. Dogtown has Boston on one side and New York on the other. Montreal and Quebec are in the north, while in the east is the rich and thriving State of Maine, with Bangor and Owl's Head to boot. Railroads can be made to connect Dogtown with all these places, and they will certainly form such a connection, when they are built. That the place will be a great focus of trade when this is done, nobody I think will deny. The neighborhood of Dogtown has all the advantages that can be desired in a young country.—There will be as many large towns within thirty miles of the place, as people choose to build. The population cannot fail to increase rapidly, for a man can get married for seventy-five cents, town clerk's fees included. The attraction for settlers must therefore be considered very great. The Dogtowners are remarkably industrious, for they get a living, although constantly grumbling of hard times. They are moreover ingenious, for they manufacture axe handles, wooden bowls, birch brooms, and white oak cheese, and invent mouse traps and washing machines. Last of all, the inhabitants of Dogtown are literary and intellectual, for they talk a great deal of the march of improvement and the minister and the lawyer take the Penny Magazine between them.

All these attractions together, form a combination truly wonderful. But the reader will be astonished when I inform him that the inhabitants of this favored spot lived a great many years without the smallest suspicion of what I have here described. They tho't very little of themselves or of the town they lived in, and continued to vegetate from year to year without imagining they were better off than other folks. In fact, the world might have continued to this day in utter ignorance that Dogtown was such a wonderful place, but for an accident; an accident I call it, for the Dogtowners having lived for so many years without opening their eyes, the fact that they *did* open them of a sudden, on a certain day in the year of grace, 1834, must be considered purely accidental. Some people are inclined to ascribe it to the approach of the comet, which had a powerful influence in opening people's eyes—to say nothing of its effect in driving them stark mad. But that is neither here nor there. The people of Dogtown opened their eyes and saw: that was enough, they saw in an instant their immense advantages, and were astonished that they never had seen them before. They saw their advantages. I say and were determined to turn them to account.

Straightway Dogtown was all alive; every body was

confident that Dogtown must become a great place; and as every body told every body else so, there was no doubt about the matter. Every man went to buying land who could pay for it; and those who could not pay, bought upon credit, sure of selling it at ten times the cost within the year. Nothing was talked of but the immense advantages of the place. The riches of Dogtown were indeed immense, and how they could have been overlooked so long, was a mystery that no one could understand.

The land within the limits of the town was computed at 720,000,000 square feet, which at one cent per foot is cheap enough in all conscience, would amount to 7,200,000,000 dollars. What a sum! But this was not all. Half of this land was covered with trees at the rate of one tree every five feet square, or quadrangle of twenty-five feet: this gave a computation of 10,400,000 trees; and as each tree on an average contained seventy-five cubic feet of timber, it followed that there was actually within the town 780,000,000 feet of timber, worth on the lowest calculation five cts. per foot, which would amount to \$39,000,000. This, added to the value of the land as above, made a grand total of forty-six millions two hundred thousand dollars!

The mention of these sums almost drove the good people of Dogtown distracted with joy; they could hardly believe their eyes or ears, but there it was in black and white; figures could not lie. They were amazed to think of their own stupidity and that of their ancestors in letting forty-six millions two hundred dollars lie totally idle and unproductive; but they were determined not to allow their wealth to be neglected any longer. A grand scheme of speculation and improvement was started, and all rushed headlong into it. Every man in Dogtown was now rich, or, what was the same thing, was sure of being so before long. Immense tracts were laid out in building lots, and speculators flocked in from all quarters; from Catsville and Weazletown and Buzzardsborough, and Ganderfield and Crow Corner and Upper Bugbury and Punkinton, and Black Swamp and the Bottomless Bogs. Such a busy time as the Dogtowners had of it. Nothing was talked of but buying land, building houses laying out roads, streets, squares, avenues, rail roads, canals, &c. &c. &c. People left off ploughing and hoeing, because agriculture was too slow a method of making money; for who would think of raising turnips to sell, at twenty cents a bushel, when he could make a hundred times the profit by speculating in land?

First of all, it was determined that Dogtown should be a city. The want of population was found to be a serious obstacle here; the constitution of the state requires ten or twelve thousand inhabitants for a city; and as Dogtown, including the suburbs of Puppyville and Skunk's Misery, contained a population of only six hundred and thirty-one, it was thought there might be some difficulty in getting a charter without anticipating the returns of the next census. However, a city it must be, sometime or other, in this all were agreed, and it might as well have the name first as last; so they concluded to call it a city. It is astonishing what a spirit of enterprise these prospects infused into the people of Dogtown. The schoolhouse door was painted green, uncle Joe Stubbins mended the top of his chimney, and it was voted in town-meeting to purchase three wheelbarrows for the public use; and all in consequence of these projected improvements.—Nay, so widely did their views of business expand, that Aminadab Figgins, the grocer, determined to give up retailing, and declared he wouldn't split crackers nor cut candles any longer.

Such was the thriving condition of the city of Dogtown when I left the place in the autumn of that year. I continued to hear of it through the medium of the Dogtown Daily Advertiser a newspaper established there by an enterprising printer from Connecticut at the first drawing of the commercial prosperity of the city.—It appeared to go ahead rapidly. The newspaperspoke of the Exchange, the town Hall, the bank, the new post office, the rail road, canal, &c. House lots were advertised in Washington Square, Merchant's Row, State street, &c. Contracts were proposed for building churches, manufactories, &c. This was Dogtown in all its glory.

Last August I determined to make a visit to this celebrated place in order to feast my eyes with the splendor of a city that had sprung up as it were by enchantment.

When I reached the foot of Blueberry Hill, which overlooks the whole place, I walked eagerly to the top, in order to catch a view, at a single glance, of the city, in all its magnificence. To my utter astonishment, instead of spires and domes, I saw nothing but Deacon Stumpy's old mansion, with five other ragged and dingy looking edifices, which stood exactly where I had always known them. I entered the city through State street, but discovered nothing new except a small house without a chimney. Not a living thing was to be seen in Washington Square, but three geese, who were lazily picking a mouthful of grass among the mud-puddles. I inquired for the Exchange, and found it in use by the Deacon as a cow-pen. The new church, however, I was told had actually proceeded as far as the raising of the timbers; but it was subsequently sold by auction to pay for digging the cellar.

I had a check upon the Dogtown Bank for three dollars, and wishing to draw the money, I was directed to No. 19. Tremont street. This turned out to be the identical building formerly occupied by old Kit Cobble, the shoemaker. It was bank hours, but the bank was shut, and there was not a soul to be seen. Just as I was going away, I spied a tin horn hanging by the door, with a paper over it, on which was written, "Persons having business at the bank, are requested to blow the horn." I put the horn to my lips and blew a blast both long and loud. After waiting about ten minutes, I spied Isaac Thumper coming slowly down the road: he proved to be the cashier of the Dogtown Bank, and after some difficulty I convinced him of the safety of cashing the check.

Upon inquiring of Isaac what use had been made of the forty-six millions two hundred thousand dollars, he informed me that most of it remained in notes of hand. Money was scarce, and was expected to continue so until the onion crop had been got in. It was easy to see that the city had sadly declined from its meridian splendor. In fact, Dogtown has suffered a complete downfall, for hardly anybody now speaks of it as a city.—They have as much land as ever, and so long as it continued to be valued at their own price, they were as rich as Jews; but, unfortunately, it fell in value the moment they expected the purchasers to pay for it.—The Dogtowners are poor enough at present, but they are not the first, and probably will not be the last people who have ruined themselves by building a city on speculation.

MISCELLANY.

DON CARLOS.

[A correspondent of the Evening Star furnishes the following interesting particulars of the life of Don Carlos, the Spanish usurper:]

As the history of royalty has been, within the memory of the men around us, in great reverses and misfortunes, seldom has it a more constant tale of sorrow to relate than in the instance of Don Carlos. When his father and his brother, (the late Ferdinand VII.) were taken prisoners by Napoleon, he accompanied them into captivity. In this condition he remained for some years. His brother became king, and Don Carlos was viewed with suspicion by that selfish, sensual, bigoted brute. Ferdinand altered the line of succession, against Don Carlos, by a decree which abrogated the Salique law. On his death Don Carlos treating the decree as illegal, (and it looks very like it, for the monarch's simple decrees never could abrogate a law in Spain,) took up arms. He was beaten, and in May, 1834, sought and obtained a hospitable asylum in England. The good natured king, William IV., offered him royal honors, but he declined them. If his scheme was to draw public attention from him, it was admirable. He landed at Portsmouth, (where he buried his wife as "Queen of Spain,") and he had been a very short time in England ere he was waited upon by one of Zumalacarreñi's agents, with whom he arranged a plan for immediately returning to Spain.

Early in July, 1835, Don Carlos secretly quitted Gloucester Lodge, Brompton, where Canning had lived, and escaping by the garden gate, went into a hackney coach, and drove to London. Here he was received by some of his adherents, and underwent the operation of having his grey hairs dyed brown. This was performed for him by a lady, who could not help weeping. He asked why she wept, and the lady

said it was because of the dangers he was about to undergo. "Fear not," said he "I have a presentiment of success. My enemies have never known my true character, and the very daring of the exploit will baffle and dismay them!" At midnight he quitted London, posted to Brighton, sailed to Dieppe, passed on to Paris, and put up at Meurice's Hotel. He dined with M. Jauge, the banker, and then went to the opera to see *Robert le Diable*. In a day or two he quitted Paris for Bordeaux, and passed Louis Philippe on the road, but was not recognized, for his dyed hair had much changed his appearance, and he had also shaven off his moustachios. "I am going," said he to his companion, "to destroy the Quadruple Treaty with my sword. What would Louis Philippe give to arrest my progress?"

What has happened since, we all know. The wonder is how he could, during five years, have held out. He might have done so for as many years more, if Marotto had not betrayed him. I suppose that, after all, he will come back to England, but he may give more trouble to the Christino party. Even now, a fugitive and almost a prisoner, he claims to be king de jure. What will be the end?

EDUCATION OF THE PEOPLE.

It has been observed, that if the French had been an educated people many of the atrocities of their revolution would never have happened, and I believe it.—Furious mobs are composed, not of enlightened men—of men in whom the passions are dominant over the judgment, because the judgment has not been exercised, and informed, and habituated to direct the conduct. A factious declaimer can much less easily influence a number of men who acquired at school the rudiments of knowledge, and who have subsequently devoted their leisure to a mechanics' institute, than a multitude who cannot read or write, and who have never practised reasoning or considerate thought. And as the education of a people prevents political evil, it effects political good. Despotism well know that knowledge is inimical to their power.

ODDS AND ENDS.

CONVENIENT CRITICISM.—Sheridan had a very convenient formula as a reply to the new publications that were constantly sent to him, viz: "Dear sir, I have received your exquisite work, and I have no doubt I shall be highly delighted after I have read it."

There are many pumps in the vicinity of this city possessing the surprising power of converting one quart of milk into three pints, and some of them will make half a gallon of one quart!

Thomas Jefferson said truly:—"Bankers receive a profit on what they owe, from those to whom they owe, and for a thing containing within itself, no intrinsic value."

"What is the cause of the present pecuniary embarrassments?" This question was put to a shrewd old merchant a short time since, who answered, "The right owners are calling for their money." That's about it.

Could a man in the height of passion, see himself, he would want no other motive to govern his temper.

A loafer lingering about a bar-room was finally asked by a slight acquaintance to drink. Affecting to be indifferent to the invitation, he asked "what is the lightest drink?" "That which you don't pay for," said the bar-keeper.

Perhaps there is no phrase in common use more trite and unmeaning than that of "How do you do, sir?" as applied by persons meeting in the streets, or by those who are introduced to each other. If this mode of salutation were altered to, "Health and happiness to you, sir," it would not be without meaning, and would generally express the sincere wish of heart; for no man desires the unhappiness of a fellow-creature, unless he be his inveterate enemy.

Zeno, the philosopher, believed in an inevitable destiny. His servant availed himself of his doctrine, one day, while being beaten for a theft by exclaiming, "was I not destined to rob?" "Yes" replied Zeno, "and to be corrected also."

AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER.

ALBANY, SATURDAY, DEC. 21, 1839.

Those Brethren who subscribed the prospectus for the Masonic Register, by me circulated, and who have not paid for the same to me, or Br. Mix, will oblige me much by sending the same to Br. L. G. Hoffman, by mail. The Post Masters, are authorised to send such money free of postage.

BLANCHARD POWERS.

Bennington, Nov. 19, 1839.

MASONRY IN KENTUCKY.—We have been favored with the proceedings of the Grand Lodge of Kentucky, from which we make such extracts as will be of interest to the brethren in this section of country.—We are not apprised of the state of Masonry in this State in years gone by, but if we are to judge of the past by the present flourishing condition of things in that State, Masonry has suffered nothing from the mildew and moral pestilence which has swept every thing before its baneful influence, in our own State, except the ancient landmarks of the Order.

The Subordinate Lodges report two hundred and eleven initiations during the year, and the Grand Treasurer, in his annual report acknowledges \$15,252.65, in his hands.

During the setting of the Grand Lodge, it was resolved to erect a Grand Masonic Hall in the city of Lexington, for the use of the Grand and Subordinate Lodges, and \$15000 was appropriated for that purpose.

The plan proposes a building with a basement story, and two stories of fourteen feet each upon it—the whole building to be sixty-five by forty-five feet in size, with a suitable number of windows, doors, flues, &c. to be of brick, and strongly built—on the first floor are arranged suitable rooms for the accommodation of two Lodges; besides a room for depositing the records and other property of the Grand Lodge, or for receiving strangers. On the second floor is the Grand Hall, 45 by 42 feet in size, for the use of the Grand Lodge, with a committee room, the rooms below being also to be applied to the same purpose whenever needed, the same rooms being also suitable for the accommodation of the Grand Chapter or subordinate Chapters, should they desire to hold their meetings as heretofore, in connexion with the Grand Lodge.

The Committee on foreign communications in their report, say, "That it is deemed a matter of great utility to the order, that the interchange of communication with all the regular Grand Lodges in the Union, should be placed on a permanent footing, by the best means in the power of this Grand Lodge. It inculcates the principles of harmony and brotherly love, which ought ever to characterize the order in its internal organization."

The following Grand Officers were duly elected for the ensuing year:—

M. W. George Breckenridge, G. M.
R. W. Thomas C. Orrear, D. G. M.
W. Abner Cunningham, S. G. W.
W. Thomas J. Welby, J. G. W.
M. R. Caleb W. Cloud, G. C.
Edmund F. Vawter, G. O.
Philip Swigert, G. Sec'y
William Brown, jr. G. Treas.
Augustus D. Ehrich, G. S. & T.

INSTALLATION.—A public Installation of Phoenix Lodge, at Lansingburg, will take place on Friday evening, the 27th inst. The Brethren of Albany, Troy, and their vicinities, are invited to attend. Br. Eddy, of Apollo Lodge, Troy, is expected to pronounce an Address on this occasion, which from the

preparation, promises to be solemn and interesting.—While noticing this subject, we would again remind Secretaries and others that we shall at all times be happy to publish the returns of elections, the proceedings at anniversaries, installations, or other masonic intelligence. We hope they will not be remiss on this subject. The tendency will be happy. One spirited Lodge can infuse life in a dozen dead ones.

At the annual meeting of Mount Vernon Lodge No. 3, held at St. John's Hall, on Thursday evening the 19th, the following brethren were duly elected officers for the ensuing year.

Lewis G. Hoffman, W. M.
William Connelly, S. W.
George S. Gibbons, J. W.
John Hurdis, Sec'y.
Alexander Gray, Treasurer.
Richard Parr, S. D.
James K. Halliday, J. D.
Abraham Siskles, Tyler.
John Pochin, }
A. L. Lawrence, } Stewards.

At the annual meeting of Temple Lodge, No. 53, held at St. John's Hall, on Tuesday evening Dec. 17 5839—the following brethren were elected officers for the ensuing year, viz:

Argalus W. Starks, W. M.
John W. H. Canoll, S. W.
William Ferguson, J. W.
William Voorhees, Treasurer.
Levi Ewing, Secretary.
Peter G. Sharpe, S. D.
Isaac F. Fletcher, J. D.
Abraham Siskles, Tyler.
James Radliff, }
S. V. R. Ableman, } Stewards.

THE EXPENSE OF WAR.—We are assured, by those who profess to understand the matter, that the late Helderbergh war, will cost the state and county together, upwards of \$50,000. This is paying for the whistle at a round rate. The Sun says, that an attempt will be made to prevent the law-breaking law makers, who were elected to the legislature, from taking their seats. We hope it will be so. Every good citizen should unite in effecting it.

* * Will our friends, at their several communications, on the 27th, endeavour to extend the circulation of the Register.

The essay of Miss Field, late of the Albany Academy on the "Immortality of Mental Influence," received the premium, at that institution. Its style is pure and classical, and as a composition, is decidedly the best we have published, "Triptolmous Tindall, Esq.'s." "Frvolitities," to the contrary notwithstanding.

The "Decline and Fall of the City of Dogtown," which will be found, on another page, should have been credited to an amusing little volume, entitled "Yankee Notions." It is a fair hit at the land speculations of 1834—when "Dogtown" cities were as plenty as their inhabitants—bullfrogs, alligators, and land sharks.

One of our Subscribers in Kingston U. Canada, to whom we sent twelve back numbers of the Register, says that he was compelled to pay forty-five cents, postage on them. This is wrong, and is not justified, by the regulations understood to exist between the Canadian and American post office, which is one or one and half cents a paper. The fact whether a sub-

scriber is receiving his paper weekly, or the 52 at one time, neither adds nor diminishes. The post master at Kingston, will undoubtedly correct the mistake.

MARRIED.

On Monday evening, 16th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Holmes, Mr. Samuel B. Woolworth of Homer, Cortland county, to Miss Betsey, daughter of Dr. J. W. Bewster, of Onondaga Hollow, Onondaga county.

In this city, on Friday evening, the 6th inst., by the Rev. E. A. Huntington Mr. James T. Marsh of New-York, to Miss Martha Ostrander, of this city.

At Troy, on Wednesday, Dec. 11, by the Rev., Dr. Butler, Mr. Phillip G. Heartt, to Miss Sarah J., daughter of the Hon. Job Pierson.

At Troy, on the evening of the 10th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Van Kleeck, G. Wooster, esq., merchant, to Miss Mary L. eldest daughter of Samuel Kendrick, esq., all of that city.

In New York, on Tuesday morning, by the Rev. Dr. Skinner, Melancthon Starr, to Lucretia Mary, daughter of Henry Nevins.

At Gorham, Ontario co., on the 11th inst., by the Rev. A. Silly, William H. Burr, of Auburn, to Miss Irene Headly, daughter of the Rev. Isaac Headly, of Virgil, N. Y.

DIED.

On Sunday last, William Crandall, in the 71st year of his age.

On Sunday morning, David R., second son of Thomas Hilson, jr. aged 3 years and 3 months.

In Hancock, Mass. on the 6th inst. Mrs. Lucy Hazard, consort of the Hon. Rodman Hazard, aged 61 years.

At Stamford, Conn., on the 1st inst., Sarah Jane, wife of Mr. Edward Hill, of Catskill, aged 22 years, and second daughter of Capt. Edward Rosseter, of New York.

In Buffalo on the 12th inst., David M. Day, aged 48 years, formerly one of the publishers of the Whig and Journal of that city.

At Clinton, on the 16th ult., Mrs. Mary Kirkland, in the 85th year of his age.

At Troy on the 9th inst., Jesse H. Burchard, formerly of Orange co., aged 39 years.

At Ithaca, on Saturday, 14th inst., Mrs. Margaret Bogart, widow of the late Gerrit Bogart, of this city, aged 68 years and 6 months.

At Cherry Valley, on the 4th inst., Mr. Levi S. Skinner, formerly of Montgomery county, aged 92.

At N. York, on Monday evening, Henry J. Wyckoff Esq.

On Monday morning, Sarah Elizabeth, daughter of James A. Morse, in the ninth year of her age.

LIGHT! LIGHT!! LIGHT!!! REMEDY FOR THE LAMP. G. W. Knowlton & Co., Manufacturers of Camphine Oil, Lamps, Spirit Gas Lamps, Oil Lamps, &c. Feel gratified for favors hitherto received. Respectfully acquaint their friends and the public that they have a good assortment of lamps of all kinds, from one dollar upwards to suit the emergency of the times. They therefore respectfully invite those who are desirous of studying economy in lighting their stores, houses, &c., by the most brilliant and cheap light, to call and examine their new "Lamps," and well manufactured lamps, which have given universal satisfaction to the many thousands who now use them. Remember that by adopting these lamps, you have a better light, and save on an average 50 per cent. They would also say to the public, that they can always depend upon a first rate article of Camphine Oil, and Spirit Gas, as they manufacture it themselves.
G. W. KNOWLTON & Co.
560. S. uth Market street.

THE AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER,

Is Published every Saturday by L. G. HOFFMAN
OPPOSITE THE EAGLE TAVERN, ALBANY.

TERMS.—To city subscribers, Two Dollars and Fifty Cents a year. To subscribers who receive their papers by mail, Two Dollars, payable on the receipt of the 4th Number. No subscription received for less term than one year. Back numbers at all times furnished.

A post master may enclose money in a letter to the publisher of a newspaper, to pay the subscription of a third person, and FRANK the letter, if written by himself.
POST MASTER GENERAL.

POETRY.

FIRST GRIEF.

[BY JAMES HEDDERWICK]

They tell me, first and early love
 Out lives all after-dreams;
 But the memory of a first great grief
 To me more lasting seems;
 The grief that marks our dawning youth
 To memory ever clings,
 And o'er the path of future years
 A lengthen'd shadow flings.

Oh, oft my mind recalls the hour,
 When to my father's home
 Death came—an uninvited guest—
 From his dwelling in the tomb!
 I had not seen his face before—
 I shudder'd at the sight;
 And I shudder still to think upon
 The anguish of that night!

A youthful brow and ruddy cheek
 Became all cold and wan—
 An eye grew dim in which the light
 Of radiant fancy shone.
 Cold was the cheek, and cold the brow—
 The eye was fix'd and dim;
 And one there mourned a brother dead,
 Who would have died for him!

I know not if 'twas summer then,
 I knew not if 'twas spring,
 But if the birds sang on the trees,
 I did not hear them sing;
 If flowers came forth to deck the earth,
 Their bloom I did not see—
 I looked upon one wither'd flower,
 And none else bloomed for me!

A sad and silent time it was,
 Within that house of woe,
 All eyes were dull and overcast,
 And every voice was low!—
 And from each cheek at intervals
 The blood appeared to start,
 As if recall'd in sudden haste,
 To all the sinking heart!

Softly we trode, as if afraid
 To mar the sleeper's sleep,
 And stole last looks of his pale face,
 For memory to keep!
 With him the agony was o'er,
 And now the pain was ours,
 As thoughts of his sweet childhood rose
 Like odour from dead flowers!

And when at last he was borne afar
 From the world's weary strife,
 How oft in thought did we again
 Live o'er his little life!
 His every look—his every word—
 His very voice's tone—
 Came back to us like things whose worth
 Is only prized when gone!

The grief has passed with years away,
 And joy has been my lot;
 But the one is oft remember'd,
 And the other soon forgot.
 The gayest hours trip lightest by,
 And leave the faintest trace;
 But the deep, deep track that sorrow wears,
 No time can e'er efface!

From the Albany Daily Advertiser.

STANZAS AT A MARRIAGE FESTIVAL.

Love is gently omnipotent; to those who passes it,
 accident and death itself are but passing clouds, which
 can scarcely vex and cannot harm.—Recent English
 Essay.

The bridal wreath entwines a brow,
 That glows in bliss beneath it;
 The heart's sweet faith—she fondly now,
 In tones of love, shall breathe it;
 And if across that brow of snow
 A shade of care would seem to flow,
 'Tis not that doubts there press—

'Tis but that now gay thoughts retires,
 And dares not flout the sacred fires
 Of love born happiness.

And she is led by fancy far—
 The future spreads before her,
 Where truth still seems a diamond star,
 In beauty beaming o'er her;
 And where stands one, whose every look
 Reflects her own, as calm clear brook
 Repeats the sky above,
 And not a single cloud is sent
 To mar the heart-built firmament,
 So full of light and love!

It is no dream—she knows full well
 Life will not change to sadness—
 She feels her heart a citadel,
 Where rules bright hope and gladness,
 And trusts in woman's pride, its care
 To him whose image reigneth there,
 With all a monarch's sway—
 That trust shall be their morning light,
 That trust shall give their bosoms might,
 Which shall not know decay!

And now they hear from friends that greet,
 Words eloquent with feeling,
 And see in many an eye they meet,
 Affection's tear drop stealing—
 Yes! as life's anchor lightly weighs,
 They read within each anxious gaze
 What fate can but decree:
 An oh, through many an after year,
 That kindly word, that feeling tear,
 Shall gladden memory!

And may the tides that round them flow,
 Ne'er feel the tempest's power,
 And o'er them skies at even glow,
 Bright as this dawning hour;
 Or should a storm dare break the wave,
 Love still shall have the pow'r to save,
 Bid threat'ning clouds depart,
 And round them bend, calm, clear blue skies,
 While truth, sweet light of angel eyes,
 Shall paradise the heart!

S. S. REIGH.

Syracuse, Oct. 15, 1839.

DIRGE OF A CHILD.

No bitter tears for thee be shed,
 Blossom of being! seen and gone!
 With flowers alone we strew thy bed.
 O blest departed one!
 Whose all of life, a rosy ray,
 Blush'd into dawn, and pass'd away.

Yes! thou art fled, ere guilt had power
 To stain thy cherub soul and form,
 Closed is the soft ephemeral flower,
 That never felt a storm!
 The sunbeam's smile, the zephyr's breath,
 All that it knew from birth to death.

Thou wert so like a form of light,
 That Heaven benignly called thee hence,
 Ere yet the world could breathe one blight
 O'er thy sweet innocence.
 And thou, that brighter home to bless,
 Art passed, with all thy loveliness!

Oh! hadst thou still on earth remain'd,
 Vision of beauty! fair, as brief!
 How soon thy brightness had been stain'd
 With passion or with grief!
 Now not a sully breath can rise,
 To dim thy glory in the skies.

We rear no marble o'er thy tomb,
 No sculptur'd image there shall mourn;
 Ah! fitter far the vernal bloom
 Such dwelling to adorn.
 Fragrance, and flowers, and dews must be
 The only emblems meet for thee.

Thy grave shall be a blessed shrine,
 Adorn'd with Nature's brightest wreath,

Each glowing season shall combine
 Its incense their to breathe;
 And oft, upon the midnight air,
 Shall viewless harps be murmuring there.

And oh! sometimes in visions blest,
 Sweet spirit! visit our repose,
 And bear from thine own world of rest,
 Some balm for human woes!
 What form more lovely could be given
 Than thine, to messenger of Heaven?

BRING FLOWERS.

Bring flowers, young flowers, for the festal board,
 To wreath the cup ere the wine is pour'd;
 Bring flowers! they are springing in wood and vale,
 Their breath floats out on the southern gale,
 And the touch of the sunbeam hath waked the rose,
 To deck the hall where the bright wine flows.

Bring flowers to strew in the conqueror's path—
 He hath shaken thrones with his stormy wrath!
 He comes with the spoils of nations back,
 The vines lie crush'd in his chariot's track,
 The turf looks red where he won the day—
 Bring flowers to die in the conqueror's way!

Bring flowers to the captive's lonely cell,
 They have tales of the joyous woods to tell;
 Of the free blue streams, and the glowing sky,
 And the bright world shut from his languid eye;
 They will bear him a thought of the sunny hours,
 And a dream of his youth—bring him flowers, wild
 flowers!

Bring flowers, fresh flowers, for the bride to wear!
 They were born to blush in her shining hair.
 She is leaving the home of her childhood's mirth,
 She hath bid farewell to her father's hearth,
 Her place is now by another's side—
 Bring flowers for the locks of the fair young bride!

Bring flowers, pale flowers, o'er the bier to shed,
 A crown for the brow of the early dead!
 For this through its leave hath the white rose burst,
 For this in the woods was the violet nursed,
 Though they smile in vain for what once was ours,
 They are love's last gift—bring ye flowers, pale flow-
 ers.

Bring flowers to the shrine where we kneel in prayer,
 They are nature's offering, their place is there!
 They speak of hope to the fainting heart,
 With a voice of promise they come and part,
 They sleep in dust through the wintry hours,
 They break forth in glory—bring flowers, bright flow-
 ers!

REMEMBER THE POOR.

Lo! winter approacheth—his coming is nigh!
 The chill winds sweeps over the moor;
 The storm-clouds are low'ring above in the sky,
 And we should—Remember the poor.

Ye merchants, when reckoning profits at night,
 Ye find that your gains still are sure
 Give ear to the counsel that points to the right,
 And bids you—Remember the Poor.

Ye farmers, whose labors with plenty are crown'd!
 Who know not what 'tis to endure
 The pangs which with poverty ever are found—
 Will ye not—Remember the Poor.

O spend not your substance to gratify pride,
 Nor following its glittering lure—
 For the widow and orphan to heaven have have cried
 And it bids you—Remember the Poor.

CALENDAR OF COMMUNICATIONS.

EACH MONTH.

Temple Encampment,	Albany	2d & 4th Tuesday
Temple R. A. Chapter,	Albany	1st & 3d Thursday.
Mount Vernon Lodge,	Albany	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Temple Lodge,	Albany	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Apollo Lodge,	Troy	2d & 4th Tuesday.
Apollo Chapter,	Troy	2d & 4th Tuesday.
Apollo Encampment,	Troy	2d Monday.
Phoenix Lodge,	Longburg	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Olive Branch,	Bethany Co.	1st Wednesday p. m.
Genesee Encampment,	Lockport N.Y.	

AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER

AND LITERARY COMPANION.

BY L. G. HOFFMAN.]

ALBANY, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1839.

[VOL. I.—NO. 17.]

MASONIC.

For the American Masonic Register and Literary Companion.
A LECTURE,

Setting forth the origin, and tracing the progress of the orders of MASONIC CHRISTIAN KNIGHTHOOD. And exhibiting the connexion of those orders with ancient Freemasonry. Derived from authentic ancient and modern, sacred and profane history.

By EBENEZER MIX, Esq. M. E. Grand Commander of Genesee Encampment, No. 10, holden, at Lockport, Niagara County N. Y.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 122.]

Although the order of Templars was suppressed by the bulls and interdicts of the Pope, and laws and edicts of the monarchs of Europe, the order was not annihilated, the knights true to their vows and religious principles, and being determined to preserve the degrees of ancient Freemasonry, unswerved and unawed by the anathemas of the most powerful potentates on earth, and fully comprehending that the restraints attempted to be put upon them, were not conscientiously and morally binding, secretly propagated, sustained and preserved, the several degrees and orders which they had in charge, for the period of almost two centuries, to enable them to perform which, the monasteries of Europe supplied them with most of the materials, and a better field for that purpose did not then exist in the civilized world. It will also be observed that the feudal order of the Garter, was instituted soon after the suppression of the Templars, and from the similarity of the titles of the officers, and some of the outward forms of the order, to those appertaining to the order of knight Templars, we may well conclude that some of the Knight Templars were engaged in instituting the same.

We will here leave the Knights Templars and go back as to time, and bring up the history of another order of knighthood, already mentioned, the order of St. John of Jerusalem. This order originated, or at last derived that title, from the circumstance of its members being put in possession and taking the superintendence of a hospital, erected in Jerusalem in 1048 and dedicated to St. John the Baptist by some Italian merchants, for the reception and accommodation of Pilgrims and travellers who visited the holy city. They were likewise called knights hospitallers, in consequence of their having the charge, and being governors of the hospital.

They appear to be an order of unarmed brethren, whose duty it was, to feed the hungry, clothe the naked, and bind up the wounds of the afflicted; and to sustain and support, the poor and weary Pilgrim travelling from afar.

This order does not appear to have any knowledge of ancient freemasonry, yet I am well persuaded (and those who are familiar with the rites and ceremonies of the order, will I presume, on reflection, agree with me) that this order existed under the title of the order of St. Thomas, previous to the time of the establishment of that hospital. It appears that through all the turmoil, reigns, assaults, and captures which Jerusalem experienced; for upwards of two centuries, that this harmless and praise worthy order, kept peaceable possession of the hospital, dispensing good works, and relieving distress until they embraced the use of arms, assumed a hostile attitude, and were in consequence,

driven from their long-cherished abode, by the Turks.

While this order was thus peaceably and comfortably situated and usefully employed, Raymond, rector of the brethren, in its then state, being of an active and military turn, formed a plan of converting them into knights, and captain. He marshaled them into bands, invented banners, and led them on against the Turks, as knights of the order of St. John of Jerusalem, they fought with great bravery but the inferiority of their numbers, occasioned frequent defeats and they were at length compelled to give up their possessions to the conqueror, Saladin the Turkish chief. After a continued series of toils and misfortunes, and a constancy in the cause of religion which did them great honor, they were finally expelled from the holy land, in the year 1292. The Master and brethren fled to the island of Cyprus where they lived peaceably, supporting themselves by their industry, and employing their leisure hours in framing statutes for the government of the order; but returning to their former military pursuits, they attacked Rhodes, in 1308, which with seven other islands fell into their possession. They then assumed the name of Rhodes to their previous titles; thus situated they flourished for a considerable length of time.

This order had heretofore, in consequence of its extreme poverty, escaped persecution or assault, emanating from the avarice or rapacity of either christians or infidels, but during this interval of peace, they were presented by the Pope with large estates and much treasure, which had been taken from the Templars, on the suppression of that order. They were again attacked by the Turks, whom they resisted with equal bravery and skill, but Sultan Soliman having determined at all events to dislodge them, he assembled an army of three hundred thousand men, with which he invaded the islands, and after six months incessant fatigue, and excessive loss, he succeeded in expelling them. The Emperor, Charles the V. gave them Malta at this critical era, to which island the knights retired in 1523 and assumed the title of Knights of Malta, of the holy order of St. John of Jerusalem.

Now let us return to the knights Templars, whom we left dead to the world, but to themselves, not only alive, but sound and healthy, as persecution always renders all virtuous societies.

When the knights of St. John had retired to the island of Malta, an asylum supposed to be secure from molestation, the Templars, who had suffered so much in defence of the Holy Land, having a fraternal feeling for those who had been engaged, fought, bled, and suffered in the same cause, and fully appreciating the high character, the Knights of Malta had earned for themselves and justly merited, resolved to join them, with their consent, in the possession and occupancy of this safe repository for the great treasures they had so long preserved for the benefit of mankind in the midst of its most inveterate enemies. After the necessary negotiations, the Templars joined themselves with the Knights of Malta on certain settled, expressed and satisfactory conditions, some of which were that the Templars should confer on the Knights of Malta, the degrees of ancient Freemasonry, and the order of the Red Cross, after which, they were to combine and consolidate, the orders of Knights Templar, and Knights of Malta, of the holy order of St. John of Jerusalem, all of which was mutually and punctually fulfilled.

After this transaction, Freemasonry and the christian orders of knighthood had comparatively, a peaceful resting place and secure asylum, until the island was assaulted and taken by the French, after which the knights, dispersed over the civilized world, and from that period, Freemasonry and Christian Knighthood, have been co-extensive. These circumstances sufficiently account for the assertion made by our enemies, that the higher degrees of masonry and the orders of knighthood are of recent origin—true—until within a late period, they were known and enjoyed but by a few, and the circle of action of those few much limited.

That Freemasonry and the Christian order of Knighthood have been confined to Judea, the monasteries of Europe, and the island of Malta, until within a short period past, I do not pretend, that branches have sprung out of the main channel occasionally, in different ages, and flowed into many civilized countries especially, the three lower degrees of ancient Freemasonry, will not be disputed, and we have irrefragable proof, that the rites and ceremonies of all these degrees and orders, were transplanted from the island of Malta, and took root in other and distant climes, long before the conquest of the island by the French. But I insist that from all history, both ancient and modern, sacred and profane, as well as from masonic tradition, those degrees and orders, emanated from the sources at the times, and places, I have in this brief view of the subject, mentioned, and that the course I have marked out, in which they were preserved and handed down to us, in the main and of course the most unadulterated channel.

Thus we gather from history, that knights and knighthood originally signified servants and servitude. That all feudal and exclusively military knighthood, consisted of some head to each order, having many branches or supporters attached thereto, however disconnected the different branches, being instituted for the sole purpose of adding to the power of the head or chief, who was not even chosen or selected by the members.

We likewise learn from the same source, that Masonic Christian Knighthood, was voluntarily formed and entered into by the members of the institution of ancient Freemasonry, who, at their own pleasure, granted or refused membership to applicants, whether Monarch, Patrician, or Plebeian. That the institution has ever cherished, and supported benevolence, morality, virtue, and religion. That the body of its members has been composed of men, whose lives have been spent in performing deeds of charity, benevolence, and brotherly-love, in displaying bravery and intrepidity, and in enduring hardships and privations for the support and defence of morality, virtue, and religion. In short whose grand characteristics are unsullied honor, unwearied zeal in a brother's cause, and universal benevolence. We may therefore pronounce these orders of knighthood, the rock of ancient Freemasonry.

Thus much for the history of the rise progress and state of ancient Freemasonry, and the masonic christian orders of knighthood. To have attempted to give even an epitome of the fidelity, patience and perseverance, courage and constancy, faith and humility, which have adorned the characters of those great and good men, who have instituted, supported, propagated and thus far sustained Freemasonry, and the orders of knighthood, could not have been expected in this brief history of the institutions. I have, however refer-

ed to the records of their lives, which can be examined by every enquiring mind. But we Sir Knights, Companions and Brethren who claim to be their descendants in a sound, and moral point of view, are acquainted with their characters, in a greater or less degree. Then let me ask—is there a man on earth, destined to breathe this neither air—and on this mundane sphere, to tread the ground, who would not be proud, of such an ancestry.

—Semita corte,
Tranquillæ per virtutem patet unica vitæ.—Juv. Sat.

THE HISTORY OF FREEMASONRY,

DRAWN FROM AUTHENTIC SOURCES OF INFORMATION.

No. VII.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 123.]

But the atrocious scene was yet to come which was to complete the ruin of the Templars, and satiate the vengeance of their enemies. Their Grand Master Molay, and other dignitaries of the order still survived. And, though they had made the most submissive acknowledgements to their unrelenting persecutors, yet the influence which they had over the minds of the vulgar, and their connections with many of the Princes of Europe, rendered them formidable and dangerous to their oppressors. By the exertion of that influence they might restore union of their dismembered party, and inspire them with courage to revenge the murder of their companions; or, by adopting a more cautious method, they might repel, by uncontrovertible proofs, the charges for which they suffered, and, by interesting all men in their behalf, they might expose Phillip to the attacks of his own subjects, and to the hatred and contempt of Europe. Aware of the dangers to which his character and person would be exposed by pardoning the surviving Templars, the French Monarch commanded the Grand Masters and brethren to be led out to a scaffold, erected for that purpose, and there to confess before the public, the enormities of which their order had been guilty, and the justice of the punishment which had been inflicted on their brethren.—If they adhered to their former confessions, a full pardon was promised to them; but if they should persist in maintaining their innocence, they were threatened with destruction on a pile of wood, which the executioners had erected in their view, to awe them into compliance. While the multitude were standing around in awful expectations, ready, from the words of the prisoners, to justify or condemn their King, the venerable Molay, with a cheerful and undaunted countenance, advanced, to the scaffold; and, with a firm and impressive tone, thus addressed the spectators. "It is but just, that on this terrible day, and in the last moments of my life, I lay open the iniquity of falsehood, and make truth to triumph. I declare then, in the face of heaven and earth, and I confess, though to my eternal shame and confusion, that I have committed the greatest of crimes; but it has been only in acknowledging those that have been charged with so much virulence upon an order, which truth obliges me to pronounce innocent. I made the first declaration they required of me, only to suspend the excessive tortures of the rack, and mollify those that made me endure them. I am sensible what torments they prepare for those that have courage to revoke such a confession. But the horrible sight cannot make me confirm one lie by another. On a condition so infamous as that, I freely renounce life which is already but too odious to me. For what would it avail me to prolong a few miserable days, when I must owe them only to the blackest of calumnies." As the consequence of his manly revocation, the Grand Master and his companions were hurried into the flames, where they retained that contempt of death which they had exhibited on former occasions. This mournful scene extorted tears from the lowest of the vulgar.

Four valiant knights, whose charity and valour had procured them the gratitude and applause of mankind, suffering, without fear, the most cruel and ignominious death, war, indeed, a spectacle well calculated to excite emotions of pity in the hardest hearts; and, whatever opinion we may entertain concerning the character of that unhappy order, every mind of sensibility will compassionate the fate of the Templars.

(a) *Histoire des Chevaliers Hospitaliers de Saint Jean de Jérusalem*, par Alde Vertot, tom. ii. p. 101, 102.

and curse the inhuman policy of Phillip the Fair.

From the short and imperfect account of the origin and ruin of the Knights Templars, the reader will be enabled to understand the merits of the question, respecting the innocence of that order, which it will be necessary here to consider. The opinions of contemporary writers were too much influenced by party spirit, and religious zeal, to deserve any regard in this investigation. All those writers, however, who are generally deemed impartial historians, and who were in no respects interested, either in the condemnation or acquittal of the Templars, have, without hesitation pronounced them innocent of the crimes laid to their charge, and imputed their destruction to the avarice and private resentment of Phillip. In the decision of these historians, the public had, in general, acquiesced till their sentiments were unsettled by the pretensions, and the sophistical reasoning of Barruel. This writer has charged upon the Templars all those crimes with which their enemies had formerly loaded them; He has attempted to justify the severity of the French King, and has reproached, with the bitterest invective, the Society of Freemasons, because they were once connected with a fraternity, which, in his opinion, was so wicked and profane. While we endeavour, therefore, to defend the Templars against these recent calumnies, we will, at the same time, be maintaining the respectability of our own order, by vindicating its members from that imputed depravity, which according to Barruel, they have inherited from their fathers.

In order to form an impartial judgment respecting any sentence which has been passed, without proper evidence, either against individuals or associations, it is necessary to be acquainted with the motives and character of the accusers, and with the benefits which might accrue to them and the judges, by the punishment or liberation of the accused. In the case before us, the accusers had been disgraced and imprisoned by the accused, for their villainy and crimes. Their chief prosecutor and judge was actuated by motives of avarice and private resentment; and many rival orders who had been languishing in obscurity and indigence, propagated with assiduity the slanderous tale, in hopes of sharing in those ample possessions, and that public favour, which had been acquired by the superior abilities of the Knights Templars. To all ranks of men, indeed, the veneration which the name of a Templar inspired, was an object of envy: Their opulent revenues were calculated to give trouble to a covetous mind, and the remarkable regularity of their conduct was no small incitement to the exercise of detraction.

Such were the motives and prospects of their judges and accusers. Let us attend now to the accusations which were brought against them, and we will find that these could scarcely come under the cognizance of law, as their pretended crimes were committed against themselves, and not against society. Did they perpetrate murder upon any of their fellow-citizens? This was never laid to their charge. Did they purloin any man's treasure? Of theft they were never accused. Did they instigate to rebellion the subjects of any government, or plot destruction against the person of any king? Under such a character they were never known, till Barruel called them traitors and regicides; because, forsooth, it was his opinion that their successors, the Freemasons in France, were accessory to the murder of their King. What then were their crimes? It was said, that they burned their own infants! And yet an instance was never produced, in which the child of a Templar had disappeared, and in which the tenderness of a mother, as would certainly have happened, remonstrated against the murder of her child. They were said to have committed upon one another the most unnatural of all crimes! And yet, no individual produced a specific instance which he could corroborate by indubitable proof. They were accused of insulting the Cross of Christ; and yet they have shed their blood in the defence of his religion. Of crimes like these, one may conceive a depraved individual to have been guilty; but to believe, that a respectable fraternity, consisting of thousands of members, could be capable of such enormities, requires a degree of

(b) Among these we may reckon Hume, *History of England*, v. 2. p. 373 Henry, *History of Britain*, v. 8. p. 43, and Vertot, *supra*.

faith to which the most credulous will scarcely attain.

The innocence of the Templars, and the injustice of Phillip, will be still more apparent by considering the conduct of the latter, as related even by Barruel.—This writer observes, "That two men, who had been imprisoned for their crimes, declared that they had some important discoveries to make concerning the Knights Templars, and that this declaration, though entitled to little credit, made the king determine on the dissolution of the order, and arrest in one day all the Templars in his kingdom." c Here then was the most flagrant injustice in the very threshold of the whole affair. Without summoning a single witness; without examining a single Templar; without consulting a single friend; without even knowing what the important discoveries were which the criminals had to make; the French king determined on the destruction of the Templars, on the destruction of an order whose Grand Master had been his particular friend, and even the god father of one of his children. d This latter circumstance, indeed, is brought forward by Barruel, to justify the conduct of Phillip, because he sacrificed the duties of friendship to the principles of justice. But, when we take it in connexion with the rest of his conduct, it must inspire every honest mind with a more degrading opinion of the head and the heart of that persecuting monarch.

Such being the prenatre and precipitant determination of Phillip, we may consider the order of the Templars as at that time dissolved, and regard all those examinations, enquires, confessions, trials, and councils which succeeded as mere phantoms of justice, conjured up by that crafty prince, to dazzle the eyes of his subjects and sanctify the depravity of his own conduct. By keeping this circumstance in view, the intelligent reader will be enabled to understand the minute, though sometimes contradictory, details of historians, respecting the trial and confessions of the Knights Templars; and, notwithstanding the veil of justice with which the judges attempted to cover their proceedings, he will be enabled to develop the detestable principles upon which their trial was conducted, and the still more detestable motives which induced Clement V. to partake in the guilt of Phillip the Fair.

The formidable, and indeed the only plausible argument by which Barruel supports his opinions, is drawn from the confessions of the Templars. He maintains that the avowals of the Knights were free from compulsion, and that no set of men could be so base as to accuse their brethren of crimes, of which they believed them to be entirely innocent. But the fallacy of his reasoning will appear from the slightest fact, that, when an avowal must be made, men are more ready to accuse themselves of crimes of which they have never been guilty, than to confess those which they have actually committed. Such as have attended to the operation of their own minds particularly in the earlier part of his life, will acquiesce in this extraordinary truth; and those who have not had occasion to observe it, will find upon consideration, that it is consonant to the constitution of the human mind. When a man confesses himself guilty of a crime which he has really perpetrated, he is exposed, not only to the reproaches of his own conscience, but to those of the world; and, should he, at any time, retract his confession, he must be aware that every subsequent inquiry would only confirm the truth of his first deposition. But when a man, from a principle of fear, acknowledges the truth of accusations with which he has been unjustly loaded, a sense of his integrity and innocence supports him under the opprobrium of the world, and he is conscious that his character will be vindicated by every investigation, and that the confessions which he himself made, may at any time be proved to have been the offspring of necessity. Such, undoubtedly were the feelings by which the Templars were actuated. Convinced, that the crimes which they were desired to acknowledge, were of such an unnatural kind, that they could never be imputed, by any reasonable man, to a numerous and hitherto respectable fraternity, they yielded to the solicitations of their persecutors; with the well-grounded hope that future enquiry would remove the stain which the irresistible de-

(c) *Mémoires de Jacobinisme*, v. 2. p. 2.

(d) *Id.* p. 26.

sire of self-preservation had prompted them to throw upon their character. From this very consideration, indeed, namely, from the nature of the crimes charged upon the Templars, have many eminent historians maintained the innocence of that unhappy order.—But, were we able to allow with Barruel in opposition to all history, that the avowals of the Knights were free and numerous; by an application of the principles already laid down, we would, from that circumstance, prove the innocence, and not the guilt of the Templars.

RELIGIOUS.

From the Philadelphia National Gazette.

THE CENTENARY OF METHODISM.

This occasion, of so much interest to the Christian world, has been widely observed by the denomination, who respect the Wesleys as founders of their Church. The appellation Methodist was first applied to Charles Wesley, when at College, who, from the sedateness of his manners, the regularity and piety of his life, gathered around him a few of the more thoughtful, while he was subjected to the ridicule of others. Their number at first, in 1729, consisted of four, namely, John Wesley, fellow of Lincoln College, Charles Wesley, student of Christ Church, Mr. Morgan, commoner of Christ Church, and Mr. Kirkman, of Merion College. In 1732, Mr. Ingham, of Queen College, and Mr. Broughton, Exeter, were added to their number, and soon after Mr. Clayton, of Brazen Nose, James Steevely and George Whitefield joined them. The first organization of a class of religious persons, under the appellation of Methodist, was made by the Rev. John Wesley in the year 1739, in the city of London. His first place of worship was a transformed foundry, in London, and the members numbered forty-two. Now the societies number half as many places of worship in the kingdom as there are parish churches; the number of members being exclusive of those in the United States, about 600,000. Their means and liberality may be estimated from the fact that for Missionary purposes alone they raised in 1837 about 400,000 dollars.

The first chapel erected in this country was in John street, New York, in 1768, though a church was organized there in 1766, and about the same time a society was formed by Mr. Strawbridge in Maryland.—The society in New York was commenced by Mr. Philip Embury, a local preacher, and Captain Thomas Webb, of the British army, also a local preacher.—The first ministers set by Mr. Wesley were the Rev. Messrs. Boardman and Pillmore, who came as missionaries, and landed in Philadelphia in 1769, where they found Captain Webb and a society of about one hundred members. Mr. Boardman went to New York and Mr. Pillmore continued here, where he preached the first Sunday evening, upon the commons, "having," as he says in a letter to Mr. Wesley, "the stage appointed for the horse race for my pulpit, and I think about four or five thousands hearers listened with attention still as night." In 1771, Messrs. Asbury, Whatcoat and Wright landed in Philadelphia on the 5th. October, where they were most warmly welcomed.

In 1773, the Methodists numbered in Philadelphia 180 members, now they are over 7000. Then the number of ministers stationed in the respective churches in this country, was 10, now the number is 3300, to which may be added 6000 local preachers. Then the whole number of members in the colonies was 1,160, now there are in the United States nearly upwards of 741,000.

Thomas Coke, L. L. D., of Jesus College, Oxford, was ordained Bishop, and entered upon his duties in 1784. In the same year Francis Asbury was ordained to the same office. Bishop Coke may be deemed the father of the missionary institutions of the Methodist Church. He crossed the Atlantic on his missions 18 times, and died on a voyage to British India in the year 1811. He commenced the missions in Western Africa and in the West Indies, and having spent the whole of a large fortune in the cause, had the happiness of numbering 15,000 members in the West India missions.

Bishop Asbury, who was more exclusively devoted to the care of the church in this country, was born near Birmingham, in England, in 1745. He entered upon

the ministry at the age of 17. He came a missionary to the colonies in 1773, was ordained a Bishop in 1784 and died at Fredericksburg, Virginia, 1816, in the 71st year of his age.

The church in the United States having a wider territory, and being remarkable for its assiduous labors in the new states, cannot be expected to accomplish as much as the British connexion in the cause of missions. Still its labors are vast and efficient. Its principal missions are among the Indian tribes, Africa, South America, Texas and the Southern States; connected with these missions are 230 missionaries, 21,838 church members, 2188 being Indians, 29 teachers, 838 scholars. For the support of these there were collected the past year, 142,000. The centenary occasion, besides being religiously observed, has elicited gratuitous offerings in England to the amount of 1,300,000 dollars. Of the sum which will be raised in this country no estimate can yet be made. About 10,000 dollars, it is presumed, will be contributed, from this city alone. The Union Church in Fourth street, has collected 3000 dollars.

THE GATHERER.

PARENTAL PARTIALITIES.

Parents can never too carefully avoid showing a distinction between children in the distribution of their affection. Parental love, during infancy and youth should be the patrimony of all, and—so far as human infirmity will allow—like the kindly dews of heaven, which descend equally, "on the just and on the unjust." The faults of early years should not be visited by a withdrawal of affection from the wayward child, nor should a naturally amiable disposition entitle its possessor to that interest in a parent's heart, which excludes others who have the same claim of consanguinity. We of course only refer to the commencement of life; for the parental love of after years assuredly is justly influenced by the conduct of our offspring. To the inexperienced in such ties; it may appear a task hard of fulfilment to guard against the froward behaviour of children influencing our bearing towards them; yet strange to say, here is not the error that so often spreads jealousy and dissension in families. It is not the natural yearning of the heart towards the most amiable—no, it is the bestowal of our partial affection on one child in preference to another, from the accident of sex or from being the youngest or the oldest born—from form or feature, or the early indications of intellect.

Here the election is made by the father or mother, often to the ruin of the favourite child; and it may generally be remarked, that the favoured of a parent under such circumstances is the first to make that heart ache, the partiality of which was so unjustly engrossed.—From John's Legend and Romance, African and European.

The *National Gazette*, published at Philadelphia, gave lately the following sketch of Mr. Dickens, the author of *The Pickwick Papers*:—In person, he is a little above the standard height, though not tall. His figure is slight, without being meagre, and is well proportioned. The face, the first object of physical interest, is peculiar, though not remarkable. An ample forehead is displayed under a quantity of light hair, worn in a mass, on one side, rather jauntily, and this is the only semblance of dandyism in his appearance.—His brow is marked: his eye, though not large, bright and expressive. The most regular feature is the nose, which may be called handsome—an epithet not applicable to his lips, which are too large. Taken altogether, the countenance which is pale without sickness, is, in repose, extremely agreeable, and indicative of refinement and intelligence. Mr. Dickens's manners and conversation, except, perhaps, in the perfect abandon among his familiars, have no exhibition of particular wit, much less of humour. He is mild in the tones of his voice, and quiescent; evincing habitual attention to the etiquette and conventionalisms of polished circles. His society is much sought after, and, possibly, to avoid the invitations pressed upon him, he does not reside in London, but, with a lovely wife and two charming children, he has a retreat in the vicinity. He is about 26 years of age, but does not look more than 23 or 24. Mr. Dickens is entirely self-made, and rose from an humble station, by virtue of his moral worth, his genius, and his industry.

THE TIME FOR WRITING.

Night is the best time for study, but morning is the best time for committing the fruits of our studies to paper. In the early dawn, while the sluggard yet turns upon his bed, and yawns for another nap, the industrious student, or author, should be up, with pen in hand, and committing his thoughts to paper, for his own future use, if not for the press, for the good of mankind. It is in the morning, if ever, that we find ourselves fitted for the labor of composition. The stillness of the season—the general calm serenity and salubrity of the atmosphere—the renovated vigor of our physical, and the cheerful state of our intellectual powers—all combine to promote the flow of our ideas and facilitate their correct and vivid expression. Our spirits seem to rise with the sun, and our imagination to soar with the eagle, who wings his flight with that brilliant orb. The perplexities of the day the various calls to which we are subject, according to the nature of our occupations, have not come upon us; and we are left to those calm reflections, and delightful reveries, which improve the judgment, exalt the imagination, and meliorate the heart. When we hear the birds begin to sing, or perceive the first ray of light through the lattice, then is the time to rise; then is the time to sit down to the labours of the desk. The rising luminary of day reminds us of the great luminary of the universe, and conveys our thoughts to HIM as the source of all light, of all wisdom. In such a state of mind, under such benign influences, our genius is quickened, our judgment is strengthened, our humane affections are expanded, and our labors cannot fail to benefit ourselves, if they do not redound to the good of our country and mankind. Rise, then, with the lark, and anticipate the sun, if you wish to enjoy health of body, and vigor and elasticity of mind, and to combine these in laborious and useful efforts to promote human happiness and prosperity.

THE CHAMELEON.

"I had a chameleon which lived for three months, another for two months, and several which I gave away after keeping ten days or a fortnight. Of all the irascible little animals in the world, there are none so choleric as the chameleon: I trained two large ones to fight, and could, at any time, by knocking the tails against one another, ensure a combat, during which their change of colour was most conspicuous: this is only effected by prooxysm of rage, when the dark gall of the animal is transmitted into the blood, and is visible enough under its pelucid skin. The gall, as it enters and leaves the circulation, affords the three various shades of green which are observable in its colours—the story of the chameleon assuming whatever colour it near it, is, like that of its living upon air, a fable. It is extremely voracious. I had one so tame that I could place it on a stick opposite to a window, and in the course of ten minutes I have seen it devour half a dozen flies; its mode of catching them is very singular; the tongue is a thin cartilaginous dart, anchor shaped; this is thrust forth with great velocity, and never fails to catch its prey. The mechanisms of the eyes of the chameleon is extremely curious; it has the power of projecting the eye a considerable distance from the socket, and can make it revolve in all directions. One of them, which I kept for some months, deposited thirteen eggs in a corner of the room; each was about the size of a large coriander seed; the animal never sat on them. I took them away to try the effects of the sun; but from that period she declined daily in vivacity, and soon after died."

[Madden's Travels.]

ODDS AND ENDS.

An Irish gentleman at cards having, on inspection, found the pool deficient exclaimed, "Here's a shilling short, who put it in?"

A knavish attorney asked a very worthy gentleman what was honesty? "What is that to you—meddle with those things which concern you."

Marriage enlarges the scene of our happiness or misery; the marriage of love is pleasant, the marriage of interest easy, and a marriage where both meet, happy.

POPULAR TALES.

From the Bunker-Hill Aurora and Boston Mirror.
THE FREEMASON.

A TALE OF TRUTH.

It was during the late war, towards the close of Napoleon's disastrous invasion of Russia, that a party of French officers were assembled in a rude tent, refreshing themselves after the fatigues of a hard day's march. Moscow had already been abandoned, and the hitherto victorious armies of France were in full retreat, amid all the horrors of a Russian winter. The ground was covered with deep snow, which yielded crisply beneath the tread: the men, in clearing the space for the erection of the tent, had piled it in form of a circular embankment, into which the outward stakes were driven. The night was intensely cold, not a cloud obscured the heavens, the stars, shining with that peculiar brilliancy which distinguishes them in a northern latitude, lit up the distant plain that trenched by the drifting winds into billowy forms, appeared like a sea of foam, relieved only with the red glare from the watch fire of the neighbouring picket.

Wrapped in fur cloaks and pelisses, the spoil of the abandoned city, they were seated on the ground, enjoying their repast with true zest which only hunger gives. The party consisted of Count Lauriston, Major Guillet, Captain Adolphe Lessau, Lieutenant Florent, who, with several inferior officers, had attended their chief in his unsuccessful interview with the Russian general. Prince Kutusoff, when commissioned by Bonaparte, went to propose an armistice, and to eat for peace.

The supercilious manner in which he had been received by the prince, who refused either to grant a cessation of hostilities, or forward Napoleon's letter to the emperor, chafed the fiery spirit of the count, and during their long day's march he had scarcely exchanged a word with any of his officers. Even a sullen disposition must yield at last to the contagion of good humor and a desire to please. A Frenchman's is not the most obstinate in the world, and Lauriston, roused by the cheerful gaiety of the party, and their peals of laughter, at each fresh sally, gradually forgot his spleen, and joined in the conversation.

'Wonder,' exclaimed Adolphe, gaily, 'what the fair dames of Paris would say, could they behold us in our winter bivouac—the snow our carpet, and the bare canvass our only shelter from the keen frost: many a fair bosom would commiserate our fortune.'

'Ay,' interrupted Florent, 'and envy us our furs; these sables would distract the heads of our belles; the empress herself cannot boast of such. Should I ever see our dear country again, I will preserve mine in lavender till I become a peer of France, and then line my robes with them.'

'Take care that it does not first become your winding-sheet. The soldier will have something to tell of, who again sets foot upon his native soil. We are encompassed with dangers—not only the enemy, but their accursed climate to contend with—even I,' continued the major, 'veteran as I am, begin to feel its influence; how, then, will the dainty limbs of youth resist it?'

Faith, major, you are severe on Florent; he stands not only fire, but frost like a hero—I have seen him expose his uniform to the snow rather than derange the graceful folds of his cloak.'

'And I, count,' added Adolphe, 'within the last month have twice seen his ungloved hand—'

'It must have been when he was bathing it with eau de Cologne, then,' interrupted the major, with a slight sneer.

'You may behold it, gentlemen,' hastily exclaimed the lieutenant, nettled at the observation of the last speaker, 'grasping the hilt of my sword, if either of you presume to question the spirit of its master.'

The mischievous major seemed more amused with the anger of the young man, than disposed to take up the quarrel, while Lauriston elevated his eye-brows with the hauteur of conscious superior.

'My foolish observation has occasioned this,' said Adolphe, after a slight pause; 'but in truth, I meant not to offend—come, give me your hand.'

Florent still looked gloomy.

'What! man,' he continued, 'resent a jest—so slight a one—and from me, too! you can't be serious, come give me your hand, friend—brother.'

A smile of peculiar meaning passed between the young soldiers, and each instantly grasped the other's hand.

'Humph!—Brothers—' said Guillet, after a pause, 'this comes of Freemasonry; I have known many a pretty quarrel spoiled in a similar manner; there was Marlet, of our regiment, he, I remember, had a dispute with an Austrian Col. just after the battle of Austerlitz; they were to have met the next morning, and I should been his second, had not the fool gone to a Lodge the same evening, where he encountered his man, what passed, heaven and the brotherhood alone can tell—all I know is, that instead of meeting like soldiers, they entered the café arm-in-arm like priests—Bah! don't talk to me of Masonry, it only tends to make men—'

'What?' passionately demanded Florent anticipating some reflection upon his courage.

'Brothers,' coolly answered the soldier; 'it has done so in the present instance.'

'Faith,' said the count, 'he has you there—the major is too old a campaigner to be caught by youngsters; but, tell me, since you think so highly of Masonry, what are its peculiar claims to the consideration of mankind?'

'It is universal,' replied the young soldiers; 'travel where you will, there Masonry has spread its branches, diffusing in its progress a knowledge of the useful arts; it is equally cultivated in the tents of the wandering Arab, and the palaces of the more enlightened European. Even, here,' he continued, 'in this cold and inhospitable region, despite the jealous prohibition of a despotic government, the Craft still flourishes.'

'Does it?' exclaimed the major; 'it must be a sturdy plant, then; for this infernal frost would destroy vitality in anything less hardy than a bear; we only have escaped, I suspect, from having robbed him of his skin.'

'You are in error, major,' replied Lauriston, shrugging his shoulders in contempt—'you forget the natives—they surely live here.'

'Exist, you mean, count,' grumbled the old soldier; 'besides, they are too nearly allied to our species to require a distinct classification. Look at your Don Cossack, now—he is your bear on horseback; and in truth a most determined savage, who scorns all civilized modes of warfare, and fights after the manner of a wild Indian, appearing when you least expect him and like the whirlwind, sweeping all before him. It was only in our last affair old General Bellout, that prince of tacticians, was completely baffled: he had formed his regiment in fine order; his position was unimpeachable, his right being protected by a heavy battery, which, according to all rule, the enemy should not attempt. While waiting patiently for the attack a junior officer observed a party of Cossacks defile towards the wood which flanked the battery, in order, as he justly imagined, to effect a surprise. Bellout knowing how apt boys are to imagine themselves wiser than elders, paid slight regard, unfortunately, to his suggestions. Well, the action commenced, the regiment manoeuvred till it had drawn the enemy under the battery, when, to their astonishment, it commenced its deadly fire upon them. Bellout found that, contrary to all tactics, a party of those flying devils had turned his strong point of defence into the certain means of his defeat.'

'Well major,' said Adolphe, half asleep, brothers though some of them may be, heaven defend us from a visiting party of these bearded gentlemen! The sentinels have replenished the fires, I perceive; so, without fear of either wolf or Cossack, I have taken up my position for the night; it will soon be day-break, and a few hours sleep will leave us all the better for tomorrow's march.'

'You are wise, youngsters,' replied the veteran—'nothing like rest; Lauriston has already taken your advice—good night—good night!' and in a few minutes the little party were buried in sleep.

The last star was fading in the heavens when Lauriston awoke; he was still a day's march from the army and well knew that the emperor would be impatient to learn the success of his mission. 'Come gentlemen,' he exclaimed, waking his companions, who, wrapped in their cloaks, still enjoyed their slumbers, 'we have played the shaggard;—to horse, away! Laurent call in the men.'

All was soon bustle and confusion in the little encampment; the horses were led from the rude tent where they had passed the night with the men, and waited, ready caparisoned; while the poles of their late resting place were being struck. Just as they were preparing to mount, a party of Cossacks were perceived crossing the plain at full speed towards them. 'Fall in!' exclaimed the major, in that steady tone of command which the old soldier hears and obeys with confidence, 'Count he continued, 'your life is of value to the emperor—to our country—you must fly, and leave us to make good our retreat.'

'But will that be honorable?' demanded Lauriston; half anxious to be gone and yet ashamed to desert his brave companions.

'Under any other circumstances, perhaps not,' replied the major; but you are in possession of information necessary for the safety of the army;—at all risks, your life must be preserved, whatever may become of ours. Florent, with corporals Jaques and Preinet, will accompany you—I cannot spare more—they are the only two married men of our party, and deserve the chance—farewell—no time is to be lost.'

Lauriston instantly followed the advice of his companion; and accompanied by the young lieutenant and the two men, commenced his retreat.

The old soldier formed his little party in the hollow lately occupied by the tent, which was protected on three sides by the embankment of snow thrown up in clearing the ground; his number amounted to eighteen men, besides Adolphe and himself.

'How many do you count?' enquired the veteran of his companion, as the enemy gained upon them: 'my eyes are so dazzled by the snow, I can scarce see ten yards before me.'

'About thirty,' replied Adolphe, coolly: 'shall have warm work of it they are here!'

'Steady men,' cried the major: level high.'

As he spoke, the party, headed by their commander, reached the ground. The Cossacks were advancing with their usual impetuosity, when the first six were thrown into some slight confusion by the giving way of the embankment which yielded beneath their weight and plunged them up to their horses' bellies in snow. The Frenchmen saw their advantage, and fired; two fell: the others, by a desperate exertion of strength, backed till they gained firm ground.

The attacking party now divided into two separate bodies, and commenced wheeling round their enemy, each in a different direction. The effect of this manoeuvre was to distract their attention; for at the same instant one party poured in a line through the entrance of their little citadel, while the other, leaping the embankment in the rear, attacked them at a disadvantage. The struggle was now hand-to-hand—men encountered each other with all the bitterness of national hate and personal feuds.

'Our only chance,' said the major to Adolphe who was fighting near him, 'is to gain the open ground—we are cramped here; and spurring his horse, he dashed past the enemy in gallant style, followed by the young officer and several men. The Cossacks were too much accustomed to this desultory mode of warfare to be easily taken by surprise: the party who had leaped the embankment in the rear, headed by their officer, immediately followed, leaving their companions to despatch the few who still struggled desperately within the frozen arena. The old major was the first who fell, but not before he had slain the soldier who had intercepted his flight. Adolphe was pursued by three of the enemy, who, with their long lances poised the air, in anticipation of their victim. One, whose horse was of finer metal than his companions, was haining rapidly upon him, when as a last resource, he drew a pistol from his saddle, and fired. The arm of this pursuer fell powerless at his side; at this moment the officer and two men, who by a detour had gained upon his path, dashed before.

Adolphe—his sword broken, his path beset—perceiving that all further attempt at flight or resistance would be useless, calmly awaited his fate. One of his pursuers was on the point of transfixing him with a lance, when a gleam of hope flashed across his mind. Turning towards the officer, he made that peculiar sign which, through the world, designates a Master Mason. Swift as an arrow the commander rushed between the Cossack and his destined victim, striking up his lance with his sabre just as it reached the young Frenchman's breast, the disappointed savage rode grumbling away.

"I may not offer you my hand," exclaimed the Russian, in excellent French; "it is stained with the blood of your countrymen; but you have made a claim upon my mercy which, even here in the red moment of victory, with my spirit chafed with my country's wrongs, I must—at all hazards—will respect. Your parole—"

"Is given," answered Adolphe, scarcely believing his good fortune, for the Cossacks were seldom known to give quarter.

"Enough!" replied his captor: follow me."

[CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

THE MORALIST.

For the American Masonic Register and Literary Companion.

THE IMMORTALITY OF MENTAL INFLUENCE.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 123.]

When we reflect that mind is to exert an influence over future ages—how much does it increase our accountability for its improvement! Gifts mis-applied, render their possessor a curse to the world. Such was Voltaire. Genius was his; but it was the scorching flame of the volcano. It glared upon the world, and dazzled by its splendor; but *within* there was a mass of moral corruption, destined for the destruction of France. He was the master spirit of Atheism; and his principles flowed over Europe, scathing and blighting the fair things they touched. The more dreadful was his influence, from the brilliancy of his intellect. The deadly pollution of his pen was concealed in the beauties of his style:—like the apples of the dead sea, the fair covering but hid the bitter ashes. He prepared the way for the French Revolution—he laid the foundation of that horrid structure; and would have smiled in demoniac triumph at the progress of the work, could he have lived to witness it. A nation governed by usurping tyrants;—families disinherited;—the father bleeding on the scaffold;—the mother in prison awaiting her doom; and the children left at the mercy of an infuriated populace:—Such was the end, to the attainment of which, Voltaire directed all his energies.—Nourished by his intellect, the tree of infidelity has spread its branches over France, and they distil a poison, that has sunk deep in her soil and that ages cannot remove. What is she now? Were her principles purified, when the tomb closed above him who gathered the elements of her destruction? Have we not evidence, that his writings exert as deadly an influence now, as then? It is true that the guillotine does not so regularly perform its office; but see the numbers who, urged on by the demon of Atheism, plunge the dagger into their own bosoms.—Her public journals are filled with instances of suicide and murder.—What can be the morals of that nation, whose rulers and chief men, will crowd around a convicted felon and beg for some token of remembrance,—an autograph,—a seal; a lock of hair. What people would obey laws, formed by such men? And this is France; such her sons;—and such the effects of that influence, exerted by one of those minds who give a character to their own and future ages.

Could man have received a higher motive for the improvement of his talents than the belief that their influence is to be immortal? that it shall not cease when the lifeless form is laid low, in the sepulchre? Death brightens his glory; for in the language of another, it breaks the direct link between the man of genius, and his country—and gives him an illustrious communion with all countries. The poet, the orator, and the hero are no longer the citizens of a nation, but they belong to the human race in all its boundaries. Their renown and their powers, are, like their natures, spiritualized; they have passed out of and above the world, and from their immortal height, they bear healing and splendor on their wings for all lands, and all generations.

The ambitious man struggling for fame, sees his reward—not in the applause of those who gather around in the first flush of prosperity, but in being recognized, by after ages, as one of the exalted few, born for immortality. With patient footsteps, he toils up the hill of science, which he never would attempted to ascend, were not a glorious future to be his recompense. For, who would spend a life in accumulating treasures of

knowledge, which must at last be laid with their possessor in the silent grave?—on which the stranger will tread recklessly of all that lies beneath? To die and perish!—the words strike a death-knell to the lofty aspirations of intellect:—but to live forever:—to know that mind will exert its influence as effectually when the body is mouldering in the tomb, as now—adds fervor to the poet's inspirations,—urges the man of science to perfect his discoveries, and stimulates the Philanthropist and Christian to new and more extended usefulness.

It is a beautiful characteristic of genius that whatever receives its touch:—is gifted with its immortality. It is this which excites our interest in a country, before we have pressed its soil, or gazed upon its beauties. Who does not love the names of Greece and Italy? lands consecrated by the intellects of their sons.—The painter has portrayed, and the bard hath sung of the vine-clad hills;—the orange groves:—the fragrant flowers, and the laughing streams of his native land. From the laurel wreath that binds his brow has he plucked a leaf to lay beside each loved thing there. In fancy, we have dwelt among those fair scenes; until they seem to us, as the remembrances of early years.

To this power, given to genius alone, may we partially ascribe the rapid advance of intellectual improvement. Many, in ages past,—alarmed by the repulsive form, in which knowledge was presented to them, preferred the dark night of Ignorance; but who had it been exhibited in a more attractive dress would have been the first to worship at its shrine. Those, who strive thus to attire it are the benefactors of their own and future generations. Such an individual was Erskine. "He" in the language of his biographer, turned the dry details of law, into great intellectual and historic records—exalted the concerns of private individuals into monuments of national freedom, and raised, on common and temporary topics,—some of the richest trophies, of forensic eloquence in any age or nation.

The influence of Chaucer's intellect, is mirrored on every page of English Poetry. The change which he effected, has given it an immortality to which the compositions of an earlier period could never attain.—He polished the rude barbaric lay, and without restraining the fresh impulses of nature, allowed his thoughts to flow in that measured harmony, which constitutes the music of poetry. Since his day many poets have appeared, who excel him in refined and studied elegance, but in all may be traced the guiding hand, who "formed the structure and left it for after ages to adorn."

It is a cheering thought, to the humble aspirant, that the influence of mind, is as powerful as enduring—when it emanates from the peasant, as the monarch—that the purple and the ermine,—the sceptre and the crown may not win immortality—but that intellect may bear away the prize;—though its possessor have no proud name to trumpet forth his praise. The pearl is as pure in the rough dwelling nature gave it, as when it glistens amid raven locks;—the diamond shines as brightly in its native sands:—as when it decks the brow of beauty;—and *mind* is as glorious in its effects, burning in the breast of the low-born, as the noble. Could the proudest titles have won the glory with which intellect has encircled the names of Shakspeare,—of Curran,—of Burns, or, prouder still, of our own Washington?

But is the Immortality of Mental Influence confined to the few characters that Fame has consecrated? Does not the humblest mind exert an influence through futurity? The name may be forgotten, but does not the intellect still live? Who may separate the myriads of drops that form the mighty ocean? who number the grains of sand upon the shore? and yet does not each drop—each grain of sand, form some part of the moving billow, or extended beach? Then, why may we trace the influence of individual minds,—as each, the centre of a distinct system, and still revolving round some greater orb, is unnoticed in the vast galaxy of mind? The lightning, in its playful brilliancy, hides the rough point by which it is caught;—and the brighter intellect eclipsed in its glory,—the uncultivated mind, by which its powers were developed; yet, such influences, are like the falling stone upon the waters,—the retreating wave gives impulse to the succeeding wave, spreading in everlasting circles, growing wider and wider, till it mingles with the ocean of eternity.

MISCELLANY.

From the Philadelphia Herald and Sentinel.

MARRIED, AND YET NOT MARRIED! SINGULAR CASE.

Before Judge King and his associates of the Court of Common Pleas. Thursday morning, Dec. 12th, 1839.

Commonwealth, at the relation of James Dick vs. William P. Smith. This was a *habeas corpus* sued out by James Dick, and directed to Wm. P. Smith, commanding him to produce before the Court the body of Mrs. Sarah Dick (formerly Sarah M'Nabb) who, it was alleged, was restrained of her liberty by Mr. Smith, and was the wife of the relator. On this day, Mr. Smith, attended by his counsel, Thomas S. Smith, esq., appeared in court to answer to the writ, and was also attended by Mrs. Sarah Dick. Mr. Joseph M. Doran, as counsel for Mr. Dick, stated to the court that it was a novel case, and one which loudly called upon them to interfere, in order that the marital rights and authority of his client might be vindicated and enforced; that Mr. Dick, who was an importing merchant of this city, and a gentleman of great worth and respectability, had been acquainted with Sarah McNabb for many years, and believing her to be a lady in all respects calculated to make him happy in the matrimonial state, wooed her, and after a courtship of three years, at length obtained her consent to unite her destiny with his by becoming his wife.

The wedding day which was to crown their felicity was fixed by the lady herself, and Mr. Dick provided ample means to furnish a house, entrusting entirely to her the selection of such articles as she deemed necessary to comfort, if not to luxury. A house was taken and every thing procured, under the direction of Mrs. Dick, and the fourth of September last being the day fixed upon by the lady, a wedding supper was prepared for that day, invitations sent out, and the bridesmaids strictly enjoined upon not to fail in their attendance at the appointed time. True to appointment, the bridesmaids and guests attended at the house, and the groom elect, with the whole company, proceeded in due order to the residence of a respectable Episcopal clergyman of this city, by whom the matrimonial knot was tied as fast as ceremony and form could make it, and the usual blessing was pronounced over Mr. and Mrs. Dick and their posterity to the latest period of recorded time. Thus united, and so attended by their mutual friends, the loving pair returned to their own house, where an ample supper was provided for the guests, of which all partook. Mr. Dick was all attention to his wife, and she all love and affection towards him, in short, they appeared to be the most fond and doting couple in the world, with the fairest prospect of winning and deserving the gammon of bacon which is awarded in the Manor of Dunmow to the man and his wife "who had not quarrelled, nor had either repented, nor had one offended the other, from the day of their marriage."

At 11 o'clock the bridesmaids had prepared the nuptial couch and were preparing to fling the stocking in proper form; and Mrs. Dick shortly after left the company down stairs, as all supposed for the bridal chamber—leaving behind her devoted lord, to await the joyous signal to pass the threshold of that mysterious place. The signal not being given in a reasonable time, the groom and company looked at each other with anxiety and astonishment, till at length inquiries were made, when, lo! it was discovered that the bride, instead of going up stairs, had secretly left the house, dressed and adorned as she was; but where she had gone, none could tell!

All was trouble and confusion, and Mr. Dick of course looked the very picture of despair. The company at length retired, and on the next morning it was ascertained that Mrs. Dick had gone the night before to the house of Mr. William P. Smith, with whom she lived before her marriage, as an assistant in domestic affairs, and where she is now staying. Mr. Dick endeavored to see her, but she refused to see him, acknowledging she was not his wife, and that she was resolved never to live with him; and he, finding that she would not return to his bed and board, and believing that undue influence had been exercised over her, and that she had been detained from him contrary to her real wishes, had sued out this writ of *habeas corpus*:

and it being alleged that she was not his wife, he desired his witnesses should be heard, and thought the court, after hearing them, would pronounce the marriage to be legal, and that she was no longer Sarah McNabb, but in verity Mrs. Sarah Dick, wife of James Dick. It was further stated that Mrs. Dick's conduct was disapproved of by her mother and sisters, and all her friends, all of whom desired her to return to her husband, who, in their opinion, was a deserving and estimable man.

Judge King—what return does Wm. P. Smith make to the writ?

Mr. Thomas S. Smith replied—That Mrs. Sarah Dick was not restrained of her liberty, and that she was now present in court to make the same answer.

Mr. Doran—I hope the whole question will be considered, and that the court will decide whether there was or was not a legal marriage; it would be better for both parties to have the question decided.

Judge King—we have no power to go beyond the return. Let the return be read, and then let us hear what Sarah Dick says.

The return was then read, and was as above stated; and Mrs. Sarah Dick was called before the court.—She is a small and stout young lady, with sparkling black eyes, and good features, and would be considered handsome by any one. She came forward, not at all abashed, and to the questions put to her by Judge King, answered distinctly that she was not restrained of her liberty, but remained at Mr. Smith's with her own consent.

Mr. Doran now desired to put some questions to her, which the court would not suffer to be put to her, considering that her declaration of not being restrained of her liberty was all that could be asked of her.

The case here ended, and a great many persons, including a number of well dressed ladies, went immediately out of the court room, evidently disappointed at the decision of the Judges.

"HOW TO GET ON."—THE APOTHECARY METHOD.

"Don't you see?" said Bob; "he goes up to a house rings the area bell, pokes a packet of medicine without a direct on into the servant's hand, and walks off. Servant takes it into the dining-parlor; master opens it and reads the label, 'Draught to be taken at 1 o'clock pills as before—lotion as usual—the powder. From Sawyer's late Nockemoff's. Physicians' prescriptions carefully prepared; and all the rest of it. Shows it to his wife—she reads the label; it goes down to the servants—they read the label. Next day the boy calls, 'Very sorry—his mistake—immense business—great many parcels to deliver—Mr. Sawyer's compliments—late Nockemoff.' The name gets known, and that's the thing, my boy in the medical way; bless your heart old fellow, its better than all the advertising in the world. We have got one four ounce bottle that's been to half the houses in Bristol, and hasn't done yet!"—From the *Pickwick Papers*.

CHRISTMAS FROIC.—On Monday evening a colored hack driver named Abraham Zabriskie, of 233 Walker street, about 6 o'clock drove his sleigh and pair before his own door, and while he went into the house for a moment to warm his fingers, along came a squad of "nice young men," five in number, whose names were Williams Smith, John Sullick, James Sherry, John Norris, and Isaac Norris. The bucks, just "by way of a lark," jumped into the sleigh and drove off at full speed. Instigated probably by St. Nicholas or some other rowdy saint, they came to the determination to increase their force by adding to the party a quota of ladies, and then, *hey for Harlem!* According to their drive to the corner of Willett and Delancy streets, where Miss Ann Ellis was taken in, next at the corner of Mulberry and Stanton streets they were joined by Miss Catharine Farrell, next at 64 Lewis street, the beautiful Miss Julia Smith joined the party, and arriving at the corner of Mulberry and Houston street, the last seat was filled by Miss Margaret Brady. The lash was now applied to the horses, and in a twinkling or so the merry party were on the Third Avenue on their way to Harlem. They stopped at Bradshaw's Hotel, where having partaken of some refreshments, they again took their seats in the sleigh, and with a "here she goes, and there she goes," started for 'tother side of York island, viz Manhattanville.

Meanwhile, matters and things were taking a different course "down town." Zabriskie soon learned that his horse and sleigh were gone, and presuming, as a matter of course, that the only drive the rowdies would take would be toward Harlem, he was not long in making up his mind as to what course to pursue.—He went forthwith to a brother whip, whom he engaged to drive him to Harlem, and pursuing the fugitives overtook them just as they were about dashing into the village of Manhattanville. Here, by the aid of the two officers, whom he had brought along with him, Zabriskie succeeded in securing Sullick, Smith, and Sherry, and three of the young ladies, all of whom were brought down to the city, and lodged for cool reflection, in the watch house. The two Norrises and the other lady made good their escape, and have not yet been heard from by the officers.

Yesterday morning the three young ladies were suffered by Justice Taylor, to return to their homes on their own recognizances to appear in court against their respective *beaux*, and Sullick, Smith and Sherry, were, in default of \$300 bail each, committed on charge of stealing the horse and sleigh. Sherry subsequently procured the requisite bail, and was liberated.

AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER.

ALBANY, SATURDAY, DEC. 28, 1839.

THE ANNUALS FOR 1840.—No season within our recollection has brought a greater variety and more beauty of style, than is to be found in the annuals of 1840, at LITTLE'S Emporium of Literature. Those of our readers who intend to "give good gifts," to their friends, will find at this place every thing to gratify their taste. Among his splendid collection, we observe

The Poets of America, illustrated by one of her Painters, and edited by John Keese, with marginal and other embellishments scattered over its pages in great profusion, generally vivid and striking sketches of the letter press.

The Keepsake, large octavo, by Lady E. S. Wortley. Its line engravings are fit studies for the artist.

Oriental Annual.—Tales, legends and historical romances as usual illustrated in Finden's very best style from original sketches.

Heath's Book of Beauty, edited by the Countess of Blessington—its chief merit pictorial of course, which being every thing in such a book, is made to redeem its literary mediocrity.

Heath's Picturesque Annual, confined to illustrations of Windsor Castle and its environs, with historical descriptions and reminiscences by Leitch Ritchie.

The Belle of the Season (large quarto)—love tale, by the Countess of Blessington, illustrated by some splendid scenes in high life, from the pencil of C. A. Chalon.

Fisher's Drawing Room Scrap Book, with poetical illustration by L. E. L. and Mary Howitt.

Gems of Beauty, with illustrations in prose and verse by the Countess of Blessington.

Fisher's illustrations of Constantinople and its environs—a magnificent book, valuable for its historical as well as pictorial merit.

The Amaranth—original prose and verse, beautifully illustrated by distinguished artists. Large quarto.

The Iris of prose, verse, and art, edited by Mary Russell Mitford—engravings by Finden from paintings by J. Browne. Large quarto.

The book of the Boudoir, or the Court of Queen Victoria, being poetical illustrations accompanying portraits of the nobility, among them the Queen herself, by Finden, from a drawing by J. Lane. Large quarto.

Flora's Gems—a collection of bouquets, drawn and explored by James Andrews, with poetical illustrations. Large quarto. &c. &c. &c.

CONGRESS.—This Body have at length organized themselves, and we are enabled to give a few extracts the Message of the President. The all-engrossing political topic, the Sub-treasury, occupies a large portion of it. Hugh A. Garland, the former clerk, has been re-elected, and Mr. Dorsey, as Sergeant at-arms. Mr. Stanley of N. C. gave notice, that he should, at some future time, offer a resolution, that the public printing be done by contract, and given to the lowest bidder.

POISONING.—The New York papers contain a singular case of poisoning, which has created much excitement in that city, and which appears to be shrouded in mystery. On Saturday evening last, a woman in passing through Catherine market, gave one of the butchers a fancy cake, which he eat a part of, and divided the rest among those standing around. He was immediately taken sick, and has since died. The others, who partook of the cake, are lying dangerously ill. The woman, whose name is Phoebe Ann Simonson, has been arrested, together, with six other females. At the lodgings of Simonson, the saucer in which the cake was baked, has been found; and is undergoing annihilation, together with several mineral substances found on the premises.

At the annual meeting of Temple Chapter. No. 5, held at St. John's Hall, Dec. 25. 5839, the following Companions were elected officers, for the ensuing year:—

Lewis G. Hoffman, H. P.	
Elias Vanderlip, jr. K.	
Argalus W. Starks, S.	
Thomas Blank, C. H.	
James Radcliff, R. A. C.	
James K. Halliday, P. S.	
Hiram Arnold, Sec'y.	
Crawford Livingston, Treas.	
Richard Parr,	} M. V.
Henry Smith,	
Augustus Wilder,	
Abraham Sickles, Tyler.	

GRAND LODGE OF TENNESSEE.

The following Brethren were elected and appointed Grand Officers of the Grand Lodge of Tennessee for the ensuing year, at its late session in Nashville.

M. W. Samuel McManus, of LaGrange, G. Master.	
" Hardy M. Cryer, of Gallatin, D. G. M.	
" Daniel R. Rawlings, S. G. W.	
" William Anderson, of Franklin, J. G. W.	
" John T. Wheat, of Nashville, G. Chaplain.	
" Moses Stevens, " G. Sec'y.	
" James W. McCombs, " G. Treas'r.	
" David Shropshire, G. S. D.	
" Larkin D. Fisher, G. J. D.	
" Wm. B. Langley, G. Marshall.	
" A. D. Cutler, G. S. B.	
" James P. M'Ree, G. Pursuivant.	
" M. E. DeGrove, } G. Stewards,	
" John N. Todd, }	
" Francis Campbell, G. Tyler.	

GRAND CHAPTER.

The following Companions were elected at the last annual Convocation in Nashville officers of the Grand Chapter of Tennessee for the ensuing year.

M. E. Moses Stevens of Nashville G. H. P.	
" Edmund Dillehunt of Columbia, D. G. H. P.	
" George Wilson of Nashville, G. King.	

- " J. H. McMahon of Memphis, G. Scribe.
- " John S. Dashiell of Nashville, G. Sec'y.
- " Jas. W. McCombs, G. Tres'r.
- " Peyton Smith of Covington, G. Chaplain.
- " William Anderson of Franklin, G. Marshal.
- " Pleasant Nelson of Columbia, G. C. G.
- " John N. Todd of Nashville, G. Steward.
- " M. E. DeGrove, G. Tyler.

EXTRACTS FROM PRESIDENTS MESSAGE.

I regret that I cannot on this occasion congratulate you that the past year has been one of unalloyed prosperity. The ravages of fire and disease have painfully afflicted our otherwise flourishing portions of country, and serious embarrassments yet derange the trade of many of our cities. But, notwithstanding these adverse circumstances, that general prosperity which has been heretofore so bountifully bestowed upon us by the Author of all good, still continues to call for our warmest gratitude.

With foreign countries our relations exhibit the same favourable aspect which was presented in my last annual message and afford continued proof of the wisdom and of the pacific, just and forbearing policy adopted by the first Administration of the Federal government, and pursued by its successors.

For the settlement of our Northeastern boundary, the proposition promised by Great Britain for a commission of exploration and survey, has been received, and a counter project, including also a provision for a certain and final adjustment of the limits in dispute, is now before the British Government for its consideration. A just regard to the delicate state of this question, and a proper respect for the natural impatience of the state of Maine, not less than, a conviction that the negotiation has been already protracted longer than is prudent on the part of either government, have led me to believe that the present favorable moment should on no account be suffered to pass without putting the question forever at rest. I feel confident that the government of her Britannic Majesty will take the same view of this subject, as I am persuaded it is governed by desires equally strong and sincere, for the amicable termination of the controversy.

There is every reason to believe that disturbances like those which lately agitated the neighboring British Provinces, will not again prove the sources of border contention, or interpose obstacles to the continuance of that good understanding which it is the mutual interest of Great Britain and the United States to preserve and maintain.

Within the provinces themselves tranquility is restored, and on our frontier, that misguided sympathy in favor of what was deemed to be a general effort in behalf of popular rights, and which, in some instances misled a few of our more inexperienced citizens, has subsided into a rational conviction strongly opposed to all intermeddling with the internal affairs of our neighbors.

Nothing has occurred to disturb the harmony of our intercourse with Austria, Belgium, Denmark, France, Naples, Portugal, Prussia, Russia, or Sweden. The internal state of Spain has sensibly improved, and a well grounded hope exists that the return of peace will restore to the people of that country their former prosperity, and enable the government to fulfil all its obligations at home and abroad. The government of Portugal, I have the satisfaction to state, has paid in full the eleventh and last instalment due to our citizens for the claims embraced in the settlement made with it on the third of March, 1827.

I regret to be obliged to inform you that no convention for the settlement of the claims of our citizens upon Mexico has yet been ratified by the Government of that country.

The financial operations of the government, during the present year have I am happy to say, been very successful. The difficulties under which the Treasury Department has labored, from known defects in the existing laws relative to the safe keeping of the public monies, aggravated by the suspension of specie payments by several of the banks holding public deposits, or indebted to public officers for notes received in payment of public dues, have been surmounted to a very gratifying extent. The large current expen-

ditures have been punctually met, and the faith of the Government in all its pecuniary concerns, has been scrupulously maintained.

The latest accounts from the Exploring Expedition represents it as proceeding successfully in its objects, and promising results no less useful to trade and navigation than to science.

The revenue of the Post Office Department for the year ending with the 30th of June last, was four million four hundred and seventy-six thousand six hundred and thirty-eight dollars—exhibiting an increase over the preceding year of two hundred and forty-one thousand five hundred and sixty dollars. The engagements and liabilities of the Department for the same period are four million six hundred and twenty-four thousand one hundred and seventeen dollars.

I have heretofore assigned to the Congress my reasons for believing that the establishment of an Independent National Treasury, as contemplated by the Constitution, is necessary to the sole action of the Federal Government. The suspension of specie payments in 1837, by the banks having the custody of the public money, showed to so alarming degree our dependence on those institutions for the performance of duties required by law, that I then recommended the entire dissolution of that connection. This recommendation has been subjected, as I dared it should be to severe scrutiny and animated discussion; and I allow myself to believe that, notwithstanding the natural diversities of opinion which may be anticipated on all subjects involving such important considerations, it has secured in its favor as general a concurrence of public sentiment as could be expected on one of such magnitude.

Recent events have also continued to develop new objections to such a connection. Seldom is any bank under the existing system and practice able to meet, on demand, all its liabilities for deposits and notes in circulation. It maintains specie payments, and transacts a profitable business, only by the confidence of the public in its solvency; and whenever this is destroyed, the demand of its depositors and noteholders—pressed more rapidly than it can make collections from its debtors—force it to stop payment. This loss of confidence with its consequences occurred in 1837 and afforded the apology of the banks for their suspension. The public then acquiesced in the validity of the excuse; and, while the State Legislature, did not exact from them their forfeited charters, Congress in accordance with the recommendation of the Executive, allowed them time to pay over the public money they held, although compelled to issue Treasury notes to supply the deficiency thus created.

It now appears that there are other motives than a want of public confidence under which the banks seek to justify themselves in a refusal to meet their obligations. Scarcely were the country and government relieved, in a degree, from the difficulties occasioned by the general suspension of 1837, when a partial one, occurring within thirty months of the former, produced new and serious embarrassments, though it had no palliation in such circumstances as were alleged in justification of that which had previously taken place.—There was nothing in the condition of the country to endanger a well managed banking institution; commerce was deranged by no foreign war; every branch of manufacturing industry was crowned with rich rewards; and the more than usual abundance of our harvests, after supplying our domestic wants, had left our granaries and store houses filled with a surplus for exportation. It is in the midst of this that an irredeemable and depreciated paper currency is entailed upon the people by a large portion of the banks. They are not driven to it by the exhibition of a loss of public confidence, or of a sudden pressure from their depositors or note-holders, but they excuse themselves by alleging that the current of business, and exchange with foreign countries, which draws the precious metals from their vaults, would require, in order to meet it, a large curtailment of their loans to a comparatively small portion of the community, than it will be convenient for them to bear, or perhaps safe for the banks to exact. The plea has ceased to be one of necessity.—Convenience and policy are now deemed sufficient to warrant these institutions in disregarding their solemn obligations. Such conduct is not merely an injury to individual creditors, but it is a wrong to the whole community, from whose liberalty they hold most va-

uable privileges—whose rights they violate, whose business they derange, and value of whose property they render unstable and insecure.—It must be evident that this new ground for bank suspensions, in reference to which their action is not only disconnected with, but wholly independent of, that of the public, gives a character to their suspensions more alarming than any which they exhibited before, and greatly increases the impropriety of relying on the banks in the transactions of the Government.

A WRETCH.—The West Chester (Pa.) Record says, some demon in human form entered the stable of Mr. Setzler, in Coventry township, on the night of the third inst, and poisoned one of his horses, and cut off his mane and tail, and about four inches of the tongue of another horse. The unfeeling, unmanly and degraded perpetrator of this act, left a paper on the partition wall, of which written, "Don't spite me any more." Low and despicable must be the brute who could inflict such wanton cruelty.

Those Brethern who subscribed the prospectus for the Masonic Register, by me circulated, and who have not paid for the same to me, or Br. Mix, will oblige me much by sending the same to Br. L. G. Hoffman, by mail. The Post Masters, are authorised to send such money free of postage.

BLANCHARD POWERS.

Bennington, Nov. 19, 1839.

MARRIED.

On the 24th inst., by Rev. T. Seymour, Mr. James McClure, to Miss Mary Isabella Vose, both of this city.

DIED.

Yesterday, Mrs. Isabella Hunter, aged 80 years, mother of the late James Hunter, formerly co-editor of the Albany Daily Advertiser.

At Rochester, N. Y. on Sunday, Dec. 22d, in the 90th year of her age, Elizabeth Mackenzie, mother of Wm. Lyon Mackenzie.

At Lebanon, Conn. Dec. 16, Wm. Trumbull Williams, aged 63, the son of one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence.

At Springfield, Otsego co. on the 19 ult., Deacon George Holt, aged 32 years, a soldier of the Revolution.

LIGHT! LIGHT! LIGHT!!! REMEDY FOR THE TIMES. G. W. Knowlton & Co., Manufacturers of Camphine Oil Lamps, Spirit Gas Lamps, Oil Lamps, &c. Feel grateful for favors hitherto received. Respectfully acquaint their friends and the public that they have a good assortment of lamps of all kinds, from one dollar upwards to suit the emergency of the times. They therefore respectfully invite those who are desirous of studying economy in lighting their stores, houses, &c., by the most brilliant and cheap light, to call and examine their neat and substantial, and well manufactured lamps, which have given universal satisfaction to the many thousands who now use them. Remember that by adopting these lamps, you have a better light, and save on an average 50 per cent. They would also say to the public, that they can always depend upon a first rate article of Camphine Oil, and Spirit Gas, as they manufacture it themselves.

G. W. KNOWLTON & Co.
500, South Market street.

NEW BOOKS received at W. C. LITTLE'S Book-store.

Moore's new poem, "Alciphron."

Bulwer's new Play, "The Sea Captain."

Poe's Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque, 2 vols.

Memoirs of Charles Mathews, the comedian, continued.

Countess of Blessington's new Book, "The Government," 2 vols.

Journal of the Franklin Institute.

Bell's Select Medical Library.

The Law Library for December.

The Gentleman's Magazine for December, with plates.

And all the Annuals and Illustrated Works for 1840.

THE AMERICAN-MASONIC REGISTER,

Is Published every Saturday by L. G. HOFFMAN

OPPOSITE THE EAGLE TAVERN, ALBANY.

TERMS.—To city subscribers, Two Dollars and Fifty Cents a year. To subscribers who receive their papers by mail, Two Dollars, payable on the receipt of the 4th Number. No subscription received for less term than one year. Back numbers at all times furnished.

"A post master may enclose money in a letter to the publisher of a newspaper, to pay the subscription of a third person, and FRANK the letter, if written by himself."

POST MASTER GENERAL.

POETRY.

For the American Masonic Register and Literary Companion.

THE MOORISH MAID.

'Neath the shade of von stately tree,
See'st thou that lovely Moorish girl,
And mark her high and lofty brow
Where clusters many a waving curl.

But why pillowed on that dimpled hand
Thy head with glossy ringlets dressed,
And why that eye intently fixed
On yonder silvery lake at rest.

In that smooth lake that looks so calm,
She sees in "fancy's wide domain,"
A lover with devoted heart
Who ever constant did remain.

But he was of the Christian creed,
And could he ever dare aspire
To obtain the hand of that lovely girl,
From her proud Mahometan sire.

No—he had hoped, but vain was hope,
For her he was forbid to name,
His creed, he ne'er could sacrifice
Nor see her by another claimed.

'Twas thus he mused as he wandered by
That lake so beautiful and fair,
"Why not plunge in and thus relieve
My aching heart from all its care."

Ere pondering o'er the fearful step,
He plunged—and that fair girl is left
To mourn his sad untimely end,
And of her fondest hopes bereft.

FLORA.

THE SPIRIT'S MYSTERIES.

The power that dwelleth in sweet songs to waken
Vague yearnings, like the sailor's from the shore.
And dim remembrances, whose hue seems taken
From some bright former state, our own no more;
Is not this all a mystery? who shall say
Whence are those thoughts, and whither tends their
way!

The sudden images of vanish'd things,
That o'er the spirit flash, we know not why;
Tones from some broken harp's deserted strings,
Warm sunset hues of Summers long gone by;
A rippling wave—the dashing of an oar,—
A flower scent floating past our parents' door;

A word—scarce noted in its hour perchance,
Yet back returning with a plaintive tone;
A smile—a sunny or a mournful glance,
Full of sweet meaning now from this world flown,—
Are not these mysteries, when to life they start,
And press vain Spring showers from the blighted heart.

And the far wanderings of the soul in dreams,
Calling up shrouded faces from the dead,
And with them bringing soft or solemn gleams,
Familiar objects brightly to o'erspread,
And waking buried love, or joy, to fear—
These are night's mysteries—who shall make them clear.

And the strange inborn sense of coming ill.
That sometimes whispers to the haunted breast,
In a low sighing tone which naught can still,
'Mid feasts and melodies a secret guest;—
Whence doth that murmur come, that shadow fall?
Why shakes the spirit thus?—'tis mystery all!

Darkly we move—we press upon the brink
Haply of unseen worlds, and know it not!
Yes! it may be, that nearer than we think,
Are those whom death hath parted from our lot,
Fearfully, wonderously, our souls are made—
Let us walk humbly on, yet undismay'd.

Humbly—for knowledge strives in vain to feel
Her way among these marvels of the mind;
Yet undismay'd—for do they not reveal
Th' immortal nature with our dust entwined?
So let us deem! and ev'n the tears they wake
Shall then be bless'd for that high Nature's sake.

THE CATEATER.

A new version of the "Three Black Crows," of Smollet.

Though facts will swell as stories fly,
Till truth o'erstretched becomes a lie;
The tell tale here, no legend frames,
Which more than mod'rate credence claims:
Nor bouncer like, a fiction broaches
For those who swallowed lies like Loac'ies.
Nor sceptic dreads, whose scowling eye
At aught uncommon darts the lie.
John Trot, a homespun country putt
Jack Sly one morning met full but,
Who starting, star'd and stamm'ring said,
Lord! Juh—huh—John! what an't you dead!
Dead! why? says John,—dear heart quoth Sly,
Don't rave, I'll tell the reason why;
Dick Bam declares, (who saw the sight)
You eat up three live cats last night.
Eat three live cats, quoth John, odd rot it,
Prime news! I wonder where he got it!
But I'll soon know,—so speeds to Bam,
Who flatly swore 'twas all a sham.
I could not say, quoth Dick, that you
Had eat three cats, 'twas only two;
Two, in the devil's name and who
Has told, says Trot, this tale to you?
Bob Banter! Oh! he did, quoth John,
I'll make him change his note anon,
So he's to Banter all agog.
Whom thus he greets. You stand'ring dog,
Who rake up lies to gull the flats,
Did I, last night eat two live cats?
Two, replies Banter, that's rare fun!
Eat me if I said more than one:
Than one, and zounds it why said that?
Why say that I eat one live cat!
Your brother told me so, says Bob,
If so, says John I'll jolt his nob;
So off went Cain in quest of Abel,
With mind whose index lack'd no label,
As frowning brow and flashing eye,
To John's intents ne'er gave the lie;
And had he then met Tom his brother,
Death might have levell'd one or t'other.
But fortunately John thus fooled,
No brother found till passion cool'd,
When lighting then on tat'ling Tom
He cried, where got'st thou that tale from?
Plague on thy tongue thou foul mouth'd brat
That I last night eat up a cat?
A cat says Tom, your spitt'ing spare,
A Puss I said, a fine fat Hare.
Mother herself here told me that.
You lie you Dog nor hare nor cat.
Quoth old Dame Trot, so dinna blab it.
I only said John eat a Rabbit,
And that's a truth I pledge my life,
For here's my author John's own wife.
When John's meek spouse demurely rose,
And said good friends this contest close,
For sure as families increase by marriage,
Stories will always breed in carriage:
And though three cats of English breed,
'Tis said poor John dispatch'd with speed,
John supp'd, as oft he's supped before,
On one Welsh Rabbit,—nothing more.

THE COTTAGE DOOR.

BY T. E. HARVEY, ESQ.

How sweet the rest that labor yields
The humble and the poor,
Where sits the patriarch of the fields
Before his cottage door!
The lark is singing in the sky,
The swallow in the eaves,
And love is beaming in each eye,
Beneath the summer leaves!

The air amid his fragrant bowers,
Supplies unpurchased health,
And hearts are bounding 'mid the flowers,
More dear to him than wealth;
Peace, like the blessed sunlight, plays
Around his humble cot,
And happy nights and cheerful days,
Divide his lowly lot!

And when the village Sabbath bell,
Rings out upon the gale,
The father bows his head to tell
The music of its tale.—
A fresher verdure seems to fill
The fair and dewy sod,
And every infant tongue is still,
To hear the Word of God!

Oh! happy hearts!—To him who stills
The ravens when they cry,
And makes the lily 'neath the hills
So glorious to the eye.
The trusting patriarch prays, to bless
His labor with increase:—
Such 'ways are ways of pleasantness,'
And all such 'paths are peace.'

THE STRANGER'S HEART.

The stranger's heart! oh, wound it not!
A yearning anguish is its lot;
In the green shadow of thy tree
The stranger finds no rest with thee.

Thou think'st the vine's low rustling leaves
Glad music round thy household eaves;
To him that sound hath sorrow's tone—
The stranger's heart is with his own.

Thou think'st thy children's laughing play
A lovely sight at fall of day!
Then are the stranger's thoughts oppress—
His mother's voice comes o'er his breast.

Thou think'st at it sweet when friend to friend
Beneath one roof in prayer may blend;
Then doth the stranger's eye grow dim—
Far, far are those who pray'd with him.

Thy hearth, thy home, thy vintage land—
The voices of thy kindred band;
Oh, 'midst them all when blest thou art,
Deal gently with the stranger's heart!

THE BETTER LAND.

"I hear thee speak of the better land,
Thou call'st it children a happy band;
Mother! oh where is that radiant shore?
Shall we not seek it, and weep no more?
Is it where the flower of the orange blows,
And the fire-flies glance through the myrtle boughs?"
—"Not there, not there, my child!"

"Is it where the feathery palm trees rise,
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies?
Or midst the green islands of glittering seas,
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,
And strange, bright birds, on their starry wings,
Bear the rich hues of all glorious things?"
—"Not there, not there, my child!"

"Is it far away, in some region old,
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold?
Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
And the diamond lights up the secret mine,
And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand,
Is it there, sweet mother, that better land?"
—"Not there, not there, my child!"

"Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy!
Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy;
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair—
Sorrow and death may not enter there;
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom,
Far beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb,
—It is there, it is there, my child!"

PARMELEE'S STOVE.—This truly unprecedented stove has won to itself the acknowledged superiority over all other extant, from its simplicity of arrangement its complete combination of every thing desirable in a cooking stove, being equally adapted to burn either wood or coal at a saving of 30 per cent in either kind of fuel. Those who have heretofore conceived any objections to using coal for culinary operations, will be perfectly satisfied of the utility of these stoves by calling at No. 5 Green st., Albany. Every stove will be warranted to give satisfaction, or the purchase money will be refunded. For sale only by the subscribers, at No. 5 Green street.

HAWES & BAKER.

AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER AND LITERARY COMPANION.

BY L. G. HOFFMAN.]

ALBANY, SATURDAY, JANUARY, 4, 1839.

[VOL. I.—NO. 18.]

MASONIC.

—Semitæ certe,

Tro quid per virtutem patet unica vita.—Juv. S. 1

THE HISTORY OF FREEMASONRY,

DRAWN FROM AUTHENTIC SOURCES OF INFORMATION.

No. VIII.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 131.]

It is not, however, upon speculative principles alone that we can account for the confessions and subsequent recantations of the Knights. There are, fortunately, some historical facts which furnish a rational explanation of their conduct; but which Barruel, either from ignorance or design, has totally overlooked. About the commencement of the whole affair, Molay, the Grand Master of the order, had been examined at Paris. From the causes which we have already explained, but, particularly, from a dread of those tortments to which an obstinate avowal of his innocence would expose him, he made every confession which his persecutors demanded; but he at the same time transmitted circular letters to an immense number of his brethren, requesting them to make the same confessions with himself: (a) for he was only by submissive conduct, that they could hope to disarm the fury of their enemies, and avert the blow which was threatened to their order. Agreeably to the request of Molay, many of the Templars made the same acknowledgements; while others, whose morality was more inflexible, and whose courage was more undaunted, disdained to do evil, that good might come, and persisted unto death in the avowal of their own innocence, and that of their order. Molay, however, and those knights who had followed his example, soon perceived, that though their submissions had protected them from injury as individuals, they had, nevertheless, rather inflamed the rage of Philip against the order; and, being now convinced, that their acknowledgements of guilt had produced an effect opposite to what they expected, they boldly retracted their former avowals, and adopted that intrepid conduct of which we have already given a short account. There is another circumstance connected with this part of our subject, which though not taken notice of by historians, is well deserving of the reader's attention. It is asserted by all contemporary writers, whether the friends or adversaries of the Templars, that all those knights who maintained their innocence, were condemned either to death, or to a punishment equally severe while all who confessed, and adhered to their confessions, were either completely acquitted, or sentenced to a few days fasting and prayer, or a short imprisonment. (b) It is allowed also by these historians, and even by Barruel, that a very considerable number of the Templars were altogether ignorant of the crimes perpetrated by their order, and that some who were privy to them, were not partakers in their guilt. In which class, then, are we to rank these innocent men? Among those who suffered, or among those who were saved? If among the former, their enemies were guilty of the most flagrant injustice and cruelty, in consuming the innocent on the same pile with the guilty. If among the latter, they must have been compelled to confess themselves guilty of crimes of which they were completely innocent.

In order to show that the confessions of the Templars were voluntary, and not extorted by the rack, Barruel

is obliged to deny facts which are admitted by every historian. But, lest his readers should not be so sceptical on that point as himself, he takes care to inform them, that the bishops declared, that all whose confessions were extorted by the rack, should be regarded as innocent, and that no Templar should be subject to it; Clement V. rather favoured the Templars, and that he sent the most venerable persons to interrogate those, whose age and infirmities prevented them from appearing before him. But who, pray, were these aged and infirm Templars to whom Clement is so compassionate? Were they men who were smarting under diseases inflicted by the hand of heaven? Were they men whose aged limbs were unfit for the fatigues of a journey, or whose gray hairs had excited the pity of the Roman Pontiff? No—they were a few undaunted knights whom the blood extorting screws of their tormentors had tortured and disabled; whose flesh had lacerated on the rack, and whose bones had been disjoined, or broken on the wheel. These are the men, who, in the language of the above writer, were prevented by their age and infirmities from travelling to Poitiers, or who, in the more simple style of the Pope himself, were unable to ride on horseback, or to bear any other method of conveyance whatsoever. Such was that madness of Clement which Barruel applauds! And such too, we may add, the integrity of Barruel!

Having thus endeavoured to vindicate the character of our ancestors from the accusations of their enemies, it will be necessary to make a few remarks respecting the ceremonial observances which are attributed to them and their posterity, by the author of the memoirs of Jacobinism. But this, our enemies well know, is forbidden ground, on which Freemasons are prohibited to enter by the laws of their order. It is here, consequently, that the most numerous, and apparently the most successful attacks have been made, for we can be provided with no means of defence without laying open the mysteries of the fraternity. Conscious of the disadvantages under which Freemasons labour, their adversaries have fabricated the most frightful and foolish ceremonies, and imposed them upon the world as the ceremonies of Masonry. Among this number, may be reckoned those rites and oaths which Barruel ascribes to the Templars and their posterity, but which we solemnly aver, have no connection either with the one or the other; and, were we permitted to divulge to the world the whole of our ritual system, many who have duped the public by deceitful information, would stand abashed at their conduct, while others, who have confided in such information, would be astonished at the extent of their credulity. These might Freemasons defy, as they have done, in every other point, the fabrications of the malicious and the conjectures of the ignorant. Then, too, might they mock at the ingenuity of the wise. But, as they are bound to preserve from public view the rites of their order, it is highly disingenuous to assail them in a quarter where resistance is impossible, and where every unprincipled man triumphs with impunity. Is not this to assassinate an enemy with his hands tied behind his back? Is not this to reproach a foe who is deprived of the organs of utterance?

But there is another important consideration, which while it points out in a more striking manner the disingenuity of such conduct, should, at the same time, induce the candid enquirer to reject every calumny against secret associations, arising from reports concerning their rites and ceremonies. If ever the secrets of

of Freemasonry were betrayed, they must have been betrayed by men who were completely destitute of religious principle; who paid no respect to those ties which unite the members of civil, as well as secret associations; who, in short, neither feared God, nor regarded man. Suppose, then, that a person, pretending to be a Freemason, offered to communicate, either to an individual, or to the public, the rites and ceremonies of his order. What degree of credit should men of probity attach to the information which might in this way receive! A person addresses them under the character of a perjurer, offering to violate the most solemn engagements, and to divulge mysteries which have been concealed for ages. He may give them accurate information, or he may not. If the secrets which he offers to betray, have been hitherto unknown, there is no possible way of ascertaining the truth of his deposition. And it is rather to be suspected, that he will dupe his auditors by false information, than trample upon an engagement, guarded by the most awful sanctions. He might, indeed, confirm by an oath, the truth of his asseveration; but, as he must have violated an oath equally solemn, no man of sense will give him the smallest credit. But, supposing that he really divulges the secrets and ceremonies of Freemasonry, it is clear that he has not understood their true import, or, at least, that they have made no impression upon his mind. It is almost certain, therefore, that, from ignorance, or misapprehension of their meaning, he will exhibit, under an aspect calculated to excite ridicule, those rites and ceremonies, which, if properly explained, would command admiration. If then it be so difficult for the uninitiated to discover the secrets of Freemasonry, and still more so to ascertain their significations if they should discover them, what must we think of those men who open their ears to every slanderous tale against Freemasons, which unprincipled men may impose upon their credulity? What must we think of those who reproach and vilify our order, upon the uncertain reports of cunning and interested men? We appeal to the impartial reader, if they are not equally base with the informers themselves.

Such are the considerations by which we would attempt to repel those charges and distorted facts, with which Barruel has calumniated the character, and disfigured the history of the Templars. They will be sufficient, we hope, to remove those erroneous impressions which the perusal of the memoirs of Jacobinism may have left upon the reader's mind. Although we have adopted the opinion of those who maintain the innocence of that unfortunate order, we cannot coincide with them in believing, that, as individuals, they were free from blame. The Templars were possessed of the same corrupted nature, and influenced by the same passions as their fellow men: and they were, unquestionably, exposed to more strong and numerous temptations. Some of the knights, therefore, may have been guilty of crimes, and these too of an aggravated kind, which, by a strange, though not uncommon mistake, might have been transferred to their order. But it was never proved that they were traitors, child-murders, regicides, and infidels. A certain class of historians, indeed, have imputed to them such iniquities, and, when unable to establish their assertions, have fixed upon their order the more probable crimes of drunkenness and debauchery. But, amidst all these accusations, we hear nothing of that valour which raised the Templars to pre-eminence; nothing of that

charity and beneficence which procured them the respect of cotemporaries; nothing of that fortitude and patience which most of them exhibited on the rack, and in the flames. In their case it has been too true, that

The evil which men do, lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones.

But, allowing the Templars to be as guilty as their enemies have represented them. Upon what principles of sound reasoning, or common sense, does Barruel transfer their guilt to the fraternity of Freemasons? Is it absolutely necessary, that the son should inherit the bodily diseases, and the mental debility of his fore-fathers; or is it fair, that one order, proposing to itself the same object, and instituted upon the same principles as another, should be charged also with the same crimes? Certainly not. If virtue and vice were hereditary qualities, we might arrogate to ourselves much honor from our connection with the Templars. But, as we have not been applauded for a Templar's virtues we should not be reproached for a Templar's crimes. But the reasoning of Barruel is as repugnant to the dictates of experience, as it is to those of common sense. Were not the inhabitants of England, at one period, fanatics, rebels, and regicides? But where now is the nation that is more liberal in its religion, and more steady in its loyalty! Did not the French, at one time, torture, burn, and massacre their fellow citizens, from the fury of their religious zeal, and the strength of their attachment to the catholic communion? But what nation under heaven is at present less influenced by religious principles, and less attached to the church of Rome. Did not the rulers of France, at one time, torment and assassinate hundreds of the Templars, because they deemed them infidels, traitors, and regicides? And have we not seen, in these latter days the very rulers of France themselves, infidels, traitors, and regicides. But if the impartial reader should, upon farther inquiry, give credit to the guilt of the Templars; in order to remove the imputed stain which has been transferred to Freemasons, it may be sufficient to address him in the words of the poet.

Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SPIRIT OF DISCOVERY.

TO STAIN PAPER OR PARCHMENT.

Yellow. Paper may be stained a beautiful yellow by the tincture of turmeric formed by infusing an ounce or more of the root, powdered, in a pint of spirit of wine. This may be made to give any tint of yellow, from the lightest straw to the full color, called French yellow, and will be equal in brightness even to the best dyed silks. If yellow be wanted of a warmer or redder cast, anatho-drizoo's blood must be added. The best manner of using these, and the following tinctures, is to spread them even on the paper, or parchment, by means of a broad brush, in the same manner as varnish.

Crimson. A very fine crimson stain may be given to paper by a tincture of the Indian-lake, which may be made by infusing the lake some days in spirit of wine, and then pouring off the tincture from the dregs. It may also be stained of a scarlet hue by the tincture of dragon's blood in spirit of wine, but this will not be bright.

Green. Paper or parchment may be stained green by the solution of verdigris in vinegar, or by the crystals of verdigris dissolved in water.

Orange. Stain the paper or parchment first of a full yellow, by means of the tincture of turmeric; then brush it over with a solution of fixed alkali salt, made by dissolving half an ounce of pearlshales or salt of tartar, in a quart of water, and filtering the solution.

Purple. Paper or parchment may be stained purple by archil or by the tincture of logwood.

The juice of ripe privet berries expressed will likewise give a purple dye.

To dye horns of different color. Black is performed by steeping brass in aqua fortis till it is turned green, with this the horn is to be washed once or twice and then put into a warm decoction of logwood and water.

Green is begun by boiling it; &c. in alum-water, then with verdigris, ammoniac and white wine vinegar, keeping it hot therein till sufficiently green.

Red is begun by boiling it in alum-water, then with verdigris, ammoniac, and finished by decoction in a liquor compounded of quicklime steeped in rain water, strained, and to every pint an ounce of Brazil wood added. In this decoction the horns are to be boiled till sufficiently red.

Horns receive a deep black stain from a solution of silver. It ought to be diluted to such a degree as not sensibly to corrode the subject, and applied two or three times if necessary, at considerable intervals, the matter being exposed as much as possible to the sun, to hasten the appearance and deepening of the color.

To Write on Paper with Gold or Silver.

Make a sizing as strong as will flow freely from the pen, by dissolving equal quantities of gum Arabic and loaf sugar in water; write with this on paper and let it dry; then moisten the paper by breathing on it, or by holding it over hot water, and immediately lay pieces of gold or silver leaf on the lines of the writing, pressing them down gently with a dry nail pencil. Allow the sizing to dry again, and then brush off the superfluous gold or silver with cotton. The writing may be burnished, and will present a beautiful appearance.

THE NATURALIST.

NATURE AND HABITS OF THE HONEY BEE.

The queen resembles neither of the other bees in structure; she is about eight lines and a half in length, while the males are seven, and the workers six. Her abdomen is longer in proportion and increases much when filled with eggs; her wings so short as scarcely to reach past the third ring and her colour tends to a deep yellow. The slowness, or even gravity of her march, her stature, and above all, the various homage paid her by the bees, characterise her in a distinguishing manner.

"We can scarce believe," says a writer, "what our eyes have witnessed on observing the regard and assiduities of the neuters for the beloved queen." She resides in the interior of the hive, and seldom, if ever, departs from her station, unless when she leads out a new swarm. When any alarm is given by knocking the hive, the queen advances to the entrance, and some persons have a facility of taking her without injury, and the whole swarm on missing her will follow wherever she is carried. The government of the bees is termed republican, although it resembles more the monarchical, as a single personage, the queen governs the whole. She is likewise their mother in the strictest sense. Among 20, or 25,000 bees of which a hive frequently consists, the queen is the only one that breeds; and it is to this prerogative that she is indebted for the extreme love and affection which she enjoys from her subjects. This respect and obedience are truly remarkable. She is almost continually attended by a circle of bees, who devote themselves to her service, some present her with honey, others pass their trunk lightly over her body in order to remove from it any thing that may be offensive. When she walks, those that are in her passage, range themselves in a respectful manner to make way for her. They either know or appear to know, that these procedure has an important object in view, that of augmenting the number of their citizens. The queen being the parent of the hive, it is from her alone, that a complete swarm composed of queens, drones and workers, can proceed; and without all these different members of the community, it cannot either lay up stores or be preserved in existence. That bees are propagated by means of eggs which are hatched into worms, could not be unknown from times of the most remote antiquity; but no point in the natural history of animals has been more keenly contested than their precise mode of generation.

Forty-six hours after impregnation, the queen begins laying eggs, which will become workers; and and provided impregnation takes place within the first twenty days of her existence, thousands are produced uninterruptedly during the succeeding eleven months.

Then she commences laying eggs, which will be drones

A single copulation is sufficient to impregnate all the eggs which a queen will lay in two years, or, perhaps the whole that she will lay during her life. The laying of a queen is retarded, or altogether interrupted, by cold; and one impregnated in the end of October, has been known to retain her eggs four months and a half, owing to the intervention of winter. This queen during March and April, laid about 3000 eggs, producing males only, and so very prolific are these insects, that a single queen may be mother of 12,000 bees, or more, in the space of two months, which is laying at the rate of 200 eggs daily. The queen, before depositing an egg, examines whether the cell is clean, and fit to receive it, and also suitable to its future condition; for queens, males and workers have cells peculiarly adapted to their kind, and the queen by anticipation, seems aware which of these will proceed from the egg, she deposits. Those producing workers, are deposited in hexagonal horizontal cells; the cells of the drones are somewhat irregular in their form, but the cells containing the eggs, intended to produce queens, are large, circular and hang perpendicularly in the hive. When the egg is laid, the bees supply the cell with the pollen of flowers, which serves to feed the young worm coming from it. The eggs of all the three kinds of bees, are hatched in three days; a worker remains five days in the vermicular state, a male six and a half; and a queen five. The worker's worm occupies thirty-six hours in spinning its silken envelope, or cocoon; in three days, it changes to a nymph; and only on the twentieth day of its existence, does it become a complete or perfect winged animal. The drones are still longer in attaining their lost metamorphosis, which succeeds in twenty-four days after the egg has been laid. But the queen comes to perfection in six days. Food is carried by the bees to the worms as they require it; but when ready to be transformed to a nymph, they are aware that it is no longer necessary; on the contrary, the mouth of the cell is sealed with a covering of the wax, formed of concentric circles from the hedge, convex, if including males, and flat, if including workers. The same cell may successfully bring different workers to maturity; after one has left it, the bees clean the inside, and the mother again lays there; but the cells containing eggs which become queens, are used no more than once.

Immediately on the loss, or removal of the queen, the whole hive is a scene of tumult and disorder: the bees seem to anticipate their own destruction, by the precaution they take to guard against it. Should there be neither eggs nor brood in the combs, they will infallibly perish; their instinctive faculties are lost, they have no object for which their labors are united, they cease to collect honey and prepare wax, and in a short time they disappear and die. But if there be brood in the combs, the industry of the bees continues unabated; for by the proceeding which they follow, they know that their loss will be repaired. Having selected a worm, three days old, or less, they sacrifice three of the contiguous cells, that the cell of the worm may be formed into one adapted to breed a queen. They next supply it with the necessary food, which is not the common farina, pollen or bee bread, on which the young workers feed, but a peculiar paste or jelly, of a pungent taste, which is reserved for queens alone. When reached maturity, a queen comes forth, qualified to fulfil every indispensable function on which the preservation of many thousand lives depend. Working bees have therefore the power of effecting the metamorphosis of one of their own species, to avert the effects of a loss, which would prove the utter ruin of the whole colony. The sole function of the queen bee is, to perpetuate her species: but single, and unassisted by the workers, herself and her offspring would perish. Her fecundity is surprising. Swammerdam affirms, that she contains 50,000 eggs; and some authors advance, that she may be the mother of 100,000 bees in one season. In addition to the peculiarities, exhibited in her propagating young, she is marked by others of the most conspicuous description. She is watched and attended to; and to judge from appearances, sheltered and respected by the workers. Groups of them constantly encircle her; they supply her with honey, brush and lick her limbs; whenever she moves, they recede before her; and, according to the united sentiments of all, who have studied the nature of

bees, pay her, what would be called real homage, could we allow them the prerogative of understanding. She is the object of the greatest attachment; her presence inspires them with new instincts, and animates them to labour; the permanent existence of a queen, in short, is the only security of the workers.

EDUCATION.

DISTRICT LIBRARIES.

The following from the Evening Journal, is doubtless from the Superintendent of Common Schools, conveys information of importance to school districts which have not expended their library appropriation:—

There appears to be some apprehension that School Districts may lose their library money the ensuing year, in cases where, from insuperable difficulties, they have not been able to expend, in the purchase of books, the moneys received during the present year. We have applied to the proper source for information, and the following is the result of our inquiries. The act of 1838, in relation to the income of the U. S. Deposit Fund, appropriated 55,000 dollars annually, to be applied to the purchase of District Libraries, upon the like conditions as the school moneys are distributed. One of the conditions is, the actual expenditure of the money received in one year before calling for the amount to be paid the ensuing year; and as the first payment was made in 1839, it was required by the law to be expended in that year. Notice of this condition, was given in June, 1838, by Gen. Dix, the then Superintendent, and the same notice has been twice given since, once in a Circular on the 26th February, and again in a Circular on the 10th of May last. So that if there be any impracticability in the matter, it is not for want of abundant notice, nor does it arise from any Circulars of the Superintendents; but it is in the law itself.

There doubtless are and will be difficulties to prevent a strict compliance with the law. The Legislature of 1839 anticipated them and made provision by the 6th section of the act of April 15th, to guard against any loss or injury, in consequence, by authorizing the Superintendent to allow the payment of library money to delinquent districts, according to the circumstances of the case. We doubt not this authority will be liberally exercised in favor of all districts in which there has not been gross and wilful neglect. And to enable him to exercise the discretion given by the Statute, the commissioners of Common Schools are required by the 14th regulation, issued on the 10th of May last, to report to him every case in which they withhold library money and the circumstances. They are not to distribute such money in any way, without the directions of the Superintendent, but are to keep it on hand until such directions are given. If it should become necessary, doubtless the Legislature will pass a general law on the subject, extending the time for the expenditure of the money received in 1839.

As there are many districts in the state, that feel a deep interest in this subject, an acceptable service may be rendered them by re-publishing this statement or its substance, in the newspapers of the State generally.

THE GATHERER

TENDER-HEARTED LANDLORD.

James, said a worthy merchant on Main street to his clerk the other morning: Go down to Water street, to Mr. —, and tell him his rent must be paid to day, I can't wait any longer, as he's already two quarters in arrears.

The clerk obeyed the direction, and soon came back with great appearance of milkiness about the eyes.

'Mrs. — wants to see you, Sir, about the rent very much, Sir.'

The merchant happily was at leisure, and went at once to visit his tenant. He found him extended upon a coarse bed, in an insensible stage of a dangerous malady. His wife was busy over a scanty fire; apparently preparing some simple aliment for her sick husband. Three little children sat shivering in the corner. His approach was unnoticed.

'Ma,' said one of the little urchins, 'when be you going to get breakfast!'

'Breakfast, my dear child, that is more than I can tell.'

The merchant advanced.

'My good woman—my good woman—ahem—that is,—and the worthy man felt very much like choking. He grasped his pocket-book convulsively, and laid some bills upon the table—he opened the door and disappeared.

'James,' said he again to his clerk, 'take this order to Mr. —, and tell him to have the provisions delivered immediately.'

The merchant felt much better than he would have done, if he got his rent. There is something in a good action that makes one's heart feel lighter.—warmer—better. We would publish the good man's name, but we know he would dislike it and we would not for all the world offend him.

BEAUTY.

How often do we hear men eager in the pursuit of partners for life, inquire for beautiful women: and yet how brief the existence of what they see, and how unproductive of happiness in its possession.

We know full well the satisfaction that sleeps beneath the snow white lids of a beautiful eye: in the haughty curl of an exquisite lip, in the blush of a rose that leaps into the budding cheek; and the fine turn of a swan like neck, the gentle motions of a symmetrical form, or on the shadowy redundancy of dark and beautifully flowing tresses. The hearts of the young and passionate leap gladly, and are filled with impulses whilst gazing upon these things—but when the soul is scrutinized and found unblest by elevated thoughts and generous imaginings, when the intellects uncultured, and the imagination cold, the slumber of forgetfulness will soon fall upon the dream of beauty, and the flame of affection be quenched in apathy or disgust.

With men of genius, strong feeling and powerful passions are ever associated, and in beauty is mingled with the qualities of wild thought and affection; if delicacy, and virtue are not admirably blended with mental attractions, the light of love will soon be extinguished, and the genial impulses of the bosom chilled by apathy and contempt. Men of intellect may yield a momentary homage to a beautiful woman dispossessed of their fascinations; even a village urchin will chase the gilded wing of a butterfly, but in both cases the external splendor palls upon the senses, and something of an innate character is sought for, to sustain the regard which beauty excited. Nothing is so flattering to the feelings of man, as the exhaustless and quenchless regard of a sensible female, and no incense so rich can be offered upon the shrine of a woman's ambition, as the avowed and enthusiastic affection of a man of genius. Beauty! thou art mean and unmeaning toy, when contrasted with depth of feeling and power of mind, and she who would aggrandize to herself consequences from the little ambition of personal beauty, is too imbecile in her aspirations, to merit the attention of an elevated thinker.

[From the Journal of Commerce.]

POISONING OF JOHN W. FLOOR CONFESSED.

POLICE OFFICE.—Our readers have been apprised of the death of a young man named John W. Floor, occasioned by his eating a poisoned pound cake, presented to him by a female in Catharine market—and of the arrest and imprisonment of six females on suspicion of being concerned in, or accessory to, the crime committed. Nothing however appearing to implicate five of the females in the guilt of the transaction, they were subsequently discharged, and only one, named Phebe Ann Simonson, alias Sanderson, who called herself the wife of the deceased, was detained in prison for future examination. This female, it is generally admitted, and by herself declared, was the wife of Mr. Floor, and lived in apartments in Lewis street, where he supported her as his wife, and she is understood to be about 7 or 8 months in pregnancy. After her arrest this woman (whose maiden name was Simonson, and whose parents went from Staten Island to reside in Bergen county New Jersey) acknowledged that she had been to the market on the night the cake was given, and had obtained some mutton chops, but denied having had any cake that night at the market.

After her arrest, the apartments she had occupied were searched, and a saucer and a plate, each containing portions of pound cake which adhered to their sides were found, and identified by a Mrs. Fisher and a Miss Phillips, of the same house, as those she had baked cakes in on Saturday sen'night in the stove of Mrs. Fisher. It was also proved that when one of the cakes (the smaller one) was somewhat scorched, that the accused expressed her regret at the fact, saying that she wanted that cake for a particular use; and also that when a child of Mrs. Fisher asked for a piece of the smaller cake, the accused again said she wanted it for a particular use, but that the child might have a piece of the larger one on the next day.

The smaller cake the accused said she had eaten herself on the way to the market, which was not the fact, as it was evidently given to Mr. Floor. The saucer that had contained the cake was put into the hands of Dr. Chilton, the chemist, who on making a chemical analysis of the portions of cake adhering to its sides, detected in them considerable portions of arsenic, though there was none in the portions of cake adhering to the larger plate. A small iron pot was also found by Justice Merritt in the apartment of the accused, which contained a fluid with a white sediment, being as supposed the washings of the poisonous vessel in which the dough of the cake was mixed. The substance in the iron pot was also impregnated with arsenic, and likewise, as we are informed, a bowl in which some of the cake had been prior to its being baked. An apron was also found of dark calico in her apartment, being the one she wore when she mixed and made the cakes, which was discolored or turned yellow in several places, as if some acid had been spilled thereon.

It was ascertained also that the accused had enquired the effect oxalic acid would produce on the human system, and whether it would poison and kill a person or not—and it appeared that a female of her appearance had been to one or more apothecary shops enquiring for arsenic. Thus things remained until yesterday, when other witnesses had been subpoenaed to attend; before their arrival, however, the father and mother of the accused came to the prison to see their daughter and she was brought up into the private examination room of the magistrates, where she met them. The mother fell on her knees on the floor and wept and wailed aloud. The father was also greatly affected. In the midst of this scene of grief and agony, the accused told the magistrate and Coroner that they need not send for the witnesses, for that she did purchase the arsenic of a boy in a shop in Oliver street, on the Tuesday preceding the death of her husband. She said on that morning she went to the deceased for money to pay her rent, and that he only gave her half a dollar, and that she then went away in a state of feeling she could or would not describe, and proceeding to the shop in Oliver street purchased three cents worth of arsenic, and took it with her over the river to her parents' house in Bergen, and returned home with it on the Saturday before the death of Mr. Floor. She said it was not jealousy, and she could not tell what it was that caused her to get the poison. The magistrate cautioned her against inculpating herself, but she persisted in going on with her story, and would not be stopped, though the Justice, and Coroner left the room long before the completion of her tale of acknowledged guilt, not wishing to hear any thing disclosed through her until her regular examination, which will probably be this day.

Her parents left in tears, and the accused was reconducted to prison, where she also cried bitterly, and wished to tell the officer all about it, and declared to her legal adviser her determination to confess all that had taken place. She has since sent for Carson Chase to attend her in prison as her spiritual adviser. These are all the facts of the case as far as they have transpired.

GREAT SNOW STORM.—We have accumulated simultaneously from Buffalo and Baltimore and Philadelphia, of a great snow storm during the 24 hours from Saturday to Sunday night. At the West the depth was about 12 inches—at the South from 12 to 20 inches—the Baltimore American thinks the average of 16 inches the true depth. All the rail-roads from Baltimore and Philadelphia had been obstructed, and rendered impassable, and mails due from every direction.

POPULAR TALES.

From the Bunker Hill Aurora and Boston Mirror.

THE FREEMASON.

A TALE OF TRUTH.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 133.]

The young Frenchman had been the guest, rather than the prisoner, of Ivan, about two months, when one morning his host entered his apartment with a letter in his hand—

'Bad news, dear Adolphe,' he exclaimed: 'some enemy to our happiness has informed the Governor of Moscow that a French officer of high rank has found refuge here; he writes to thank me for my services, and commands me to give you up to the general of the district.'

'Mine was a lot too fortunate to last,' replied his friend: 'but it is the fate of war, and I submit. If in the dungeons of Moscow I feel the privations of your hospitable home, the recollection of your generous friendship shall console me. When must I depart?'

'Depart!' exclaimed Ivan: 'can you then think so meanly of me as to desert you in the moment of danger? are you not my friend—my brother?—consign you to the dungeons of Moscow! not if the emperor himself commanded it. You are my guest—a name sacred to the poorest peasant—you never have been my prisoner. I resign all claim upon your honor—I here restore your parole. I had not named that unfortunate affair, but prudence may compel us to adopt precautions for your safety, which, had you not been aware of the motive, must have appeared very strange to you.'

'Generous Ivan, how shall I express my gratitude yet let not your zeal in my behalf compromise you with your government; you have a mother

'Who would blush for me,' interrupted his friend, 'were I capable of violating the rights of hospitality.—I will meet the general—he was my father's friend—I will appeal to his generosity; should that fail, we must descend to artifice: meanwhile, you must lay aside your uniform, and be content to disguise yourself in habiliments of mine—the ladies are already aware of the necessity of concealment, and will not be surprised at the exchange.'

'Unfortunate that I am,' exclaimed Adolphe, 'to disturb the happiness and tranquillity of your family.—Should I be discovered, the vengeance of the emperor would fall on them—and your domestics, they

'Have neither eyes nor ears but as we direct. At the worst, too, we have a chamber so curiously concealed that suspicion's self might pass it in her search. It was provided as a place of refuge for the females against an enemy—it may now preserve a friend: there we can conceal you till the arrival of Aran, a Jew merchant, who annually visits these wilds to purchase furs—disguised as his servant, you may securely reach the frontier. Farewell!—I must to horse and remember that—

By the mystic word and sign;
By our secret art divine;
By each point of fellowship;
By the grasp add by the slip;
By the rite we dare not name;
By a Brother's sacred claim—'

[German Masonic Song.]

these walls are your home—your safety is my duty and peculiar care." While speaking the above lines, Ivan grasped the hand of his companion; at the conclusion he shook it warmly, and quitted the apartment.

Ivan had left his home about two days, when Aran, the long expected Jew merchant, arrived in the neighborhood to purchase skins of the serfs and neighboring boors. His caravan consisted of six sledges, which were well laden with the fruits of his long journey. To Adolphe's offers he turned a deaf ear.—'The danger was too great—it would interfere with his trade.' His scruples were eventually removed by a night of Lauriston's casket. The eyes of the avaricious Israelite sparkled as he beheld the gems; and he consented, on condition that he received a

considerable portion of the treasure, to allow the young soldier to accompany him in the disguise of one of his drivers—and even promised to shorten a portion of route, in order to facilitate his escape. It was finally arranged that they should depart in four days.

Aware of his own feelings, and more than suspecting the nature of Catharine's, Adolphe was considering how he could best impart to her the intelligence of his departure. The countess being indisposed, had kept her chamber, and it was not till late in the evening that an opportunity presented itself. He was seated at his guitar, playing a Russian air from memory, when Catharine entered the apartment.

'Is it possible,' she exclaimed, smiling, 'that so accomplished a troubador can descend to the savage strains of the frozen North—can any thing Russian dwell upon your memory?'

'I must indeed be cold,' he replied, 'ere I forget the generosity of Ivan, or the beauty of his fair—country woman,' he added, checking himself, lest his too pointed meaning should bring on the declaration he deemed it most honorable to avoid.

'A compliment,' replied Catharine, 'at the expense of your sincerity—you are detected, I can read the heart—as a punishment, you shall sing some lay of your own dear country.'

'Willingly,' he replied: and striking a slight prelude on the instrument, he sang the following words, not inapplicable to his own feelings—

'Farewell! farewell! I would not fling,
Around thy brow the veil of sorrow:
Brightly for thee the morn may spring,
And mirth and pleasure wait thy morrow;

The words of love thy lips have spoken,
Each burning thought alike forget,
Keep not of me one parting token
To wake the strain of vain regret!

Strike not the lute, whose chords for me
Breathed music's strain or passion's spell:
Each note would breathe again in thee
The memory of this sad farewell!

Gay hours of bliss—long happy years—
And love's best joys—'fair maid' he thine:—
His broken heart, his burning tears,
And sighs of vain regret are mine!

The deep manly voice of the young soldier trembled at the concluding stanzas. From his emotion, even more than the words of his strain, Catharine felt he was about to depart.

'You are going to leave me!' she exclaimed, bursting into tears, 'and I shall see you no more.' The undisguised feeling with which these few words were uttered, betrayed too plainly the state of her feelings. Adolphe threw himself upon his knee before her, and declared his love.

'Honor,' he exclaimed, 'has hitherto bound my tongue in silence as a captive and enemy, I dared not ask your hand—but these cruel wars must end; I will return—I can rely on Ivan's friendship—I shall demand your hand—'

'You will find me his wife!' passionately interrupted the agitated girl; 'know you not I am betrothed to him?'

'God!' exclaimed Adolphe, 'what have I done!—there wanted but this, wretch that I am! Is this my return for his generous friendship? Forget me, Catharine,' he continued, 'better we had never met—think not of me—I were a monster, unworthy of the name of man, could I gratify my own passion at the expense of his happiness. He is gentle, affectionate, formed to be beloved—you will soon recall your heart from this wandering, wayward choice, and learn to look upon him as your husband.'

'Never, never,' replied Catharine, 'can I love Ivan but with a sister's love! You never felt the passion or you could not coolly resign me to another.' But, go,' she continued, more calmly, 'in your own land, doubtless, you will find one worthier of your heart than the deserted Catharine—'

'Never loved!—You wrong me. Witness these tears, that shame my manhood—the pangs that rend my soul!—Nothing but the powerful call of gratitude and imperious honour could tear me from you. My heart may break with the effort, but it must be accom-

plished! One embrace—the first and last of happiness I ere may know.'

At this moment, Ivan, who had unexpectedly returned, entered the apartment, but started as if a serpent had stung him, on beholding Catharine in the arms of his friend.—Unperceived, he quitted them.

'Farewell, for ever!' exclaimed Adolphe, as he disengaged his arm from the trembling form of Catharine; 'think of me but as a dream.' He imprinted upon her brow a single kiss, and rushed from her presence.

'Tis over, thank heaven!' he murmured: 'the struggle's past,' as sinking upon a couch in his own room, he began to reflect upon his future course. Here I must not remain another hour—we must never meet again. I owe it to her peace, to Ivan's friendship, to my own honour.' Hastily writing a letter, which he left upon his table, he threw his cloak around him, him, and placing Lauriston's casket in his bosom, he silently and unobserved quitted the hospitable mansion which had so long concealed and sheltered him. The night-fires guided him to Aran's tent, who, won by the gift of the jewels, consented to depart instantly. The arrangements were soon made. While his people were striking their tents, Adolphe changed his dress for the meaner habiliments of a sledge-driver. An hour before midnight everything was prepared, and the party silently commenced their journey.

'Thus ends my dream of friendship,' said Ivan, as starting from his feverish slumber, he prepared the next morning to visit the deserted chamber of Adolphe. 'I have read, it is the nature of woman to be false, and man to deceive. Hitherto I have deemed it the cynic's censure: I now find it the philosopher's truth.—Yes, the false mistress and treacherous friend should not have been Catharine, and Adolphe Leeseau.—How, gone!' he exclaimed, as looking round the apartment, he searched in vain for its late inmate: 'can Catharine be the partner of his flight? His eye fell upon the letter—he trembled as he broke the seal; it ran thus:

DEAR IVAN,

'Condemn me not, that I have withdrawn from your hospitable home without bidding you farewell! but my honor and your happiness demand that I should act as I have done. Till a few moments preceding the writing of this, I knew not of my danger. May you and Catharine be happy! Farewell.

'ADOLPHE.'

'He is true, he is true!' said Ivan, rapidly glancing over the paper; 'human nature forgive me, that I doubted thee! He loved, but knew not of my engagement to Catharine. I was to blame—he should have been forewarned.'

Ivan took no notice of the scene he had witnessed to Catharine or his mother, trusting that time would lessen her grief, and her heart gradually appreciate his devoted affection. By a tacit agreement, the name of Adolphe was never mentioned between them. As the spring advanced, the countess removed, to St. Petersburg, her palace at Moscow being destroyed. Here they visited, and gradually plunged into the fashionable dissipation of the court. But, although Catharine moved amid the brilliant throng, her buoyancy of spirit was gone—she appeared to endure rather than enjoy, and Ivan found that the shaft had pierced deeper than he at first imagined.

Two years rolled on, and the once blooming Catharine had become a delicate invalid. Apathy and languor, the forerunners of consumption, had gradually tainted the springs of health, and frequently obliged her to keep her chamber. She was one evening reclining upon a sofa, listening to a romance that Ivan was reading; it turned on France and her minstrel knights. A deep sigh from his auditor drew his attention: she lay pale and gasping—a tear upon her cheek. His generous nature could endure it no longer.

'Catherine!' he exclaimed, 'we must change the scene: your health is too delicate for this cold northern climate—you shall travel—the genial airs of France will restore you.'

'France!' cried Catharine, half-springing from the couch: 'Can you be serious? Should we meet—'

'Adolphe, you would say; why, you must punish him for his desertion. Yes, dear Catherine,' continu-

ed Ivan, "I now look upon you but as a sister; my friend is worthy of your love—honour and gratitude alone prevented your union—they shall be rewarded. Nay, no words: I shall be repaid the sacrifice in your happiness and again embracing my friend. Summon your spirits; in a few days, we will set out for France."

In the summer of the same year, the military Lodge of St. Louis was assembled in Paris. The room was crowded with officers, and foreign Brothers of distinction. Count Lauriston, as Master, was in the chair. The usual signal for silence being given, he thus addressed the assembly:

"Brothers: it is my pleasurable task to record another instance of the advantages resulting from Masonry. A Brother here present, while escorting me, during the late war in Russia, from an interview with Prince Kutusoff, was attacked by a party of Cossacks. I had barely time to escape with my despatches: his men were slain, and one of the enemy about to despatch him, when it became apparent to the commander of the party that the Frenchman was a Brother—he saved his life—concealed him in his own house, and finally enabled him to reach his native land. I find by the list of this night's visitors that, unknown to each other, the two Brothers are present."

"How!" exclaimed Adolphe, rushing forward, "my friend here."

A group of foreign officers at the same moment opened their circle, and Ivan was clasped in the embrace of his friend.

Accompanied by Catherine, he that very day had arrived in Paris, and he ring that a Lodge was held in the hotel where he was staying, he sent in his certificate to the Master.

We will not detain our readers by dwelling upon the happiness of Catherine, or the gratitude of Adolphe—the following announcement, from the journals of the same month, will conclude our tale:

"Married, at the chapel of his Excellency, the Russian Ambassador, Count Adolphe Lesseau, to Lady Catherine Hornloff. Count Ivan, of Dantzoff, gave away the bride."

MISCELLANY.

SECOND MARRIAGE OF THE FATHER OF PETER THE GREAT.

The Czar Alexei Michailovitch, father of Peter the Great, was so much attached to the nobleman Artemio Matfeof, that, contrary to the etiquette of the Russian court, which forbids the czar to visit a subject, he would often go to his house in a friendly and familiar way. One evening, coming unexpectedly, and seeing the table set for supper with great neatness, he said to Matfeof, "The table seems so neatly and prettily covered! I feel a strong desire to sit down to it with you. Yes I will follow the suggestions of my appetite, and place myself at table by thee, upon this condition, however, that I disturb nobody, and that none get up from table till they have supped." "Whatever your majesty pleases and commands must be to the honor of my house," returned Matfeof. The supper was served up, and the czar sat down to table. The mistress of the house enters, with their only son, and a young lady, who after making their profoundest reverences, obey the czar's commands, and take their places at the table. During the supper, the czar looked frequently round upon the little company, and seemed to take particular notice of the young lady that sat over against him, as not recollecting that he had ever seen her before as one of Matfeof's children. "I always thought," said his majesty, "that thou hadst no other child than this boy, but now I see, for the first time, that thou hast a daughter likewise: how camest thou never to mention her to me?"

"Your majesty thought perfectly right," answered Matfeof; "I have but that one son. But the young lady that sits opposite is the daughter of my friend and relation, the nobleman Kyrilla Narishkin, who lives in the country on his estate, whom my wife has taken in to the house, to show her the city, and, in God's good time, to get her well provided for."

The czar said nothing more, than that, "he had done a good deed, which therefore must be agreeable to God." After supper, when Matfeof's family had risen from table, and gone to their own apartment, the czar chose to continue sitting with his host. His majesty resumed the subject of the young lady, Natalia Kyril-

lovna, and said, "The maiden has a handsome appearance; she seems to have a good heart, and is not too young to be married. Thou must endeavour to get her a fit husband." "Yes," answered Matfeof, "your majesty judges rightly of her: she possesses an excellent understanding, with the greatest modesty, and the best of hearts. My wife, and the whole family, are uncommonly fond of her, and consider her as if she were our darling daughter. But as to a suitor for her, that is what we are not soon likely to expect. She has indeed numberless good qualities, but little or no wealth, and if I should meet with an opportunity to settle her, the portion I could afford her out of my narrow fortune would be but small." The czar upon this replied, "She must find a sweetheart that has so much property himself as to stand in need of nothing from her, but consider her good qualities as the greatest and best of portions, and make it his endeavour to render her happy." "That is just what I could wish," said Matfeof; "but where shall I find such a lover, who looks more for excellent qualities in his bride than for a splendid fortune?" "Oh, yes," said the czar, "they are still to be found very frequently: do thou think occasionally thereupon, and I myself will likewise look out for some such match. The maiden is deserving of all the pains we can take to make her happy." Matfeof thanked his majesty for so gracious an intimation of his kindness, and there the matter remained. The czar wished him a good night, and took himself away. A few days afterwards his majesty came again to Matfeof, discoursed with him for a couple of hours on state affairs, and, after getting up, seemingly with a design to take leave and go away, on a sudden took his chair, and sat down afresh. "Now, tell me," said he to Matfeof, "hast thou not forgot our late conversation about providing a lover for Natalia Kyrillovna?"

"No, most gracious sir," answered Matfeof; "I bear it continually in mind, and only wish it were to some effect. I have found nothing suitable for her yet, and I much doubt that a proper offer will soon be made for though a number of our young noblemen come to visit me, and consequently often see my charming foster daughter, they none of them give any intimations about marriage."

"Well," said the czar, "perhaps it may not be necessary. I told thee that I would myself use some endeavours to provide a bridegroom for her. I have had the good fortune to find one, with whom she will probably be very contented and happy. I know the man, he is an honourable and worthy person, has merit, and wealth enough not to be under the necessity of asking an estate or portion with her. He loves her, and will marry and make her happy. Thou knowest him too, though probably he hath the thought of a reserved intention to marry. I think likewise, that when he applies to thee, thou wilt not give him a denial." Matfeof here interrupted the czar, by saying, "as I just told your majesty, that would be a most desirable thing it would free me from a great concern I have continually at heart about this poor girl. Dare I now beseech your majesty to tell me the man's name?—Perhaps I know him likewise, and can inform your majesty something of his circumstances."

"I have told thee that I know the man," returned the czar; "that he is a worthy honest fellow, and capable of rendering his wife happy, this thou mayest take my word for. I can say no more of him, till we know whether Natalia Kyrillovna will be willing to have him."

"There is no doubt of that," returned Matfeof, "when she hears that your majesty has provided her a spouse. In the meantime, she must know who the person is, that she may give her answer. This, I think is but reasonable."

"Well then," said the czar, "I give thee to know that I myself am the man that hath resolved to marry her, if she be inclined to it. Do thou tell her this, and ask her whether she can approve of me."

At this unexpected declaration of the czar, Matfeof was filled with astonishment, threw himself at his feet, and said, "I beseech your majesty, for the love of heaven, that you will change your resolution, or at least that you will not order me to acquaint the young lady with it. Most gracious sovereign, you know full well that I have already a great many enemies at court, and among the principal families of the empire, who are jealous of the favour and confidence your majesty is pleased to allow me. What an outcry, will there be among them when they find your majesty has preferred

a marriage with a poor maiden of my family to a connection with one of the principal ladies at court! Doubtless their hatred and malice against me will cover all the land: and every one will think that I have abused your majesty's favour, and unworthily contrived to bring about the match, for the sake of raising myself still higher in your majesty's regard, and for elevating my family to a connection with that of the czar's."

"All that will nothing signify," replied the czar; "the affair is mine, and thou hast no business with it. My resolution is taken, and thereby I shall remain."

"Well, be it according to your majesty's pleasure," said Matfeof; "and may God bless your majesty with every kind of prosperity! Since it is to be so, let me beg only one favour for myself and for Natalia Kyrillovna, which is, that your majesty will proceed in the matter according to the custom of the empire, and with as little noise as possible, by ordering a number of the marriageable young ladies of the principal families, and among them Natalia Kyrillovna, to appear together at court, with the design of choosing one of them for a bride; and, in the meantime, that no person besides your majesty and myself, not even Natalia Kyrillovna, have the slightest intimation of your purpose and resolution."

The czar found this procedure highly proper, and accordingly bade Matfeof be prepared for the event, and to discover his intention to no one. A few weeks afterwards, he declared his design of marrying again to the heads of the church and the chief ministers in a private council, and further told them that on such a court day all the marriageable daughters of the chief nobles were to be commanded to appear at court, that his majesty might consider them, and choose a bride.

This was accordingly done on a certain day in September, 1670, in the Kremlin palace at Moscow, when sixty noble ladies presented themselves in their most superb attire, and among them Natalia Kyrillovna Narishkina in neat and pretty apparel. They were all sumptuously entertained by the czar; but Natalia was declared to be the monarch's bride.—*Gentleman's Magazine.*

CHANCE.

The following article, by Lyman Beecher, is an admirable satire on the doctrine of the "fortuitous concurrence of circumstances" in the creation of the world:—

Some time ago, after chaos and old night had reigned undisturbed from eternity, and matter had fermented and tossed, and rolled into almost infinite forms, it happened to fall, for the first time, into just those relations which constituted the volcanic power: when, in a moment, an explosion took place, loud as ten thousand thunders, which sent out innumerable suns flying in confusion through space, streaming athwart the darkness their baneful light, till they stopped and became fixed stars in the glorious firmament above. But they carried in their bosom the sad accidents which gave them birth: and new throes ensued, sending out around them comets, and planets, and satellites all moving in elliptic orbits, with arithmetical accuracy, so that for ages past, and for ages to come, the almanac discloses their movements with as exact accuracy as the clock tells of time. What chance it was that checked their flight, and by a resolution of force wheeled them around in their elliptic career—or why, the centripetal power exhausted, they did not fall back with accelerated momentum, into the horrible crater whence they sprang—or where that mass may be which could furnish matter of which to make the universe, and sustain reaction of sending it out: that mighty cannon, whose shots are suns and worlds: our philosophers have not yet discovered. But so it happens—they were exploded, as yet they have not fallen back.

And now leaving the suns and orbs, and other system, we descend to trace the history of our own mother earth, whom we meet reeking from her recent explosion, her waves of fire tossing and raging, which, as they cooled, crusted and stood upright as a heap, and became the perpetual hills and everlasting mountains. The weightier masses sunk down towards the centre, with lighter and lighter deposits above, leaving the

crust, when pulverised, for fallow ground and harvests.

As yet, however, the earth was without form and void, and a hideous nakedness spread over its late burning surface—when, strange to tell, grass and trees sprang up and began to ornament the hills and carpet the valleys—and hard on the footsteps of this wonder trod another: the waters teemed with organic life, which lashed with oar the pliant wave, and sported in the deep—and suddenly the hills sent down to the valleys, and the valleys sent back to the hills, the bleating of flocks and herds, while the groves sent forth the joyous notes of birds and insects. All these, in grand concert, burst out upon the silence of nature, and all as they needed, waited on almighty chance who gave them their meat in due season.

The organization of this delightful choir was such as demanded respiration, and the flowing of a warm blood for which an elastic atmosphere was needed; and it happened, as the earth cooled and consolidated, that several gases escaped from confinement, so exactly of the same specific gravity, and blessed with such social and friendly dispositions, that they agreed to exist in partnership, and to surround the earth, and most benevolently to volunteer their aid for respiration. Each, alone, deadly to life, but united, its sustaining power.

This world of breathing animation, rose up with optics, camera-obscuram in the head, to pencil inside the images of objects without—when lo! the orb of day, when he fled from his prison, forgot not in his panic to take with him stores of light, manufactured for immediate use, which, ever since, he has been pouring out unexhausted, in marvellous abundance. Light, so dexterously compounded of seven colors as to be colorless, and well adapted to the vision.

But, amid this exuberance of animated being, there was not a man to till the ground, or admire the beauties of nature. Behold, then, another wonder—the fortuitous concurrence of atoms, before the earth so cooled as to stop fermentation, produced human skeleton, among which with kind affinity, came the sinews and muscles, and took their place. The lungs for breathing, and the arteries and veins to carry around the vital fluid, offered their aid, and were accepted.—The nervous system—semi-animal semi-spiritual—took its middle place, as arbitrator between the soul and body. And, to cover what otherwise had been unsightly, kind nature provided a blanket, and with kind sympathy threw its velvet covering over the whole. The eye, to lit itself up accidentally, just at the moment it was wanted, and the socket stood excavated for its reception, and the mucus warm to make it easy, and the ligament to tie it in. The mouth opened at the right time to prevent suffocation, and in the right place for speech, and ornamented with double rows of ivory for mastication. While Nature's self, with pencil dipped in the colors of heaven, stood by, well pleased to put on her beauteous workmanship, the finish of the sparkling eye, and rosy cheek, and ruby lip. All this, however, had constituted only a beauteous animal, but for the glorious accident of a machine for thinking, which happened to pass that way, and consented to make an experiment of its powers in the upper department of this marvellous product of chance. It took its place, and swung the pendulum, and has continued to go with surprising accuracy, though latterly in some instances, it has seemed to be out of order, and to stand in need of some little rectification in respect to its reasoning powers.

MICHIGAN CITY, (Indiana,) Dec. 4.

A WILD CHILD.—Strange as it may appear, it is currently reported and very generally believed, that a wild child, or lad, is now running at large among the sand hills round and in the vicinity of Fish Lake. It is reported to be about four feet high, and covered with a slight coat of chestnut colored hair. It runs with great velocity, and when pursued, as has often been the case, it sets up the most frightful and hideous yells, and seems to make efforts at speaking. It has been seen during the summer months running along the lake shore, apparently in search of fish and frogs, and appears to be very fond of the water, for it will plunge into Fish Lake and swim with great velocity, all the time whining most piteously.

How this creature has come here, or what its history may be we leave to conjecture; but may it not be probable that it may have strayed away from some emi-

grating party, when encamped for the night, and wandered off in the woods, where it has grown up an associate with the animals of the forest? We think this may be case. If so, what must have been the anguish of its parents and friends on learning that they were compelled to pursue their journey without their tender care? It is also supposed that it may have been stolen by the Indians, and left in the forest to perish; but we can hardly believe such to be the case.

It would be nothing but an act of humanity on the part of our young men to turn out and capture it.—*Gazette.*

AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER.

ALBANY, SATURDAY, JAN. 4, 1839.

OURSELVES.—Since the commencement of our paper, we have obtruded "ourselves" but very little before our readers; and we trust we shall be excused, at this time if we remind them that the same "sinews" is as necessary in a printing establishment, as is said to be indispensable in war—**MONEY.** Our terms are *advance*, which is made necessary by the low price of the paper, and the consequent impossibility of paying a per-centage for collection. We would therefore ask our country friends, who have not paid to remit us the amount of their subscriptions; which can be done through the post master free from charge. As we intend to be prompt with our patrons, and give them no cause for complaint; we really hope they will exhibit a corresponding feeling, and relieve us from the embarrassments which neglect will subject us to.

We shall make out the bills of our city patrons, in a few days, when they will be waited upon.

BURNETT'S TREATISE ON PAINTING.—Linen & Fennel, have just issued part first of Burnett's celebrated Treatise on Painting. We are glad to see sufficient enterprise among the Publishers of New York, and sufficient encouragement given by the Public to ensure the getting up of a work, that has too long been known only by reputation, to many of the Artists of our Country. Burnett's work is a necessary acquisition to every artist who seeks for excellence in his profession, and the low price at which the American Publishers have put their edition, places it within the means of every lover of the art.

The engravings are executed by L. P. Clover Jr. and are pronounced by the first artists of the country to be in no way inferior to the English. Great care has been bestowed upon the letter press, and the paper is of the first quality.

Such an undertaking merits the approbation of all who have found the difficulty attending the pursuit of a profession in which they have been compelled to grope their way in darkness. It is too often the case that young artists, starting forth in their professions, take years to acquire that which if properly directed in the commencement, would require but a few months to attain.—This work is intended, and truly calculated to obviate this difficulty. The arts on Composition—Light and Shadow—and Coloring, are here laid down clearly and concisely. We recommend this work to the Principals of Seminaries, as of essential service in obtaining any thing like a knowledge of Historical, Portrait and Landscape painting. We trust, and have no doubt, that this Treatise will have an extensive sale. We understand it is for sale at the Book-store of W. C. Little.

A GOOD PRECEDENT.—We observe that the accounts of the county lately passed upon, by the supervisors, have been published. This is right, and we hope it will be continued every year. It enables the tax-payer, to see what he pays his money for. Among the expenses is \$4000 for Rector. We believe the

tax-payers would have been better satisfied, if that amount had been expended for a halter.

DISTRESSING OCCURRENCE.—On New Year's day as Mr. George Hawley, and his wife were returning from New Baltimore in a sleigh, accompanied by an infant child of three months old, the weather being intensely cold, Mrs. H. wrapped up her infant closely to keep it warm. On reaching home, who shall describe the mother's anguish on finding her babe a corpse in her arms. Thus were two fond parents, who rose and hailed the dawn of a "happy new year" as joyous as any of us, called at its close to mourn over the cold form of an only and beloved child. Verily, who can tell what a day will bring forth.

LITERARY.—Mr. John Fair, of this city, wishes us to say that he intends to publish "by subscription, at \$2, a Hebrew and English Lexicon in miniature, together with a new grammar, without points, which is to harmonise the sound of the letters to the Massoretical points, and enable the student to read the Old Testament in the original in twelve lessons." The work is to be dedicated to the Freemasons and Odd Fellows throughout the globe. It will have a big dedication, at all events.

We take a great deal of pleasure in copying the following deserved encomium, from the *Eve. Journal*.—Independent of Mr. Cushman standing No. 1, in his profession, we can also testify to his literary merit.—Some of the best articles which has appeared in our paper, poetical and prose are from his pen.

Engraving of Judge Buel.—We have seen a proof impression of an engraved Portrait of the late Judge BUEL, by Mr. T. H. CUSHMAN, from a Painting of Mr. F. FINE. It is an excellent likeness. The Artists, who are both Albanians, have in this effort displayed genius which give abundant promise of future usefulness and eminence. The numerous friends of Judge BUEL will appreciate their obligations to these young Artists for their fidelity in preserving the resemblance of a distinguished public benefactor. A copy of this PORTRAIT will be sent to each of the subscribers of the CULTIVATOR.

Election of Mayor.—The Common Council on Monday evening last, re-elected the Hon. Joel L. Rathbone, as Mayor of the city, for another year.—Whatever diversity of feeling may exist politically in relation to this gentleman, all parties unite in appreciating the bland and gentlemanly deportment of the present incumbent, who as our first municipal officer wears his honors with credit to himself and the city.

Br. L. G. Hoffman.

Below I send you a return of the Officers of Lockport Lodge, No. 73, chosen at the annual election on the 17th.—You no doubt will be gratified to hear that our Lodge is in a very flourishing condition, and that the cause of "Brotherly love," is acquiring an enviable reputation here, notwithstanding we are situated in the very centre of the "infected district." We number over 40 members now, and I have no doubt, but that we shall have over a 100, by the end of another year. Fraternally, y's. B.

Harvey W. Campbell, W. M.

Josiah K. Skinner, S. W.

James McKain, J. W.

Myron L. Burrell, Sec'y

Daniel Greenvault, Treas.

Henry Maxwell, S. D.

N. L. Southworth, J. D.

Philip Murphy, }
Isaac Mapes, } Stewards.
Daniel Allen, Tyler.

MASONIC CELEBRATION.

The Anniversary of our Patron Saint, was celebrated in this city, on the evening of the 27th, with much satisfaction to the Craft. Br. Starks provided an excellent supper, for the occasion, which if taken as a "specimen of his work," shewed any thing but the "idle craftsman." After the cloth was removed, the following toasts and sentiments were drank interspersed with ode and song, and the brethren separated at an early hour, mutually satisfied with their "call from labor," and delighted with the harmony and good fellowship which prevailed:—

STANDING TOASTS.

1. *The Day and all who honor it.* May each return of it, find us in the full exercise of all the virtues we profess.
2. *The President of the United States.*
3. *The Governor of the State of New York.*
4. *The distinguishing attributes of a Mason.* FAITH in God, HOPE in Immortality, and CHARITY to all mankind.
5. *Washington, Clinton, and Lafayette.* Stars placed in the Masonic firmament, for Anti-Masonry to gaze at. "The stone which the builders rejected, has become the head Stone of the corner."
6. *The Masonic Temple.* Founded on the rock of Truth and Virtue, it fears neither bigotry, intolerance nor persecution.
7. *The Brethren of the U. S.* We remember them on every point of Fellowship.

VOLUNTEER TOASTS.

By Br. L. G. Higginson.—The Square and Compass, within its bounds may be found the whole duty of man while here below—by its masonic use, we are prepared as living stones for that spiritual building not made with hands—eternal in the heavens.

By Br. J. Stockton.—Freemasonry—Its light illumines the countenance of the widow and orphan. May its opponents obtain more light.

By Br. W. Ferguson.—Masonry in its purity—may we so preserve it.

By Br. Jas. K. Halliday.—May Christianity and the mysteries of Masonry be better understood by its advocates and opponents. May their precepts be practised in their true virtue; then shall it be adorned with Faith, Hope and Charity—these three—but the greatest of these shall be Charity.

By Br. Jas. Radcliff.—In memory of our deceased Br. Daniel P. Marshall; his virtues and morality we trust, entitle him to a seat in the east in St. Peter's Lodge. (Drank Standing)

By Br. S. V. R. Ahlman.—The widow and orphan. Fit objects for a Mason's care.

By Br. E. Vanderlip, Jr.—Brotherly Love, Relief and Truth. Three cardinal virtues of a Mason. May every brother endeavor by precept and example, to inculcate those truly masonic virtues, so that the world at large may be convinced of the beauties of an institution, the birth of one of its Patrons we this night celebrate.

By Br. C. Livingston.—The health of our absent Brethren of this city.

By Br. J. Hurd.—The Masonic Fraternity—May it ever be their highest aim to assimilate their actions to their professions.

By a Guest.—AUNT MASONRY. A harmless old lady that taught school in the western part of this State. Her neighbor suspecting her of "being no better than she should be," dismissed her from the "District." She retired to an adjoining State where it is supposed she died of a nervous fever. Peace to her ashes.—(Drank Standing and in tears.)

By Br. Geo. Cooke.—Freemasonry, and its transcendent virtues—Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will towards all mankind.

By Br. R. Parr.—To all those who steer their course by the three great Lights of Masonry.

By Br. W. Connelly.—The Craftsmen throughout the world. May freedom, harmony and brotherly love prevail among them.

By Br. H. Smith.—The Memory of Robert Burns. The Mason the Poet, and the Philanthropist.

By Br. W. Voorhes.—Faith, Hope and Charity, the three great principles in Masonry.

By Br. L. Ewing.—The sentiment of every good Mason.

"Teach me to feel a brother's woe,
To hide the faults I see;
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me."

By Br. J. Courtney.—Masonry and Anti-Masonry. It took but a short time to shew which was built upon the sand.

By Br. J. Stewart.—

His memory who the temple reared,
And every true and faithful heart:
To all whom Masonry has squared,
That still preserve the secret art.

By Br. O. Tomlinson.—Freemasonry—why do we love it! Because it is founded upon that love, that loveth every man that cometh into the world.

By a Guest.—Anti-Masonry—Relic of a barbarous age. The Vandals desolated the Monuments of antiquity, their posterity have vainly attempted to desecrate our Temple.

By Br. O. A. Kingsley.—Political Anti-masonry—The last nail in its coffin, has been driven home.—The chief mourners are Ignorance and Superstition.

By a Guest.—Liberty. May it spread every where over the face of the earth! May its spirit animate all governments, wheresoever existing, whether administered by Priests, Kings or Presidents.

By Br. A. Wilder.—Freemasonry, and Morality, linked together by indissoluble bonds.

By Br. C. M. Fowler.—Our Institution. Beloved by its friends, and respected by its enemies.

By a Guest.—May the brethren of our Craft, be ever distinguished in the world by their regular lives, more than by their gloves and aprons.

By Br. D. Cullender.—May every dishonest Mason be detected, and cast out of the Hwe, like a drone bee.

By a Guest.—Our Host. His work of this evening proves him no impostor, but a regular craftsman.

By Br. A. W. Starke.—The memory of the bright Constellation of names that adorn the rolls of Masonry. We point to them with the exultation and just pride of the Roman Mother of the Gracchus to her sons and say "these are my jewels."

Attempt to Poison.—An attempt was made a day or two since to poison the family of Mr. Jesse Hoyt, in the following diabolical manner. A package was delivered at Mr. Hoyt's house which the bearer said was sent from a grocery in the Bowery, and was a sample of some very fine coffee. From some circumstance, suspicion was aroused in the mind of Mr. Hoyt, he forwarded the parcel to Mr. Chilton to analyze. On examination, Mr. Chilton found the coffee strongly impregnated with arsenic. Who the vile contriver of this wholesale murder may be yet to be discovered. It is hoped, however, that he will not long escape detection or the punishment due so horrible a crime.

TRINITY CHURCH YARD.—In the diggings which are carried back for the enlargement of the foundation of the new church, several ancient vaults, we learn, have had to be disturbed. Among the relics were the silver plate and remains of the countess of Clifton, interred about some 100 years since, those of Hon. Mr. — aged seven years, and a number of others, of those days when titles were so rife in this then good loyal province. These remains of the venerated dead, are we hear, to be deposited in the new vaults to be erected.—[N. Y. Star.

KILLED BY MISTAKE.—Peter Mitchell esq., one of the most eminent merchants of Savannah, was recently murdered at Brunswick, Geo., and it is supposed through mistake—the blow by which he fell being intended for another person. Mr. M. was on board of a steamboat which landed in the night, at Brunswick. He left the boat with the intention of going to the hotel, and on his way was struck down with a club in the hands of some person unknown. The object of the person making the assault it would seem was not for gain, as Mr. Mitchell had a gold watch and money about his person which remained untouched—the general opinion is that the blow was intended for another individual who left the wharf about the same time, but owing to the darkness of the night the perpetrator missed his object.

Interesting to Knitters.—Among the queer things exhibited at the Mechanic's fair at Rochester, N. Y. were two stockings knit at the same time, by Miss Robinson. It is said that she used but four needles, knits one stocking within the other, the same as if knitting but one, & yet when she "narrows off" one "at the toe," both are finished!

MARRIED.

On the 20th inst., at Bern, by Lyman Dwig, esq. Mr. Reuben Wilson to Miss Lany Ann Spaw.

In Lima, N. Y. on Wednesday evening, 18th inst. by the Rev. John Barnard, Jr. A Spencer Warner, to Lucretia E. Tinker, all of Lima.

On the 24th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Wyckoff, Mr. Moses Cooke, to Miss Cornelia Maria Pruyn.

At Troy, on the 24th inst., by the Rev. R. B. Van Kleeck, Prof. George Gerard, to Miss E. Louisa, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Garfield, of Albany.

At Moreau, on the 12th ult. by the same, William H. Warren, to Mary, daughter of Halsey Rogers, Esq. of that place.

In Schenectady, at Union Hall, by the Rev. H. B. Stryker, N. M. Curtis, Editor of the Saratoga Exchange, to Caroline A. Bell, of Schenectady.

DIED.

In New York, on the 27th inst., Maria, wife of D. A. Comstock and daughter of the late Daniel Kellogg, of Skaneateles, aged 28 years.

At Ballston on the evening of the 20th inst., Mrs. Frances, wife of Orville Miller.

On Saturday morning, Elizabeth, wife of Asahel Hall, in the 58th year of her age.

At Troy on Tuesday evening, 24th inst., Mathew Gilespie, aged 67 years. And on the morning of the 25th, Capt. Samuel Gordon, a soldier of the Revolution, and one of the most esteemed citizens of that city, aged 65 years.

In Uxbridge, Mass. on the 17th ult. after a short illness of lung fever, Mr. Jonathan Whipple, aged 87 years.

PRINTERS.—The following reduced prices will hereafter be charged for printing types, at BRUCE'S New-York Type Foundry, 13 Chambers-st. and 3 City Hall Place.

Pica,	38 cents a lb.
Small Pica,	40 do.
Long Primer,	42 do.
Bourgeois,	46 do.
Grosvenor,	54 do.
Minion,	66 do.
Nonpareil,	84 do.
Agate,	108 do.
Pearl,	140 do.

Ornamental letter and other type in proportion. These are the prices on a credit of six months; but we wish at this time to encourage what credit or cash purchases, and will therefore make a discount of five or ten per cent New York acceptances at ninety days, and ten per cent for cash.

We have recently added to our former extensive assortment several new kinds and sizes of ornamental letter, embracing Condensed, Extra Condensed, Extended, Outline, Skeleton, Shaded, Ornamental, modern thin-faced Black, &c. 100 new Flowers and a great variety of Ornaments, forming altogether the most extensive and elegant assortment of Printing Types in the United States, and absolutely an unrivalled one. We also furnish every other article that is necessary for a printing office.

Printers of newspapers, who publish this advertisement three times before the 1st of November, 1839, sending us one of the publications, will receive payment when they purchase from the foundry four times the amount of their bill.

GEORGE BRUCE & CO.

New York, Sept. 1839.

NICHOLAS NICKLEBY, complete—Life and Adventures of Nicholas Nickleby, by Chas. Dickens, (Boz) with illustrations, complete in one vol.

Curtis on health: simplicity of living; observations on the preservation of health in infancy, youth, manhood and age, London edition.

Part XI pictorial edition of Shakspeare's comedy of Errors.

The Hand Book of Heraldry, the Cricketer's Hand Book, the Hand Book of Magic, Swimming Hand Book, Language and Sentiment of Flowers, the Angler's Hand Book of Domestic Cookery, &c.

Constantinople, complete in 1 vol elegantly bound in morocco gilt; scenery of Asia Minor, illustrated drawings from nature, with historical account of Constantinople, and description of the plates.

American Almanac, for 1840.

Second series of the School Library, 50 volumes for \$20, in a case, for sale by

POETRY.

CARRIER'S ADDRESS

TO THE PATRONS OF THE
AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER.
Albany, January, 1, 1839.

Onward, and still onward, hath been the flight of time—
The alternate change from night to day in harmony
did chime.
They came and went like shadows which pass before
the sight,
Now veiling all in darkness, then bursting into light.
Farewell, a long farewell then to thee thou good old
year,
Thou hast past away forever, no more our hearts shall
cheer,
No more our sorrows witness, or hear thy praise di-
vine,
Farewell, farewell for ever then, thou good old thirty-
nine!
The morn when thou didst usher forth, full many a
heart felt glad,
The night that set its seal on thee full many a heart
felt sad,
Yet many hearts which at thy ope with sorrow down
were bowed,
At the last closing scene of thee with joy and gladness
glowed.
Thou art gone forever good old year, thy race forever
run,
Both joy and sorrow marked thy course, until thy time
was done,
We all should then remember, thee thou good old
thirty-nine,
Those for the sorrows they have felt, those for their
joys divine!
Thou cam'st when wintry winds blew chill, and snows
lay on the ground,
When rivers, lakes and bays, were all in icy fetters
bound.
The trees had doff'd their leaves of green, the rose no
more did bloom,
All nature seem'd a sterile waste, drear as the silent
tomb.
But soon the warble of the birds was heard o'er hill
and dale,
The lumbkins sported in the fields, or sought the
flowery vale.
The trees put forth their tender buds, the lark in air did
sing,
The earth through all her various works, proclaimed
thy genial spring;
With balmy breezes summer came, the heart of man to
cheer,
The fruits and flowers of every kind most beauteous did
appear.
Both field and forest had put on their lovely robes of
green,
Where'er the eye the view took in, how charming
was the scene!
The sober autumn brought to sight the fields of rip-
ened grain.
The scythe and sickle then did gleam on many a hill
and plain,
The rich productions of the soil were gathered up and
stored.
For man, whom Providence ordained the great crea-
tion's lord,
Thy winter it was bleak and cold, how piercing was the
frost!
Storms raged in fury o'er the land, or oceans billows
tost.
It was the last of thirty-nine, the closing of the year,
It went, and forty with a smile came following in the
rear.
This day another year is born, this day comes forth to
light,
Let every heart with joy abound and hail it with de-
light,
It smiles upon our happy land, land of the brave and
free.
And smiles our country every where blessed with pro-
sperity.

Not ours the subtle politician's page,
Though living in this nation-musing age,
When every witting deems himself a sage;
Not ours to laud the claims of every fool,

Who thinks he has quite cash enough to rule;
Nor ours to publish every knave's essay,
Nor ours to each dull, windy speech display,
Nor o'er the nation's wrongs grow eloquent,
And wonder how the deuce the cash is spent,
And rouse the entire free population,
To scatter the "corrupt administration,"
Or prove "the opposition" arguments
To be great frothy words devoid of sense,
And end a dolorous lamentation,
With a specific for the dying nation.
And if to foreign climes we wing our flight,
What theme will there our humble muse invite?
Is't prices current or Bank circular---
All that the bosoms of our princes stir---
Or wars of Spain, disputes of Belgium,
French revolutions, that so frequent come,
Treason in England, Russia's influence,
And certain unnamed monarchs impotence,
Or stern Mehemet Ali, and his wars.
And flashy France, and puffing England's cause;
Or in some gay Court awhile we flutter
See fawning Courtiers earn their bread and butter.
And scores of Ladies the Queen's maids of honor,
Jealous of Virtue, crying shame upon her!
Or all the heartless slanders (aliment
Of courts) malice or envy can invent?
Our muse impatient flies to other themes,
Where science tinges life with brighter beams
And lingers o'er the poets ardent dream's.
These be our themes! to us belong
The truths of ages chronicled in song.

In our blessed age where intellect is free,
Where shall the limit of man's triumphs be,
The elements his docile servants are.
Spin the fine thread and swift impels the car,
Delve in the mine, help towering structures rise,
Plough in the deep seas, and lift him to the skies;
Swifter than thought, magnetic courses run,
And "fleeing time" finds his best speed undone,
No more interminable distance bars
Friendship's embrace, a foe's bitter wars;
And nations, verge of earth's extremest span
Claim kindred as one family of man.

'Mid the mutation of all time, or changes here on
earth,
Freemasonry remains the same as when it first had
birth,
For Wisdom, Strength, and Beauty still its supporters
be,

Assisted by their sisters Faith, Hope, and Charity.
It has existed from the time the world was in its youth,
Its base that attribute divine—the immortal word of
Truth.

The architect who framed the globe, and measured out
its span
Still gives it his protecting care, for happiness to man,
From east to west, from north to south, its mysteries
are known,
Its usefulness each clime hath felt on which the sun
hath shone.

It binds man to his fellow man, with all a brother's
love,

Its precepts are the words of Him, who reigneth high
above

The Craft of every age can boast the honored of the
earth,

The warrior, statesman, poet, sage, the man of princely
birth,

The great, the good, the wise, the learned, the layman
and divine,

All at its fount have wisdom drank and knelt before its
shrine.

Oh! Masonry thy fame shall last until all time is done,
Thy mysteries as in ages past, shall go from re to son,
Like the fixed mountains of our earth: it shall forever
stand,

A monument of goodness from the Almighty Hand.
Kings have their tortures tried in vain the order to des-
troy.

Grim death in all its fearful forms its fury did employ.
The rack, the gibbet and the stake, each in its turn
was tried---

But Craftsman still, by faith sustained, in truth's great
cause they died

Fanaticism crossed the sea, unto this western world,
Not many years have passed away since its dark flag

was hoisted.

Not many years have passed away since its dark flag

was hoisted,
But all its efforts came to nought, its fury raged in
vain,
For Masonry though crushed to earth, like Truth
rose up again.
And it shall stand, a beacon light, man through this
life to guide,
Amid temptations rocks and shoals, which beset on
every side,
Yes! it shall stand forever, until time's sands have ran,
Its truths on earth proclaiming, good will and peace to
man.

Not in the worships of the crowd,
Ambition finds it aim,
Not for applauds long and loud,
It seeks exalted fame.

Not for a sound of idle breath,
Men toil and peril brave,
Ah no—they seek to vanquish death
And triumph o'er the grave.

To live in others' thoughts enshrined,
When meaner things shall die,
A breathing impulse in mankind
Throughout futurity.

For this the poet midnight toils,
The soldier sells his life,
And statesman dwells amidst turmoils
And fevered cares and strife.

His fellows first the clown most rude,
Struggles to be among,
Nor perish with the multitude,
Unnumbered midst the throng.

But count the names which float upon
Time's dark oblivious wave—
How few of mighty millions gone,
Ambition's strife could save!

Behold! the ashes of the dead,
With lofty hopes once fired,
Lie in the dust on which you tread,
Their kindling light expired.

Be thou content e'en though thy name
With thy sojourning cease;
Be wise, and be thy highest aim
To pass thy days in peace.

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Temple Lodge	Albany	1st & 3d Tuesday
Apollo Lodge	Troy	1st & 3d Tuesday
Apollo Chapter	Troy	2d & 4th Tuesday
Apollo Encampment	Troy	3d Monday
Phoenix Lodge	Laurensburg	1st & 3d Tuesday
Olive Branch	Bethany Geol.	1st Wednesday p. m.
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AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER AND LITERARY COMPANION.

BY L. G. HOFFMAN.]

ALBANY, SATURDAY, JANUARY, 11, 1839.

[VOL. I.—NO. 19.]

MASONIC.

—Semita certe,
Tranquilla per virtutem patet unica vita.—Juv. Sat.
THE HISTORY OF FREEMASONRY.

DRAWN FROM AUTHENTIC SOURCES OF INFORMATION.

No. IX.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 138.]

About the time of the Knights Templars, chivalry had arrived at its highest perfection. It had its existence, indeed, prior to this period, but as it continued to influence the minds of men long after the destruction of that unhappy order, it was thought proper to defer its consideration till the present stage of our history. When chivalry made its first appearance, the moral and political condition of Europe was in every respect deplorable. The religion of Jesus existed only in name. A degrading superstition had usurped its place, and threatened ruin to the reason and dignity of man. The political rights of the lower orders were sacrificed to the interests of the great. War was carried on with a degree of savage cruelty, equalled only by the sanguinary contentions of the beasts of prey: no clemency was shown to the vanquished; no humanity to the captive. The female sex, even, were sunk below their natural level; they were doomed to the most laborious occupations, and were deserted and despised by that very sex, on whose protection and sympathy they have so natural a claim. To remedy these disorders, a few intelligent and pious men formed an association, whose members swore to defend the Christian religion, to practise its morals, to protect widows, orphans, and the weaker sex; and to decide judicially, and not by arms, the disputes that might arise about their goods or effects. It was from this association undoubtedly, that chivalry arose (a); and not as some think from the public investiture with arms which was customary among the ancient Germans. But, whatever was its origin, chivalry produced a considerable change in the manners and sentiments of the great. It could not, indeed, eradicate that ignorance and depravity which engendered those awful evils that we have already enumerated. It has softened, however, the ferocity of war. It has restored the fair sex to that honorable rank which they now possess, and which at all times they are entitled to hold. It has inspired those sentiments of generosity, sympathy, and friendship, which have contributed so much to the civilization of the world; and has introduced that principle of honour, which, though far from being a laudible motive to action, often checks the licentious, when moral and religious considerations would make no impression upon their minds.

Such was the origin of chivalry, and such the blessings which it imparted. That it was a branch of Freemasonry, may be inferred from a variety of considerations, from the consent of those who have made the deepest researches into the one, and who were intimately acquainted with the spirit, rites, and ceremonies of the other. They were both ceremonial institutions. Important precepts were communicated to the members of each, for the regulation of their conduct as men, and as brethren of the order. (b) The ceremonies of chivalry, like those of Freemasonry, though unintelligible to the vulgar, were always symbolical of some important truths. (c) The object of both institutions was the same, and the members bound themselves, by an oath, to promote it with ardour and zeal. (d) In chivalry there were also different degrees of honor, through which the youths were obliged to pass before they were invested with the dignity of knighthood (e); and the Knights, like Freemasons, were formed into fraternities or orders, distinguished by different appellations (f).

From these circumstances of resemblance, we do not mean to infer that chivalry was Freemasonry under another name; we mean only to show that the two institutions were intimately connected; that the former took its origin from the latter, and borrowed from it, not only some of its ceremonial observances, but the leading features, and the general outline of its constitution. These points of similarity, indeed, are in some cases so striking, that learned men have affirmed that Freemasonry was a secondary order of chivalry, and derived its origin from the usages of that institution. (g) For what reasons these authors deduce the forms of Freemasonry from the ceremonies of chivalry, it is impossible to conjecture. The only argument which they adduce, is the similarity of the institutions; but they do not consider, that this proves, with equal force, that Freemasonry is the parent of chivalry.—We have already shown that there were many secret institutions among the ancients, but particularly the Fraternity of Dionysian architects, which resembled Freemasonry in every thing but the name; and it requires no proof that these fraternities arose many hundred years before the existence of chivalry. If then there be any resemblance between the institutions which we have been comparing, we must consider Freemasonry as the fountain, and chivalry as the stream. The one was adapted to the habits of intelligent artists, and could flourish only in times of civilization and peace; the other was accommodated to the dispositions of a martial age, and could exist only in seasons of ignorance and war. With these observations, indeed, the history of both fraternities entirely corresponds. In the enlightened ages of Greece and Rome, when chivalry was unknown, Freemasonry flourished under the sanction of government, and the patronage of intelligent men. But, during the reign of Gothic ignorance and barbarity, which followed the destruction of imperial Rome, Freemasonry languished in obscurity, while chivalry succeeded in its place, and proposed to accomplish the same object but by different means, which though more rough and violent, were better suited to the manners of the age. And when science and literature revived in Europe, and scattered those clouds of ignorance and barbarism with which she had been overshadowed, chivalry decayed along with the manners that gave it birth, while Freemasonry arose with increasing splendor, and advanced with the same pace as civilization, and refinement;

The connection between chivalry and Freemasonry, is excellently exemplified in the fraternity of the Knights Templars. It is well known that this association was an order of chivalry, that the Templars performed its ceremonies, and were influenced by its precepts; and we have already shown, that the same association was initiated into the mysteries, was regulated by the maxims, and practised the rites of Freemasonry. But, though they then existed in a double capacity, it must be evident to all who study the History of the Templars, that their masonic character chiefly predominated; and that they deduced the name of their institution, and their external observances, from the usages of chivalry, to conceal from the Roman Pontiff the primary object of their order, and to hold their secret meetings free from suspicion or alarm. About this time, indeed, the church of Rome sanctioned the fraternity of operative Masons, and allowed them to perform their ceremonies without molestation or fear. But this clemency, as we have already shown, was the offspring of necessity; and the same interested motive which prompted his Holiness to patronise that trading association, could never influence him to countenance the duplicity of the Templars, or permit them to exist in their masonic capacity. It was the discovery, indeed, of their being Freemasons, of their assembling secretly, and performing ceremonies to which no stranger was admitted, that occasioned those awful calamities which befel their order. It will, no doubt, appear surprising to some readers, that such zealous defenders of the Catholic religion should practise the observances of an association, which the church of Rome has always persecuted with the bitterest hostility. But their surprise will cease when they are informed, that even about the middle of the eighteenth century when Freemasonry was prohibited in the Ecclesiastical States, by a papal bull, the members of the Romish church adopted the same plan. They were so attached to the principles and practice of the fraternity, that they established what they called a new association, into which they professed to admit none but zealous abettors of the papal hierarchy. In this manner, by flattering the pride of the church, they eluded its vigilance, and preserved the spirit of Freemasonry, by merely changing its name, and professing to make it subservient to the interests of the Pontificate.

Before leaving this subject, it may be interesting to some readers, and necessary for the satisfaction of others, to show in what manner the Knights Templars became depositaries of masonic mysteries. We have already seen, that almost all the secret associations of the ancients either flourished or originated in Syria, and the adjacent countries. It was here that the Dionysian artists, the Essenes, and the Kasideans arose. From this country also came several members of that trading association of Masons which appeared in Europe during the dark ages (h); and we are assured that, notwithstanding the favorable condition of that province, there exists, at this day, on Mount Libanus, one of these Syriac fraternities (i). As the order of the Templars, therefore, was originally formed in Syria, and existed there for a considerable time, it would be no improbable supposition that they received their ma-

(b) Brydson's Summary View of Heraldry, p. 31.

(c) Id. p. 95.

(d) Id. p. 92.

(e) Id. pp. 36, 37.

(f) Id. pp. 38, 40.

(g) Chevalier Ramsay. See Robinson's Proof of a Conspiracy p. 39. Leyden's Preliminary Dissertation to the Complaynt of Scotland, pp. 67, 71, and the preface to the sixth edition of Guillen's Display of Heraldry.

(h) Mr. Clinch, who appears to have been acquainted with this act, supposes that Freemasonry was introduced into Europe by means of the Gypsies. Anthologia Hibernica, for April 1794, p. 280. There was such an intimate connection between Asia and Europe in the time of the Crusades, that the customs and manners of the one, must, in some measure, have been transferred to the other.

(i) Anthologia Hibernica, April, 1794, p. 279.

(a) Bontainvilliers on the ancient Parliaments of France, Letter 5, quoted in Brydson's Summary View of Heraldry, pp. 24, 5, 26.

sonic knowledge from the lodges in that quarter. But we are fortunately in this case not left to conjecture, for we are expressly informed by a foreign author(k), who was well acquainted with the history and customs of Syria, that the Knights Templars were actually members of the Syriac fraternities.

Having thus compared Freemasonry with those secret associations which arose during the dark ages; let us now direct our attention to its progress in Britain, after it was extinguished in the other kingdoms of Europe. We have already seen that a trading fraternity of Freemasons existed in Europe during the middle ages; that many special favors were conferred upon them by the Roman See; that they had the exclusive privilege of erecting those magnificent buildings, which the pride of the church of Rome, and the misguided zeal of its members, had prompted them to rear; and that several masons travelled into Scotland, about the beginning of the twelfth century, and imported into that country the principles and ceremonies of their order. And we had illustrated several causes which preserved this association in Britain after its total dissolution on the Continent.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

(j) Adler de Drusis Monis Libani, Rom. 1786.
(k) Among these, another cause might have been mentioned, which, without doubt, operated very powerfully, in the preservation of Freemasonry in Britain. The first lodges in this country were certainly composed of foreigners, who, when the patronage of the church was withdrawn from them, were probably unable, or unwilling, to undergo the danger and expense of returning to their homes by sea. The lodges of which they undoubtedly were the leading members, would on this account, probably, continue in a more flourishing condition, as the foreign members would find it their interest to connect themselves with the inhabitants, by the ties of a brother mason, when they used no claim upon their affections as fellow countrymen. But the case was quite different with the continental lodges, which were entirely composed of artists from every country on the Continent; for, when the church of Rome had no further occasion for their services, they would return to their respective homes, and Freemasonry would soon decay when her supporters were dispersed, and her lodges forsaken.

CRITICISM.

From the Knickerbocker of December.

JACK SHEPPARD.

We believe it is ROBERT SOUTHBY, who relates, in some one of his matter-full books, that he once saw, on a populous borough-road in England, a full sized figure of *Fame*, erect, tiptoe, in the act of springing to take flight and soar aloft, her neck extended, her hand raised, the trumpet at her lips, and her cheeks inflated, as if about to send forth a blast which was to be heard even as far away as London. The image was placed, if we remember rightly, above a shop-board which announced that Mr. Somebody fitted up water-closets upon a new and improved principle! We have been reminded of this ambitious artisan, while reading English publisher's puffs of 'Jack Sheppard,' which have been repeated *ad nauseam* in the London journals, within the last three or four months. We are satisfied, from a perusal of the numbers as they appeared, that Mr. AINSWORTH's fame, so far as 'Jack Sheppard' was concerned, was of a peculiar kind, and vastly resembled infamy. The brilliant success of Mr. DICKENS, in his incidental but matchless pictures of metropolitan degradation and crime, undoubtedly prompted our author to attempt the feeble imitation before us; but instead of employing these themes as final accessories to a good purpose; Mr. Ainsworth adopts them as the very *staple* of a work, whose lessons are of the worst description. Its only merit, in fact—and even this has been greatly overated—is a certain degree of power in descriptions of nature and character. But there is nothing in 'Jack Sheppard' which can be said to approach the faintest of Boz's timings in this kind, in 'Oliver Twist,' and elsewhere. We endorse, unreservedly, the verdict of a London contemporary, (and a respectable portion of the English press are with him) upon the character and imputations of this badly-conceived and worse executed work: 'Jack Sheppard' was a 'celebrated' house and prison breaker of the last century, and the history of his life is the vulgar and disgusting atrocities incidental to his 'gentle craft.' To relieve the tedium of an endless repetition of adventures, where each reflects its brother, and to raise the work above the level of a dry extract from the Newgate Calendar, and the newspapers of the day, the hero is involved in a melo-dra-

matic story of motiveless crime, and impossible folly, connected with personages of high degree; and an attempt is made to invest Sheppard with good qualities, which are incompatible with his character and position. But the sacrifice of probability and of moral propriety is vain. We never escape from the staple; crime is the one source of every interesting situation; and if we cannot exactly say that horse-pistols are the sources of horse-laughs, we may safely assert, the only proofs of the *dranatis personæ* exhibit of possessing brains, is the constant liability under which they live, and move, and their being, of having them knocked or blown out.' In the elaboration of a work of this description, little is required beyond mere technical authorship. The invention and excitement are furnished to the author's hand. The characters, actions, thoughts, and expressions, dictated beforehand, are all of the lowest and the most monotonous kind. And yet the author of such a book as this has been favorable compared with DICKENS! Absurdity can no farther go.

MISCELLANY.

THE 'AMERICAN OURANG-OUTANG.'

'This is some monster, with four legs! Where the devil should he learn, our language? If I can recover him, and keep him tame and get to France with him, he shall pay for him that hath him and that roundly!'—Free SHAKESPEARE.

THERE is no occupation more interesting to the inquiring mind, than the contemplation of the manifold freaks and vagaries with which dame Nature, in her sportive mood, is wont to amuse herself. To trace the division-lines between her kingdoms, ever has been a stumbling-stone to philosophy; and difficulty increases as you proceed, until finally, in attempting to follow her in her various windings, to her ultimate subdivisions, our discriminating faculties are utterly confounded. The unfeathered biped, in the fulness of his vanity, has flattered himself that, formed in the image of his Maker, there is no connecting link between him and the next in rank, in the descending scale of creation; that there is an impassable gulf which must ever separate the more creature of instinct from that higher order of beings, possessed of mind and reason. I will not stop to investigate this question, although sufficient evidence might be adduced to humble our pride: for I might tell of the wonderful sagacity of certain dogs; of learned pigs, that would put to the blush some of our mathematical professors; and I could quote the official report of one of our naval commanders, of his voyage to the coast of Africa, wherein he states that he saw the monkeys making baskets, and suggests whether they might not be employed to advantage in our navy-yards: but I will proceed with my story, which, unlike most stories, is literally true. It will at least show, that the enlightened population of Paris was *once* at fault, and that a human being was palmed upon them as an American ourang-outang!

A gentleman of the town of —, in Virginia, owned a slave by the name of Paul. He was a native African, about sixty years of age, four and a half feet high, with a short body, and uncommonly long arms. He had two small, twinkling eyes, which would have been in a remarkable state of propinquity, but for the intervention of a nose of ample latitude, barely elevated above the plane of his face. He had no chin, but what he lacked in this respect, was fully compensated by his under lip, which, with its partner extended nearly from ear to ear; so that when he laughed, to use an old comparison, his head was just half off. His knotty wool descended to within an inch of where his eyebrows should have been, over a forehead receding abruptly backward from his twinkling orbs; his ears were small and transparent; made apparently of the material of which bat's wings are formed; His face was shrivelled and wrinkled, and, from age or deformity, his body, had an undue inclination forward, with a compensating projection *a posteriori*. Such was Paul, and I shall hardly be accused of profanity when I say, that he might have been worshipped without a violation of the commandment.

It was Paul's good or bad fortune, as he was basking one August day, on the sunny side of the street, to attract the attention of a peri-patetic dealer in tinware and essences. He stopped and gazed long and wistfully at Paul. Vague, and undefined, and novel

notions coursed through the pericranium of the pedler. He took a step forward, hesitated, then crossed over, and finally, with 'speculation in his eye,' addressed Paul. He inquired to whom he belonged, and whether he was willing to be sold. He told him that if he was willing, he would buy him, make him a free man, and pay him well for his services beside. The pedler's ways were very insinuating; and after a little farther parley, Paul surrendered at discretion, went to his master, and insisted on being sold.

Now Paul's master was one of the most benevolent charitable, and humane man in the world. He had owned him forty years, and would just as soon have thought of selling one of his children, as selling Paul. He refused at once. Paul begged—the pedler importuned. Human nature could stand no more. Paul was sold.

Some time after this event, a gentleman who had been residing abroad, returned to Virginia, and gave me the following account. He was passing, he said, through one of the thoroughfares of Paris, when his progress was impeded by a great crowd, and his attention directed to an avant-courier, or herald, who was announcing the exhibition of an 'American ourang-outang,' a most wonderful animal, and the only one ever exhibited in Europe. His curiosity was excited, and elbowing his way through the multitude, he gained admission to the show. Ye gods and goddesses! what was his amazement, on recognizing, in this marvellous *lusus naturæ*; his old acquaintance Paul! Paul—on whom, in by-gone days, he had played so many a school boy prank—here in an iron cage, playing the monkey in Paris, to a delighted audience. The harmless, quiet, and inoffensive Paul, who would not have hurt a fly, confined like a felon, with a chain around his waist; skipping about his prison-house, chattering, jabbering, and grinning, and munching, with Simian avidity, the nuts thrown to him by the crowd! He was dressed in a full suit of red regimentals, in the French style, bedizened with gold-lace; and on his head was an enormous chapeau-bras; while from an eyelet-hole, in the seat of his inexpressibles, protruded a *bona-fide* tail, of due proportions, which he whisked about, as, though it had been a thing of life. Anon he would throw himself on one side, tickle himself the while with his long nails; then gallop on all fours around his cage; and finally when fairly tired out by exertion, quietly seat himself in a corner, and throwing aside the monkey, assume the stolid gravity of the man.

The first idea of my friend was to expose the fraud; but a sly wink of recognition from Paul, determined him to humour the joke. He played to admiration; all Paris was agog; and nothing was talked about but the "American ourang-outang."

Months had passed away, and Paul's adventures had faded from my memory, when one day, passing in a steamboat through Hampton Roads, a signal was made from a vessel that had just cast anchor. A boat, with a man in her stern-sheets, was shoved off, and in a few moments she was alongside the steamboat: and if old Neptune himself had risen from the waves, I could not have been more surprised than I was to recognise in our new passenger my old friend Paul!

Very cordial was our greeting; and after welcoming him with a glass of grog, and a hearty shake of his long skinny fingers, I insisted upon hearing his adventures from his own lips. Suffice it to say, the story as I have related it, was correct in all its essentials; with the addition only, that finding he had to do all the work, and the Yankee kept all the money, he came to the conclusion that it was a losing copartnership on his side: so he made his escape; and for aught I know to the contrary, he is still living in ease and comfort, with his oldest and best friends.

From the Phil. Enquirer

THE FATE OF MRS. BISHOP.

We alluded, some days since, to the elopement of Mrs. Bishop, with Bochs, the harpist, and ventured to predict that a dreadful penalty would soon overtake her. The prediction is already fulfilled. Late accounts from England, state that nothing can exceed the sensation of disgust and indignation, which her elopement with such a man has produced throughout all society, both in England and on the Continent.—

The finger of scorn was pointed at her, and the language of censure was changing rapidly into that of a still stronger feeling. Bochsa is said to be stained with many a vice. A fugitive from the effects of crime, he finds that he has involved his victim in miseries, from which his talents, and they are great, cannot relieve her, nor in which his good qualities, if he possessed any can soothe her. They have been denied a hearing in Hamburg, either on their own account, or as assisting in the concerts of other professors. Russia has forbidden their admittance; in France, Bochsa dare not for his life set foot; the fame, or rather the infamy of the fugitives, seem to fly in advance of them. In the meantime, sentiments and demonstrations of sympathy with the forsaken husband are now generally manifested, and a public concert was about to be given, in a central situation, at which all the *élite* of the profession had evinced their desire to assist, and thus at once testify their respect for Mr. Bishop, and their abhorrence of the conduct which has called for this public demonstration.

What a fearful admonition does not this case afford! How mad must have been the infatuation of the woman! Honored, successful and prosperous at home, idolized by her husband—nothing but temporary insanity, as it strikes us, could have induced her to throw herself into the arms, and identify her name with the infamy of her abandoned companion. An intelligent correspondent, of a Southern paper, some time since, made some remarks in the course of a notice of "Chevely," which appears to us highly appropriate to the present case, "Contrariety of temper and unkindness," he observes "have been urged as good and sufficient reasons for divorce; but never can they release woman from the vows of her virgin heart. What is the value of the casket after the jewel has been stolen? A woman cannot be required to love a husband whose conduct towards her is brutal. 'Nothing on compulsion'—but especially love. Yet she can drive from her presence the man who is stealing from her that heart, which, if she cannot bestow upon her husband, she ought to bury, while he lives, deep in her own bosom. When she married, she

—'Staked her life upon a cast!'

After she has taken that step, she must

'Stand the hazard of the die!'

Who has not admired those most beautiful of all the lines of Goldsmith, commencing with

'When lovely woman stoops to folly,'

in the Vicar of Wakefield? Like the lovely, yet unfortunate Olivia, pencilled in those lines, all that is left for her 'is to die.' To apply the language of Addison's Cato to married life,

"When love once p's its admission to her heart,
(The woman that deliberates, is lost!'

When Cleopatra wished to die, she applied an asp to her arm, that the infusion of its poison might accomplish the object. But a serpent, far more deadly than that—as deadly as the one which whispered in the ear of Eve amidst the bowers of Eden—instills its poison into the very heart of a married woman, who does not, cannot 'love her lord,' when she listens to the impassioned tale of unhallowed love. That lost Eve the happiness of Paradise. This wrests from woman—like the glorious works of art, lovely even when in ruins—not only the joys of earth, but the hopes of Heaven."

EFFECTS OF RAILROADS.—A writer in Blackwood's Magazine, in taking a view of the anticipated effects of railroads upon national character, makes the following observations.

"The steam engine, i. e. its effective state, is not yet ten years old, yet it is already spreading not merely over Europe but over the vast Savannas of the new world. What will all this come to in the next fifty years? What must be the effect of the gigantic stride over the ways of the world? What the mighty influence of that mutual communication, which even in its feeblest state has been, in every age, the grand instrument of civilization? Throw down the smallest barrier between two civilized nations, and from that hour both

become more civilized. Open the close shut coast of China or Japan to mankind and from that the condition of the people will be in progress of improvement. The barbarian and despot hate the stranger. Yet for the fullest state of civilization, freedom and enjoyment, of which each is capable, the one thing needful is the fullest intercourse of nation with nation, of man with man. The facilities of the railroad are made for peace, its tendency is to make nations feel, the value of peace and unless some other magnificent invention shall come to supercede its use, and obliterate the memory of its service, we cannot suffer ourselves [to doubt that the whole system, which is now in course of adoption with such ardor throughout Europe, will yet be acknowledged as having given the mightiest propulsion to the general improvement of mankind."

IRREVERENT CONDUCT OF A DOG.—Singular as it may appear, the following anecdote strongly exhibits how frequently trifling occurrences influence state affairs.

'Among the historical anecdotes of dogs, it must not be forgotten that the memorable schism between England and Rome, which commenced in the reign of Henry the VII, were rendered irreconcilable by the irreverent behavior of Sir Thomas Boleyn's dog to Pope Clement VII.—Sir Thomas Boleyn, afterwards one of the Queens of Henry VIII, had been created Earl of Wiltshire by that monarch, and was at the head of the embassy appointed by him to argue the point of his divorce from Catherine of Arragon, before the council assembled at Bologna, in presence of the Pope. The pope, when he gave audience to the Earl, required that he should acknowledge his supremacy by kissing his toe. This, the Earl being of the reformed religion, positively refused to do, although it was a piece of homage which all the sovereigns of Europe were accustomed to perform, when admitted into the presence of the head of the papal church.

While Clement, in a very high tone, was insisting on the propriety of the English Earl submitting to the ceremony and extending his toe significantly towards him at the same time the Earl's dog, imagining no doubt, that a signal insult was intended to his master by this gesture, sprang forward, and bit his holiness' toe, which provoked a general burst of laughter from all present, and was so highly resented by the Pope, that he refused to admit the Earl to a second audience. The Earl of Wiltshire returned to England with his suit—and the separation of the country from the papal see took place in less than four years after this ridiculous incident.'

THE GATHERER.

Invention of Maps.—Strabo says that Anaximander was the first Greek who invented a map. "Among the Egyptians, Senostris is said to have been the first author of maps. At the conclusion of his travels, he sketched on tablets his route, which is said to have been a great wonder to the Egyptians and the Colchians. After Anaximander, Heraticus, Democritus, and Eudoxus taught geography by maps. Traces of maps are discoverable in Joshua XVIII. 8. and Herodotus makes mention of a brazen geographical tablet shown by Aristogoras, tyrant of Miletus, to Cleomenes King of Sparta. The oldest maps in existence are Pentinger ablets, the history of which is highly curious.

The Character of Children.—"Men are but children of a larger growth," and preserve, generally speaking, through their lives the characteristics impressed upon their minds, moral principles, and tempers, from the age of two till fifteen. At the later period they are less at home. The school, the counting house, the work-shop, begin to remove them, and each succeeding year removes them still more, from family influence and parental supervision. During this period, then, the mother gives the decided tone to the character of children. She is at home, while the occupations of business carry the father abroad. Upon mothers, then, devolves a responsibility as lasting as time, and mighty as the consequences of her influence are momentous. The mother must be a good woman, or her children will be wayward in infancy, vicious in youth, bad in their maturity, and miserable in age. There are women virtuous in conduct, of good intentions and generous feelings, but who fail in

one point, on which happiness depends—*temper*. If a mother is given to fretfulness, anger, and ill nature, her children of necessity acquire the same qualities. Her house is a bedlam, and she imparts to her children that which is almost certain to make them unhappy and unsuccessful in life. Next to virtuous principles a good temper is the greatest and the richest dowry a mother can bestow on her children. *New York Whig*.

SPINSTERS.—Formerly it was a maxim that a young woman should never be married till she had spun her self a set of body, table, and bed linen. From this custom all unmarried women, were termed spinsters, an appellation they still retain in England, in all deeds and law proceedings.

Beautiful Sentiment.—The modest deportment of those who are truly wise, when contrasted with the assuming air of the ignorant, may be compared to the different appearance of wheat, which, while its ear is empty, holds up its head proudly, but as soon as it is filled with grain, bends modestly down, and withdraws from observation.

A limner taking the portrait of a lady, perceived that when he was endeavoring to give a resemblance to her mouth, she was twisting her features in order to render it smaller, and put her lips in the most violent contraction. Impatient of this artifice, the painter at length said,—"Don't hurt yourself madam, in trying to make your mouth smaller, because if you choose, I will put none at all."

A singular feudal privilege appears in Du Cange, that of the lord being entitled to the table cloth, towel, &c. of the house where he dined. It seems that table cloths were made for the nobility and opulent gentry of great value; one would cost 18l. Damask table cloths are of great antiquity. La Brocquiere thus describes some used abroad:—"They are (says he,) four feet in diameter and round, having strings attached to them, so that they may be drawn up like a purse. When they are used they are spread out, and when the meal is over they are drawn up, so that all which remain over, to a crumb, is preserved."—*Fasbrook's Antiquities*.

GROUND OF RECOGNITION.—A man went to a restaurateur's (or chop house) in France, to dine. He perceived another man in the room and hurried away to tell the master. "If you do not, Sir, order that man, who is dining alone at the table in the corner, out of your house, a respectable individual will not be able to sit down in it." "How is that Sir?" "Because that is the executioner of R—." The host after some hesitation, at length went and spoke to the stranger, who calmly answered: "By whom have I been recognized?" "By that gentleman," said the landlord pointing out the former. "Indeed, he ought to know me, for it is not two years since I whipped and branded him."

An honest and sensible country parson, who, in the time of drought, was deared to pray for rain, answered, "I'll willingly do it to oblige you but it is of no purpose while the wind is this quarter."

CASUALTY.—On Saturday evening last, Mr. Asher Spencer, residing in the east part of this town, while returning home from the village, was thrown from his wagon and so much injured that he expired in a few hours. The night was very dark, and one of his horses was exceedingly restive. Mr S. was injured in the spine; and although his senses continued to the last moment, he was unable, from the time he received the injury, to move a limb.—He was a respectable inhabitant and an exemplary member of the Baptist Church.—*Owego Advertiser*.

Fire and loss of Life.—The dwelling house of Derrick Groat in the town of Copake took fire in the night about two weeks ago, and a son of Mr. Groat aged about thirty years, sleeping in an upper room, perished in the flames. Nearly every article of furniture was destroyed.—[*Hudson Republican*].

Look out for Altered Bills.—Sylvester & Co., of the New Reporter and Counterfeit Detector, have shown us a one dollar bill on the city "City Trust & Banking Company," ingeniously altered into a five,—the word and figure five being pasted over the original one. It would easily deceive

POPULAR TALES.

From Chambers Edinburgh Journal.

THE FORTUNES OF THE GRENADEER MOREAU.

Wonderful enough in all points of view, the victories of the French under the Empire were nothing so extraordinary as with respect to the great and eventful changes which they produce in the condition and fortunes of individuals of all ranks and classes, from the conscript peasant to the possessor of a throne.—No Arabian story-teller ever dreamt of inventing such things as were then seen to take place in real life, and of this truth the city of Tours, in the year 1829, witnessed one striking proof, in the history of the grenadier Moreau, whose name is prefixed to the present narrative. It was in the year 1806 that this individual, then a youth of twenty, was sent from the recruiting depot in his native town of Tours towards the Prussian frontier, where the Emperor Napoleon was at the time concentrating his forces, and preparing for the opening of a campaign. Eugene Moreau was descended from a family which had been once of provincial respectability, but had become latterly so much decayed that his immediate progenitors held a humble position of small farmers, or, to speak more plainly of peasants. As regarded personal appearance, Eugene would have done honor to the noblest ancestry. To say that he was merely handsome, would be disparaging and unjust. His person was tall and beautifully formed; his features remarkably fine and regular, and his eye dark, sparkling, and animated; while his air and gait were at once pleasing and noble. In short a sculptor would have had but to cover the youth's black and glossy locks with a Greek head-piece, to have in him a perfect model of the goddess-born Achilles, or the more graceful Antinous.

The eye of the Emperor was too searching and discriminative not to alight soon on such a figure as that of Moreau. On reaching Bamberg, a Bavarian town where the first head quarters of the grand army were established, the young recruit chanced to fall in Napoleon's way. After a momentary glance of admiration, the Emperor turned to an inferior officer behind him, and pointing with his finger to Moreau, exclaimed "That stripling is for my guard." Moreau heard the words, and imagined at the moment that he felt in his grasp the baton of a marshal of France. For the time, his fanciful anticipation was no further gratified than in his finding a place among the private grenadiers of the third regiment of the imperial guard. But youth and hope kept his fancy still at work in drawing magnificent pictures of the future. More particularly was this the case, when wrapped in his cloak and stretched on the ground by the side of the bivouac fire, he listened to the older soldiers going over their reminiscences of Egypt, and revelling in exaggerated descriptions of the riches which their eyes had there beheld, or perhaps their hands had touched, and of the dark-eyed sultanas, glittering with pearls and diamonds, who had smiled upon the soldier's path, and offered, it may be, to follow him over the world. Moreau had received but an ordinary education, and simplicity was a natural characteristic of his mind. He knew not yet what was really was and his ear drank in such recitals, till he became accustomed to regard the hopes excited by them as certain to be realised in his own case.

The French army ran over a portion of Prussia, and came to the vast plain of Jena. There, as every one knows, was fought a mighty battle, which delivered over Berlin to the Emperor of France. This great conflict has nothing to do with the particular history of Moreau, but it is a matter of justice to say that he fought in it like a lion, and helped well to maintain the fame of the guard of which he was a member. Subsequently to the engagement the main army marched upon the Prussian capital, while a small division to which Moreau was attached, was ordered to take station temporarily at Weimar.

In the distribution of billets at Weimar, our young soldier got one fixing him singly upon a chateau about a mile distant from the town. As the light-hearted Eugene walked from the town to his destined abode, scarcely feeling the weight of his arms or his knapsack, his thoughts ran back over the changes which had taken place during the last six months of his life. In May, a peasant, labouring on his father's

little field; in October, a soldier—a member of Napoleon's guard, and one of the conquerors of Jena; and who knew how grand the next change might be? His company had lost many men, and had performed prodigies of valor. The hour of reward was yet to come, and then his arm might be decorated by the corporal's or serjeant's stripes—the only honourable kind of them—and even the cross of honor might be planted on his breast. Such were Moreau's imaginings as he drew near the chateau, pointed out to him as the place designated in his billet. He rang the gate bell, and the door opened instantly. Stepping forward into the court, he saw no human being, but two furious dogs met him in the face, and threatened to tear him to pieces. In fact, the servants, seeing the soldier approach, had thought this a fit way to receive and repulse an enemy. But Moreau was not one to beat a retreat on such grounds as these. Keeping the dogs at bay with his musket, he cried, "Hollo!—down you vicious brutes! Hollo! you inside there! call off the dogs, else I shall be obliged to hurt them! Hollo!"

No one chose to hear the cry, however, and Moreau struck one of the dogs lifeless at his feet by a blow from the butt end of his piece. The other animal he dexterously contrived to seize by one of his hind legs, and swinging it above his head with a powerful arm, dashed out its brains against the court wall. He then tranquilly advanced to the inner entrance of the chateau, which was half open. As he pushed this door to the wall, he saw a whole posse of domestics flying out an opposite side of the lobby hall. Eugene thought to himself that a soldier of the emperor's guard had a right to better treatment than this, but he was patient and sweet-tempered; so he said nothing, but marched forward. Apartment after apartment showed him no living person, and he began to grow wearied of this style of reception, as well as a little irritated thereby, when all at once he heard the sound of a female voice. Following the direction, he soon found himself in a retired chamber, face to face with a young lady who was seated with her harp by her side, and her finger in the act of touching its chords.

"*Mein herr*," said the startled young lady, and then paused; for her eye had caught the tricoloured cockade in the soldier's cap, indicating that he belonged to the hostile army that had invaded her country. "*Monsieur*," said she, changing her address from her mother tongue to that of her visitor. But she carried her speech no further. Her fingers quitted her harp, and she remained motionless before the young soldier of France.

Often, often did Moreau in after years describe that first interview, and always with a degree of tenderness that affected the hearer, though circumstances might make him doubtful at the time of the truth of the narration. All Moreau's anger fled at the sight of the lady; his soul trembled in his hand; and that fair-haired beauty of the north, with her blue eyes and her snow-like skin, appeared to him far to surpass all the pictures which his older comrades had drawn of Egyptian loveliness. Her eyes were cast on him with an expression at once of entreaty and kindness, as if beseeching his protection and proffering a friendly reception. It would appear as if she had noticed his impatient look on entering the room. "My servants," said she, when after a pause, she followed up her first words, "*mon sieur*," "my servants have received you inhospitably, but they are grieved at late events, and grief does not reason." But poor Moreau was already so far from feeling anger, that he could almost have knelt down and asked pardon for having killed the lady's dogs, though, had he not done so, they would probably have torn him to pieces.

The Countess Diana de Drucken was the name of the lady in whose chateau Moreau now took up his residence. She was a widow, and still extremely young having been married almost in childhood to a wealthy old noble, at the wish or rather the command of her proud and ambitious brothers and kindred. Her husband soon died, leaving no child to inherit his wealth. The young countess lived alone at the time when fortune brought Moreau to the chateau. Whether from the lady's desire not to provoke an invading enemy, or from other motives personal to Moreau (whose ancestral respectability she soon learnt from conversation with himself), certain it is that he was entertained,

during his stay of several weeks, like an honoured guest. He occupied the apartments of the late master of the mansion, and the same domestics who had lately received him so curiously, became his devoted slaves. In his simplicity, the young soldier was no whit astonished at all this; he found it quite natural to live in a beautiful chateau, to walk (not alone) every morning in a magnificent park, to mount the finest horses for an evening ride, to be served by lacqueys covered with embroidery, and to dine on three courses daily with a countess. Had not he heard at the bivouac fires, that such was the soldier's common fortune in Egypt? Moreover he loved the countess, and, remembering the ancient honors of his family more than his present condition, he thought not of concealing his love. On him the passion took its usual effect; it softened his manners, gave inspiration to his tongue, and threw a grace and delicacy over his every thought and every action. The sincerity of his love was too obvious to be doubted for an instant. He was young (in truth almost a boy soldier), beautiful, and a conqueror. The Countess Diana could not help herself. Though seeing their true relative position much more clearly than Moreau did, the passion of the soldier found an echo ere long in her bosom. She had none about her to keep her pride of rank awake. An old infirm chaplain, verging on the grave, was her only present friend and counsellor, and he was too much attached to her to make any annoying opposition to her wishes. The issue may be guessed.

The happy Moreau saw nothing in the future but visions of pleasure and joy. He loved too sincerely ever to cast a thought on the fortune of the countess, but he had other ambitious thoughts. "It is true," said he, "that I am only one of the humble soldiers of the emperor, but it is from among them that he chooses his captains, and I feel assured that I shall become one of them." The countess was less hopeful of the future, but she could not cast a damp over these anticipations. And when the period of Moreau's stay came to a close, when his detachment was ordered to join head-quarters, she did not express to the young soldier the fears that filled her own mind whenever the thought of her haughty relatives, and of her reunion with them, crossed her memory. The last words of Moreau were, "It is but necessary that I should speak to my major, and he will speak to the emperor, and all will be arranged." The countess swore to be ever faithful; and Moreau promised that he would be careful of his life, and return with the cross of honor, and the epaulettes of an officer. Bathed with the countess's tears, the young soldier then took his way from the chateau, but often cast back his eyes, and gazed, as long as he could see it, on the hand of the lady of his love waving a kerchief in token of reiterated farewells.

The soldier of the guard rejoined his regiment as altered being. A marshal's baton no longer glittered before his eyes; a parchment, sealed with the great seal of the empire, and authorising his legal union with the Countess Diana de Drucken, was the object to which all his thoughts tended. He forbore to speak of the lady of the chateau to his comrades, but to his major he took an opportunity of revealing all. That officer replied briefly, "Ah! well, my fine lad, all this may be true, but we can say and do nothing about it till we come to the emperor's head-quarters." Soon afterwards, Moreau's regiment entered Potsdam only some hours before the expected arrival of the emperor, and was drawn up beside the palace of Sans-Souci, to be reviewed by him as he passed. Napoleon's visage was bland and smiling as he moved slowly on his white battle-horse along the ranks which had so bravely fought at Jena. When he came before the spot where Moreau stood, the latter, who had made up his mind to plead his own cause, stood forward from the ranks, presented arms, and begged permission to say a word. "Speak," said the emperor, who encouraged these personal appeals. "I wish to marry, sire, if it be your good pleasure," said Moreau. "What! in the middle of a campaign?" replied Napoleon; "what suttler gipsy has decoyed you to this?" "Sire!" said the simple-hearted Moreau, "it is no suttler, but a lady near Jena, who is beautiful as an angel, and rich as the mayors of Tours." The emperor smiled, and the young soldier continued—"She has sworn her faith to me; and, for me I have promised to her to have one day the cross of honour and

the epaulettes of a captain." "Her name?" said the emperor. "The Countess Diana of Drucken," was Moreau's answer.

At this name the emperor, showed a degree of displeased surprise. In a second or two he exclaimed, "Fy! you a soldier of France, to forget yourself thus and wish to degrade yourself and your comrades by an alliance with a stranger, an enemy of France! Think no more of it! Return to your place in the ranks!" As he spoke, he gave the spur to his charger, and flew at full gallop to another regiment. The exact motives which led him thus to crush the hopes of poor Moreau can scarcely even be guessed at with any certainty. It is possible that he doubted the statement of the soldier and thought there could be no true desire for such a marriage on the part of the Countess of Drucken. Whatever was the emperor's impression, his decision was ruinous to Moreau's hopes. The emperor's sanction alone could have removed all obstacles from the way of the lovers. Even a simple discharge could not be got without it, and the soldier would have died sooner than desert.

The campaign went on, and Moreau fought bravely through it. Another and another campaign followed, and he was still in the guards of Napoleon. The fearful invasion of Russia found him in the same position, and he was with his master till the abdication at Fontainebleau. By this time Moreau had won the cross of the legion of honor, and had risen in the service, though not to a commission; but hard toil and wounds had done much of the usual work of time upon him. The remembrance of the Countess Diana, however, remained ever fresh on his memory. He had written to Weimar, to Madame the Countess of Drucken, but either the post or the lady was faithless. He received no reply—not a word—not a token of reminiscence. When the Bourbons finally brought with them a general peace, Moreau visited his aged father and his native Tours. There he found many old friends, and they would have had him to marry a young and pretty girl, and settle himself for life; but he was the chosen bridegroom of a countess, and he refused all proffers of this kind; waiting always, with undiminished anxiety, for the appearance of the coronetted carriage, which he confidently expected to come one day and carry him to his beloved. At length weary, of waiting in vain, he set aside four or five quarters of his pension, and, with a staff in his hand, took the road to Prussia. Very different was he in appearance from the tall, erect, and noble-looking guardsmen, who had followed on his emperor's heels from victory to victory on the German plains. Moreau, though comparatively young in years, was in aspect a toil-worn veteran, with wrinkled brow and slightly stooping figure; but his heart was as simple as ever, and he had preserved all the bright hopes and illusions of youth, and one, in particular, in undying freshness. He reached Weimar, and, with beating heart, passed on to the chateau of the countess. Diana had disappeared; the chateau had long been possessed and inhabited by strangers, to whom nothing but the name of the former proprietors was known. About their abode and condition Moreau could learn nothing.

Tours saw our soldier return once more, poor and wearied, but hoping still. His relatives, and friends, to whom he talked confidently and freely on the subject, considered his expectations as completely illusory and resembling one of those curious instances of monomania which are not unusual in the world. All loved the veteran, nevertheless, for he was the most innocent of human beings.

In the year 1829, Moreau still remained at Tours, and still found the chief solace of life in the hopes which all who knew him considered vain and delusive. The summer of the year mentioned, however, was signalled by the arrival in Tours of a superb *berlin* (a particular species of German travelling-carriage), drawn by four horses. A young man was the sole occupant of this, and scarcely had he entered the town, when he left the carriage, and made enquiry "if Moreau, a grenadier of the old imperial guard, was still alive, and still resided in Tours?" The answer was in the affirmative, and the young man requested to be guided to his residence. A person readily offered to execute this task, and walked forward the veteran's dwelling, the carriage as well as its owner following. "Yonder is Moreau," said the guide, "seated on his stone bench." The young man moved forward alone to the side of the soldier, who was indeed basking his

still noble-looking head in the rays of the evening sun. "Are you Moreau of the old guard?" said the stranger with a faltering voice.

The German accent of the youth was instantaneously caught by the veteran's ear. Yes," cried he, starting up, "I am Moreau, of the third regiment of the old guard, whom the emperor at Potsdam prevented from marrying. Does my bride call me at length? Does Diana send to seek me? I am here!—I am ready!" It was an affecting sight to see a white-haired old man thus warming at the remembrance of a youthful love.

"It is you whom I seek," said the youth, clasping the old man's hand, and seemingly struggling to conceal his emotions from the public eye: "enter this carriage. I am come to conduct you to the chateau of Drucken." Half embraced by his conductor, Moreau, ascended the vehicle, and the postillions, at a signal, drove rapidly away. Moreau, the grenadier of the old guard of Napoleon, was no more seen in Tours or in his native France!

Diana Countess of Drucken was not unfaithful to the young soldier. But when rejoined by her family, after the terrors caused by the French visit, had a little subsided, they threatened her even with death if she attempted to prosecute her engagement with Moreau. Effectually to mar her purpose, they strove to induce her to marry again, but this they could not effect. It was only, however, when the truth could not be longer concealed, that she dared to tell them that the ceremony of marriage had already passed between Moreau and herself, the old chaplain being the officiating minister, and also the sole witness, on the occasion. Bitterly as the kindred of the countess cursed this secret connection, they agreed, on condition that she solemnly swore never to disgrace them by sending for Moreau, to torment her no more with schemes of re-marriage, and to permit herself to bring up the boy to whom she gave birth, under the character of her nephew and avowed heir. The very name of Moreau was sentenced to oblivion. The fear of endangering her son's welfare caused the countess to keep her engagement unbroken, though her unchanged affection for Moreau would often strongly tempt her to an opposite line of conduct. But, on her death bed, the countess revealed for the first time to her son his true history and parentage, and laid her dying commands upon him to go to Tours, and to render comfortable the old age of his father, if he still lived. Her own heart, at that truth-displaying moment, was wrung with remorse at the reflection that she had permitted any engagements whatever to separate her from one to whom she had solemnly and lastingly bound herself.

Arrived at Drucken, Moreau could only weep over the tomb of her for whom he had yearned for twenty-four long years. But the tender cares of his son, who had taken him from Tours, rendered the veteran's latter days happy. If he had not the object of his life's dream beside him, he had at least the satisfaction of knowing that she had not been unfaithful to him.

SALMAGUNDI.

QUEEN VICTORIA.—An American in London, draws the following picture of Victoria, which he asserts is correct. We find it in the U.S. Gazette.

The Queen's mouth is her most striking defect; the short upper lip can only be closed over the projecting teeth by an effort, which it is unpleasant to behold. Eyes prominent, but inexpressive, and, to borrow a sentence from one of her loyal subjects, (editor of the Sunday Times) 'she has the mournful vacuity of the Guelph face in her perfection.' Her bust is exceedingly fine, but the symmetry of the figure is defective, as she appears much taller in proportion, sitting, than when upon her feet. The ears are so remarkably large as to attract attention, as was observed by the artist who executed the bust. Her feet and hands are rather pretty.—Educated for the high station she fills, her natural powers have been drawn out to their utmost tension. Yet, to judge from many of her acts, she is proud and vacillating in her attachments, her mother is now less in her confidence than her maids of honor; a German woman, the Baroness Lehzen, near sixty years old, being first confidant, and exercises, over her an almost unbounded influence. In fine, 'Victoria' might have done very well in a lower station, but nature

never intended her for any thing great. The accident of birth has placed her on the throne of England. With a good ministry, all will go on well—for the monarch is little more than a gilded puppet. She leans to the liberal side; but, as yet, pleasure and the trappings of state to which may now be added the prospect of a husband are more to her than the welfare and happiness of the people.

VALUE OF TIME. The difference of rising every morning at six and eight o'clock, in the course of 40 years, supposing a person to go to bed at the same time he otherwise would, amounts to 29,200 hours, or three years 121 days, 19 hours, which afford eight hours per day, for exactly ten years (a weighty consideration) were added in which we may command eight hours every day for the cultivation of our lives and the despatch of business.

THE DEVIL AND THE LAWYERS. The following anecdote may, in some measure, account for the generally received opinion, that there is a certain intimacy carried on between the inhabitants of the Inus of court and his Satanic Majesty:—Saint Evana, a lawyer of Brittain, went to Rome to entreat the Pope to give the lawyers a patron; the Pope replied that he knew of no saint not already disposed of to some other profession. His Holiness proposed, however, to St. Evana that he go round the church of Sionni Laterano blind folded, and, after saying a certain number of Ave Marias, the first saint laid hold of should be his patron. This the good old lawyer undertook, and, at the end of his Ave Marias, stopped at the altar of St. Michael, where he laid hold, not of saint—but unfortunately the Devil, under the saint's feet's, crying out—"this is our saint let him be our patron."

TART REPLY. A certain courtier to whom Queen Elizabeth had given her promise to promote him, began to grow impatient at the delay. One day the Queen perceived him in the palace garden, and looking out of the window, asked him, "What does a man think of who thinks of nothing?" to which, after a short pause, he replied, "madam, he thinks of a woman's promises."

A gentleman apt to be very witty when in liquor was asked by an acquaintance, if he belonged to the playhouse? he replied, "No; why did you ask me?" "Because," returned his friend, "you are so Dram-Attic!"

CAMP MEETING ANECDOTE.—At a camp meeting, a number of ladies continued standing on the benches notwithstanding frequent hints from the ministers to sit down. A reverend old gentleman, noted for his good humor, arose and said: "I think if those ladies standing on the benches knew they had holes in their stockings, they would sit down." This address had the desired effect—there was an immediate sinking into the seats. A young minister standing behind him, and blushing to the temples, said: "O, brother, how could you say that?" "Say that?" said the old gentleman, "it's a fact, if they had 'nt holes in their stockings, I'd like to know how they could get them on?"

A surgeon being called as a witness, for the purpose of proving damages upon an action of assault, deposed that he had bled the plaintiff, and being asked, upon oath, if bleeding was necessary, candidly answered, "We always find it NECESSARY to do SOMETHING when sent for."

A sprightly young widow had just received addresses of a tender sort from two gentlemen, both virtuous, respectable and amiable; one of them however, a most accomplished scholar, the other a child of Peru; when her brother entered the room where she was sitting in an attitude of more profound cogitation than was usual with her. My dear sister, said he, are you going to astonish the world with a perpetual motion or the quadrature of the circle; or are you plotting to blow up oxygen and hydrogen with a new nomenclature. Neither, George, she replied, I was merely resolving a question of dollars and sense.

Alexander the great, seeing Diogenes, looking attentively at a large collection of human bones, piled one upon another, asked the philosopher what he was looking for? "I am searching," says Diogenes, "for the bones of your father, but I cannot distinguish them from those of his slaves."

AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER.

ALBANY, SATURDAY, JAN. 11, 1840.

CRIME—AND ITS REWARD.—On New Years Eve, a party of rioters in New York, went into a German house, destroyed the furniture, and outrageously abused two of the female inmates. After a desperate fight the rioters were finally driven off. In a few hours however, they returned with a reinforcement, and on attacking the house, the Germans discharged a volley of muskets among them, which fortunately killed their leader, a vagabond by the name of Armstrong and wounded several of his gang. Renewed attempts were made during the night to destroy the house which was defeated by the vigilance of the police.

The daily occurrence of scenes like this cannot fail of striking dismay and terror into the hearts of every reflecting mind. There is fault, grievous fault, somewhere. Our laws are trodden under foot, with impunity, and we appear to be fast approaching that state of society, when the only safety of the citizen will be in the weapons he must necessarily carry for the purposes of self-defence. Our laws have been brought into contempt by the uncertainty of their execution—the manslaughter roams at large among us, and the midnight rioter is suffered to pass unpunished, either by a sympathizing jury, or by a clemency almost criminal. The unrighteous acquittal of Robinson, has done more positive injury to the moral tone of society, than any other occurrence within the last fifty years. By its influence three other murders are untoned for, in our state, and its influence is more or less felt in the utter recklessness to unenforced law. The very case before us, affords an instance of criminal apathy, in the holding of one of these rioters to \$300 bail!! The New York Sunday Morning Atlas, holds the following language in relation to this disgraceful affair.—

“Rowdism and riot, rarely existing save in a sacked city, was daily growing and increasing in strength: a man's house was no longer his castle; his property was no longer secure; the honor and chastity of his wife and daughter was exposed to the tender mercies of a ruthless mob. An example was required. The press, inimical in almost all cases to the extreme penalty of the law, saw that mercy here would be extreme cruelty, and advised and called for the carrying out of the fearful penalty incurred. The evil, not checked by the arm of the law, has grown in magnitude; and who shall say, after the acts enacted on New-Year's Eve, that if the law will not protect our property and our lives, we shall not put our castles, as our houses under the proper administration of the law are and ought to be a state of defence, and shoot down the first person who seeks to invade our rights.”

INSTALLATION.—Phoenix Lodge, No. 58, at Lansingburgh, was publicly installed on the 27th, with becoming solemnity. The Lodge met at their Hall, and proceeded in procession to the Phoenix Hotel, where a large number of brethren from Troy and other places were assembled to receive them. The procession having been formed, moved to the M. E. Church, where the Rev. Br. Phineas Whipple, offered up a prayer to the Throne of Grace, after which an appropriate Masonic Hymn was sung by the choir.

The R. W. G. W. John D. Willard then proceeded to the Installation of the officers of the Lodge, in due form. After an Ode had been sung, Br. H. T. Eddy, delivered an eloquent and appropriate Address, which was again followed by an Ode, and a short, but pertinent address from Br. Rayner. The Choir, then sung an original piece, adapted to the occasion, and the services were closed by a benediction from Br. Whipple.

A large and respectable audience was in attendance.

who were evidently gratified with the solemn and impressive services of the occasion.

The following Officers installed, were,
 Samuel S. Bingham, W. M.
 Abel Whipple, S. W.
 Esick Hawkins, jr. J. W.
 Gershom F. Holmes, Treas.
 Simon Freiot, Sec'y.
 Nicholas Weaver, S. D.
 Daniel King, J. D.
 Sidney D. Smith } Stewards.
 David Colvin }
 Thomas Handley, Tyler.

The following Brethren compose the Officers of Apollo Lodge No. 13, at Troy, elected Dec. 17th 5839.

John S. Perry, W. M.
 N. T. Woodruff, S. W.
 Wm. Perkins, J. W.
 Jos. A. Wood, Treas.
 Jas. Hegeman, Sec'y.
 Lyman Powers, S. D.
 E. F. Crandall, J. D.
 L. McChesney, } Stewards.
 B. A. Wood, }
 R. C. Leavings, } Tylers.
 R. Purdy, }

☞ A part of our edition of last week was any thing but creditable to typography. This was owing to the intense cold weather, which made it impossible to obtain warm enough to work the ink, although two stoves were kept up to nearly welding heat. The thermometer 20 degrees below 0 troubles printing offices astonishingly.

THE LEGISLATURE, of the state assembled on Tuesday last, and was organized by the choice of Geo. W. Patterson, of Livingston, as Speaker. Philander Prindle was chosen Clerk, Minos M'Gowen, Sergeant at arms, and Samuel Francis and Abraham Grovestein Doorkeepers. Our limits will not permit us to give more than a bird's eye view of some of the heads, which the Governor treats on. The Message occupies nearly eleven columns of small type, a large proportion of which is devoted to the currency and internal improvements.

The revenues of the State have increased during the fiscal year. The auction duties of the present year, have exceeded those of the last, \$83,000. The duties on salt also exceed those of last year, by \$80,000. The amount of tolls on the various canals during the past year is \$1,656,902, being an excess of the previous year, of \$165,592.

The productive capital of the Common School Fund, at the close of the last fiscal year, was \$1,932,421, 99, to which has since been added the sum of \$45,646,64, making an aggregate of \$1,978,069,63.—The revenue during the year, including \$165,000 appropriated from the income of the United States Deposit Fund to the support of common schools, was \$282,472,26. The amount paid out of the Treasury was \$275,000,04.

The capital of the Literature Fund's \$268,164,38. The revenue during the year, including \$28,000 appropriated from the income of the United States Deposit Fund, was \$18,109,07. The amount paid from this revenue was \$47,978,46.

The bank Fund has a capital \$818,820,59. Its revenue during the year was \$36,638,20. There has been paid during the same period, to contributing banks, on account of dividends, \$29,618,51.

Two hundred and nine convicts were received, within the year, into the state prison at Mount Pleasant.—The whole number of convicts in that prison is eight hundred and five. The amount received for labor during the past year, including the value of marble furnished for the construction of State Hall, was

\$73,203 34. The expenditures, including moneys paid for the completion of the prison for female convicts and the expense of transportation of convicts, were \$73,440 81.

The number of convicts in the state prison at Auburn is six hundred and sixty-five. The number received during the year was two hundred and twenty-eight. The earnings of the prison, during the year, were \$60,161 46, and the expenditures \$51,671-21.

The Institution for the instruction of the Blind continues to discharge its responsibilities with good success. It has sixty-six pupils, of whom fifty-nine are State pupils, and there are sixty-nine vacancies to be filled from the different counties, in pursuance of the law passed at the last session. The Institution for the Deaf and Dumb administers its inestimable benefits to one hundred and seventy pupils, maintains its high reputation, and enjoys the unmeasured confidence and kindness among whom it is located. One hundred and twenty of these pupils, being the full number allowed by law, are supported at the expense of the State.

Our Scientific institutions continue to maintain their high reputation. Twenty-five students graduated at Columbia College, during the past year. This institution numbers 138 members. The number of graduates, at the city of New York is 28,—under graduates, 80. Union College has now 278 members.—Hamilton College, has 92 students, and Geneva College 63. The law providing for the establishment of libraries in school districts, has been carried into successful operation. The governor recommends that the children of foreigners should have the same advantages of education as is given to other children and that teachers should be employed to teach them in their own language.

The whole number of the militia of the state is 190,103, of which 7,427 are cavalry and horse-artillery, 9,256 are artillery. 160,420, are infantry, including light infantry and riflemen, and 3000 are cavalry and artillery attached to brigades of infantry.

The Message enters into a somewhat detail of the Manor difficulties, and concludes by recommending that some measures may be adopted, which without the violation of contracts, or injustice to either party, will assimilate the tenures in question to those which experience has proved to be more accordant with the principles of republican government, and more conducive to the general prosperity and peace of society.

The general policy of prohibiting the transportation of freight on rail roads which run parallel to the canals, is not altogether without question. There can however be one sentiment as to the expediency of suspending the prohibition during the season in which the navigation of the canals operates injuriously to the agricultural interests, and tends to produce a monopoly of the necessities of life, at a time when want and misfortune are felt most severely by the inhabitants of our populous cities.

DISTRESSING CASUALTY.—Four gentlemen of Cincinnati, Mr. P. Brooks, Hiram Barber, David Cline, and Samuel Fox, were returning from hunting on the Kentucky side of the river, on the evening of the 25th ult., in a skiff. A cake of ice came with such force against it, as to cause an upset, and all the persons were drowned with the exception of Mr. S. Fox, who was rescued from the water much exhausted, and was alive the following morning.—[N. Y. Sun.

A WHOLE FAMILY POISONED.—The Philadelphia papers of Saturday evening, bring us the melancholy intelligence of the family of Mr. Gigot, 148 Pine-street, having been poisoned by Indian meal pudding—whether accidentally or otherwise, has not yet transpired. Mr. Gigot, and a Swiss servant girl, have since died, and six others are in a critical condition.—[idem.

ASSASSINATION.—Charles W. Salter, of Philadelphia, a promising man of 20, was assassinated at Key West, on the 28th Nov. He was on the eve of returning home after an absence of many months, when he was inhumanly stabbed in the back and abdomen, by a wretch of the name of Edwards, which terminated his earthly existence.—[idem.

A NOBLE ACTION.—Whilst some boys were playing at the foot of Oliver street, on Saturday last, one of them accidentally fell overboard, and would have drowned had it not been for Capt. Walter Smith, of schooner Repeater, who immediately leaped overboard and rescued the boy.—*idem*

WOMEN BURNED TO DEATH.—Mrs. Hannah Langdon, daughter of Rev. Joseph L. of Portsmouth, N. H., was burnt to death by her clothes taking fire at the grate on Sunday week. A widow named Crockett, aged 70, left a candle burning by her bed curtains, and in the morning her corpse was found among the ashes nearly consumed.

THE GREAT SNOW STORM.—At Canandaigua the fall of snow was to the depth of two feet on an average. A stage was 36 hours from Rochester to Canandaigua.

At Buffalo the storm was still more severe. The B. Com. Adv. of Monday says:

The Late storm has been severe almost beyond precedent. It commenced snowing Friday night, and continued, with slight intermission, till yesterday afternoon. From every quarter we hear that the roads are so filled up as to be nearly impassible. No eastern or western mail has arrived since Saturday morning, and there is no telling when we shall get one. The average depth of the snow is probably 30 inches; it is very solid, and in many places much drifted. Several days must elapse before the travelling will become tolerable."

We copied from the Norfolk Beacon, on Saturday, a brief paragraph announcing the decease of *Susan Deetz*, widow of the late gallant Commodore. It gives us sincere pleasure to state that the annunciation was incorrect. Although very ill, Mrs. D. still lives, and we are happy to learn, is thought somewhat better than she was a week ago.—[*National Intelligencer*.

A powder mill belonging to the American Powder Company, at Sudbury, Mass., was blown up on Sunday morning last, and Mr. Joseph Lamson killed.

At a meeting of twenty individuals at the Tract House in N. Y. on Monday evening, seventeen hundred and fifty-five dollars were subscribed to aid the American Tract Society, especially in completing the \$40,000 designed for foreign distribution.

The store of Tiffany & Young in Broadway, was entered by some unprincipled rascals on New Year's night, and robbed of fancy goods to the amount of between \$1,500 and 2,000.

ITEMS OF FOREIGN NEWS.

An arrangement has been concluded between Messrs. Rothschild and M. Jaudon of the U. States Bank, by which the former have contracted to advance £1,000,000 sterling upon the deposit of state stocks, to the same amount of issues and debentures, bearing interest at the rate of 6 per cent, per annum; the price of these debentures has been fixed at 94, with 2 per cent, commission; and they are redeemable at par in two years.

The most important intelligence is from Algiers.—The French have suffered some severe defeats from Abd el-Kader, which have been glossed over by the French reports.

The Tories are in a high rage because the queen has not stated whether Prince Albert be Protestant or not. This furnishes good long arguments as to whether Victoria, marrying a Papist, and turning Papist, could or could not be ejected from the throne.

A lunatic, John Stockbridge, got over the gates of Windsor castle, and demanded admittance to the building as the King of England. He was taken into custody. He said, "he was looking after a wife, being King of England, and impelled by the spirit."

The count de Survilliers (Joseph Bonaparte) has taken a mansion in Cavendish Square for the winter.—He intends to reside in England twelve months.

Sir John Colborne's promotion to the peerage is notified in the Gazette by the name, style, and title, of Baron Seaton of Seaton, in the County of Devon.

Lord Palmerston has written to the East India and China Trade Association, declining to give the intentions of government in regard to affairs with China, and stating that "the merchants must take such steps as they may think proper to secure their interests."

A son of O'Connell has been performing at the Colchester theatre.

A method of printing stuffs with madder has been found in Vienna. France offers 30,000 francs for the discovery.

The famous American trotting horse Rattler has beaten the Glasgow mare over the Aintree course. On a subsequent match he ran 11 miles to the mare 10 for \$350.

Abd el-Kader by latest accounts was within five leagues of Algiers with 10,000 men. He is supported by the Sultan of Morocco.

Abd-el-Kader's movements seem to have been rapid, and his invasion of the Eastern portion of the French possessions had filled the country with terror. Algiers, at the last advices, was filled to repletion with colonists from the plain of Metidja, who had fled from the Arabs for their lives, leaving houses, flocks, lands, and every thing they possessed.

AUTHORISED AGENTS.

The following Brethren have kindly offered to act as Agents for the American Masonic Register. They are duly authorised to receive subscriptions and monies on its account.

William Boardman, New York City.
Tallmage Fairchild, Coxsackie.
Joel D. Smith, Castleton.
James Teft, Coeymans.
S. C. Leggett, Troy.
S. D. Smith, Lansingburgh.
Joseph Blackburn, Poughkeepsie.
John S. Wood, West Greenfield.
Ebenezer Mix, Batavia.
Blanchard Powers, Cowlesville.
James Cavanagh, Watertown.
James M'Kain, Lockport.
Francis P. Milo, Kingston, U. C.
Philo W. Stocking, Wheeling, Va.

MARRIED.

On Wednesday evening, by the Rev. B. Welch, Mr. N. A. Fish, to Miss Harriet S., youngest daughter of Mr. Oliver Mead all of this city.

On Tuesday, by the Rev. Dr. Sprague, A. Wolcott, Hackley, of Auburn, to Sarah A., daughter of James Keeler, of this city.

On Monday evening, by the Rev. Dr. Wyckoff, Horace Henderson, of Rochester, to Miss Harriet L. Moore, of this city.

In New Scotland, on New-Year's eve, by the Rev. Mr. Kissam, Mr. John Vrooman, of Bethlehem, to Miss Margaret, daughter of Mr. Henry Meak, of the former place.

In Kortright, Delaware co., N. Y., on the 26th ult., by the Rev. Mr. McAuley, Mr. William H. Reid, of Argyle, Washington co., to Miss Margaret A. McClauray of the former place.

On the 19th ult. by the Rev. D. A. Jones of Schuylerville, Mr. Barent B. Lansing, to Miss Philinda Orcott, both of Easton, Washington co., N. Y.

At Utica, on Monday last, by the Rev. Mr. Patterson, Hon. David Wager, to Miss Mary Williams, daughter of the late Judge Williams of that city.

At Clermont, on the 2d inst., by the Rev. William Kearny, Schuyler Livingston, of New York, to Margaret M., daughter of Robert L. Livingston, Esq.

DIED.

In this city, on the 6th inst. of consumption, Mrs. Susannah Miller, mother of Mr Erastus Miller, in the 73d year of her age.

On Friday morning of consumption, Mrs. Sophia Willard, formerly of Schenectady, aged 67 years.

At Schenectady, on Thursday, the 26th inst., Mrs. Margaret Fonday Yates, in the 75th year of her age, mother of Giles F. Yates, esq.

At Hempstead Harbor, L. I., on Sunday, the 29th

inst., suddenly, the Rev. Ralph Williston, aged 65 years.

At Lebanon, on Christmas day, in the 19th year of her age, Henrietta Augusta Tilden, youngest daughter of Elam Tilden.

On the 9th inst., after a protracted illness, which she bore with christian resignation, Susan Jenks, in the 42d year of her age.

On Tuesday, 31st Dec. 1839, at the village of Balston Spa. Saratoga co., Caroline, wife of Abel Meeker, esq., aged 32 years.

In Saratoga Springs, on the 3d inst., Mr Orville S. Farlin, son of the late Dudley Farlin, of Warrensburgh, aged 22 years. Thus, in the short space of about two years, have four of the members of this afflicted family, a father and three sons—been removed by death.

At West Point, New York, on the 21st of Dec. 1839, after a short illness, Cadet William H. Heath, of Washington co., N. Y.

NICHOLAS NICKLEBY, complete—Life and Adventures of Nicholas Nickleby, by Chas. Dickens, (Boz) with illustrations, complete in one vol.

Curtis on health: simplicity of living: observations on the preservation of health in infancy, youth, manhood and age, London edition.

Part XI pictorial edition of Shakespeare's comedy of Errors.

The hand Book of Heraldry, the Cricketer's Hand Book, the Hand Book of Magic. Swimming Hand Book Language and Sentiment of Flowers, the Angler's Hand Book of Domestic Cookery, &c.

Constantinople, complete in 1 vol elegantly bound in morocco gilt; scenery of Asia Minor, illustrated. drawings from nature, with historical account of Constantinople, and description of the plates.

American Almanac, for 1840.

Second series of the School Library, 50 volumes for \$20, in a case, for sale by

TO PRINTERS.—The following reduced prices will hereafter be charged for printing types, at BRUCE'S New-York Type Foundry, 13 Chambers-st. and 3 City Hall Place

Pica,	38 cents a lb.
Small Pica,	40 do.
Long Primer,	42 do.
Bourgeois,	46 do.
Brevier,	54 do.
Minion,	66 do.
Nonpareil,	84 do.
Agate,	108 do.
Pearl,	140 do.

Ornamental letter and other type in proportion.

These are the prices on a credit of six months: but we wish at this time to encourage short credit or cash purchases, and will therefore make a discount of five per cent New York acceptances at ninety days, and ten per cent for cash.

We have recently added to our former extensive assortment seventy-five different kinds and sizes of ornamental letter, embracing Condensed, Extra Condensed, Extended, Outline, Skeleton, Shaded, Ornamental, modern thin-faced Black, &c. 100 new Flowers and a great variety of Ornaments, forming altogether the most extensive and elegant assortment of Printing Types in the United States, and absolutely an unrivalled one. We also furnish every other article that is necessary for a printing office.

Printers of newspapers who publish this advertisement three times before the 1st of November, 1839, sending us one of the publications, will receive payment when they purchase from the foundry four times the amount of their bill.

GEORGE BRUCE & CO

New York, Sept. 1839.

NEW BOOKS received at W. C. LITTLE'S Book-store.

Moore's new poem, "Alcipliron."

Bulwer's new Play, "The Sea Captain."

Poe's Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque, 2 vols.
Memoirs of Charles Mathews, the comedian, continued.

Countess of Elessington's new Book, "The Government," 2 vols.

Bell's Select Medical Library.

The Law Library for December.

The Gentleman's Magazine for December, with plates.

And all the Annuals and Illustrated Works for 1840.

LIGHT! LIGHT! LIGHT!!! REMEDY FOR THE TIMES. G. W. Knowlton & Co., Manufacturers of Camphine Oil, Lamps, Spirit Gas Lamps, Oil Lamps, &c. Feel grateful for favors hitherto received. Respectfully acquaint their friends and the public that they have a good assortment of lamps of all kinds, from one dollar upwards to suit the emergency of the times. They therefore respectfully invite those who are desirous of studying economy in lighting their stores, houses, &c., by the most brilliant and cheap light, to call and examine their neat substantial, and well manufactured lamps, which have given universal satisfaction to the many thousands who now use them. Remember that by adopting these lamps, you have a better light, and save on an average 50 per cent. They would also say to the public, that they can always depend upon a first rate article of Camphine Oil, and Spirit Gas, as they manufacture it themselves.

G. W. KNOWLTON & Co.
560. South Market street.

POETRY.

From the Knickerbocker.

THE TEACHING OF THE DEAD.

'I feel that the dead have conferred a blessing on me, by helping me to think rightly of the world.

Rev. Orville Dewey.

Call'st thou the dead, teachers?

Must we come,
And sit among the clods, and lay our ear
To damp crannies of the loathsome tomb;
And listen for their lore? There breathes no sound
From all those stern and stone-bound sepulchres,
Save that through rustling grass, the low winds sweep,
And stir the branches of yon dark-browed pines.
In sullen undulation.

Yet, thou say'st,

The dead are teachers.

Would they stretch their hands,
And on our tablets write one pencil-trace,
How would we hoard it in our heart of hearts!
All motionless! All passionless! All mute!

Oh, Silence, twin with Wisdom! I would press
My lip upon yon cradled infant's grave,
And drink the murmur of its smitten bloom.
A mother's young pride in her beautiful,
Laid low! Laid low! How slight the aspen-stem
Round which her heart's joys twined! Ours too are
frail,

Like hers. The flowret in the reaper's path
Hath as good hope to greet the golden morn.

Read I thy lesson right, my little one?

Lo, by thy side the strong man sleepeth well,
The tall, proud man, who towered like Israel's king,
With head above the people. Yet, his wail,
Was it not weak, as thine, when Death launched home
The fatal arrow? 'Dust to dust!' should be
The mournful watch-word of the born of earth,
And the deep teaching of such lonely creed
Best cometh from the dead.

Ah, let me kneel

Here, on this mound, where sleeps my early friend,
And wait her words, in lowliness of soul.
Speakest thou not to me?—thou, whose loving voice
Gav'st the sweet key-tone to our fond discourses,
When lost in lonely haunts, we wandered long.
Shunning the crowd?

Dear as thou wert to me,

In that cementing time, when school-day sports
Make lasting sisterhood, even now, it seems
I loved thee not enough. Say, was it so,
My lost companion? Were there tender words
I might have said to thee, yet said them not?
Where there not higher flights of gloriously thought,
And nobler trophies on life's rugged steep,
To which I might have urged thee?

Blind! and weak!

I thought to have thee ever by my side;
And so the hours swept by, till thou didst spread
A hidden wing, and prove thine angel-birth.
Oh, teach me, with a firmer grasp, to seize
The passing day, nor with omitted deeds,
Nor the defrauded sympathies of love,
Load the uncertain future. So thy tomb
Shall be my blest instructor, and I'll go
Sadder, yet wiser, to my work again.
Amid the changeful ministries of life.

L. H. S.

WINTER.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

"I deem thee not unlovely—though thou com'st
With a stern visage. To the tuneless bird—
The tender flow'et—the rejoicing stream,
Thy discipline is harsh. But unto man
Methinks thou hast a kindlier ministry—
The lengthened eve is full of fire-sides joys,
And deathless linking of warm heart to heart;
So that the hoarse stream passes by unheard.
Earth rob'd in white, a peaceful Sabbath holds,
And keepeth silence at the Maker's feet.
She ceaseth from the harrowing of the plough,

And from the harvest shouting.

"Man should rest

Thus from his fevered passions—and exhale
The unbreathed carbon of his festering thought
And drink in holy health. As the tossed bark
Doth seek the shelter of some quiet bay
To trim its shattered cordage and repair
Its riven sails—so should the toil-worm mind
Refit for time's rough voyage. Man, perchance,
Soured by the world's sharp commerce, or im-
pair'd

By the wild wanderings of his summer way,
Turns like a truant scholar toward his home,
And yields his nature to sweet influences
That purify and save.

The rudy boy.

Comes with his shouting school-mates from their sport

On the smooth frozen lake, as the first star
Hangs pure, and cold, its silver crescent forth;
And throwing off his skates, with boisterous glee
Hastes to his mother's side. Her tender hand
Doth shake the snow-flakes from his glossy curls,
And draws him nearer, and, with gentle voice,
Asks of his lessons—while her lifted heart
Solicits silently the Sire of Heaven
To bless the lad.

"The timid infant learns

Better to love its father—longer sits
Upon his knee, and with velvet lip
Prints on his brow such language as the tongue
Hath never spoken.

"Come thou to life's feast,

With dove-eyed meekness and bland charity—
And thou shalt find even winter's rugged blast
The minstrel-teacher of the well-tuned soul;
And when the last drop of its cup is drained,
Arising with a song of praise, go up
To the eternal banquet."

THE ANGEL'S WING

There is a German tradition that when a sudden
silence takes place in a company, an angel at the mo-
ment makes a circuit among them and the first person
who breaks the silence is supposed to have been touch-
ed by the wing of the passing seraph.

And why should wisdom smile at this?

Are not those perfect beings nigh

To witness and to share our bliss,

To hear and hush the secret sigh?

Yes, they may Heaven's solace bring.

Then scorn not thou, the Angel's Wing!

Thou' who alone, thyself dost deem,

A solitary in thy grief—

List! soft as footfall of a dream,

Come one to bear the sweet relief;

And fled is all thy hoarded care.

The passing Seraph's Wing is there!

Thou, who, forgiven, dost possess

The penitent's intense delight,

When the dark cloud of guilt's distress

Reveals to thee its edge of light—

Think! as unhallowed tempests fly,

Thy soul is touched, the Wing is nigh!

And thou, of contemplative mood

Who dost at eve in wild woods stray,

Where nought of this world may intrude

Where fancy might in others play,

And hearest the voice which zephyr flings—

No! 'tis the rush of Angel Wings.

Oh, I have paused a space as'twere,

Bewildering thoughts to gather up—

To put aside the draught of care

And taste of mind's exalted cup:

Nor knew what o'er my soul could bring,

Such calmness was the Seraph's Wing.

When brooding tempters caused me shame,

And in its company of sin

My spirit sat—the Angel came,

And swept with wings the heart within

A moment made its circuit there
And broke my silence into prayer.

I knelt beside my precious boy,
Who went at childhood's fairy time,
My hope, my life, my being's joy—
From this to Love's unclouded clime;
And while around wept pitying men,
I joyed—the Angel touched me then!

And oh when at my own last hour
The world recedes and follies fly,
That near me with supporting powers
Might plume some herald of the sky—
And while of victory I sing,
Bear me away on upward Wing! TAPPAN.

RETROSPECTION.

From the Knickerbocker.

Oh! Memory turns to vanished days,
Despite of present pain,
And in their sunshine fancy plays,
Till they seem ours again;
With all their unalloyed content,
With friends sincerely prized,
With joyous heart and innocent,
And hopes unrealized,
Before we jostled with the crowd
That ne'er for others feel,
When every thought we spoke aloud,
Uncareful to conceal.
For then, unlearned in worldly art,
Too credulous, we deemed
That every one was in the heart
As honest as he seemed.
But Time hath in his ceaseless tread
Unhappy changes wrought,
And we have lived to doubt and dread,
By disappointments taught.

We once had friends, but now must weep
They are no longer ours;
They sleep, where we at last shall sleep,
Among the perished flowers,
The gentle and the beautiful,
The manly and the brave,
Are mouldering now within the dull,
Inexorable grave!
A chill hath o'er our feelings come,
And o'er our hearts a blight;
Unblessed and cheerless is the home
That once was our delight;
For they are gone, the cherished pride
And pleasure of our days;
How happy were we by their side,
To listen and to praise!
And sorrow oft, with poignant sting,
A tribute tear will claim,
As we behold each treasured thing
Familiar with their name.

When twilight, herald of repose,
Attends the sun to rest,
A sable robe she gently throws
O'er the empurpled west.
We dedicate that solemn hour
To those love could not save,
And yielding to affliction's power,
We visit oft their grave.
The sod hath felt our deep distress,
The zephyr borne our sigh,
That all their worth and loveliness
Is but a memory!

J. I.

CALENDAR OF COMMUNICATIONS.

EACH MONTH.

Temple Encampment	Albany	24 & 25 Tuesday
Temple R. A. Chapter,	Albany	1st & 2d Thursday
Mount Vernon Lodge,	Albany	1st & 2d Tuesday
Temple Lodge,	Albany	1st & 2d Tuesday
Apollo Lodge,	Troy	2d & 4th Tuesday
Apollo Chapter,	Troy	2d Meeting
Apollo Encampment,	Troy	1st & 2d Tuesday
Phoenix Lodge,	Lansingburg	1st Wednesday p. m.
Olive Branch,	Bethany Co.	
Genesee Encampment,	Lockport N.Y.	

AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER AND LITERARY COMPANION.

BY L. G. HOFFMAN.]

ALBANY, SATURDAY, JANUARY, 18, 1840.

[VOL. I.—NO. 20.]

MASONIC.

—Semitæ corte,
Tranquillæ per virtutem patet unica vitæ.—Juv. Sat.
THE HISTORY OF FREEMASONRY,

DRAWN FROM AUTHENTIC SOURCES OF INFORMATION.

No. IX.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 145.]

That Freemasonry was introduced into Scotland by those architects who built the abby of Kilwinning is manifest, not only from those authentic documents, by which the existence of the Kilwinning lodge has been traced back as far as the end of the fifteenth century, but by other collateral arguments, which amount almost to a demonstration. In every country where the temporal and spiritual jurisdiction of the Pope was acknowledged, there was a continual demand, particularly during the twelfth century, for operative masons, proportional to the piety of the inhabitants, and the opulence of their ecclesiastical establishments: and there was no kingdom in Europe where the zeal of the inhabitants for popery was more ardent, where kings and nobles were more liberal to the clergy, and where, of consequence, the church was more richly endowed, than in Scotland (a). The demand, therefore, for elegant cathedrals and ingenious artists, must have been proportionably greater than in other countries, and that demand could be supplied only from the trading association on the continent. When we consider, in addition to these facts, that this association monopolized the building of religious structures in Christendom; we are authorised to conclude, that those numerous and elegant ruins which still adorn the villages of Scotland, were erected by foreign masons, who introduced into this island the custom of their order (b).

It was probably about this time, also, that Freemasonry was introduced into England; but, whether the English received it from the Scotch masons at Kilwinning, or from other brethren who had arrived from the continent, there is no method of determining. The Fraternity in England, however, maintain, that St. Alban, the Proto-Martyr, was the first who brought masonry to Britain (c); that the brethren received a charter from King Athelstane, and that his brother Edwin summoned all the lodges to meet at York, which formed the first Grand Lodge of England (d). But these are merely assertions, not only incapable of proof from authentic history, but inconsistent, also, with several historical events which rest upon indubitable evidence (e). In support of these, opinions, indeed, it is alleged, that no other lodge has laid claim to greater antiquity than that of York,

and that its jurisdiction over the other lodges in England has been invariably acknowledged by the whole fraternity. But this argument only proves that York was the birth place of Freemasonry in England. It brings no additional evidence in support of the improbable stories about St. Alban, Athelstane, and Edwin. If the antiquity of Freemasonry in Britain can be defended only by the forgery of silly and uninteresting stories, it does not deserve to be defended at all. Those who invent and propagate such tales, do not, surely, consider that they bring discredit upon their order by the warmth of their zeal; and that, by supporting what is false, they debar thinking men from believing what is true.

After the establishment of the Kilwinning and York lodges, the principles of Freemasonry were rapidly diffused throughout both kingdoms, and several lodges were erected in different parts of the island. As all these derived their authority and existence from the two mother lodges, they were likewise under their jurisdiction and control; and when any differences arose, which were connected with the art of building they were referred to the general meetings of the fraternity, which were always held at Kilwinning or York. In this manner did Freemasonry flourish for a while in Britain, when it was completely abolished in every part of the world. But even here it was doomed to suffer a long and serious decline, and to experience those alternate seasons of advancement and decay, which mark the history of every human institution. And though during several centuries after the importation of Freemasonry into Britain, the brethren of the order held their public assemblies, and were sometimes prohibited from meeting by the interference of the legislature, it can scarcely be said that it attracted general attention till the beginning of the seventeenth century. The causes of this remarkable retardation which the progress of masonry experienced, is by no means difficult to discover. In consequence of the important privileges which the order received from the church of Rome, many chose the profession of an architect, which, though at all times, an honourable employment, was particularly in the highest request during the middle ages. On this account, the body of operative masons increased to such a degree, and the rage, as well as the necessity of religious edifices, was so much diminished that a more than sufficient number of hands could, at any time, be procured for supplying the demands of the church, and of pious individuals. And, as there was now no scarcity of architect, the very reason which prompted the church to protect the fraternity, no longer existed; they, therefore, withdrew from them that patronage, and these favours which they had spontaneously proffered, and denied them even the liberty of holding their secret assemblies,—the unalienable privilege of every free-born community. But these were not the only cause which produced such a striking change in the conduct of the church to the masonic order. We have already mentioned, that the spirit of Freemasonry was hostile to the principles of the church of Rome. The intention of the one was to enlighten the mind; the object and policy of the other to retain it in ignorance. When Freemasonry flourished, the power of the church must have decayed. The jealousy of the latter, therefore was aroused; and as the civil power in England and Scotland, was almost always in the hands of ecclesiastics, the church and the state were both combined against the principles and practice of Freemasonry. (f) Along with these causes, the domestic and bloody wars which convulsed the two kingdoms from the thirteenth to be to the seventeenth century, conspired in a great degree to produce that decline in the fraternity for which we have been attempting to account.

But notwithstanding these unfavourable circumstances, Freemasonry seems to have flourished, and attracted the attention of the public in the reign of Henry VI. who when a minor, ascended the throne of England in 1422. In the third year of his reign, indeed the parliament passed a severe act against the fraternity, at the instigation of Henry Beaufort, Bishop of Winchester, who was then entrusted with the education of the young king. They enacted that the masons should no longer hold their chapters and annual assemblies; that those who summoned such chapters and assemblies should be considered as felons and that those who resorted to them should be fined and imprisoned (g). But it would appear that this act was never put in execution; for, in the year 1429, about five years after it was framed a respectable lodge was held at Canterbury, under the patronage of the Arch Bishop himself (h). When King Henry was able to take into his own hands the government of his kingdom, and to form an opinion of his own respecting the use and tendency of the masonic fraternity, in order to atone for the rigorous conduct of his parliament, he not only permitted the order to hold their meetings without molestation, but honored the lodge by his presence as a brother. Before he was initiated, however, into the mysteries of the order, he seems to have examined with scrupulous care the nature of the institution, and to have perused the charges and regulations of the fraternity, as collected from their ancient records. These facts are contained in a record written in the reign of his successor, Edward IV. and confirmed by a manuscript in King Henry's own hand writing, which is familiar to every person who has studied the history of our order (i). This manuscript consists of questions and answer concerning the nature and tendency of Freemasonry and seems to be the result of the king's examination of some of the brethren before he became a member of the fraternity. It was procured from the Bodleian library by the celebrated Mr. Locke, which was transmitted to the Earl of

Mr. Locke, which was transmitted to the Earl of

(f) As a proof of the hostility of the church of Rome to secret associations which pretended to enlighten the mind, was mentioned (p. 53. supra) its treatment of the Academy of Secrets instituted in the sixteenth century for the advancement of Physical Sciences. When a local and temporary institution drew down the vengeance of the Roman See, what must have been the conduct to a lodge of masons? A farther account of the Academy of Secrets may be found in Priestly's History of Vision vol. 2.

(g) Henry VI. chap. i. A. D. 1425. see Ruff head's Statutes.

Dr. Plot's Natural History of Staffordshire, chap. viii. p. 318.

(h) Manuscript Register of William Molart, prior of Canterbury, p. 28, entitled, Liberatio generalis Dimini Guilelmi, prioris Ecclesie Christiane Cantuariensis, erga festum natis Domini 1429. In this register are mentioned the names of the masters, wardens, and other members of the lodge.

(i) We have hitherto been careful to bring forward no facts upon the sole evidence of the records, or the opinions of Freemasons; such evidence, indeed, can never satisfy the minds of the uninitiated public. But when these records contain facts, the fabrication of which could be of no service to be fraternally, they may, in this case, be entitled to credit; or, when facts which do reflect honor upon their order, are confirmed by evidence from another quarter, the authority of the record entitles them to a still greater degree of credit. With respect to the facts mentioned in the text, we have not merely the authority of the record and manuscript alluded to, but we have proof that there was no collusion in the case; for the record is mentioned in the book of constitutions by Dr. Anderson, who had neither seen nor heard of the manuscript.

(a) The church possessed above one half of the property in the kingdom. Robertson's History of Scotland, vol. 1 pp. 137, 65. 669.

(b) It is a curious fact, that one of these towns where there is an elegant abby, which was built in the twelfth century the author of this work has often heard that it was erected by a company of industrious men who spoke in a foreign language, and lived separately from the town's people. And stories are still told about their petty quarrels with the inhabitants.

(c) About the end of the third century.

(d) A. D. 926. Preston's Illustrations of Masonry, p. 14 Smith's Use and Abuse of Freemasonry, p. 51. Freemason's Calendar 1778.

(e) See Dr. Plot's Natural History of Staffordshire chap. viii pp. 316, 319.

Pembroke, with several explanatory notes(j). In the title of the manuscript, it is said to have been faithfully copied from the hand writing of King Henry VI. by John Leland, antiquarian, who, according to Mr. Locke, was the celebrated antiquary of that name who lived in the sixteenth century, and was appointed by King Henry VII. at the dissolution of monasteries, to search for, and save such books as were worthy of preservation. As this manuscript was originally printed at Frankfort, I was led to inquire what grounds there were for believing that the explanatory notes, and the letter to the Earl of Pembroke which accompany it were the production of Mr. Locke. But I found that this had uniformly been taken for granted by every writer on the subject, though the circumstance is not mentioned in the folio edition of Mr. Locke's works. The style of the letter however, and the acuteness of the annotations, resemble so much that philosopher's manner of writing, and the letter is so descriptive of Mr. Locke's real situation at the time when it was written, that it is impossible to deny their authenticity. In the letter itself, which is dated 6th May 1696, Mr. Locke remarks that he composed the notes for the sake of Lady Masham, who was become very fond of masonry, and that the manuscript had so much excited his own curiosity, that he was determined to enter into the fraternity the next time he went to London, which, he adds, will be very soon. Now Mr. Locke was at this time residing at Oates, the country seat of Sir Francis Masham, as appears by one of his letters to Mr. Molyneux, which is dated Oates, March 30th, 1696; and it appears, that he actually went to London a short time after the 6th of May; for another letter to the same gentleman is dated, London 2d July, 1696(k). Notwithstanding these facts, Dr. Plot maintains that Freemasonry was not patronized by King Henry VI.(l) and that those who have supported a different opinion, were ignorant of the laws and chronicles of their own country. Dr. Plot may have been a good chemist and natural historian, but when our readers hear upon what foundation he has established his opinion, they will agree with us in thinking that he was a bad logician. He observes, that an act was passed in the king's minority, prohibiting all general assemblies and chapters of Freemasons, and that as this act was not repealed till 1562, by 5th Elizabeth, chap. 4, it was impossible that Freemasonry could be patronized in the same reign in which it was prohibited. The fact is, that the act was not repealed by 5th Elizabeth, chap. 4, which does not contain a single word about Freemasons. If Dr. Plot's argument, therefore, proves any thing, it would prove that Freemasonry has not been patronized since the reign of Henry VI. for that act has never yet been repealed. But supposing that it was repealed, the prohibitory statute in Henry's reign might never have been in execution, as is very often; and Dr. Plot himself remarks, that the act 5th Elizabeth was not observed. It is plain, therefore, that instead of being impossible, it is highly probable that King Henry patronized the fraternity. When they were persecuted by his parliament, he was only three years of age, and could neither approve nor disapprove of its sentence; and it was very natural, when he came to the years of maturity, that he should undo a deed which his parliament had dishonourably done.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

(j) This Manuscript was first printed at Frankfort in 1748, and afterwards re-printed in the London Gentleman's Magazine for 1753. It may be seen in the lives of Leland, Hearne, and Wood, Oxord, 1772, vol. i. pp. 93, 104. Appendix, No. viii.; in Preston's Illustrations of Masonry, p. 110, and in Dermott's Ahimur Rezon, p. xiv.

(k) Locke's works, folio, vol. 1.

(l) Natural History of Staffordshire, cap. viii. p. 81.

CEREMONY.

It is remarked by some writer that excess of ceremony shows want of good breeding. This is true. There is nothing so tiresome as an overdone politeness; it is worse than an overdone beef steak. A truly well bred man makes every person round him feel at ease; he does not throw civilities about him with a shovel, nor toss compliments in a bundle, as he would hurry with a pitchfork. There is no evil under the sun more intolerable than ultra politeness.

CHARACTER.

OLIVER CROMWELL.

The figure of Oliver Cromwell was, as is generally known, in no way prepossessing. He was of middle stature, strong and coarsely made, with harsh and severe features, indicative, however, of much natural sagacity and depth of thought. His eyes were gray and piercing, his nose large in proportion to his other features.

His manner of speaking, when he had the purpose to make himself distinctly understood, was energetic and forcible, though neither graceful nor eloquent.—No man could on such occasion put his meaning in a fewer and more decisive words. But when, as it often happened, he had a mind to play the orator, for the benefit of the people's ears, with out enlightening their understanding, Cromwell was wont to veil his meaning, or that which seemed to be his meaning, in such a mist of words, surrounding it with so many exclusions and exceptions, and fortifying it with such a labyrinth of parenthyses, that though one of the most shrewd in England, he was perhaps one of the most unintelligible speakers that ever perplexed an audience. It has long been said by the historian, that a collection of the Protector's speeches would make, with a few exceptions, the most non-sensical book in the world; but he ought to have added, that nothing could be more nervous, concise, and intelligible, than what he really intended should be understood.

It was also remarked of Cromwell, that though born of a good family, both by father and mother, and although he had the usual opportunities of education and breeding, connected with such an advantage, the fanatic democratic ruler could never acquire, or else disdained to practice the courtesies usually exercised among the higher classes, in their intercourse with each other. His demeanour was blunt, and sometimes might be termed clownish, yet there was in his language and manner, a force and energy corresponding to his character, which impressed awe, if not impose a respect; and there was even times when that dark and subtle spirit expanded itself, so as almost to conciliate affection. The turn for humour, which displayed itself by fits, was broad, and of a low character. Something, there was in his disposition congenial to that of his countrymen; a contempt of folly, a hatred of affectation, and a dislike of ceremony, which joined to the strong intrinsic qualities of sense and courage; made him in many respects not an unfit representative for the Democracy of England.

His religion must always be a subject of much doubt, and probably of doubt which he himself could hardly have cleared up. Unquestionably there was a time in his life when he was sincerely enthusiastic, and when his natural temper, slightly subject to hypochondria, was strongly agitated, by the same fanaticism, which influenced so many persons of the time.

On the other hand, there were periods during his political career, when we certainly do him justice in charging him with hypocritical affectations. We shall probably judge him and others of the of his same age, most truly, if we suppose that their religious professions were partly in flight from their own breast, partly assumed in compliance with their own interest. And so ingenious is the human heart in deceiving itself as well as others, that it is probable neither Cromwell himself, nor those making similar pretensions to distinguished piety, could exactly have fixed the point not at which their enthusiasm terminated; and their hypocrisy commenced; or rather, it was a point not fixed in itself, but fluctuating with the state of health, of good and bad fortune, of high or low spirits, affecting the individual at the period.

MISCELLANY.

SCENE IN A POLICE OFFICE.

A CHILD, of ten years old, of a mild and interesting countenance, was placed at the bar. His meagre limbs were covered by the ample eassons of unbleached linen, the usual uniform of the young prisoners. The crimes of which he was accused were mendicancy and vagabondage.

President. You had no regular occupation it seems, and so you went a-begging?

Child. I have an occupation, but I don't like it, and would rather do something else.

President. What is your occupation then?

Child. I was a musician. I played the organ in the streets. It's tiresome to be all day long twisting a handle, and hearing the same tunes. And then, instead of amusing people, it only vexes them, and one gets nothing. I'd rather be a carpenter, or any thing else.

President. Very well, have you asked your parents to put you apprentice to a trade?

Child. I've asked my mother twenty times to do so, but she won't. She says to me, "Go and play the organ; it's much easier to learn." But I don't like the music, so I left my mother to try and get some work; but people said I was too little; so I begged for a half-penny to buy myself some bread, and lay down to sleep under the gateway.

A dry masculine woman here made her appearance. She was arrayed in a voluminous cap, plentifully adorned with yellow ribbons. She advanced towards the bar, darting a threatening look at the little malefactor, who assumed a sulkily mien, and began to roll his red cap between his hands. This was Madame Papelon, the mother of the boy, and she immediately began in a sonorous and shrill voice:—"Look at the little vagabond, who dares to rebel against the author of his life, and pretends to teach me what is best for him! Where's the respect which every honest son owes in France to his virtuous and legitimate parents?"

President. Why do you refuse to give your son a trade?

Woman. I have given him something better; I have taught him one of the arts, the art of his father and of his mother—a noble and glorious art—the art of music. But the little wretch refuses to take to it, and would rather be a mechanic, it seems, than an artist. Little fool!

Child. A pretty artist, to twist an organ from morning till night! Oh, tis so tiresome. If it was only a spit I might learn to be a cook one day, and get a place as kitchen-boy, when I was a bit bigger.

Woman. (with a look of the most profound contempt). If it isn't enough to make heaven and earth blush to hear such sentiments.

President. These are honourable sentiments, and it is you who ought to blush.

Woman. (in utter astonishment). If you? What is that you say?!

President. Yes, you. The child, young as he is, feels the want of learning something that may enable him to get a livelihood, and you oppose so excellent an impulse, wishing him to continue a wretched parasite, which can only lead him to become a beggar and a vagabond.

Woman. Well, to be sure! As if one hadn't a licence from the police to sing in the streets. The king himself can't prevent one from singing, nor from making one's son sing if one likes. M. Papelon chooses his offering to be a musician, and I choose it too. There's no law, there's no law, I say, to prevent it.

President. Your child has been arrested as a vagabond, he is a minor, and the law authorises the tribunal to—

Woman. The child is no minor as long as his father lives. I know the law as well as you, and insist on having my boy.

President. He shall be given up to you if you promise to put him apprentice to a trade.

Woman. Oh, that Papelon was here! He would know how to obtain justice. How unfortunate that he should just happen to be on his circuit through the provinces!

President. Will you engage to do what justice requires of you?

Woman. The most I can do is to buy a monkey for him. Will that satisfy you?

Child. No, I don't want a monkey, I want to learn to read and write.

Woman. What need have you of learning to read, you little ragamuffin, as long as I can teach you your son's?

Child. Well but I won't sing.

President. The court acquits your chief, and by virtue of the power which the law gives us, we shall order that he be educated till the age of sixteen, in the prison school.

Child. (in a tone of reproach to his mother). There I'm glad of that; now I shall learn something.

Madame Papelon was most vociferous in her excla-

anations against the wise decision of the magistrate, till one of the municipal guards took her by the arm and led her out of the office. "Yes, I'm going," she exclaimed, half choked with rage, but I shall go this instant to my poet, and order him to draw up an appeal against this revolting sentence."

HOME.

The editor of the New York Star, thus feelingly discourses of, and beautifully illustrates domestic happiness.

He who 'tempers the wind to the shorn lamb,'—who causes the dew to descend, and the earth to bring forth its fruits, will provide for each created being. The place on earth left vacant by death is supplied by the birth of the living. Let Man be only industrious and frugal, trust to Providence for bread, and his children will not want. How many married Men have been saved from ruin—from being plunged into bad habits, wanton extravagance, and debased pleasure by the sacred ties which is in wife and children! How many unhappy dissensions have been reconciled between Man and wife, through the powerful influence of attachment to their offspring! How many crimes have been prevented by parents, from apprehension of entailing their infamy on their children! When we see married persons unhappy, avoiding each other, and indulging in perpetual jars, how frequently do we trace the cause to their having no children! What can be more gratifying to the just pride of parents, than seeing the tender flower, "their best comfort grew," unfolding its beauties, and throwing around them its rich perfumes; or in rearing the tender plant, until it becomes a noble tree: watered by care and watchful attention! When in sickness, who smooths your pillow—whose hand presses more affectionately over your fevered brow than your child's! And when on the confines of eternity, whom do we enfold in our parting embrace and parting benediction more affectionately than our children! What can be more desolate than age sinking into the grave unmourned, solitary, and childless! How earnestly did our mothers in Israel pray to the Lord to take from them the curse of barrenness!

I was never more forcibly struck with the beautiful results of a well governed marriage, than on a recent occasion in my own family. Among the anniversaries of joyful events and Providential blessings, to be gratefully remembered and celebrated, first in importance is my wedding day—the day which, of all others, changes our relations in life. My little ones always kept count of the arrival of that day as their jubilee; and in their holiday attire, with smiling, joyous face, they came from school to offer their congratulations, and celebrate the anniversary. One spoke a new piece, and another had a new song; a third, some offering of a flower or some compliment; and when the whole six, with rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes surrounded the dinner table, and the boys groined with their glass of foaming champagne (an indulgence granted but once a year) to mark to the long life and continued happiness of the father and mother, and when looking on the company which surrounded them, their hale and hearty appearance, the well spread board, and the family party around it, who could resist from returning thanks to the Giver of all Good, for his bountiful and manifold blessings, in having reflected these images around us, in health, in happiness, and in comfort; and who afforded the means, giving them instruction, and "daily bread!"

ABSURDITIES.

To attempt to borrow money on the plea of extreme poverty. To lose money at play, and then fly into a passion about it. To ask the publisher of a new periodical how many copies he sells per week. To ask a wine merchant how old his wine is. To make yourself generally disagreeable, and wonder that nobody will visit you, unless they gain some palpable advantage by it. To get drunk, and complain the next morning of a headache. To spend your earning on liquor, and wonder that you won't have a fire till November. To suppose that reviewers generally read more than the title-page of the works they praise or condemn. To judge of people's piety by their attendance at church. To keep your clerks on miserable

salaries, and wonder at their robbing you. Not to go to bed when you are tired and sleepy, because "it is not bed time." To make your servants tell lies for you, and afterwards be angry because they tell lies for themselves. To tell your own secrets, and believe other people will keep them. To render a man service voluntarily, and expect him to be grateful for it. To expect to make people honest by hardening them in a jail, and afterwards sending them adrift without the means of getting work. To fancy a thing is cheap because a low price is asked for it. To say that a man is charitable because he subscribes to an hospital. To keep a dog or a cat on short allowance, and complain of its being a thief. To degrade human nature in the hope of improving it. To praise the beauty of a woman's hair before you know whether it did not once belong to somebody else. To expect that your tradespeople will give you long credit if they generally see you in shabby clothes. To arrive at the age of fifty, and be surprised at any vice, folly, or absurdity, their fellow-creatures may be guilty of.

BROKER.

The origin of this word is contested: some derive it from the French *broyer*, "to grind"; others from *broader*, to cavil or riggle; others deluce broker from a trade broken, and that from the Saxon *broc*, "misfortune," which is often the true reason of a man's breakdown. In which view, a broker is a broken trader, by misfortune; and it is said that none but such were formerly admitted to that employment. The Jews, Armenians, and Banians are the chief brokers throughout most parts of the Levant and the Indies. In Persia, all affairs are transacted by a sort of brokers, whom they call *delas*, i. e. "great takers." Their form of contract in buying and selling is remarkable, being done in the profoundest silence. Only by touching each other's fingers:—The buyer, loosening his *pamir*, or girdle spreads it on his knee; and he and the seller, having their hands underneath, by the intercourse of the fingers, mark the price of pounds, shillings, &c. demanded, offered, and at length agreed on. When the seller takes the buyer's whole hand, it denotes a thousand, and as many times he squeezes it, as many thousand pagols or roupies, according to the species in question demanded; when he only takes the five finger, it denotes five hundred; and when only one, one hundred; taking only half a finger, to the second joint denotes fifty; the small end of the finger, to the first joint, stands for ten.

A SAVING OF FIVEPENCE A-DAY.

At a late meeting in Birmingham of a Total Abstinence Society, the following statement was made by a working coach-painter, who was called on his turn to speak on the subject of temperance. "He had made a few calculations, which he wished to communicate, with the view of showing the pecuniary benefit he had derived during the four years he had been a total member. Previous to that time he had been in the practice of spending, on an average, in intoxicating drinks, fivepence per day, or £7, 12s. 1d. per annum, and which in four years would amount to £30, 8s. 4d. He would now show how the sum had been expended during the four years he had abstained from all intoxicating drinks. First, it had enabled him to allow an aged father £3.5s. per annum towards his rent, or in the four years, £13. Secondly, he had entered a benefit society, and paid one shilling and sevenpence per week, or £4, 2s. 4d. per annum, or £16, 9s. 4d. for the four years. For this payment he secured the following advantages, namely, in case of his being disabled from doing his accustomed work by illness or accident, the society will pay him eighteen shillings per week, until restored in health; in case of death, his widow or rightful heir is entitled to a bonus of \$9, besides half the amount paid into the society by the deceased up to the time of his death, with the interest due thereon. Thirdly, it left him four shillings and ninepence per annum, or nineteen shillings for the four years, to be expended in temperance publications. I might further be added, that when the sum of 54, had been paid into the society's funds, no further payment would be required, that the contributor would be entitled to all benefits before enumerated; medicine attendance were included in the arrangement. His brother, a coach-smith, has pursued the same course, for the same

length of time, contributing to his aged father, and providing against a day of need." Reader, how much may be done with fivepence a day.

MATHEW CAREY AND HIS WIFE.—It would be well, if young men starting in business, would take heed to the good advice conveyed by the example of Mr. Carey and his wife, as displayed in the biographical notice contained in the last number of the Merchant's Magazine and Commercial Review. It appears from this that Mr. Carey married a Miss Flaharan, the daughter of a highly respectable citizen of Philadelphia, who, like thousands of others, was ruined by his devotion to the cause of the principles of the Revolution.

She had no dowry but that of prudence, intelligence, and industry, and these are far richer than any other that can be bestowed. She had united herself to a man whose whole fortune consisted of a few hundred dollars worth of furniture, and some back numbers of his magazine, comparatively valueless as soon as the work was abandoned. But what of that? Both husband and wife had minds filled with good common sense. They had no false pride to retard their efforts. They were persevering and economical, and together they resolved to make their way in the world. "We early," says the husband, "formed a determination to indulge in no unnecessary expense and to mount the ladder so slowly, as to run no risk of having to descend. What a salutary example is here written in one sentence for the young of our day! How altered is the mode of beginning the marriage life now a days. Large debts, routes and rounds of fashion, are at once launched into, the young couple live on, so long as petty shifts, contrivances and expedients will sustain them, and then sink into homeless misery, from which perchance, they never recover.

A scholar of Dr. Bushy's coming into a parlor where the doctor had laid down a fine bunch of grapes for his own eating, takes it up and said aloud, "I publish the banns between these grapes and my mouth; if any one knows any just cause or impediment why these two should not be joined together, let them declare it." The doctor being in the next room, overheard all that was said; and coming into the school, he ordered the boy who had eaten the grapes to be taken up, or as it was called, horsed on another boy's back; but before he proceeded to the usual discipline, he cried out aloud, as the delinquent had done, "I publish the banns between my rod, and this boy's back; if any one knows any just cause or impediment why these two should not be joined, let them declare it." "I forbid the banns," cried the boy. "Why so?" said the doctor. "Because the parties are not agreed," replied the boy. Which answer so much pleased the doctor, who liked to find any readiness of wit in his scholars, that he ordered the boy to be set down.

A GONE COON. I'm a gone coon, implies 'I am distressed—or ruined—or lost.' I once asked the origin of this expression, and was very gravely told as follows:

"There is a Captain Martin Scott in the United States army who is a remarkable shot with a rifle. He was raised, I believe, in Vermont. His fame was so considerable through the State, that even the animals were aware of it. He went out one morning with his rifle and spying a raccoon upon the upper branches of a high tree, brought his gun to his shoulder, when the raccoon perceiving it, raised his paw for a parley, 'I beg your pardon, mister,' said the raccoon, very politely; but may I ask of you if your name is Scott?"

"Yes," replied the captain.
"Martin Scott" continued the raccoon.
"Yes," replied the captain.
"Captain Martin Scott!" still continued the animal.
"Yes replied the Captain, 'Captain Martin Scott.'
"Oh! then," says the animal, 'I may just as well come down, for I'm a gone coon.'

THE NAUGHTY PLACE.—A Scotch paster recognised one of his female parishoners sitting by the side of the road a little fuddled. "Will you just help me up with my bundle, gude mon!" said she as he stopped. "Fie, fie, Janet," cried the paster, "to see the like o' you in sic a blighty do!" you know where all drunkards go?" "Ay, sure," said Janet, "they just go whar a gude o' gude drink is to be got."

ORIGINAL TALE.

For the American Masonic Register and Literary Companion.

THE HERETIC.

'Twas the hour of twilight—in the bright clime of Italy. Who that has ever seen an Italian sky at sunset,—can describe it? The bright assemblage of crimson and purple reflected from the setting sun and falling on the varied landscape of that sweet clime, forms a scene on which the imagination might long dwell with delight. The last rays of that beautiful luminary were gilding the castle wherein resided the noble Count Flodoardo. The light streams gently through an open lattice in the back part of the castle, and discovers a lady's boudoir richly furnished.—A female form of perfect symmetry is seated near the window with her arm resting on a marble table, and her face buried in her small white hand. The door of the apartment opens, and a light graceful young girl of perhaps fifteen summers attired in a robe of white velvet beautifully embroidered, bounds in the room and exclaims—

"What! Aurelia, not dressed yet—father has twice summoned us to the saloon, and I have been impatiently waiting for you to call at my chamber as you passed. I thought you would chide me for negligence; yet here I am, quite ready, while my punctual sister has not yet doffed her robe of the afternoon."

"Carolie," said Aurelia, shaking back her tresses that she might look in her sister's face, "has Count Peloski arrived?"

Carolie's musical laugh resounded through the chamber, as she exclaimed. "This from our dignified sister" but suddenly checking herself why Aurelia what ails you; I declare your cheeks are almost scarlet, and your eyes they are so very bright. I verily believe you have fallen in love with the Count, and that too without ever seeing him. Don your best robe, and arrange your brown tresses and in the mean while I will descend to the saloon and account for your absence to my father by telling him that you had fallen asleep before your mirror while surveying your charms, and I have just awakened you—mind you, I'll not give one glance of these eyes which the young cavaliers swear are so bewitching, to the Count lest first impressions may not be easily worn off."

And away the mischievous girl bounded like a young fawn, leaving Aurelia to her own unpleasant thoughts.

The father of these maidens, the noble Count Flodoardo had inherited from a long train of ancestors, with their name, immense wealth. Born and bred in Italy, its peculiar religion had been instilled in his mind almost when an infant upon his mother's bosom. It had grown with his growth, and strengthened with his strength, so that at the age of seventy he was as bigoted a religionist, as could be found in Italy. He not only revered but loved the papal See, with a passion amounting to idolatry. When about twenty five years of age, he had united himself to a daughter of the house of Rolandi. She was in every way worthy of the affection he lavishly bestowed upon her. In ten years she had borne them by the happiness of a wedded life, and away by the relentless hand of fate, he had lost his full complement of children. He mourned her loss as he would his own, and in the prime of life, with a wife who had died, he determined to make an effort to shake the gloom that surrounded him, and find a worthy object on which he might again centre his affections. In a few years he paid his addresses to a lady of respectable though not noble family, and was accepted. They were married, and the lovely maidens we have introduced to our readers, were her children. But how vain is all earthly happiness, she too made the spirit land her home, soon after the birth of Carolie.

As we have before stated, Count Flodoardo loved his religion and its Head above all else in the known world. Next in his affections came his lovely daughters. The lady Aurelia, resembled her mother both in personal beauty, and the endowments of her mind. She was now just twenty. Her complexion was very fair, which is rarely seen in Italy; her eyes, the deepest blue fringed with jetty lashes, and an expression of hauteur about her small and finely formed mouth,

gave almost a stern cast to her countenance. She was generally pale, but it was rather the paleness of high thought, than of sickness. Her broad high brow where "intellect had set its seal," was placid as the summer's sky of her own bright clime.—Nor had nature bestowed all upon the Casket, without enriching the gem within; she was as intelligent and noble minded as she was beautiful.

Carolie was a bright joyous creature with laughing black eyes and Grecian lips, which slightly parting, disclosed teeth of unrivalled whiteness. Her complexion was dark and rich and her raven hair clustered around a pair of lovely shoulders, and fell in shining ringlets to her slender waist. She was generous and noble to a fault, but lacked that dignity which so well became her sister's; life to her seemed a long bright dream of bliss; for always of a happy temperament, she flung away the bitter and only tasted the sweets of life.

Among the young nobles that crowded the brilliant assemblies of the Count Flodoardo none approached the lady Aurelia with the language of love; not that her beauty was unregarded by them but they felt an awe in her presence unaccounted for even by themselves. One of those gallant epithets which almost invariably calls a blush of gratified pride to a young maiden's cheek, was met by her with coldness, and a look of gentle reproof in her deep searching eyes.

Things were in this position when it was rumoured that a young Polish nobleman, the Count Peloski, had taken up his residence in Italy and was to appear at a grand entertainment given by the Count.

We left Aurelia in her apartment a prey to unpleasant thoughts, and the reader perhaps will guess the cause by her own unguarded words to Carolie.

"Ah!" thought she, "how foolish I have been to betray myself to that wild girl, but what are my feelings? I know I must myself rely on the thought of the Count, a perfect stranger whom I have never beheld, could not so have excited me. Where is now my self-possession? All—all has left me, and Aurelia Flodoardo, the stately woman who has seen princes at her feet and rejected them with scorn, is prepared to love an unknown foreigner.—O! no it cannot be, I will strive to regain my self-possession and none shall know my weakness."

She crossed the apartment and placed her hand on a small silver bell, then recollecting herself, she said "no I shall betray by word or look my feelings—I'll be my own true woman this time," and braiding the abundant tresses, she fastened the plait in a coil upon her head as she was wont to wear it, and placed on her white brow a coronet of pearls; then hastily throwing over her shoulders a robe of pale blue satin confined it to her waist, with a girdle wrought with the same gems, that cast their soft light among her braided hair. She turned to the mirror and the high born beauty saw an image there reflected, that night well have become an empress; then with a palpitating heart descended to the saloon. All there was life and beauty—immense lamps, suspended from the ceiling, reflected their light on the richly wrought and profusely ornamented sofas and divans. Statues of Grecian and Roman architecture crowned with the most rare and beautiful exotics, were placed around the vast apartment. Tables of the most curious workmanship groined under the costly vases with which they were laden—in short all that wealth could procure had been prepared by the Count to entertain his friends.

Murmurs of admiration ran through the crowd as the Lady Aurelia entered. She heeded them not, but cast an anxious glance around, and blushed as she beheld a tall young foreigner of noble bearing, standing beside her father; then with a quick nervous motion compressed her lips which gave almost an air of haughtiness to her face. The count came forward a few steps, and in a tone of gentle reproof chided her for tardiness; then taking her hand said,

"Allow me my daughter to present you to the Count Peloski, from Poland, who having as it were only caught a glimpse of our country and its fair daughters; has resolved to take up his residence here for some time and become better acquainted with them."

The lady bowed haughtily.

"Nay, nay my daughter, will you not give the Count your hand, and welcome him to our fair country."

She coldly presented her white hand, and murmured a few almost unintelligible words, and then turned away. The Pole followed her with his eyes, until accepting the offered arm of her cousin, Signor Francesco Cordona, mingled with the crowd.

A week had passed during which time Peloski saw the Lady Aurelia every evening, either at the assemblies of her father, or those given by their noble neighbors. He marked her haughty mien, but his discerning eye soon saw that she wore it as a mask to silence the gay and flippant young flatterers that would otherwise have surrounded her, and beneath it were all those gentler qualities that should adorn her sex.

"Well, Aurelia what do you think of your handsome foreigner" said Francesco, as they were pacing the splendid saloon one evening. "For my part I think his queer suit of velvet clasped with such superb diamonds, favors too much of display.—I wonder if he always wears such apparel, or whether he is dressed thus in Italy, to captivate its dark-eyed daughters."

"I surely cannot answer for him," said she endeavoring to speak carelessly, and forcing a smile. "but pray cousin reach me a bouquet from Flora's garden; for certainly she can spare one."

He stepped lightly on the pedestal, and showered upon the marble floor a profusion of the lovely flowers that were entwined around the statue.—The lady culled from them her favorites, and the cousins passed on.

"Come" said Francesco, let us join that group yonder. See! the Lady Palmiro beckons us, and as I live, those splendid eyes of the Count grace her coterie.

"No, Francesco I have no desire to do so, but I will not detain you if you wish to go, said she relinquishing his arm.

"Farewell then my stately cousin, for in truth I am almost wearied of thy studied air and haughty brow: ah! you need not frown, 'tis the truth."

When Francesco left her, she crossed the saloon and opening a door that led in a splendid apartment, she entered and threw herself on a low embroidered ottoman. She had sat there for some time, lost in thought, and reckless of the time that flew by, when she heard her name pronounced in a low musical tone; she raised her eyes, and to her utter astonishment, beheld the Polish Count with his beaming eyes fixed upon her with a degree of admiration, which brought the color to her pale cheek.

"Why this intrusion Count Peloski?"

"Pardon me, noble lady" said the Pole respectfully. "I was not aware you were here—the saloon is so crowded, and seeing the door only partially closed I thought I would enter and breathe the fresh air, and was about to retire when I first saw it occupied. But tell me who sweet lady would be contented with one glance at thy noble beauty?"

She fixed her dark blue eyes intently on his face, and he read on her pale brow reproof as she said—

"I have a mirror that tells me all I wish to know about my person."

Two long hours had flown, and still the Count lingered. The brow had passed from off the lady's brows, and no attempt was made to withdraw the snowy hand that rested in his; the conversation had taken a gentler turn, and kindred beings understood each other.

"We shall be missed from the saloon if we tarry longer," said Aurelia rising.

They entered together, and the sweet contented expression that shone in the eyes of the lady, was marked by all; the violets of her bouquet had disappeared, and those placed in the bosom of the Count certainly resembled the truants.

Days, weeks, and months had rolled by. In the mean time Peloski had demanded the hand of the Lady Aurelia. This old Count previous to his second marriage had travelled through a greater part of Europe, and while in Poland, had been received and treated as his rank deserved by the family who were proud of their untarnished name, which had descended to

them by a long line of ancestors; and this Fredrico Peloski and a younger brother who was now in Poland were the last scions of that noble race—and it is not to be wondered at that the old Count received his proposals not only with acquiescence but with heart-felt joy. The marriage day was fixed and the wedding suits of the noble couple prepared, but a cloud sat upon the brows of the intended bridegroom; the cause of which Aurelia endeavored in vain to fathom; he evaded her tender enquiries, until she almost feared she might be the innocent cause, and gave up all endeavors as fruitless.

They were sitting alone one evening in their favourite balcony overlooking the garden; the Count persisting in a gloomy silence for some time, when suddenly with a resolute expression on his features.

"Aurelia dearest," said he "I have been wanting in my duty to thee and thy noble father. He paused. I have reason to believe that I have gained thy heart's first and best affections. I have looked in thy mild eyes and when words of love and eternal fidelity fell from thy lips, have read there than hast opened thy whole soul to me—and yet—and yet, lady I have deceived thee—it must be told; he that has gained thy heart is a—PROTESTANT."

She answered not, but the small hand which the Count held in his grew cold as marble, a suppressed groan half-parted her lips and she fainted. Two moments had scarcely elapsed ere she opened her eyes. Raising herself from the arm that had supported her in her swoon she rose with flashing eyes and form drawn to its full height—her voice faltering not, as she said—

"The struggle has passed—my own heart is in my bosom and I return you—think you Count, that Aurelia Flo-lar is an apostate from her father's religion? Can she love the man—a HERETIC, who basely came first deceiving her only parent and then gained her heart thinking when that was his, he could reveal his deceit and she would smile because she loved him."

The latter part of her sentence was spoken in a sarcastic tone, which left not a doubt in the Count's mind, but in that few moments every spark of love had fled.

"Farewell then lady," cried he while the anguish that rent his heart showed plainly on his manly features. "I deserve this but I did not expect it."

Aurelia spoke not or moved, and the count proceeded. "Lady I plead guilty—yes, I have deceived thee and that grossly—before I came here I had heard of thy noble father, and knew that our belief was widely different. Fame too spoke of thee. I came and loved; yes, lady, loved as man never did before—mine was not that passion which for a short time, continues, and then like wild-fire is eaten up by its own intensity—but a deep undying flame, that shall last as long as life endures—even thou' you look cold upon me and say you love me not. I had determined to acquaint thy father of our religious differences, before he gave his princely word that we should be united, and perhaps you will call me weak-minded, when I say that love for thee deterred me, for I was certain I should lose thee, and a wild hope that thy father would never know of my religion led me on, yet I knew that I was doing wrong, and to-day had determined, come what would, to deceive thee no longer. I shall return to Poland, for I hear that my unhappy country stands in need even of my poor services—then lady for the sake of the love you once bore me, deign me one smile before we part forever, it shall ever be before me and shall act as a talisman to lead me on to honor and glory." Farewell, Aurelia, may the God of my fathers protect thee and make thy lot happier than my own.

The lady had not moved from their first position and her eyes which were fixed upon the Count, almost startled him by their wild expression.—A deadly color had spread itself over her features—she clasped her hands and exclaimed with passionate emotion.

"Would we had never met!" then suddenly as though a thought crossed her she checked herself and waving her hand with a queenly air.

"Peloski said she almost calmly leave me now and forever—forgive the rash words I have spoken—farewell!"

The Count threw himself on his knees before her, pressed her hand passionately to his lips—murmured an adieu—and was gone.

CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.

SKETCH OF TRAVEL.

EGYPTIAN CAVERNS.

It was early in March, 1812, that Mr. Legh, a celebrated English traveller and his companions entered Egypt, and continued his voyage down the river Nile. A Greek, named Demetrio, had reported to them the existence, near Manfalout, of certain pits or caverns, containing the mummies of crocodiles, of which they had hitherto seen no specimens in Egypt. Desiring to examine those, they quitted the banks of the river, and at the village of Amabdi engaged four Arabs to be their guides to the caverns, which they found at a short distance, but within the confines of the desert. A circular pit, about 18 feet in depth brought them down to the level of the excavations three of the Arabs descended with them, and with lighted torches they made their way through various winding passages, without finding more than a few fragments of crocodile mummies. The following part of the narrative we may best give in Mr. Legh's own words.

Our curiosity was still unsatisfied. We had been wandering for more than an hour in low subterranean passages, and felt considerable fatigued by the irksomeness of the posture in which we had been obliged to move, and the heat of our torches in those narrow and low galleries. But the Arabs spoke so confidently of succeeding in this second trial, that we were induced once more to attend them. We found the opening of the chamber which we now approached, guarded by a trench of unknown depth, and wide enough to require a good leap. The first Arab jumped the ditch, and we all followed him. The passage we entered was extremely small, and so low in some places as to oblige us to crawl flat on the ground, and almost always on our hands and knees. The intricacies of its windings resembled a labyrinth; and it terminated at length in a chamber much smaller than that we had left; but, like that, contained nothing to satisfy our curiosity. Our search hitherto had been fruitless; but the mummies might not be far distant; another effort, and we might still be successful.

The Arab whom I followed, and who led the way, now entered another gallery, and we all continued to move in the same manner as before, each preceded by a guide. We had not gone far before the heat became excessive;—for my own part, I found my breathing extremely difficult; my head began to ache most violently, and I had a most distressing sensation of fullness about the breast. We felt we had gone too far, and yet were almost deprived of the power of returning. At this moment the torch of the first Arab went out. I was close to him, and saw him fall on his side; he uttered a groan,—his legs were strongly convulsed, and I heard a rattling in his throat—he was dead. The Arab behind me, seeing the torch of his companion extinguished, conceiving he had stumbled, passed me, advanced to his assistance, and stooped. I observed him appear faint, totter, and fall in a moment—he also was dead. The third Arab came forward, and made an effort to approach the bodies, but stopped short. We looked at each other in silent horror.—The danger increased every instant: our torches burnt faintly: our breathing became more difficult; our knees tottered under us, and we felt our strength nearly gone.

There was no time to be lost. The American, Barthow, cried to us to take courage, and we began to move back as fast as we could. We heard the remaining Arab shouting after us, calling us Caffres, imploring our assistance, and upbraiding us with deserting him. But we were obliged to leave him to his fate, expecting every moment to share it with him. The windings of the passages through which we had come, increased the difficulty of our escape, we might take a wrong turn, and never reach the great chamber we had first entered. Even supposing we took the shortest road, it was but too probably our strength would fail us before we arrived. We had each of us separately and unknown to one another, observed attentively the different shapes of the stones which pro-

jected into the galleries we had passed, so that each had an imperfect clue to the labyrinth we had now to retrace. We compared notes, and only on one occasion had a dispute, the American differing from my friend and myself:—in this dilemma, we were determined by the majority, and fortunately were right.—Exhausted with fatigue and terror, we reached the edge of the deep trench, which remained to be crossed before we got into the great chamber. Mustering all my strength, I leaped; and was followed by the American. Smelt stood on the brink, ready to drop with fatigue. He called to me—"for God's sake to help him over the fosse, or at least to stop, if only for five minutes, to allow him to recover his strength." It was impossible—to stay was death, and we could not resist the desire to push on, and reach the open air. We encouraged him to summon all his force, and he cleared the trench. When we reached the open air, it was one o'clock, and the heat in the sun about 160 degrees. Our sailors, who were waiting for us, had luckily a *bardak* full of water, which they sprinkled upon us; but though a little refreshed, it was not possible to climb the sides of the pit: they unfolded their turbans, and slinging them round our bodies, drew us up to the top.

Our appearance alone, without our guides, naturally astonished the Arab, who had remained at the entrance of the cavern; and he anxiously inquired for his friends. To have confessed they were dead, would have excited suspicion; he would have supposed we had murdered them, and have alarmed the inhabitants of Amabdi, to pursue us, and revenge the death of their friends. We replied, therefore, they were coming, and were employed in bringing out the mummies we had found, which was the cause of their delay.—We lost no time in mounting our asses, recrossed the desert, and past hastily by the village, to regain the ferry at Manfalout.

A FIELD OF BATTLE.

Field of Waterloo at noon on the day after the Battle.—On the surface of two square miles, it was ascertained that 50 thousand men and horses were lying! The luxurious crop of ripe grain which had covered the field of battle was reduced to litter, and beaten into the earth; and the surface, trodden down by the cavalry and furrowed deeply by the cannon wheels, strewn with many a relic of the fight. Helmets and cuirasses, shattered fire arms and broken swords—all the variety of military ornaments—lancer caps and Highland bonnets; uniforms of every color, plume, and pennon; musical instruments, the apparatus of artillery, drums; bugles—but, good God! why dwell on the harrowing picture of a foughten field? Each and every ruinous display bore mute testimony to the misery of such a battle.

Could the melancholy appearance of the scene of death be brightened, it would be by witnessing the researches of the living amidst its desolation for the objects of their love.—Mothers and wives, and children, for days were occupied in that mournful duty; and the confusion of corpses, friend and foe intermingled as they were, often rendered the attempt of recognizing individuals difficult, and in some cases impossible.

In some places the dead lay four deep upon each other, marking the space which they had occupied when exposed to the fire of a French battery. In other places they were scattered in every direction, attempting to force the bayonet into the breast of the enemy who had fallen in the front ranks. The cavalry, the Chasseur and Hussar, were mingled, the heavy Norman horse of the Imperial Guard, interspersed with the grey chargers which carried the lion's chivalry. Here the Highlander and tirailleur lay side by side together, and the heavy dragon, with green Erin's badge upon the helmet, was grappling in death with the Polish lancer.

On the summit of ridge, where the ground was covered with dead and trodden fetlock deep in mud and gore by the frequent rush of rival cavalry, the thick strewn corpses of the Imperial Guard pointed out the spot where Napoleon had been defeated. Here in column, that favored corps on whom his last chance rested, had been annihilated; and the advance and

repulse of the Guard was traceable by a mass of fallen Frenchmen. In the hollow below, the last struggle of France had been vainly made: for the Old Guard, when the middle battalions had been forced back, attempted to meet the British, and afford time for their disorganized companions to rally. Here the British left, which had converged upon the French centre, had come up, and here the bayonet closed the contest.

THE GATHERER.

BEN JOHNSON INSPIRED BY WINE.—The following curious memoranda, by Ben Jonson, are now preserved at Dulwich college:

Mem. I laid the plot of my "Volpone," and wrote most of it, after a present of ten dozen of palm sack from my very good Lord T——; that play I am positive will live to posterity, and be acted—when I and envy be friends—with applause.

Mem. The first speech in my "Catiline," spoken by Sylla's ghost, was writ after I parted with my friend at the Devil Tavern [near Temple Bar, where Child's Place now stands.] I had drank well that night, and had brave notions. There is a scene in that play which I think is flat. I resolve to drink no water with my wine.

Mem. Upon the 20th of May, the King (heaven reward him!) sent me a hundred pounds. At that time I went often to the Devil; and, before I had spent forty pounds of it, wrote my "Alchemist."

Men. "The Devil an Ass," "The Tale of a Tub," "and some other comedies which did not succeed, written by me in winter; honest Ralph died, when I and my boys drank bad wine at the Devil.

The Georgia Historical Society is in possession of a pair of "Old Put's" snow shoes—a medal struck by Congress in honor of General Green—a box made from the keel of the "Enterprise," in which Captain Cook first sailed round the world; and, most valuable of all, a musket which was Paul Jones' and used by him in the action with the "Serapis." He gave it to Dr. Franklin, from whom it descended to the late Mr. Bache, of Philadelphia, who bequeathed it to his nephew, Mr. Harwood, of the Navy, and he it was who presented it to the Society.

WINTER BUTTER IMPROVED BY CARROTS.—When cows are not fed on roots or other succulent food in winter, the cream generally produces butter of a light color, which greatly lessens the value of the article for market. As the juice of carrots was recommended for giving a good color to butter, we made the experiment, supposing that it would be merely a matter of disguise by improving its appearance and not injuring its flavor, but to our surprise we found that the carrot juice not only improved the appearance of the butter, but added to its quality, by rendering it more sweet, rich, and of a finer flavor. There was no taste of the carrots in the butter. It may be that butter colored in this way will not keep so well in hot weather, but this can be no objection in the making of winter butter, which is usually consumed in a short time.

DIRECTIONS.—Astringham, Long Orange, or any other rich yellow carrots are good for improving butter. Wash them clean, then grate them fine, and cover them with new milk; after they have stood ten or fifteen minutes, put them into a cloth and squeeze the juice into the cream. Use a carrot of middling size to cream enough for two pounds of butter.

BENEVOLENCE.—A physician who advertised that he would heal the poor gratis, received an accession of practice on that account. One of his intimates asked him how he could afford time to devote to the poor.

"I'll tell you," said the doctor: "when a poor man or woman calls on me, I make their poverty so notorious, or express so many insinuating doubts of their inability to pay, that they seldom trouble me a second time. If they felt ashamed of their poverty before, they go away from me under such a crushing sense of degradation, that, I verily believe I have fewer non-paying patients than any other practitioner in the country. This doctor was more candid than some of his contemporaries.—*Boston Magazine.*"

IRISH REASONING.—A poor fellow who was on his death bed, and who did not seem quite reconciled to the long journey he was going to take, was kindly consoled by a good natured friend, with the common place reflection, that we must all die once. "Why my dear sir," answered the sick man, "that is the very thing that vexes me; if I could die half a dozen times, I should not mind it."

"Daughters, tenderly reared, and who have brought handsome fortunes to their husbands, are often obliged to return home to their aged parents, who have to maintain them, their husbands, and their children—a deplorable fate of old age." Fathers have the unspeakably misery of beholding their sons in whom the hopes of after years were centered, broken down indolent, reckless, dissipated—hanging on society as pests and nuisances, instead of becoming ornaments and examples of it.

A fellow who wrote a wretched hand, and made almost as bad a fist at spelling and grammar, gave as an excuse for the deficiencies of his education, that "he never went to school but one afternoon and then the master wasn't there."

NEWSPAPERS.—Out of thirteen thousand papers in the civilized world upwards of eleven thousand are issued in the United States.

DREADFUL DEATH.—A man named Hewdee, while engaged in oiling the wrist of an engine in one of the Mississippi boats, thrust his arm through the arms of one of the fly wheels, and was carried by them between the wheels and the staunchcons, and ground to mince meet.

Something Singular.—We conversed, yesterday with a little girl of five years, who has a mother of 25, a grandmother of 45, a great-grandmother of 65, and a great-great-grandmother of 85, all living! It adds to the singularity of the event, that each of the parties, from the youngest to the oldest, is the "only daughter" of her parents. We should be right glad to see the whole five taking tea together. It would warm the heart.—*Boston Transcript.*

AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER.

ALBANY, SATURDAY, JAN. 18, 1840.

The Original Tale, in our paper of this week, is from the pen of a young lady of this city under 16 years of age, and is a performance that would not discredit riper years. The effusions of "FLORA," are from the same source, and many of them written before our pretty little correspondent, had attained her 13th year.

THE GRAND CHAPTER of the State of New York, will convene at St. John's Hall, in this City, on the first Tuesday of February inst.

JOHN O. COLE, *Grand Sec'y.*

NOTICE.—The Companions and Mark Masters of Temple Chapter, are informed, that meetings for improvement, under the instruction of Com. WADSWORTH will be held at the Hall, commencing on Monday morning next. The room will be opened, from 9 A. M. to 12, from 2 to 5, P. M. and from 7 until 9, in the evening. The Companions of the Legislature, and all others in regular standing, are invited to attend.

Considerable damage was done by fire, on Sunday morning last, to the Athenaeum building, lately erected for the N. Y. Society Library, corner of Broadway and Leonard streets. The damage is estimated at \$5000.

"BITTER COLD WEATHER."—We are not aware how the expression of *bitter* came to be applied to a cold day. But it is so, and if the thermometer is to be taken as an index, Friday the 17th may be put down

as a day of the bitterest kind. The mercury stood this morning at 1/2 past 7, at 26 degrees below 0.

This weather together with the pressure of the times, cannot fail of bringing, what we understand does exist—extreme suffering and distress among the poor; and if there is any of the "milk of human kindness" in the human breast, now is the time to shew it. The Almighty has made the rich only as *stewards* to dispense His bounties entrusted to their care, and the present moment is well calculated to call forth the tender mercies of those who have been blessed in their store.—The whole duty of man is to his neighbor: "If a man say he loveth God, whom he hath not seen, and hateth [neglecteth] his brother, whom he hath seen, he is a liar and the truth doth not abide in him."

We trust the public authorities will immediately open a soup house, as this charity affords much relief at a cheap rate.

Close Vote in Massachusetts.—We understand unofficially, says the Boston Centinel, that the returns of votes for Governor, from all the towns have been counted, and that, should none of the returns be rejected for informality, Mr. Morton will have been elected Governor by a majority of *one vote*, from an aggregate of about one hundred thousand. So close a contest is unparalleled in the history of the Commonwealth.

At the annual meeting of the Fire Department of the city of Albany, held at the City Hall, on the 9th ult., the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

Alfred Southwick, president; John H. Trotter, Vice President; Peter G. Dox, Secretary; Visscher Ten Eyck and Robert S. Cushman, Trustees; Jas. E. McClure, treasurer, and Jos. Parker, Collector.

INTELLIGENCE.

[From the N. Y. *Evening Daily Herald*—Extra Jan. 14.]

MOST DREADFUL DISASTER!!

THE STEAM BOAT LEXINGTON BURNED, AND NEARLY TWO HUNDRED OF THE PASSENGERS AND CREW DESTROYED.

By a gentleman who left Greenwich, (Fairfield co., on the Sound) this morning, we have the distressing intelligence that the steam boat Lexington, when opposite or near Huntington, on the Long-Island shore was found to be on fire. The alarm being given every exertion was made to preserve the boat and passengers, but a series of untoward events produced the dreadful tragedy which ensued.

We have the particulars, of course but imperfectly—yet enough to pall the stoutest heart, and carry dreadful apprehensions to unheeding friends. The fire was discovered a little after 7 o'clock, under a tier of cotton bales, piled amidship, against the wooden box or frame which enclosed the pipe leading from the fire-room below, this boat having her boiler on her keelson, or under deck.

This pipe led through the freight above, and the ignition of the cotton had become so extensive before the fire engine and hose of the boat could be put in operation, that both crew and passengers were so overwhelmed in smoke, and the natural agitation of the moment that all efforts to subdue the fire were unavailable.

A rush was then made for the boats—but in the agitation of the time, they were filled to overflowing, and were swamped along side of the burning boat. There were, as we understand, four boats, for the preservation of the sufferers—but the life boat was lost, and the others met the fate which we have stated.

The persons saved were Capt. Hilliard, of Norwich the pilot of the boat, and one of the hands. Capt. H. placed himself on a bale of cotton, and, with one of the crew, was afloat 15 hours before he was taken up, by a sloop from Southport, which went to the rescue this morning as soon as it was in the power of those on shore to render assistance. His companion died on

the bale of cotton before they were taken up.

The sloop which rescued the survivors was met on Bridgeport this morning by the steamer Nimrod, Capt. Brooks, who took Mr. Hilliard on board, from whom these particulars are derived, the other persons saved being too much exhausted to be transferred.

The Lexington is supposed to have been commanded by Capt. Childs, with the crew before employed in the Narragansett, all of whom perished with the passengers. We also learn that there were five or six ladies on board, one of whom was seen in the water with a infant at her breast.

Capt. Hilliard states that the number of persons on board must have been nearly two hundred, and he knows of none saved but himself and the two we have named. There were at least 150 passengers, beside the crew—all lost!

We give these imperfect particulars as we have heard them, with the melancholy reflection that though imperfect, they are true.

[From the New York Sun.]

BRISK TIMES AT CONEY ISLAND—GIBBS AND WANSLEY'S BURIED MONEY FOUND.

We learn from a gentleman who returned from the scene of action last evening, with a pocket full of the "spoils," that Coney Island has been alive for a couple of days past with people digging up and collecting the treasure buried there by the pirates Gibbs and Wansley: part of the \$54,000 plunder obtained by the murderous crew of the Vineyard, in November 1830, the horrors of which transaction must be still fresh in the recollection of many of our readers.

After getting possession of the vessel, and ascertaining the value of her cargo, the specie was divided, and the share of each was about \$5000; and the course of the vessel (which was bound for Philadelphia) was changed for Long Island. When about 15 miles from Southampton light, they got the boats out, and put half the money in each—they then scuttled the vessel, set fire to it in the cabin, and took to the boats. Gibbs, Wansley, and two or three more, took the long boat, which was foundered, and nearly all the money lost with it.

Gibbs and his comrades buried the principal part of the money brought in the long boat, on the beach very lightly covering it, and although almost immediately after, and several times since, search was made for it, no trace of it was discovered till a couple of days since, when a number of Mexican dollars were discovered on the beach by a citizen residing on the island—the action of the water having washed away the sand with which the money had been covered, and scattered the coin considerable distance along the shore.

The same individual continued his search, and has, we learn, himself collected, by picking up on the beach and digging near a thousand Mexican dollars; and the fact coming to the knowledge of others, the beach has since presented a busy scene of diggers and searchers for a mile or more extent; and, as we learn, several thousand dollars in all have been found. Some of the pieces are much discolored, and others are still quite bright.

Loss of the Ship *Havell* by Fire and Five Persons by Drowning.

Mournful tidings were received in this city on Saturday morning, by Mr. Austin, Jr., the consignee of the vessel, of the destruction by fire of the ship *Havell*, Capt. Howe, from Chittagong to Boston, on the 25th of October last, in lat. 4 30 S., lo 12, 25 25 W., together with five persons by drowning, viz: Messrs. Henry Parkman, of this city, supercargo; Henry Irving and Bell of New Hampshire, passengers; Mr. Samuel Nash, of this city, 1st officer, and one seaman. Captain Howe, Mr. Davidson, Mr. William Austin, supercargo, Mr. Blunt, 2nd officer, and the remainder of the crew, in all seventeen in number, after seven days in the long boat, landed at a place about 30 miles north of Pernambuco; and thence proceeded to the latter place where Mr. Austin, under date of November 5, communicates this melancholy shipwreck in a letter received via Liverpool and New York. A previous letter forwarded via Rio Janeiro, detailing the particulars, has not yet come to hand. There was insurance on the

vessel and cargo at different offices in this city, to a large amount.

ARMY OPERATIONS IN FLORIDA.—We have learned from an authentic source, that the campaign in Middle Florida has fairly opened.

Col. Garland, in command of the 1st column composed of 11 companies of the 1st and 2d infantry, is ordered to scour all the hammocks between the St. Augustine road and the Georgia line, and has already, with nine companies, passed through Patterson's hammock, from west to east, without discovering any indication of Indians.

Col. Davenport, in command of the 2d column composed of dragoons, artillery, and 6th infantry, has commenced operations south of the St. Augustine road, between it and the Gulf.

It is feared, and by many believed, that notwithstanding the whole of Middle Florida is thus, as far as the small force in Florida will admit, covered with troops from the Georgia line to the Gulf, the campaign will terminate without discovering Indians.—*Savannah Georgian*, Jan. 5.

DISTRESSING RAIL ROAD ACCIDENT.—As the Cars were coming up from Syracuse on Sunday last, the following fatal accident occurred. As Mr. George Williamson, the travelling collector on the road, was handing out and receiving the way-mails at Nine-Mile Creek, his foot slipped, causing him to fall upon the snow bank, at that place about five feet high. One of his legs was thus brought upon the rails, and the cars being slowly moving, it was broke in two places below the knee. Dr. Pitney was called, who advised amputation; but to this the sufferer could not bring himself to submit; and after a night of intense suffering, death ensued. The deceased was a worthy and industrious individual—by whose death a wife and several children are left in indigent circumstances.—*Auburn Journal*.

SHOCKING.—A little girl about seven years of age the daughter of Mr. John Gilles, living near this village, was so shockingly burned, on Christmas day in the absence of the parent, by her clothes (which were of cotton) accidentally taking fire, that she survived only a few hours. The screams of the little sufferer brought a neighbour to the house, who found her standing in the door, literally roasted alive; but what renders the circumstance of her death more painfully aggravating, is, that her sister, a girl 14 years old, was sitting by rocking a young child, but who never made an effort to save her, although a pail of water was standing near her; and when asked by the neighbour, why she had not, sullenly replied, "because she hadn't a mind to."—*St. Catharines (U. C.) Journal*.

Suspicion of Murder.—It is stated in the Jamaica Farmer of Thursday, that a man named Lewis, who is a coach trimmer, and lately in the employment of Gilbert Hicks, at Lakeville, was lately found dead in the woods, "having a deep cut across his throat." On Sunday afternoon, the deceased and William Robbins a Backsmith, left Flushing or Lakeville, during a snow storm. Robbins states that they got bewildered and Lewis became unable to proceed. Robbins made no attempt to search for Lewis, whose body was found on Wednesday. The Coroner's jury returned a verdict of "death from cause unknown;" but this has not removed the suspicion of foul play, and there is some excitement on the matter.—*N. York Sun*.

OHIO.—The Cleveland Herald states that some farmers of Stark County who wanted money to pay their taxes falling due in a few days, recently visited Massillon, carrying their wheat for sale. After hawking it through the town for some time, the best offer they could get was 43 cents a bushel in barter for goods which would not pay taxes, but could not get a cash offer at all, and were obliged to return as they came.

INCENDIARISM.—By the schooner Arcot, which arrived at New York on Saturday last, from Savannah-Jamaica, we learn of a destructive fire, done by the negroes, at that place on the 23d of November last. Property lost upwards of \$150,000; and no insurance.

A locomotive on the Pennsylvania railroad recently drew a train of eighty cars, containing 240,000 pounds of freight, consisting of 1,500 barrels of flour and the remainder in iron and nails.

The abolition paper, started a few months since at Rochester, has died for want of support. Rather significant.

25,000 Canadians emigrated to the Western States during the last year.

Mrs. Morgan, widow of Capt. Morgan, of free mason memory, is a good Mormon, married to a Mr. Harris, and resides at Montrose, Upper Mississippi.

MARRIED.

On Friday evening, 10th inst., by the Rev. P. L. Whipple, at Lansingburgh, Mr. Wm. McGill, to Miss Mary E., daughter of Lemuel Jenkins, esq. of this city.

On Monday morning, 13th inst., in the First Methodist Episcopal Church, by the Rev. T. Seymour, Mr. J. Hochstrasser, merchant, to Miss Ann Eliza, daughter of the Rev. T. Seymour, all of this city.

On Sabbath evening, by the Rev. S. Parks, Mr. Geo. Hepner, to Miss Phebe Burnop, all of this city.

On Thursday evening, by the Rev. Mr. Castle, Mr. Enos T. Hand, to Miss Fanny Hubbell, all of this city.

At Hillsdale, Columbia county, on the 4th inst., by T. Reed esq., Mr. Elton of Albany, to Miss Mary Langdon of Copake.

In Fonda, on Saturday afternoon last, by the Rev. Abraham Van Horne, William S. Hawley, esq. editor of the Fulton County Democrat, to Miss Jane Van Vleet, both of Johnstown.

At Troy, on Thursday the 19th inst., by the Rev. Rodney A. Miller, of Worcester, Mass., Cyrus Stephens, esq. of this city to Miss Frances, H. Miller, of the former city.

DIED.

On Saturday morning, Mrs. Janet Fraser, widow of the late Donald Fraser, in the 66th year of her age.

On Sabbath night last; William Carlton, youngest child of William A. Wharton, aged 14 months and 13 days.

At Brookfield, Mass., on the 8th inst., in the 85th year of her age. Mrs. Rebecca Hastings, mother of Seth Hastings of this city.

In Fulton co., on Sunday morning last, at 5 o'clock the Rev. Abraham Vanhorne, in the 77th year of his age. His death was sudden and unexpected, and has created a deep and general sensation throughout the community.

NEW BOOKS received at W. & LITTLE'S Book-store.

Moore's new poem, "Alciphron."
Bulwer's new Play, "The Sea Captain."
Poe's Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque, 2 vols.
Memoirs of Charles Mathews, the comedian, continued.

Countess of Elessington's new Book, "The Government," 2 vols.

Bell's Select Medical Library.
The Law Library for December.
The Gentleman's Magazine for December, with plates.
And all the Annuals and Illustrated Works for 1840.

NICHOLAS NICKLEBY, complete—Life and Adventures of Nicholas Nickleby, by Chas. Dickens, (Boz) with illustrations, complete in one vol.

Curtis on death: simplicity of living: observations on the preservation of health in infancy, youth, manhood and age, London edition.

Part XI pictorial edition of Shakespeare's comedy of Errors.

The Hand Book of Heraldry, the Cricketer's Hand Book, the Hand Book of Magic. Swimming Hand Book Language and Sentiment of Flowers, the Angler's Hand Book of Domestic Cookery, &c.

Constantinople, complete in 1 vol. elegantly bound in morocco gilt; scenery of Asia Minor, illustrated, drawings from nature, with historical account of Constantinople, and description of the plates.

American Almanac, for 1840.
Second series of the School Library, 50 volumes for \$20, in a case, for sale by

POETRY.

A QUESTION OF THIS LIFE'S IMPORT.

BY ONE WALKING IN TWILIGHT.

BROTHER, brother, speak me kindly!
I am journeying, without end;
Dark myself, I wander blindly—
To no bourne my footsteps tend.

Meaning signs I see around me,
Earth in secret worketh near;
But my searchings all confound me,
Canst thou tell what wait we here?

In the work, the Earth is working,
In her forms and in her powers
Kindred likeness still is lurking,
To these frames and forms of ours.

Throuh all life and through all being,
Parts familiar to our own,
Hearing, breathing, feeling, seeing,
Pass, united or alone;

In the great life-mould are scatt'erd
Elements in man c'mobin'd;
But the first close bound is shatter'd—
They are strange and we unkind.

Inner heat the earth is burning,
Breaking outward here and there;
Sireams are flow'g, and returning.
Seek their courses through the air:

And within us, warmth is glowing,
Till the room is chill'd by death,
And life's streams are ever flowing,
Newly changed at every breath.

In the waters reflected
Forms around and in the sky,
Like the image-form reflected
In the waters of the eye.

To Earth's ear all sounds are given,
Echoing ere they cease to be,
As the burdened air is driven
With its sound to rest in me.

Love, and Life, and Reason gloweth
In the eyes of every brute;
But their secret no man knoweth,
For to us their tongue is mute.

Is there language for all creatures,
Read or spoken, or but felt?
Or must these familiar features
Into unknown outlines melt?

Now Man sits, a brief existence,
Sidelong glancing at the earth,
Sunder'd by unsocial distance
From her love, and toil, and mirth.

To God's eye, we loiter vainly,
With a secret at our feet,
In whose lines are written plainly,
Where the ends of all life meet.

Half unknown to one another,
Strange to every thing beside,
Gloomily we wander, brother,
Hath this crowded way no guide!

BLESSED ARE THEY THAT MOURN.

BY WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

Oh, deem not they are blessed alone
Whose life a peaceful tenor keep;
The power who pities man, has shown;
A blessing for the eyes that weep.

The light of smiles shall fill again
The lids that overflow with tears,
And weary hours of wo and pain
Are promises of happy years.

There is a day of sunny rest
For every dark and troubled night;

And grief may hide, an evening guest,
But joy shall come with early light.

And thou, who o'er thy friend's low bier,
Sheddest the bitter drops like rain,
Hope that a happier, brighter shore,
Will give him to thy arm again.

Nor let the good man's trust depart,
Though life its common gift deny,
Though pierced and broken be his heart,
And spurned of men, he goes to die.

For God has marked each sorrowing day
And numbered every secret tear;
And heaven's language of bliss shall pay
For all its children suffer here.

THE MARINER'S CHILD TO HIS MOTHER.

Oh, weep no more, sweet mother,
Oh, weep no more to-night;
And only watch the sea mother,
Beneath the morning light.

Then the bright blue sky is joyful,
And the bright blue sky is clear,
And I can see, sweet mother,
To kiss away thy tear.

But now the wind goes wailing,
O'er the dark and trackless deep;
And I know your grief sweet mother,
Though I only hear you weep.

My father's ship will come mother,
In safety o'er the main;
When the grapes are dyed with purple,
He will be back again.

The vines were put in blossom,
When he bade me watch them grow,
And now the large leaves, mother,
Conceal their crimson glow.

He'll bring us shells and sea weed,
And bird of shining wing;
But what are these, dear mother?
It is himself he'll bring.

Our beautiful Madonna,
Will mark how you have wept,
The prayer of early morning,
The vigil you have kept.

She will guide his stately vessel,
Though the sea be dare and drear,
Another week of sunshine—
My father will be here.

I'll watch with thee sweet mother,
But the stars fade from my sight;
Come, come and sleep dear mother,
Oh, weep no more to night. [MISS LONDON]

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

BY WILLIAM LEGGETT.

The birds, when winter shades the sky,
Fly o'er the seas away,
Where laughing isles in sunshine lie,
And summer breezes play.

And thus the friends that flutter near
While fortune's sun is warm,
Are startled if a cloud appear,
And fly before the storm.

But when from winter's howling plains
Each other warbler's past,
The little snow-bird still remains,
And cherups midst the blast.

Love, like that bird, when friendship's throng
With fortune's sun depart,
Still lingers with its cheerful song,
And nestles on the heart.

TO MY SISTER.

I love thee sister, and I wish
That thy frail bark might glide along,

O'er such a changing sea as this,
Upon a smooth, unbroken calm.

I wish—but ah! I know 'tis vain—
That thy light heart, and fair bright brow,
Might ever, while on earth, remain
As free from anxious care as now.

Oh! could a sister's wishes guide
Thee onward o'er life's sickle sea,
Securely should thy shallop glide,
From every storm and danger free.

But dearest girl, it is the lot
Of mortals, while below, to taste,
Mixed with each cup of life, the drop
Of sorrow, and of bitterness.

Then learn, oh! early learn, to bear
With resignation every ill;
Though great thy earthly sorrows are,
Submit—it is God's righteous will.

TO A BROTHER AT PARTING.

BY MISS MARGERET L. EATON.

Farewell, my brother; yet before we part,
And grasp the hand and shed the urgent tear.
Come to thy Mother's picture. Her's the heart
That would surpass our kindness, were she here.
Come every one—ye innocent and gay,
Who once around her dying chamber stood.
But since to life's green isles have sought the way,
And found the path with much of earthly good.
She bade us live in love; and though the land
Be distant far, that marks thy destiny.
Still we shall miss thee from our cheerful band,
And love shall move us when we mention thee.
We can't retain thee brother; but the earth,
With all its varied scene, is God's alone,
He can in wisdom guide thy goings forth,
And light thy guardian angel from his throne!
We veil the picture, and we say, "Farewell!"
But years are fleet, and thou wilt yet return.
Oh, may we hope in one kind home to dwell,
When old oblivion hides the sable urn!
Boston, Feb. 25, 1837.

CALENDAR OF COMMUNICATIONS.

EACH MONTH.

Temple Encampment	Albany	2d & 4th Tuesday
Temple R. A. Chapter	Albany	1st & 3d Thursday
Mount Vernon Lodge	Albany	1st & 3d Tuesday
Temple Lodge	Albany	1st & 3d Tuesday
Apollo Lodge	Troy	2d & 4th Tuesday
Apollo Chapter	Troy	2d & 4th Tuesday
Apollo Encampment	Troy	8d Monday
Phoenix Lodge	Lansingburg	1st & 3d Tuesday
Olive Branch	Bethany Geo.	1st Wednesday p. m.
Genesee Encampment	Lockport N.Y.	

AUTHORISED AGENTS.

The following Brethren have kindly offered to act as Agents for the American Masonic Register. They are duly authorised to receive subscriptions and monies on its account.

William Boardman, New York City.
Tallmage Fairchild, Coxsackie.
Joel D. Smith, Castleton.
James Test, Coeymans.
S. C. Leggett, Troy.
S. D. Smith, Lansingburgh.
Joseph Blackburn, Poughkeepsie.
John S. Wood, West Greenfield.
Ebenzer Mix, Batavia.
Blanchard Powers, Cowsville.
James Cavanagh, Watertown.
James McKim, Lockport.
Francis P. Milo, Kingston, U. C.
Philo W. Stocking, Wheeling, Va.

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A post master may enclose money in a letter to the publisher of a newspaper, to pay the subscription of a third person, and FRANK the letter, if written by himself.

POST MASTER GENERAL.

AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER AND LITERARY COMPANION.

BY L. G. HOFFMAN.]

ALBANY, SATURDAY, JANUARY, 25, 1840.

[VOL. I.—NO. 21.]

MASONIC.

—Semita certe,
Tranquilla per virtutem patet una vitæ.—Juv. Sat.
THE HISTORY OF FREEMASONRY,
DRAWN FROM AUTHENTIC SOURCES OF INFORMATION.

No. X.
[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 153.]

While Freemasonry was flourishing in England under the auspices of Henry VI. it was at the same time patronised, in the sister kingdom, by King James I. By the authority of this monarch, every Grand-Master who was chosen by the brethren, either from the nobility or clergy, and approved of by the crown was entitled to an annual revenue of four pounds Scots from each master mason, and likewise to a fee at the initiation of every new member. He was empowered to adjust any difference that might arise among the brethren, and to regulate those affairs, connected with the fraternity, which it was improper to bring under the cognizance of the courts of law. The Grand Master, also appointed deputies or wardens, who resided in the chief towns of Scotland, and managed the concerns of the order, when it was inconvenient to appeal to the Grand Master himself.

In the reign of James II. Freemasonry was by no means neglected. The office of Grand master was granted by the crown to William St. Clair, Earl of Orkney and Caithness, Baron of Roslin, and founder of the much admired chapel of Roslin. On account of the attention which this nobleman paid to the interests of the order, and the rapid propagation of the royal art under his administration, King James II. made the office of Grand-Master hereditary to his heirs and successors, in the barony of Roslin; in which family it continued till the institution of the Grand Lodge of Scotland. The Barons of Roslin as hereditary Grand Masters of Scotland, held their principal annual meetings at Kilwinning, the birth place of Scottish Masonry, while the lodge of that village granted constitutions and charter of erection to those brethren of the order, who were anxious that regular lodges should be formed in different parts of the kingdom. These lodges all held of the lodge of Kilwinning; and in token of their respect and submission, joined to their own name, that of their mother lodge, from whom they derived their existence as a corporation. (a)

During the succeeding reigns of the Scottish monarchs, Freemasonry still flourished, though very little information can be procured respecting the particular state of the fraternity. In the Privy Seal Book of Scotland, however, there is a letter dated at Holyrood-house, 25th September 1590, and granted by King James VI. "to Patrick Copland, "of Undaught, for using and exercising the office of Wardenrie over "the art and craft of Masonrie, over all the boundis of "Aberdeen, Banff, and Kincardine, to had warden "and justice courts within the said boundis, and there "to minister justice(b)." This letter confirms what has already been said concerning the state of Masonry in Scotland. It proves beyond dispute, that the Kings of Scotland nominated the office bearers of the order;

that these provincial masters, or wadens, as they were then called, administered justice in every dispute which concerned the "the art and craft of masonrie;" that lodges were established in all parts of Scotland, even in those remote, and, at that time, uncivilized counties of Aberdeen, Banff, and Kincardine, and it completely overtures the unfounded assertion of Dr. Robinson, who maintains(c), that the celebrated antiquary Elias Ashmole, who was initiated in 1646, is the only distinct and unequivocal instance of a person being admitted into the fraternity who was not an architect by profession.

The minutes of St. Mary's chapel, which is the oldest lodge in Edinburgh extend as far back as the year 1598; but as they contain only the ordinary proceedings of the lodge, we can derive from them no particular information respecting the customs and condition of the fraternity. It appears, however, from these minutes that Thomas Boswell, esq. of Auchinleck, was made a warden of the lodge in the year 1600; and that the Honourable Robert Moray, Quartermaster-General to the army in Scotland, was created a master mason in 1641. These facts are deserving of notice, as they show, in opposition to Dr. Robinson, that persons were early admitted into the order, who were not architects by their profession.

When James VI. ascended the throne of England he seems to have neglected his right of nominating the office-bearers of the craft. In Hay's Manuscript in the Advocate's Library, there are two charters granted by the Scottish monarchs, appointing the Sinclairs of Roslin their hereditary Grand Masters. The first of these is without a date, but signed by several masons who appointed William St Clair of Roslin, his heirs and judges." The other is, in some measure, a ratification of the first, and dated 1630, in which they appoint Sir William St Clair of Roslin his heirs and successor, to be their "patrons, protectors, and overseers in all time coming." In the first of these deeds which seems to have been written a little after the union of the crowns, it is stated, that the want of a protector, for some years had engendered many corruptions among the masons, and had considerably retarded the progress of the craft; and that the appointment of William Sinclair, Esq. was with the advice and consent of William Shaw, Master of Work to his Majesty. After presiding over the order for many years, William St Clair went to Ireland, where he continued a considerable time; and, in consequence of his departure, the second charter was granted to his son Sir William St Clair, investing him with the same powers which his father enjoyed. It deserves also to be remarked that in both these deeds, the appointment of William Sinclair, Earl of Orkney and Caithness, to the office of Grand Master, by James II. of Scotland, is spoken of as a fact well known, and universally admitted. These observations will set in a clear point of view what must hitherto have appeared a great inconsistency in the history of Scottish Masonry. In the deed by which William Sinclair, Esq. of Roslin, resigned the office of hereditary Grand Master in 1736, it is stated that his ancestors, William and Sir William St Clair of Roslin, were constituted patrons of the fraternity by the Scottish Masons themselves; while it is well known, that the grant of hereditary Grand Master was originally made by James II. of Scotland, to their an-

cestor, William Sinclair, Earl of Orkney and Caithness. But, when we consider that James VI. by not exercising his power, virtually transferred to the craft the right of electing their office bearers, the inconsistency vanishes; for Mr. Sinclair and his predecessors, as far back as the date of these charters, always held their office by the appointment of the Fraternity itself.—Lest any of Mr. Sinclair's posterity, however, might after his resignation, lay claim to the office of Grand Master, upon the pretence that the office was bequeathed to them by the grant of James II. to the Earl of Caithness and his heirs; he renounces not only the right to the office which he derived from the brethren, but any right also, which as a descendant of the Earl of Caithness, he might claim from the grants of the Scottish monarchs.

Notwithstanding those civil commotions which disturbed Britain in the seventeenth century, Freemasonry flourished in Scotland, under the auspices of the Sinclairs of Roslin. No particular event, however, which is worthy of notice, occurred during that time, or even during the remainder of the century. The annual assemblies of the fraternity, were still held at Kilwinning, and many charters and constitutions were granted by the lodge of that village, for the erection of lodges in different parts of the kingdom.

In the year 1736, William St Clair, Esq. of Roslin who was then Grand Master of Scotland, was under the necessity of disposing his estate, and as he had no son of his own, he was anxious that the office of Grand-Master should not be vacant at his death. Having, therefore, assembled the Edinburgh and neighboring lodges, he represented the utility that would accrue to the order, by having a gentleman or nobleman of their own choice, as Grand Master of Masonry in Scotland; and, at the same time, intimated his intention to resign into the hands of the brethren, every title to that office which he at present possessed, or which his successors might claim from the grants of the Scottish Kings, and the kindness of the fraternity. In consequence of this circular letters were despatched to all the lodges inviting them to appear, either by themselves or proxies, on next St. Andrew's day, to concur and assist in the election of a Grand Master. When that day arrived, about thirty-two lodges appeared by themselves, or proxies, and, after receiving the deed of resignation from William Sinclair, Esq. proceeded to the election of another Grand Master, when, on account of the zeal which William Sinclair, Esq. of Roslin had always shown for the honor and prosperity of the order, he was unanimously elected to that office and proclaimed Grand Master of all Scotland. Thus was the Grand Lodge of Scotland instituted.

We have already brought down the history of masonry in England to the end, nearly, of the fifteenth century. During the whole of the sixteenth and the beginning of the seventeenth century, no events occurred which can be inserted in a general history of the order. The lodges continued to meet but seem neither to have attracted the notice, nor to have excited the displeasure of the Legislature.

During the civil wars, however, between the King and the Parliament, the fraternity appears to have been better known; and many were initiated into its mysteries, who were equally distinguished by their literary talents, and their rank in life, Elias Ashmole informs us, that he and Colonel Mainwaring were admitted in

(a) Such as Oronogate Kilwinning &c.
(b) Privy Seal Book of Scotland, 61. F. 47.

(c) Proof of a conspiracy, p. 21.

to the order at Warrington in October 1646(d). This gentleman was the celebrated antiquarian who founded the Ashmolean museum at Oxford. His attachment to the fraternity is evident from his diligent enquiries into its origin and history, and his long and frequent attendance upon its meetings(e). Charles II. too, was a member of the fraternity, and frequently honored the lodges with his presence(f). From this fact, chiefly, Dr Robinson asserts, that Freemasonry was employed by the royalists for promoting the cause of their sovereign, and that the ritual of the master's degree seems to have been formed, or twisted from its original institution, in order to sound the political principles of the candidate(g). The strained and fanciful analogy by which this opinion is supported is perhaps one of the most striking instances that could be adduced to show, to what pureile arguments the most learned will resort, when engaged in a bad cause. But though Dr. Robinson maintains, that all who witnessed the ceremonies of the master's degree during the civil wars could not fail to show, by their countenances, to what party they belonged, yet he observes, in another part of his work, that the symbols of masonry seemed to be equally susceptible of every interpretation, and that none of these entitled to any decided preference. For such inconsistencies as these we leave our readers to account.

An opinion of an opposite, though equally extravagant nature, has been maintained by Privari, and the author of "Freemasonry Examined." These writers assert, that Freemasonry originated in the time of the English Commonwealth; that Oliver Cromwell was its inventor; that the level was the symbol of republican equality; and that the other signs and ceremonies were merely arbitrary, and formed for concealing their political designs. It would be ridiculous to enter into a serious refutation of such opinions as these, which are founded on the most unpardonable ignorance.—That Freemasonry existed before the time of Cromwell is as capable of demonstration, as that Cromwell himself ever existed. It is really entertaining to observe what inconsistent and opposite opinions are formed upon the same subject. According to one writer, Freemasonry was invented and employed by the adherents of the King; according to another, it was devised by the friends of Parliament. In the opinion of some, it originated among the Jesuits, who used it for the promotion of their spiritual tyranny and superstition; while others maintain, that it arose among a number of unprincipled sceptics, who employed it for destroying the spiritual tyranny and superstition of the Jesuits!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

- (d) Ashmole's Diary, p. 15.
(e) Id. p. 66.
(f) Proofs of a Conspiracy, p. 22.
(g) Id. p. 21.

THE REPOSITORY.

THE POPE.

The Pope is elected by the College of Cardinals, being seventy-two in number, including the six suburban Bishops, whose principal and most honourable privilege is that of electing the Pope, and it is easy to conceive that their dignity and importance increased with that of the Roman See itself; and that they share altho its temporal and its spiritual pre-eminence. As the Cardinals are the counsellors, so they are the officers of the Pontiff, and are thus entrusted with the management of the Church at large, and of the Roman State in particular. The grand assembly of the Cardinals is called the Consistory; where the Pontiff presides in person. Here they appear in all the splendor of the purple, and form a most majestic Senate. Here, therefore, public communications are announced, foreign Ambassadors received, Cardinals created, formal compliments made and answered; in short, all the exterior splendour of Sovereignty is displayed. But the principal prerogative of a Cardinal is exercised in the Conclave, so called because the members of the sacred college are then confined within the precincts of the great halls of the Vatican Palace; where they remain immured, till they agree in the election of a Pontiff. As soon as the holy father has expired, the Cardinal Chamberlain, in a purple dress, presents himself at the door

of his chamber, and knocks three times with a golden hammer, calling each time the Pope by his Christian, family, and papal names. After a short time he says, in the presence of the Clerks of the Chamber and his apostolical votaries, who take account of that ceremony, "He is then dead." The fisherman's ring is then brought to the Cardinal, who breaks it with the same hammer. He then takes possession of the Vatican, in the name of the Apostolical Chamber. After having established his authority in that palace, he sends guards to take possession of the gates of the city, and of the Castle of St. Angelo; and when he has provided for the safety of Rome, he quits the Vatican in a carriage, preceded by a Captain of the Pope's guard, and having by his side the Swiss who generally accompany his Holiness. When this march begins the great bell of the Capitol is tolled, and as it only tolls on this occasion, announces to the whole city the death of the Sovereign Pontiff. The body, having been embalmed, is clad in its pontifical dress, and, with the mitre on its head, lies in state during three days on a bed of parade. It is next carried with great pomp to the Church of St. Peter, where it remains nine days exposed to public view; after which the burial takes place. The next day the Cardinals assemble in the same Cathedral, where the oldest of them celebrates the Mass of the Holy Ghost for the election of a new Pope. Another Prelate, in a Latin oration, exhorts the Cardinals to choose an individual worthy of so eminent a station; after which they all march in procession behind the Papal cross, the musicians singing the hymn *Veni Creator!* to the Hall of the Conclave, which occupies a large portion of the Vatican. The large rooms are divided by temporary partitions into what are called cells, which are subdivided again into little rooms and closets. Every Cardinal has his own, for him and his assistants, and it is only large enough to hold a bed, five or six chairs, and a table. The hour of holding the Conclave being come, a bell is rung to cause the Ambassadors, Princes, Prelates, and other persons of distinction who may be present, to retire. When they are all gone out, the doors and windows are walled up, with the exception of one, which throws but a dim light upon the Conclave. The only communication with the exterior is by the means of towers, in the same shape as those used in convents of nuns. One door is also kept for the removal of any Cardinal who may be ill, but who loses the right of giving an active vote if he retires. The mode of election now in use is by a secret ballot. Two chaises stand on a long table in the Chapel of Sixtus, into which the Cardinals deposit their bulletins, containing the name of the individual for whom they vote. One of the Scrutators reads it aloud, while two others mark the number of votes for each individual, by the side of his name, on the large tablet where all those of the Cardinals are inscribed.—Whoever obtains two-thirds of the votes, present is canonically elected. His name is immediately proclaimed aloud, and the Cardinals sitting on his right and left rise and quit their places. His consent is asked, and, when it is given, the Cardinals, beginning by the oldest, perform the first adoration; that is to say, kiss his foot, and then his hand. The first Cardinal Deacon now announces the election to the people; and the artillery of the Castle of St. Angelo and the bells of the city spread the news afar. The people are then allowed to break into the Conclave, and to carry off all they can.

No person is eligible to the Papacy under 55 years of age, or that is not an Italian by birth, having already obtained a place in the College of Cardinals, or who is a Prince by birth, or allied to a reigning house, lest such a Pope should dismember the patrimony of St. Peter, or abandon that neutrality which a common father should observe towards all Christian Princes; or, finally, should treat the Cardinals with too much hauteur: thirdly, no one promoted to the degree of Cardinal at the nomination of some Crown, especially that of France or Spain; or being a natural-born subject of either of those Powers, lest gratitude or national attachment should render him too devoted to the interest of one or the other, is eligible. Even youth, and a good complexion and figure, are considered as obstacles. But all these maxims and rules vary and change according to the inconstant and pre-

carious impulse of policy and faction. Hence it often happens that, in the numerous College of Cardinals, a very small number are permitted, upon a vacancy, to aspire to the Papacy, the greatest part being generally prevented by their birth, their character, their circumstances, and by the force of political intrigues, from flattering themselves with the pleasing hope of ascending the towering summit of ecclesiastical power and dominion.

THE GATHERER.

THE ROYAL HOUSE OF STUART.

By reverting to the history of England, it will be seen that a singular fatality appeared to follow in the train of the royal line of Stuarts. History does not record a race that were so steadily unfortunate. Their calamities continued with unabating succession during three hundred and ninety years.

Robert III. broke his heart, because his oldest son Robert, was starved to death, and his youngest, James was made a captive. James I. after having beheaded three of his nearest kindred, was assassinated by his own uncle who was tortured to death for it. James II. was slain by the bursting of a cannon. James III. when flying from the field of battle, was thrown from his horse and murdered in a cottage, into which he had been taken for assistance. James IV. fell in Flodden field.—James V. died of grief for the wilful ruin of his army at Solway Frith. Henry Stuart—Lord Darnley—was assassinated and blown up in his castle. Mary Stuart was beheaded in England. James I. and VI. died, not without suspicion of being poisoned by Lord Buckingham. Charles I. was beheaded at Whitehall. Charles II. was exiled for many years. James II. lost his crown and died, in banishment. Anne, after a reign which though glorious, was rendered unhappy by party disputes, died of a broken heart, occasioned by the quarrels of her favourite servants. The posterity of James II. died wretched wanderers in foreign lands.—*Scotch Paper*

CAUSE OF THE DEATH-WATCH.

The influence of superstition and ignorance is astonishingly great. As one proof, what dismay and uneasiness has not the watchlike ticking of the grub often excited among all description of persons? and indeed, as a writer in a certain periodical remarks, "that this insect, almost invisible, should, in regularity of time and distinctness of sound, imitate a machine which has employed so many hands in its construction, and composed of wheels and springs, with the utmost ingenuity, is above all ordinary comprehension. It was only within a few years past that I considered these visitors as solitary and nightly disturbers, since which I have accidentally discovered that this is by no means the case. Having occasion to stretch a piece of silk paper, moistened with glue water, on a square frame, I was frequently surprised, at different hours of the day, by a noise similar to what we are accustomed to hear in a watchmaker's window full of watches, and distinctly audible at five or six yards distance. I soon found that my frame was occupied as a drum by numbers of these little grey mites, and was thus enabled to identify the performers, and witness the harmlessness of their music; and I think it is more than probable that, could these little creatures oftener meet with a proper tympanum, we should much more frequently hear them at certain seasons, when their little drumming, which no doubt concerns their own social community, constantly heard by their own companions, though inaudible to us."

MANKIND IN THE 15TH CENTURY.

They had neither looked into heaven nor earth, neither into the sea nor land, as has been done since.—They had philosophy without experiment, mathematics without instrument, geometry without demonstration.

They made war without powder, shot, cannon or mortars; nay the mob made their bonfires without squibs or crackers. They went to sea without compass, and sailed without the needle. They viewed the stars

without a telescope, and measured altitudes without barometers. Learning had no printing-press, writing no paper, and paper no ink. The lover was forced to send his mistress a deal board, for a love letter, and a billet-doux might be of the size of an ordinary trencher.—They were clothed without manufactures, and the richest robes were the skins of the most formidable monsters. They carried on trade without books, and correspondence without posts; their merchants kept no accounts, their shop-keepers no cash-book; they had surgery without anatomy, and physicians without materia medica; they gave emetics without ipecacouana, and cured agues without bark.

WHAT IS MAN.

Ninety years hence not a single man or woman now twenty years of age will be alive. Ninety years! alas! how many of the lively actors at present on the stage of life, will make their exit long ere ninety years shall roll away! And be we sure of ninety years, what are they? "A tale that is told!" a dream, an empty sound that passeth on the wings of the wind away, and is forgotten. Years shorten as men advance in age, like the degrees in longitude, man's life declines as he travels towards the frozen pole, until it dwindles to a point and vanishes forever. Is it possible that life is of so short duration? Will ninety years erase all the golden names over the door in town and country, and substitute others in their stead? Will all the now blooming beauties fade, and disappear, all the pride and passion, the love, hope and joy pass away, in ninety years, and be forgotten? "Ninety years!" (says Death,) "do you think I shall wait ninety years? Behold! to-day, and to-morrow, and every one is mine. When ninety years are past, this generation will have mingled with the dust, and be remembered not."

ORIGINAL ANECDOTE.

The husband was continually finding fault with his wife for her want of neatness—that his house was not always kept like a bandbox, nor his tables polished like mirrors. This was one day very warmly expressed and comparisons were instituted between her management and that of a neighboring quakeress, whom the husband had seen on that day. The wife promised compliance with his wishes; and on the husband's leaving the house, she put every thing in the most exact and neat order; not an odious particle of dust being suffered to appear. The husband returned rather later than usual, with a friend whom he had invited to dine with him. To his surprise he found the front door of his house locked—he knocked loudly, and with great vehemence demanded immediate admittance, when an upper window was raised and out popped the head of his beloved spouse.—"Thou cannot come in at the front door—these must go round by the gate to the kitchen. The husband sheepishly complied, and ever after suffered the wife to manage her household affairs as she saw fit.

MATRIMONY.

The whole secret of choosing well in matrimony may be taught in three words—*explore the character*. A violent love-fit is always the result of ignorance; for there is not a daughter of Eve that has merit enough to justify romantic love, though thousands and thousands may reasonably inspire gentle esteem, which is infinitely better. A woman-worshipper and a woman, hater both derive their mistakes from ignorance of the female world; for, if the characters of woman were thoroughly understood: they would be found too good to be hated, and yet not good enough to be idolized.

A PROOF OF FILIAL AFFECTION.

A man swearing the peace against three of his sons, thus concluded his affidavit:—"and this deponent further saith, that the only one of his children who showed him any real filial affection was his youngest son Larry, for he never struck him when he was down."

REPORTERS AND REPORTING.

Although the duties of reporters are both important and arduous, it is only of late years that a disposition

has been shown to afford them facilities for the discharge of their. Formerly they had no means of entering the gallery of the Commons beyond those enjoyed by the public generally; and on days when an interesting debate was expected they were frequently obliged to take their places on the stairs early in the forenoon, and, after standing there for many hours, to depend upon their chance of getting in, by battling their way in the crowd when the door opened. The first arrangements for the express purpose of accommodating the reporters were made a few years before the death of Mr. Pitt. Previously to that time note books had been very generally introduced; but in the Commons from the crowded state of the gallery, they were comparatively of small use. It happened one night, when the premier was to make a leading speech that the gallery was more than usually thronged, and neither by force nor entreaty could the reporters procure even tolerable accommodations. They took counsel together, and the result was a secession.—Next morning, instead of the rounded periods of the minister, there appeared nothing but one dire blank, accompanied by a strong comment on the grievances in which it had been originated. The almost immediate result was the appropriation, under the direction of Mr. Speaker Abbot, of the uppermost bench of the gallery to the reporters' exclusive use, with a door in the centre, by which they alone had a right to enter.—Soon after, a small room at the end of the gallery passage, which bore on its glass panels the "Reporters' Room," notwithstanding the standing order and its penalties, were added for the convenience of the gentleman previous to taking their places in the gallery and during the division. The Lords followed the Commons in their accommodation of the press, at the due distance which befitted their dignity. It was not until about twenty years ago that a note-book was permitted to make its appearance at the bar of the Upper House. If a young or forward reporter ventured to display the implements of his trade to the eyes of their lordships, they were immediately struck from his hand by one or other of the messengers. The first person who ventured to rest his book on their lordships' bar is said to have been Mr. Windyer, who now is, or lately was, a justice of the peace, in Sydney, New South Wales. His example was followed, and only two sessions after, the name of Lord Eldon, while his lordship was proceeding to the bar to receive a deputation of the Lower House, having accidentally caused Mr. Windyer to drop his book within the bar, the noble earl checked his onward step, picked up the fragments of the passing debate, and presented them, with an engaging smile, to their collector. In the session of 1828-9, when, from the intense interest to which the Catholic question gave rise, the press found it difficult to maintain their station, a portion of the space below the bar was railed off for them; and a season or two after, when a strangers' gallery was added to the Lords, a seat was set apart for their use. In the present temporary erection, the privilege of an exclusive place for the press is provided in both Houses; in the Commons behind the Speaker's chair.—*Wade's British History.*

Eccentricity.—Eccentricity is sometimes found connected with genius, but it does not coalesce with true wisdom. Hence men of the first order of intellect have never betrayed it; and hence also men of secondary talents drop it as they grow wiser; and are satisfied to found their consequence on real and solid excellency, not on peculiarity and extravagance. They are content to awaken regard and obtain applause by the rectitude and gracefulness of their doing, rather than to make passengers stare and laugh by leaping over the wall or tumbling along the road. True greatness is serious, trifling is beneath its dignity. We are more indebted to the regular, sober, constant course of the sun, than to the glare of the comet: the one, indeed, occupies our papers, but the other enriches our fields and gardens; we gaze at the strangeness of the one, but we live on the influence of the other.—*Rev. H. Jay.*

Bassompierre. It was customary with Marshal Bassompierre, when any of his soldiers were brought before him for heinous offences, to say to them, "brother, you or I will certainly be hung;" which was a

sufficient annunciation of their fate. A spy who was discovered in his camp, was addressed in this language; and next day, as the wretch was about to be led to the gallows, he pressed earnestly to speak with the marshal, alleging that he had somewhat of importance to communicate. The marshal being made acquainted with his request, said in his rough manner, "It is always the way of these rascals; they pretend some frivolous story, merely to reprove themselves for a few moments; however, bring the dog hither." Being introduced, the marshal asked him what he had to say. "Why, my Lord," said the culprit, "when I first had the honor of your conversation, you were pleased to say, that either you or I should be hung; now I am come to know whether it is your pleasure to be so; because, if you want, I must, that's all." The marshal was so pleased with the fellow's humor that he ordered him to be released.—*Percy.*

TIME TO GO HOME.—Pauiding in his life of Washington, gives the following little anecdote of the mother of this great man:

"She was once present and occupied the seat of honor, at a ball given to Washington at Fredericksburg, while in the full measure of his well earned glory, and when 9 o'clock came said to him with perfect simplicity, 'Come, George, it is time to go home.' It will, perhaps, be well if many, to day, would remember when it is 'time to go home.'"

Gen. Washington's Opinion of profane swearing, Dedicated to all Officers whether Military or Civil.—

Extract from the Orderly Book of the army under command of Washington, dated at Head Quarters, in the city of New York, August 3, 1776.

"The General is sorry to be informed, that the foolish and wicked practice of profane cursing and swearing, a vice heretofore little known in an American army, is growing into a fashion;—he hopes the officers will, by example as well as influence, endeavor to check it, and that both they and the men will reflect that we can have little hope of the blessing of Heaven on our arms, if we insult it by impiety and folly; added to this, it is a vice so mean and low, without any temptation, that every man of sense and character detests and despises it."

MARRIAGE.

Look at the great mass of marriages which takes place over the whole world; what poor, contemptible, common place affairs they are! A few soft looks, a walk, a dance, a squeeze of the hand, a popping of the question, a purchasing of a certain number of yards of white satin, a ring, clergyman, a stage or two in a hired carriage, a night in a country inn, and the whole matter is over. For five or six weeks two sheepish looking persons are seen dangling about on each other's arm, looking at waterfalls, or making morning calls and guzzling wine and cake; then every thing falls into the most monotonous routine. The wife sits on one side of the hearth, the husband at the other, and little pleasures, little cares, and little children, gradually gather round them. This is what ninety-nine out of a hundred find to be the delights of love and matrimony.

[From the Nashville Whig of the 16th inst.]

A letter received in this city last evening from Jackson, in this State, advises that a gentleman had just arrived at that place direct from Texas, with the news that General Houston had been shot, in a personal rencontre, by the Speaker of the Texas House of Representatives—no hope entertained of his recovery. Houston was a member from St Augustine County.

FACTORY BURNED.—On Friday morning 17th between the hours of 5 and 6 o'clock, the Sattinet Factory situated in the village of Pascoag, Bureilville; R. I., was discovered to be on fire. The building and machinery, and the principal part of the stock were entirely destroyed. The building and machinery were owned by Messrs. O. & E. Eddy, who were insured at the Etna office, in Hartford, Conn. for \$5,000. Probable loss about \$8000. Mr. Dudley, (the occupant) has no insurance, loss \$1500.

ORIGINAL TALE.

For the American Masonic Register and Literary Companion.

THE HERETIC.

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 157.

The Lady Aurelia's heart was breaking, but she wept hot. She had told the Count she loved him not, still her actions belied her words. Her hand pillowed her brow, and she sat gazing on vacancy—time wore away, and she arose and was about leaving the room—when her foot struck something as she passed the place where the Count had been seated. Stooping down, she found a small book which she had often seen in his possession, but she had never known the title, being satisfied when he told her it was a precious gift from his mother on her death-bed, and he valued it for her sake.

The "noon of night" was approaching, but still the Lady Aurelia sat poring over a small volume. It was a copy of the Holy Scriptures. The duty of man so simply, yet beautifully told in the expressive sermon which Christ delivered on the Mount of Olives, had arrested her attention. A single lamp burned dimly by her side—slowly it diminishes, but she heeds it not; her lips half-parted, and her eyes intently fixed on the book, as though it was one deeply interesting. As the lamp wanes, she unconsciously draws closer to it, but lifts not her head—suddenly it expires, and darkness shrouds the chamber. She starts—places her hand upon her brow. "Can this be the book?" thought she "that I have been to taught to believe is such a sin to read? What religion would be corrupted by it? I surely cannot be doing wrong by obeying these precepts; here it speaks not of confessions to priests, and prayer to the Virgin, who was but a woman—but of deep heart-felt prayer and confession before the Maker of all." She arose, and bent her knees—no cross was pressed to her lips—no rosary told—but her hands were clasped, and her words were not those that had been oft repeated, but from the heart they came.

Many and deep were the struggles ere she could renounce the religion in which she had been nurtured; but they passed away, and a new light broke upon her as she prayed. The morning sun found her still kneeling. When she arose, a sweet calm filled her breast, and she felt happy; she thought not of the Count—but a reconciled Saviour stood before her.

The next evening the sisters were seated in a beautiful little arbor formed by jasmine and honeysuckles entwined together. Corolie had been for some time busily employed in wreathing a garland of white Provence huds, that she heeded not the employment of Aurelia, until wearied of her graceful task she languidly raised her dark eyes to her sister's face.

"Why Aurelia," exclaimed she, "what book is that you are so intently reading?" "ah I see! where did you find it? I have been rummaging in the library two hours for that book, and at last gave it up as a hopeless search.

"This book" dear sister inquired Aurelia with eagerness, while a joyful smile played around her placid lips "have you really been searching for this book—what do you think is the name of it?"

"Why do you look so earnestly upon me," said Corolie, "is there any thing so very strange in my wishing to find the Arabian Nights Entertainments—for that is the book you are reading, is it not?"

"No" said Aurelia and the bright flush of joy which had irradiated her face for a moment, was succeeded by a look of saddened disappointment, as she slowly raised the volume, holding the title page to her sister's face—one glance sufficed—Corolie shrieked, as she saw upon it in large characters, the "Holy Bible."

"O! Aurelia, where did you get that book" she exclaimed. "Do you not know the fearful consequences of reading it," and the young girl's lips were white as her brow as she spoke. "What will our father say—what will the Count—"

"Hush, Corolie, you need not speak of him."

"Well dear sister," continued the trembling girl, if you'll not allow me to speak of him, think of our fa-

ther, our only parent; think how he would rend those grey locks with anguish too deep for utterance, to see his darling child led to the stake, condemned to die a heretic. Dearest sister, "and the beautiful pleader fell on her knees with the excess of her emotion, give it to me, and let me burn it; or promise me you will never open it again."

"No, Corolie" answered Aurelia, striving to speak calmly. "I cannot promise you that, my conscience disapproves it, but dry those tears, and I'll promise one thing.—I will not open it again without my father's permission."

"Will you not, said Corolie," her beautiful eyes brightening as she spoke; "that is my own dear sister," and she wound her arms around Aurelia's neck, and imprinted a long kiss upon her cheek.

Corolie was satisfied with this, and well she might be, for she knew that when her father heard that Aurelia possessed a bible, he would forbid her ever reading it again, and her own inclinations were so entirely moulded to his will, that she had not a doubt but her sister would forget these sentiments, and all would yet be well. But Corolie had yet to learn the bold resolution of the heroic girl.

"Come Corolie," said Aurelia "tis time—high time we were returning, the sun has gone behind the distant hills and the ground is wet with dew."

And she placed her arm around her sister's waist, and thus they entered their father's splendid mansion.

"Good night sister," said Corolie as they parted for their respective chambers, "now remember your promise dearest—to-morrow morning."

"Yes" returned Aurelia and as the sister's kiss was given and a low good night repeated, Corolie marked the resolute expression of her face, but said nothing, thinking it was called there by the thought of the morrow's confession.

Words cannot portray the feelings of the Count when he left the lady Aurelia. All night he paced his chamber in an agony of thought beyond description. The morning dawned, but brought with it no consolation. Twice he had attempted with pen and paper in hand to bid farewell to the Count, and assign other reasons than the true one for leaving—but the pen dropped from his trembling fingers.—He could not dissemble—still he dared not tell the truth. Now he would determine to leave without bidding an adieu—but his name would be branded with cowardice. The day wore away, and the next night in gloomy reflections. At length he determined to gain an interview with the Lady Aurelia if possible—confess his deceit to the Count, and then leave them forever. No sooner was his determination taken than a servant entered and handed him a note. Instantly recognizing the hand of the Lady Aurelia he tore open the seal and read.—

Dearest Fredrico,

The little volume you accidentally dropped in the balcony has effected a great change in me. I have seen the errors of my faith and now kneel to the same altar with yourself. I have acknowledged it to my father who treated it at first as a mere freak of fancy and demanded the bible. On my refusal he became enraged—swore vengeance against you as the cause of my retaining it, and I have heard unknown to him that he is now preparing to send me to a convent. Sooner would I die—but my resolve is taken hasten and claim your own.

AURELIA.

Joy for the conversion of the Lady Aurelia, and indignation at the measures of her father, filled his breast and he sat for some time as one palsied. He then hastily arose, threw on his mantle, and mounting his fleet horse proceeded to the castle. All there was silent as the grave. A clock from a neighboring tower told the hour of midnight. With one bound he cleared the wall in the rear of the building, and cautiously entered a path in the garden. Suddenly he stopped—drew from his bosom the billet and by the light of the moon read it again. "She has told me not where to find her" he murmured, and I dare not enter the castle.—Something rustled among the bushes—he turned and clasped again to his heart the Lady Aurelia.

"We shall never again be separated by a cruel father. I shall return to Poland; but say, dearest," said he, smoothing back the locks that shaded her brow, "will I return alone."

She heeded not the latter part of his sentence, but said, while tears rolled down her cheeks.—

Call him not cruel, Fredrico, he is my father, and I have left him without even bidding him farewell; and dear Sister Corolie, I left her sleeping. As I entered her chamber—I kissed her cheek, and murmured a prayer over her young head; her lips moved and I heard her say, "father she will give you the book, send her not away—I could bear it no longer, but flew down the stair-case, not daring to trust a look behind, lest I should be tempted to remain."

"But," said Fredrico, "will you drag out a weary existence in a convent for the sake of remaining a few days at home, or will you renounce the religion which has brought with it the anger of a father, but at the same time an approving conscience."

"I cannot, I will not do either," cried she, "farewell still beloved though erring father—farewell dear sister, I leave thee perhaps forever." She turned, and gave one long lingering look at the castle, wherein she had spent many a happy hour; then took a massive key from beneath the folds of her dress, and handed it to the Count, who with it unlocked the gate of the garden. His steed stood pawing the ground, as though impatient for action. The lady had almost fainted from the excess of her emotions. Peloski wound a nervous arm around her waist and sprung upon the saddle; the graceful steed seemed scarcely to touch the ground, so rapid was his course.

Our tale has already reached its intended limits—and suffice it to say, they crossed the gulf of Venice in safety and in Austria were united by a Protestant minister, and then proceeded to Poland.

The feelings of the Count Flodoardo, when he knew of the flight of the lovers, may better be imagined than described; yet his anger was not unmixed with reproach against himself.

"Why did I not," said he, the feelings of a father rising in his breast, "endeavor by kind entreaties to draw her gently to the path of duty, instead of railing out against the Count as the instigator of it," then as though the thought of the Count fired him, clenching his hands—his brow darkening, "but he was a base designing villain, coming to me with his bland smile, while in his heart was black deceit; deceiving my darling daughter—my first born—the image of her departed mother," and the old man torn by conflicting emotions, buried his face in his hands, and wept like a child. At this moment Corolie entered—she too had heard the sad news, and her cheeks through which the warm blood had scarcely ever checked its flow, were now blanched, and her eyes had lost their wonted brilliancy with weeping; but when she saw the big tears roll down the cheeks of her aged father, she forgot her own grief, in sympathy for him.

The Count Flodoardo made no attempt to find out the retreat of his daughter and her lover. "It is useless," said he, to pursue them, for they have gone a long distance ere this, and doubtless the marriage vows have been taken: so that if we should overtake them and bring her back, she would perhaps pine away and die. "No, no, I will not molest them. But O! she is a Protestant—I can bear all but that."

Three years rolled by, and nothing was heard of the lovers. The Count had forbidden the name of Aurelia to be mentioned in his presence; endeavoring if it were possible to drive from his mind the painful truth that he had a daughter who had embraced the Protestant religion.

Corolie for the first few months was sad, but it gradually wore off, and her light buoyant spirits, as it were, bounded back almost to their former gaiety. The memory of Aurelia would sometimes come to her as a dream, which had commenced brightly but had suddenly changed and had ended with darkened shadows.

It was now about the year 1796 General Bonaparte, at the head of the republican troops of France, entered Italy. The Italian Imperialists flew to arms, but their resistance was of no avail. Of Bonaparte, as of the English Marlborough, it may be said that he chained victory to his chariot wheels.

The Count Flodoardo was too old to take any part in the war, and not wishing to remain where all was confusion and bloodshed proposed to his daughter a travelling tour through some of the

countries of Europe. Joyfully did Corolie hear of this proposition, and prepared to accompany her father.

In the year 1794, Poland overwhelmed by a foreign despotism, was blotted out from the numbers of European kindoms, and its territories were divided between Prussia, Austria and Russia, the three powers that had conspired and effected her ruin.

Peloski, had at the first of the conflict, moved his Countess to a beautiful country seat some miles from Warsaw, and then was obliged to leave her to aid in fighting the battles of his country. She was lonely, and mourned his absence, but he returned often to cheer her solitude.

When Poland was dismembered, the spirits of her noble, but unfortunate countrymen, were crushed.—Fredrico, and his brother Gustavus, returned to the seat of the Countess and there in rural retirement endeavored to forget his country's wrongs.

"Aurelia," said Gustavus one day entering the room where she was seated, I presume you have heard of the Italian who with his daughter was travelling thro' this part of the country."

The lady almost started from her seat, in her eagerness as she said.

An Italian did you say—no I had not—pray what of him?"

He was taken ill some months ago, and suddenly died, leaving his daughter alone, with the exception of a few servants, in a foreign land. She is very young—only eighteen—and the most beautiful creature that eyes ever rested upon. She has taken up her residence within a few miles of us. Her father's death appears to have affected her sadly; for her countenance, which before, had all the joyful brightness of a Hebe, has sadly changed, and she sobs and weeps hour after hour in a little summer house, which she fancies resembles one that she loved in her native land."

"Just the age of my sweet sister, if she be living" said the Countess, musingly. "Did you say eighteen and beautiful, would that I could see her. Think you not that my being a country-woman of hers would be sufficient apology for obtruding upon her hours of sorrow."

"I am sure of it sister," answered Gustavus; "she loves every thing Italian, even the flowers in her garden which bloom in Italy, are regarded by her with interest."

"Why then does she not return to her native country," asked the lady.

"She would rather remain than travel, so far without a protector," answered Gustavus.

"Poor soul! I would love her for the sake of my sweet sister."

"And you would love her for her own sake could you see her, said the youth."

"Doubtless I should; but Gustavus; you take quite an interest in the young stranger; have you seen her, or where did you obtain your information respecting her."

"Yes, Aurelia, I have seen her. The first time, was before her father died, when she was all life and gaiety. Last summer I attended a masquerade.—She was there leaning upon the arm of her parent, unmasked. It is needless to equivocate. I love her; our hearts beat in unison—she has promised to be mine—to-morrow I bring her home as a bride."

"But," said the Lady, I understand she is in such grief at the loss of her father. Will she consent to be married so soon after his death."

"You forget Aurelia, that she has no protector—her father has been dead these ten months, and during that time she has lived alone. Surely, under such circumstances, there can be no impropriety, for no pomp shall attend the nuptial ceremony."

The next evening the Count and Countess were sitting together, waiting anxiously for the return of Gustavus with his bride, when a train of carriages were seen approaching. They both went out to welcome the new comers. The foremost carriage stopped and the bride and bridegroom descended and walked up the avenue. Gustavus with an air of one who possessed a priceless gem, and was proud of displaying it lifted the long veil that fell to the feet of the lady who raised her eyes and Corolie fell in the arms of her sister.

ELORA.

MISCELLANY.

PRIDE MORTIFIED.

At a ball given in Pyrmont, a celebrated watering-place in Germany, the tutor of a young count, a Göttingen student, requested a young lady to dance with him. Just as the dance was about to commence, the lady inquired of him, "With whom have I the honour of dancing?" "I am the tutor of Count Von Z—," replied her partner. "And a commoner, I presume," she rejoined; to which he answered in the affirmative. "Oh, then," continued the lady, as she withdrew her hand from that of the tutor, "I beg you will excuse me, for mamma has forbidden me to dance with a commoner." This rebuff completely threw the modest preceptor out of countenance, for on the continent to be so deserted on the eve of a dance, is to lose caste for the rest of the night, if not longer. It is supposed to indicate the existence of some moral taint discovered by the person who quits the side of another, and which is exaggerated into something heinous by the company, particularly if they are utterly ignorant of what it is. The young man quitted the room, and sought the open air to breathe more freely and collect himself. His pupil followed him, and learned the cause of his distress.—"You shall soon have ample satisfaction for this mortification," said the generous count, and hastened back to the ball room, followed by his tutor. The moment was propitious. Preparations were going forwards for another waltz: the young count requested the rejector of his tutor to be his partner in the dance, and she eagerly accepted the proposal, no doubt greatly rejoicing at the immense stride which she had taken from ranking with the humble tutor, to pairing off with the wealthy noble. Just before the dance begun, he addressed to her the question which she herself had put, "With whom have I the honour of dancing?" "With Lady Von B—," she replied. "Oh, I beg your pardon," said the count, "but papa has forbidden me to dance with any but countesses," and instantly quitted her side. He had the satisfaction of hearing that his conduct was applauded by every sensible person in the room. Few will deny that it was a well, merited punishment.

HORBERG, THE CELEBRATED SWEDISH ARTIST.

Horberg was the son of a private soldier. At nine years of age he gained his living by tending sheep, but even at that age his taste for painting manifested itself in a remarkable manner. The vignettes which he had seen in old catechisms and almanacs were his earliest models. He imitated them from memory on the bark of birch trees. He also carved in wood all kinds of little figures, and ornamented his father's cottage with them. The only colours he possessed were ochre, chalk, and water, in which he steeped various earthen. By degrees, however, he improved these coarse materials, so as to form from them a tolerable set of crayons. If, fortunately, he obtained a sheet of paper, he attempted to colour his designs with the juice of wild plants. In the forest and in the fields, he sketched with charcoal on the trunks of green trees. At fourteen, he endeavored to obtain employment with a painter at Wexio, but his parents required his assistance, he was obliged to return, and resume the crook. The care of his flock did not prevent him from re-engaging in his old amusements, but one day, being too far advanced in the woods, a wolf devoured some of his sheep and not daring to re-appear before his master, he fled. After numerous obstacles, in 1763, he became the pupil of a painter of Gottenburg. Five years afterwards he began to be regularly occupied, married, and lived very comfortably. It was not until 1783 that he conceived the worthy design, in the execution of which he was assisted by some warm friends, of improving himself in his art at the Royal Academy at Stockholm. There, for the first time, he studied the great masters, and obtained several medals for his performances. In the exhibitions, his pictures were preferred to all others; his reputation rapidly increased, and orders poured upon him too thickly for execution. In 1790, he went and established himself at Olstrop, where he finished most of his church pictures. In 1797, he was elected a member of the Academy, and appointed

painter to the King. He died in 1816, aged 70, leaving behind him a great many pictures, chiefly of scriptural subjects, and innumerable designs. In private life, Horberg was the best of men. He was distinguished by good humour and sociability.

A LUDICROUS SCENE.

Lately occurred at the theatre in a neighbouring town. A countryman who had determined to indulge his curiosity, made "his first appearance" to witness a performance, which chanced to be the play of the *Iron Chest*. After the usual wonderings and exclamations of astonishment at the novelty of the scene, his amazement ultimately subsided so as to allow his comprehension of the first two or three scenes of the play. As the performance proceeded, however, it is known to most of our dramatic readers that *Orson* and the robbers quarrel about a division of booty. In the beginning of this scene, the honest, artless, and ingenious countryman, betrayed several strong symptoms of agitation and uneasiness, which apparently gradually gained ground upon him, until he could not control his awkward sensations any longer, when he suddenly rose and addressing the actors, to the astonishment of the whole house, burst forth into the following exclamation:—"I'll tell ye what, if you are agoing to quarrel among yourselves, give me my money again, and I'll go home, for you don't think I am going to be made a fool of!" This extraordinary speech, as may naturally be supposed, caused general mirth, while the unconscious cause of resibility gazed about him, still further amazed, wondering "what they could see to laugh at."—*Bos. Gaz.*

A DEXTEROUS KNAVE.

A Florentine notary, who had little employment, be-thought himself of the following expedient to raise money. Having called on a young man whose father was lately dead, he asked him whether he had received payment of a certain sum which his father had lent to another person who had also died shortly before.—The son told him that he had not found any such debt among his father's papers. "I drew the obligation with my own hands," said the notary, "and have it in possession; you have only to make me a reasonable allowance for it." The young man purchased the forged deed, and cited the son of the alleged debtor. The defendant maintained, that it appeared by his father's books that he had never borrowed a farthing, and immediately called on him to tax the notary with a forgery. "Young man," said the notary, "you were not born when the sum was borrowed; but your father paid it back at the end of six months, and I am in possession of the discharge. You have nothing to do but to make me a reasonable allowance for it." The young man did so, and thus the notary cheated both plaintiff and defendant.—*Lon. Paper.*

TRUE POLITENESS.

Politeness is a just medium between formality and rudeness; it is, in fact, good nature regulated by quick discernment, which proportions itself to every situation and every character; it is a restraint laid by reason and benevolence on every irregularity of temper, of appetite and passion. It accommodates itself to the frantic laws of custom and fashion, as long as they are not inconsistent with the higher obligations of virtue and religion.

To give efficacy and grace to politeness, it must be accompanied by some degree of taste as well as delicacy; and although its foundation must be rooted in the heart, it is not perfect without a knowledge of the world.

In society it is the happy medium which blends the most discordant natures; it imposes silence on the inquisitive, and inclines the most reserved to furnish their share of the conversation: it represses the despicable but common ambition of being the most eminent character in the scene; it increases the general degree of being mutually agreeable; takes off the offensive edge of railery, and gives delicacy to wit; it preserves subordination, reconciles ease with propriety; like other valuable qualities, its value is best estimated when it is absent.

No greatness can awe it into servility, no intimacy can sink it into a coarse familiarity; to superiors, it is respectful freedom; to inferiors, unassuming good nature, to equals, every thing that is charming; anticipating and attending to all things, yet at the same time apparently disengaged and careless.

Such is true politeness, by people of wrong heads and unworthy hearts disgraced in its two extremes; and by the generality of mankind confined within the narrow bounds of mere good breeding, which is only one branch of it.

AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER.

ALBANY, SATURDAY, JAN. 25, 1840.

THE GRAND CHAPTER of the State of New York, will convene at St. John's Hall, in this City, on the first Tuesday of February inst.

JOHN O. COLE, *Grand Sec'y.*

PHRENEOLOGY—MR. COMBE.—The lectures, by this gentleman, are probably the most popular of any that have for years been delivered in this city. His clear style, and unaffected manner, is fascinating in the extreme; and predicating, as he does, all his opinions in experience, he says nothing without carrying conviction with it. Before he finishes his course in Albany, we are not certain but that Phrenology will be thought as positive a science as mathematics. However, we could wish that the time allotted to each lecture, was an hour, instead of two: for, beside becoming tedious from its great length, a confusion is created in the minds of the audience, by his going over a large number of faculties in a short space of time. We hope the course may be repeated, and more at leisure. From the character of the audience he now has, we are certain a repetition would meet with entire success.

PAINTING.—Our suggestions, some time since, in relation to this delightful art, seem not to have been entirely thrown away. Within a few days we have been gratified by the sight of an admirable composed family group, belonging to Mr. Prentice of this city, and executed by F. Fiuk. This kind of composition possesses the double merit of preserving a family collection of likenesses, and to the gallery, an agreeable picture. In this picture, Mr. F., has evinced great skill in uniting the parts, a fine delicate perception of colors, beside having well sustained his former reputation for good drawing. We understand that several gentlemen of this city, have in contemplation the getting of similar groups, and we certainly think such a feeling alike creditable to the city and to the individuals who propose possessing them.

MUSEUM.—This is the only place of amusement now open in this city. The proprietor has effected an engagement with Miss Randolph, who is extraordinary in her line. An evening can be passed away very agreeably in the lecture room of this establishment.

THE CULTIVATOR.—We have received the first No. of this well conducted, and widely circulated Journal. It is published by Jesse Buel, & Co. proprietors, and edited by Willis Gaylord & Luther Tucker, Esqs. The Genesee Farmer, which was published by Mr. Tucker, in the western part of this State, has been united with the Cultivator. From the appearance of the present No. we have no doubt but that the Cultivator, will sustain the high reputation which it has obtained in the hand, under the management of its late talented and lamented editor.

WILLIAM TURRELL, captain of the Schooner Improvement, was the name of the unfeeling wretch, who was in sight of the burning Lexington, and who refused to allow his crew to go to their aid, *because he would lose a tide!* He deserves the highest seat in the Temple of Infamy.

FIRE.—The dwelling house of Mr. Nathan Rice, in Oakham, Mass was entirely consumed by fire on Thursday 16th. Not a single article of furniture was saved, and the family who were aroused by their neighbors, had barely time to escape. The night was very cold, the thermometer being several degrees below zero. Some of the inmates, without clothes and barefooted, were obliged to seek shelter at a neighbor's house, about a quarter of a mile distant.—Five hundred dollars insured—the loss is much greater.

The Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania at the annual meeting held on the 2d of December elected the following Grand Officers.

M. W. Samuel H. Perkins, G. M.
R. W. Joseph R. Chandler, D. G. M.
" Cornelius Stevenson, S. G. W.
" William Bayer, J. G. M.
" Robinson R. Moore, G. Treas.
" Michael Nisbet, G. Sec'y.

Alexander Diamond,
Samuel Worderly,
Thomas Biddle,
Bayse Newcomb,
Samuel Badger,

Trustees of the Gerard Bequest.

The New York Commercial Advertiser announces the death of Stephen Price, the distinguished Dramatic Manager who has been so long a Manager of London and New York Theatres. He died of quinzey at the Astor House. Mr. P. was an elder brother of William M. Price.

Br. L. G. Hoffman—

As you were kind enough to request an account of our proceedings on the 27th of December, the anniversary of Holy St. John, I will now give it you in as few words as I can. The Lodge met at 5 o'clock P. M. at their lodge room at Br. Joseph Blackburn's and proceeded to the installation. W. M. Ambrose Forman then installed the following Brethren for the ensuing year.—

Joseph Blackburn, W. M.
Thomas Welland, S. W.
John M. Goring, J. W.
Aaron M. Smith, S. D.
William Smith, J. D.
Robt. France, Treas.
Benj. Lawton, Sec'y.
Stringer White, }
Wm. Turner, } Stewards.
John Hart, Tyler.

After the business of the Lodge was over the brethren and a number of Friends from Po'keepsie, Fishkill, and other Places, sat down to a Splendid Supper, provided in B. Blackburn's best style. After the cloth was drawn, a variety of appropriate Songs and Toasts, were given, amongst the rest I must particularly mention Burn's farewell which was given with great effect; nor was Burn's request forgot.

"The night when yearly ye assemble, all &c."

The weather was very bad, a dreadful snow storm raging all the night, which prevented a number of Brethren and Friends, from being present on the occasion. The evening was spent in such a manner

as will long be remembered with pleasure by all those present.

I must not forget to mention your Masonic Register; and I feel proud to inform you that I believe it has been the cause of several applications for the Honors of Masonry. It has already done much to disabuse men's minds of the prejudices they had imbibed, and I shall feel as much pleasures in forwarding a new list of subscribers for it, as you will have in receiving them." [We shall certainly have no objection.]

INTELLIGENCE.

MAINE BOUNDARY.—This question was brought before the Senate on the 17th inst., on a resolution introduced by Mr. Williams, calling for certain correspondence between our own Government and that of Great Britain. The resolution, with an amendment respecting the British troops now in possession of the disputed territory, was passed after debate. We have only room for the remarks of Mr. Buchanan and Mr. Davis, as we find them in the N. Y. Times.

Mr. Buchanan, who is chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations, said he had no objection to the passage of the amendment if it was pressed. But he thought it implied some censure on the President; and he therefore would prefer that the mover would withdraw it. The President had already stated in his annual Message that he had done nothing; that no case had arisen which made it proper for him to use the means which had been entrusted to him: Every senator, he added, must know what answer the President would give. It could be nothing more than what he had already said.

With regard to the general question, Mr. Buchanan said he was apprehensive of having serious difficulties with Great Britain before this controversy is ended. He had, however, entire confidence in the energy and prudence of the President. The question, he added was a crisis at the opening of the present Congress. The President had not thought it prudent to communicate all the circumstance of the case, and, for his part he would have been better pleased, if the President had been trusted with the entire conduct of the negotiation, without being called upon to produce papers at this stage of the business.

Mr. Davis contended that the object of the call was a most proper one. In the Senate there was an entire unanimity of opinion in favor of maintaining the rights of Maine. He agreed with the President that the question had been too long delayed, and ought to be settled. He referred to the agreement which had been entered into, through the mediation of General Scott, that neither Great Britain nor the United States should take possession of the disputed territory.

The correspondence between the Governor of Maine and the Governor of Nova Scotia, now given to the public, shows that the territory is occupied by British troops; and the governor of Nova Scotia admits that the occupancy is in direct violation of the agreement, and explains that it is not under his authority, but under some higher authority.

Mr. Davis said that under these circumstances he could not sit still, he could not fail to raise his voice of inquiry at least, as to what had been done for the honor of the country. It ought to be made manifest to the world that this Senate is awake and vigilant on this subject, and is determined to maintain the rights of Maine.

The following paragraph is taken from the Montreal Herald. We give it for what it is worth, only remarking by the way that it would be very strange if the report of Messrs. Featherstonhaugh and Mudge were not in favor of the British claim. As for the United States she will never consent to yield the territory in dispute.

In the Quebec Mercury of Thursday last we find the following memorandum issued by His Excellency Sir John Harvey, the Lieutenant Governor of the Province of New Brunswick. We do not know the motives which have induced his excellency to issue it, but it

may possibly be in consequence of information he has received from the Imperial Government, that, in the event of Messrs Fatherstonhaugh and Mudge's report of their survey of the disputed territory agreeing with the position already maintained by Great Britain, the whole energies of the empire will be called into action to enforce our possession of it, even at the cost of a war with the United States. Although these gentlemen have not allowed the particulars of their report to transpire, it is more than probable that its details are in the possession of Sir John Harvey, and that they are in our favor. In case of a general war, the recommendations of Sir John are extremely judicious, and we understand they were acted upon with the most beneficial results during the war of 1812 and the subsequent years:

MEMORANDUM.

I am desirous of impressing upon the inhabitants of the frontier districts of this Province, that in the event of hostilities with the United States, the most prudent course to be pursued (on either side, for the measure to be effectual must be reciprocal) would, in my opinion, be that of a strict neutrality. Let the Borderers remember that as connected with the war, if we should unhappily be compelled to engage in one, no national object can possibly be advanced by any display on the part of hostile feelings towards each other—they might, it is true, mutually subject each other to constant alarms, great calamities, suffering and distress—but their utmost efforts must be as a drop of water in the determination of the great national questions at issue, which must be decided elsewhere by the naval and military resources of the great powers engaged in the conflict.—And let the inhabitants of this Province repose with confidence upon the protection of the parent State, which is alike able and willing to throw her powerful shield over all who have a just claim to her protection and defence.

AMISTED TIAL.—TERMINATION.

From the New York Express.

Having just returned from New Haven, where, on behalf of the Committee acting for the captured Africans, I have been attending the District Court, I hand you an Extra of the New Haven Palladium containing the opinion of the Judge, of which the following is an abstract. The opinion is not very accurately printed, owing to its being done in haste, and in the night.—On Wednesday the Judge read an elaborate opinion, in which he decided;

1. That the District Court of Connecticut has jurisdiction, the schooner having been taken possession of in a legal sense on the "high seas."
2. That the libel of Thomas R. Gedney and others is properly filed in the District Court of Connecticut.
3. That the seizers are entitled to salvage, and an appraisement will be ordered, and one third of that amount and cost will be decreed just and reasonable.
4. That Greer and Fordham of Sag-Harbor, who claim to have taken original possession of vessel and cargo, cannot sustain their claim; and therefore their libels be dismissed.
5. That Ruez and Montez, through the Spanish Minister, have established no title to the Africans, as they are undoubtedly Bozal negroes, or negroes recently imported from Africa, in violation of the Laws of Spain.
6. That the demand of restitution, to have the question tried in Cuba, made by the Spanish Minister cannot be complied with, as by their own laws, it is certain they cannot enslave these Africans, and therefore cannot properly demand them for trial.
7. That Antoine, being a Creole, and legally a slave, and expressing a strong wish to be returned to Havana, a resolution will be decreed under the treaty of 1795.
8. That these Africans be delivered to the President of the United States, under the 2d sect. of the Act of March 3, 1839, and the 1st sect. of the laws of 1818, still in force, to be transported to Africa, there to be delivered to the agents appointed to receive and conduct them home.

The Court stands adjourned to meet at Hartford on the 23d instant, and meantime the decree will not be entered, to give an opportunity to the parties to appeal, if they see fit.

Respectfully, yours,

LEWIS TAPPAN.

[The opinion of Judge Judson in the Evening Palladium, fills nearly eight closely printed columns, the substance of which seems to be embodied in the abstract given above.]

ANNUAL AGRICULTURAL MEETINGS.—The New York State Agricultural Society, and the New-York State Agricultural Convention, are both to meet in Albany on the First Tuesday of February, 1840. The members and delegates are requested to meet at the City Hotel, at 11 o'clock, A. M., from which they will adjourn to a place which will be provided for the public meetings.

Editors throughout the state are requested to copy the above.

In connection with this notice, we are requested to remind the members of the different committees that were appointed last winter to report on the particular subjects assigned them, that much of the interest of the ensuing meetings will depend upon the fulfilment of their duties, and it is confidently expected that that there will be no disappointment in this respect. It is to be hoped, also, that the friends of agricultural improvement in the different counties will take measures to be represented in the Convention.—*Cultivator.*

ATTEMPTED SUICIDE AND MURDER.—Last night, about half past 7 o'clock, a man at No 124 Nassau street, who had but just taken his board there, attempted to cut his throat with a clasp knife, and on his wife interfering to prevent his purpose, he stabbed her in the breast. The man is apparently deranged, for no just cause can be assigned for the act. It seems an observation was made by some of the other boarders that some things belonging to them had better be removed from the room where he was to sleep.—On this he started up exclaiming "I'm suspected, am I? I'd better cut my throat," so saying, he drew his knife and inflicted a wound on his throat. His wife instantly sprang towards him, when he warded her off and stabbed as we have above said. The maniac was secured and taken to the watch house. His wound is not dangerous.—*N. Y. Gazette.*

Some six weeks since, we stated that Sergeant Young, of the Marine Corps, who had been many years stationed at Bedlow's Island had suddenly disappeared, and that it was supposed either he had been murdered, or wandered away under some aberration of intellect. The latter appears to have been the case, as letters have just been received from him, dated Cincinnati, where it would seem he first awoke to consciousness of his identity. He is now on his way to this city and on his arrival the causes of his absence will of course undergo investigation. There is no reason, however, to suppose that it proceeded from any improper motive, as he left some money at home belonging to himself, and a larger amount belonging to the government, with all his accounts regularly made up, and found correct.—*Courier.*

INCENDIARIES.—On Monday evening, the 6th inst., the Hay Press, containing a quantity of hay, of Abraham I. Hardick, one mile north of this city, was burnt to ashes, and about three hours afterwards, the Barn and outhouses of his brother Cornelius Hardick, about three miles distant, were set fire to and consumed, together with a quantity of hay, three Horses, an Ox and two or three young cattle. No doubt is entertained, we believe, that both these fires were kindled by an incendiary. Five hundred dollars reward, is offered by Cornelius Hardick, for the discovery of the guilty person or persons.—*Hudson Republican.*

NARROW ESCAPE.—During the alarm of fire, last evening, a female, who had retired to rest, and who had been some hours asleep, awoke alarmed by the noise in the vicinity of her residence, at the Boylston House and attempted to throw herself from a window of her chamber, in the third story. Fortunately, her night-robe was caught by some obstruction, and her fall was prevented, although she had thrown herself so far out as to be unable to return without assistance, which her shrieks soon called, and she was safely—although somewhat lacerated by a broken pane of glass restored to her bed, and to her senses, which had deserted her in a moment of fright, on being roused, by the

alarm of fireman, from sound slumber.—*Boston Transcript.*

DEATH OF A RIOTER.—We have received information from several different sources, of the death of another of the rioters who was concerned with Armstrong in the unprovoked attack on Mager's house on New Year's eve. He was badly wounded at the time, and lingered until a few days since, when he died. The name of the dead rioter is carefully withheld, on account of the alleged respectability of some of his friends. The wounds of the survivors, we understood, are all nearly healed. One of them, however, has been absent from the city, or carefully concealed for ten days past. The names of a number of the most active are known at the police.—*N. Y. Sun.*

The Haverhill Whig mentions the death in the jail of that town of Mr. Ebenezer Eaton, at the age of sixty-five, a soldier of the last war, and who received a pension of \$48 a year. He was confined for debt, and after having taken the benefit of the act for the relief of poor debtors, was retained as security for the payment of his board-bill. This debt he could not pay, and we suppose his merciless incarcerator told him if he would pay the debt of nature he would 'square up' with him. This he did, and has now a full and honorable discharge.—*Claremont (N.H.) Eagle.*

We learn there are several hundred Indians, mostly Winnebagoes, now encamped in the woods bordering on the St. Clair River. It is supposed they intend to pass into Canada, as their leaders are in treaty with the authorities on the other side. They prefer her Majesty's dominions to a western emigration.—*Detroit Adv.*

SUPPOSED SHIPWRECK.—The Schooner Victor was last seen on Lake Erie, in the latter part of Nov., bound for Buffalo. Her cargo consisted of about four thousand bushels of Wheat, shipped from Michigan City, Ind., and Chicago, Ill., belonging to the Hon. Thos. Kempshall of Rochester, N. Y. Said Vessel is supposed to be lost, and all hands on board perished.—*Detroit Adv.*

FIRE AT FULTON.—On the morning of the 3d inst., the extensive Tannery, the property of Messrs. Wilder Falley & Co. together with a large quantity of leather and hides, was destroyed by fire. The loss estimated at \$8000—insurance \$4000. By the exertions of the firemen we learn that the books and a large amount of property was saved.—*Oswego Pallad.*

THE LEAD REGION.—The Rev. D. P. OWEN returned with his party to New Harmony, (la.) recently, having been out hunting lead nearly two months. It appears that they have succeeded in making sixteen new discoveries of lead, where no diggings have heretofore been attempted—some of them exceedingly rich and pure.

NELSON COTHRAN, convicted of burning the Rail Road Bridge across the river Rouge, has been sentenced to ten years imprisonment in the State Penitentiary.

MARRIED.

Last evening, by the Rev. Dr. Wyckoff, William Updyke, Jr, to Mary F. Lisher, all of this city.

Yesterday morning, by the Rev. Dr. Wyckoff, Daniel B. Fenn, of Stockbridge, Mass to Georgiana, daughter of the late George Metcalf, Esq. of Staten Island.

DIED.

At Athens, Green county, on the 19th inst. Mr. Thomas Spencer, aged 88 years. Mr. Spencer was for many years a merchant in extensive business operations in this city, and was well known and much respected by many of its old inhabitants.

In New-York, on the 18th inst. Mrs. Elizabeth Mulligan, wife of John W Mulligan, Esq. aged 63 years.

On the 4th inst. at Quincy, Florida, Prof. Edward Savage, of Union College, Schenectady, aged 26 years.

POETRY.

For the American Masonic Register and Literary Companion.

THE PORTRAIT.

Little Know
The cold unfeeling world how strong the love
The first warm love of youth; how long it bears
Absence, and still looks calm.—
Percival.

Supported by the easel there
The pictured life of beauty bright—
The brow—its gentle glow of care,
The form, the grace, and dark brown hair,
Soft mingle as the stars and night,
And one deep glance so glads the sight,
I turn, with thought entranced, to know
If not of such is bliss below.

Yet not the form dwelt on by me,
Nor e'en the eye, so softly set,
But something like to minstrelsy,
Which few can sing and none forget—
That gem bright radiance of the soul,
Whose smile can win, whose look control.

Why lingers there, with gaze intent,
One sad, and pale, and motionless,
As with his very life were blent
That look, that form, and every tress—
He seems to envy light and air
The privilege of passing there,
As though the Canvass could reveal
The lips to move and heart to feel?

Anon, as Memory's viewless flame,
Sweeps thrilling through his heart and frame,
And heaves his breast, as heaves the sea,
Long prisoned thoughts, which may not rest
Within the care-worn sufferer's breast,
In low-breath'd words find liberty.

"Sweet art divine! Thy tints give back
Her look as some neglected treasure,
And carry through my pulses track
A gush of warm and living pleasure.

"How swift upon the wings of thought
Return bright years of deep devotion,
When hope's fair brow, with love inwrought,
Blush'd many a light and sweet emotion!

"But I awake to find no more
The smiles of hope around my pillow—
When list'ning for the voice of yore
I'm borne where mourns the waving willow.

"And here's a tear, and here's a sigh,
That death should press her cheek of roses,
And never sorrow's plant can die,
Its root deep in my heart reposes.

"But yet I am not lonely all,
For mem'ry tells a moving story,
And thou dost many a grace recall,
And lip, and eye, and smile restore me.

"Ay! now those features mild express,
A feeling warm, and deep, and tender,
To half remove my dark distress,
And half revive hope's wonted splendor.

"Still smile, oh smile, while I forget
The worms that mid the leaves are stealing,
The hopes that mid the ruin set
Of many a pure and cherished feeling!

"I may nor can look death upon,
As stifling thoughts of those that sever,
But as a cloud before the sun,
Which soon shall fade, and fade forever.

"And, emblem of my guiding star,
When earth before my view is vanishing,
I'd bear thy sad, sweet smile afar—
So much of joy, so much complaining,

"A joy that hearts can meet again,
A grief that shall no longer weary,
A soothing flow of bliss and pain,
To thrill this bosom cold and dreary!"

Albany, Jan. 1840.

ALT.

CHARITY.

BY DOCTOR COSTILL.

Give to him that asketh thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away.—Matt. v. 4.

O stay not thy hand when the winter winds rude,
Blow cold through the dwelling of want and despair.
To ask if misfortune has come to the good,
Or if folly has wrought the wreck that is there.

When the heart stricken wanderer asks thee for bread
In suffering he bows to necessity's laws;
When the wife mourns in sadness the children unfed,
The cup must be bitter—oh ask not the cause.

When the Saviour of men raised his finger to heal,
Did he ask if the sufferer were Gentile or Jew?
When the thousands were fed with the bountiful meal,
Did he give it alone to the faithful and few?

Oh, scan not too closely the frailty of those,
Whose bosoms may bleed on a cold winter's day;
But give to the friendless who tell thee his woes,
And from him that would borrow, oh! turn not away.

TIME.

Time hath a wonder working power,
And changes all beneath the sun,
Vicissitudes through every hour,
Through every moment run;
Nor fame, nor wealth, nor pride, nor force,
Can change, arrest, or speed its course.

Time o'er the infant that appears,
In babyhood so sweet to-day,
Shall bring and leave a weight of years,
And bear that weight away:
Leaving no traces on the scene,
Or only this that he has been.

Time shall impress oblivion's seal,
On many records of the brave;
And time hath mysteries to reveal,
Like secrets from the grave;
When men and ages yet unborn,
Antiquity's dark path have worn.

Time will the truest friendship prove;
Changes, confirm, or mark the fall,
Time is the genuine test of love
That knows no change at all;
But friendship, generous, pure sublime,
And love, true love, improves with Time.

Time wings the seasons in their flight;
Measurers e'en from Creation's birth;
But life and death, and day and night,
And all things upon earth,
Sun, moon, and stars, are set to be,
Time's way mark through eternity.

Time brings the increase of the world,
Fills up each chasm made by death;
And while from life are millions hurled,
Gives other millions breath;
Kindles aspiring manhood's fires,
And quells the vigor of its sires.

Time through the gayest breast may fling,
A poisoned, barbed, unerring dart;
Time may extract affliction's sting,
E'en from the saddest heart;
Pour balm into its wounds at length,
And clothe the spirit with new strength.

Time will impair the youth if young,
If old; will soon the age decay;
On Time, all hopes, all fears are hung,
O, then be wise to-day:
For Time, which changed all things before,
Thy state shall fix to change no more.

THE DYING MOTHER.

—She made a sign
To bring her babe—'twas brought, and by her placed;
She looked upon its face, that neither smiled
Nor wept, nor knew who gazed upon't, and laid

Her hand upon its little breast, and sought
For it with look that seemed to penetrate
The heaven—unutterable blessings, such
As God to dying parents only granted,
For infants left behind them in the world.
"God keep my child!" we heard her say, and heard
No more—the Angel of the Covenant
Was come, and, faithful to his promise, stood
Prepared to walk with her through death's dark vale.
And now her eyes grew bright, and brighter still,
Too bright for ours to look upon, suffused
With many tears;—and, closed without a cloud.
They set as sets the morning star, which goes
Not down behind the darkened west, nor hides
Obscured among the tempests of the sky,
But melts away into the light of heaven.

POEM.

BY SIR WILLIAM JONES.

What power beyond all powers elate,
Sustains this universal flame!
'Tis not nature, 'tis not fate,
'Tis not the dance of atoms blind,
Etherial space, or subtle flame!
No—'tis one vast *Eternal Mind*,
Too sacred for an eternal name,
He forms, pervades, directs the whole;
Not like the microcosm's imag'd soul,
But provident of endless good,
But ways not seen nor understood,
Which even his angels vainly might explore,
High their highest thoughts above,
Truth—Wisdom—Justice—Mercy—Love,
Wrought in his heavenly essence, blaze and soar,
Wrapt in contemplation meek,
Him fear—Him trust—Him venerate—Him adore.

CALENDAR OF COMMUNICATIONS.

EACH MONTH.

Temple Encampment	Albany	2d & 4th Tuesday
Temple R. A. Chapter	Albany	1st & 3d Thursday
Mount Vernon Lodge	Albany	1st & 3d Tuesday
Temple Lodge	Albany	2d & 4th Tuesday
Apollo Lodge	Troy	3d Monday
Apollo Chapter	Troy	1st & 3d Tuesday
Apollo Encampment	Lansingburgh	1st Wednesday p. m.
Phoenix Lodge	Bethany Gr.	
Olive Branch	Lockport N.Y.	
Genesee Encampment		

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The following Brethren have kindly offered to act as Agents for the American Masonic Register. They are duly authorised to receive subscriptions and monies on its account.

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AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER

AND LITERARY COMPANION.

BY L. G. HOFFMAN.]

ALBANY, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY, 1, 1840.

[VOL. I.—NO. 22.]

MASONIC.

—Semita certe,
Tranquilla per virtutem patet unica vitæ.—Juv. Sat
THE HISTORY OF FREEMASONRY,

DRAWN FROM AUTHENTIC SOURCES OF INFORMATION.

No. XI.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 161.]

It was about this time according to Dr Robinson that Freemasonry was introduced among the continental kingdoms. After James II. of England had abdicated the throne, and taken refuge in France with several of his adherents, it is probable that they would communicate additional spirit to the French lodges; but that the English refugees were the first who exported Masonry from Britain, or that they employed it for re-establishing the Stuart family on the English throne, it is impossible to prove. Such assertions, Dr. Robinson has not only hazarded, but has employed them also as the foundation of defamatory conclusions without adducing a single proof in their support. Notwithstanding the difficulty, however, of determining the precise period when the principles of Freemasonry were imported into France, it is manifest, from the universal consent of the continental lodges, that it was of British origin; and it is more than probable, that the French received it from Scotland about the middle of the sixteenth century, during the minority of Queen Mary. It is well known, that there was at that time a freer intercourse between Scotland and France than at any other period. Mary Queen of Scots was then married to the heir-apparent of France; and Mary of Guise, sister to the French King, was at the same time regent of Scotland. In consequence of this intimate connection between the two kingdoms, French troops were sent to the assistance of the Scots, who, having resided many years in the kingdom, and being habituated to the manners and customs of their allies, would naturally carry along with them into their native country, those customs which afforded them pleasure; and none we know could be more congenial to the taste and dispositions of Frenchmen, than the ceremonial observances of Freemasonry. But it is not upon these considerations merely that our opinion depends. It receives ample confirmation from a fact, of which Dr. Robinson seems to have been totally ignorant. In the year 1645, a particular jurisdiction for Masons, called *Maçonnerie* or *Masonrie*, was established in France. All differences which related to the art of building, were decided by particular judges who were called *Overseers of the Art of Masonry*; and several counselors were appointed for pleading the causes, which were referred to their decision^(a). This institution has such a striking resemblance to the warden courts which existed in Scotland in the sixteenth century, that it must have derived its origin from these. In both of them, those causes only were decided which

related to Masonry, and overseers were chosen in both for bringing these causes to a decision. But as tribunals were held in no other part of the world, and as the warden courts were first established in Scotland, it is almost certain, that the French borrowed from the Scots the idea of their Masonic tribunal, as well as Freemasonry itself, at that particular period when there was such a free communication between the two kingdoms. That the French received Freemasonry from Scotland may be presumed from the singular pre-eminence which was always given by foreigners to Scottish Masonry, and from the degree of *Chevalier Mugon Ecossois*, which as a mark of respect to Scotland, the French had added to the three symbolic degrees of masonry, about the beginning of the eighteenth century. Had Freemasonry not been introduced into France till after the revolution in 1688, as Dr. Robinson affirms, it is wonderful how such a fact should have been so soon forgotten; for it was unknown about thirty or forty years afterwards, at what period the French received it from Britain; and if the exiled family had employed Freemasonry for overturning the Hanoverian succession, it is still more strange that such a circumstance should be unknown in a country, where concealment was certainly unnecessary. When any new custom is introduced into a nation, the time of its introduction may be remembered for seventy or eighty years by one individual, without being committed to writing; and, though it be not of sufficient importance, tradition will preserve it from oblivion for a much greater length of time. If Freemasonry, therefore, never existed in France till after the revolution in 1688, it is not absurd to suppose, that the period when such a singular institution was established, should be utterly forgotten at the distance of thirty or forty years from its establishment, though during that time, it was never persecuted by the French Government.

But at whatever period, and from whatever source Freemasonry was introduced into France, it assumed there a very remarkable form. The attachment of that to invocation and external fiery, produced the most unwarrantable alterations upon the principles and ceremonies of the order. A number of new degrees were created; the office-bearers of the craft were arrayed in the most splendid and costly attire; and the lodges were transformed into lecturing rooms, where the wiser brethren sported the most extravagant opinions, discussed the abstrusest questions in theology and political economy, and broached opinions which were certainly hostile to true religion and sound government. In the other countries of the continent, similar invocations, in a greater or less degree, prevailed, while the British lodges preserved the principles of the craft in their primitive simplicity and excellence. Such dangerous innovations have not the smallest connection with the principles of Freemasonry. They are unnatural excrescence formed by a warm imagination, and fostered by the interference of designing men. Those who reprehend Freemasonry therefore, for the changes which it underwent in the hands of foreigners may throw equal blame upon religion, because it has been a cloak for licentiousness and hypocrisy; or upon science, because it has been converted into an instrument of iniquity. The changes of which we have been treating, arose altogether from the political condition of the countries where they were made. In France, and the other kingdoms of Europe, where popery was the ecclesiastical establishment, or where absolute power was in the hands of their monarchs, the most slavish

constraint was imposed upon the conduct, and conversation of the people. None durst utter his own sentiments, or converse upon such metaphysical subjects as militated against the theology and politics of the times. Under such restraints, speculative men, in particular, were highly dissatisfied. Those powers which heaven had bestowed, and on the exercise of which their happiness depended, were fettered by human laws; and that liberty of speech restrained, which tyranny had no right to controul. For these reasons the lodges were frequented by men of philosophical habits, eagerly embraced an opportunity of declaring their sentiments, and discussing the favorite objects of their study, without dreading the threats of government, or the tortures of the Inquisition. In this view the lodges may be compared to republics, enjoying the rational liberties of human nature, in the midst of an extensive empire, enslaved despotism and superstition. In the course of time, however, that liberty was abused, and doctrines were propagated in the French and German lodges, which it is the duty and policy of every government to discover and suppress. But these corruptions had not, by any means, a necessary connection with Freemasonry. They arose wholly from the political condition of the continental kingdom. In Britain where the order subsisted much longer than in any other country, its history is stained by no glaring corruptions, or offensive innovations; more attention was paid to the intrinsic value of the order, than to its external observances; and the British lodges had a greater resemblance to charitable meetings, than to pompous and splendid assemblies. Blessed with a free constitution, and allowed every innocent liberty of our nature, we can divulge our sentiments with the greatest freedom, we can mark even the errors of administration without any to make us afraid. In such circumstances, Britons are under no temptation to introduce into the lodges religious and political discussions. The liberty of the press enables them to give the widest circulation to their opinions, however new and extravagant; and they are liable to no punishment by publicly attacking the established religion of their country. The British lodges, therefore, have retained their primitive purity; they have been employed in no sinister cause; they have harboured in their bosom neither traitors, nor atheists, nor French philosophers.

While the French were busily engaged in the decoration of their lodges, and in the invention of new degrees and trifling ceremonies, the masons in England were more wisely employed in extending the boundaries of the royal art. About the beginning of the eighteenth century, during the reign of the Queen Anne, Freemasonry seems to have rapidly declined in the south of England; four lodges only existed in the south and few hopes could be entertained of a revival, while the seat of the grand lodge was at such a distance as the city of York. In such circumstances, the four lodges met in 1717, and, in order to give vigor to their declining cause, and advance the interests of the fraternity in the south, they elected themselves into a Grand Lodge, and chose Anthony Sayer, esq. for their first Grand Master. Thus was instituted the Grand Lodge of England, which has now attained to such a pitch of prosperity and splendor. The motive which suggested this institution, was certainly laudible and useful; but every person must be aware, that the four lodges were guilty of a considerable impropriety in omitting to request the countenance of the Grand Lodge

(a) *Maçonnerie* est aussi le nom d'une juridiction particulière pour les Maçons: Elle se tient au palais à Paris, et les appellations sont portées au parlement: cette juridiction a été établie en 1645. Ceux qui l'exercent sont appelés *Genéraux des Ouvriers de Maçonnerie de France*. Ils connaissent de différends entre les ouvriers concernant le fait des patiments. La *Maçonnerie* a des procureurs particuliers, déferens de ceux du parlement, qui cependant peuvent y plaider. Dictionnaire de Trevoux, vol. 5. p. 23.

of York. Notwithstanding this negligence, the greatest harmony subsisted between the two Grand Lodges till 1734; and under the auspices of both, the order flourished in every part of the kingdom, but particularly in the South of England, where it had formerly been in such a languishing condition. In the year 1734, however, the Grand Lodge of England having granted constitutions to lodges within the district of York, without the consent of their Grand Lodge, incurred to such a degree the displeasure of the York Masons, that the friendly intercourse which had formerly subsisted between them, was completely broken off, and the prosperity of the one was always viewed by the other with a suspicious eye. In 1739, also, some trifling innovations upon the ancient customs of the order, having been imprudently sanctioned by the Grand Lodge of England, several of the old London Masons were highly offended, and, after seceding from the Grand Lodge, and pretending to act under the York constitution, they gave themselves the appellation of Ancient Masons, while they attached to those connected with the Grand Lodge the odious appellation of Moderns, who, in their opinion, never existed till the year 1717. The ancient masons, after their secession, continued to hold their meetings without acknowledging a superior, till the year 1772, when they chose, for their Grand Master, the Duke of Athol who was then Grand Master Elect for Scotland. Since that period, both the Grand Lodges of England have attained to a high degree of prosperity; but such is their mutual antipathy, that the members of the one have no correspondence or communion with those of the other. The Irish and Scottish Masons, however, who seem rather to favor the Ancients, hold communion with both the Grand Lodges; and are allowed to be present at all their meetings. It is much to be regretted, that such respectable bodies as the two Grand Lodges of England, should retard the progress of Masonry by their mutual jealousies and dissensions.—Schisms in societies generally arise from misconduct on both sides, which was the case in the schism under consideration. The Moderns undoubtedly departed from their usual caution and propriety of conduct, by authorising the slightest innovations upon the ceremonies of an ancient institution. But the Ancients have been guilty of a greater impropriety by being the active promoters of the schism, and still more, by holding up the Moderns to the ridicule of the public. If these errors, however, were mutually acknowledged and buried in oblivion, that breach would soon be repaired which has so long separated the two lodges and which the Scottish and Irish Masons have always regarded with pity and indignation (b).

After the institution of the Grand Lodge of England in 1717, Freemasonry assumed a bolder and a more independent aspect. It was no longer confined to the British Isles, or to the capital of France, but was destined to irradiate every portion of the globe; and, while the Grand Lodges of Scotland and England contemplated with pleasure the propagation of the royal art their diligence was fully rewarded by the gratitude and liberality of the foreign lodges for the gift which they received.

In the year 1729, Freemasonry was introduced into the East Indies; and, in a short time after, a provincial Grand Master was appointed to superintend the lodges in that quarter. In 1730, the Grand Lodge of Ireland was instituted, lodges were erected in different parts of America; and a provincial deputation granted to Monsieur Thuanus, for the circle of Lower Saxony. A patent was sent from England in 1731, to erect a lodge at the Hague, in which Francis Stephen, Duke of Lorraine, and afterwards Emperor of Germany, was initiated into the order; and provincial Grand Masters appointed for Russia, and Andalusia, in Spain. In 1736, lodges were erected at Cape Coast, in Africa, and at Geneva; and provincial deputations were granted in Upper Saxony and the American Island. In 1738, a lodge was instituted at Brunswick, under the patron-

age of the Grand Lodge of Scotland, in which the late, King of Prussia was initiated, when Prince Royal.—His Majesty was so pleased with the maxims and ceremonies of the order, that he ever afterwards, its most zealous partizan, and requested even that a lodge should be established in the capital of his own dominions. In this lodge many of the German Princes were initiated who afterwards filled the office, of Grand Master, with much honor to themselves, and advantage to the fraternity.

[To be continued.]

THE NATURALIST.

CAUSE OF THE SOUND PRODUCED BY INSECTS IN FLYING.

It is an opinion generally entertained not only by common people but by natural philosophers, that the noise produced by insects such as the gadfly and bee during their flight, arises from the vibration or rapid motion of their wings. Such a supposition is extremely plausible at first sight. We see the animal moving through the air; we also know that it is natural for the body rapidly vibrating in the atmosphere to cause a sound. We put all these facts together and we conclude that the phenomenon is explained when we attribute the sound to the rapid waving of the wings. But like many other hypotheses which owe their origin to the evidence of the senses alone, this appears to be erroneous. Dr. Hermann Burmeister, of the University of Berlin, an entomologist of great distinction, has investigated the subject with much ingenuity, and arrived at a very different result from the common belief. His remarks have appeared in a German journal of science, and have attracted attention in France and England, as well as in his own country. We shall present a brief outline of this researches. They are not only interesting in themselves, but afford a good example of the manner in which scientific investigations ought to be pursued. "I soon found," says he, that the wings have no part in the formation of the sound, for the hum of the insect continues even when its wings are entirely cut away. I perceived, however, a different *pitch* of the sound and remarked that the more of the wing that was taken away the higher this became." He ascertained that the sound which the insect emits is susceptible of considerable variations. "It may be that it maintains an equality of pitch and strength during uniform motion of the wings, for so in fact it appears but every change in the velocity of the flight, every disturbance of the ordinary motion generally causes also an alteration in the tone. An idea of the origin of the tone is, however, only to be obtained when the insects is held by the legs, and excited by pressure or other means to go through all its motions of the wings, and thus to produce a sound." The professor found in this manner that the tone of the common gad fly varied from E to B flat (bas clef), as the effort to extricate itself from his hands was put forth with greater or less energy. Such a difference might be explained, it is true, upon the supposition that the agitation of the wing produces the tone by the varying rapidity with which the vibrations are made; but this explanation is untenable, as the phenomenon continues when the wings are entirely cut away; an operation which produces only a variation of the tone, but does not render its formation impossible.

The doctor then elaborately anatomises that part of the insect which is necessarily employed in producing the sound, and illustrates the whole by a plate and numerous drawings. From his inquiries we learn that that part of the insect by which alone the sound is produced, is the breast or thorax, in two-winged insects, this consists simply of a cavity covered by a thin membrane, which exhibits on its surface various elevations and depressions, but is, nevertheless, perfectly continuous. To this hollow case are attached different sets of muscles, which serve for the motions of the legs and wings, and are capable of contracting the cavity in various directions, just, for instance, as one may contract the length of a bladder by pressing the two ends between the hands, or the breadth by squeezing the two sides in like manner. In this cavity of the insect's thorax there are two very small holes, which let out air out or in by the following process.

When the wings rise and fall, as in flying, the cavity is alternately contracted or expanded, the result of a peculiar mechanism on which the motion is dependent. Now, it is clear that the contraction must drive out a part of the air, just as a piper expects the air from the bag of his instrument by pressing his arm against it. On the other hand, when the cavity of the insect is expanded by an opposite motion of the wings, an equal quantity of air rushes through the air holes. There is, therefore, connected with the motion of the wings, a constant proportionally rapid and intense breathing, and this breathing is the true cause of the sound. It is the efflux and influx of the air which produces the buzz or hum which we hear, just as the current of air draws music from the *Æolian* harp, when forced at short intervals through the small holes of the sound board, or, to take a more familiar example, by a mechanism similar to that of the mouth in whistling. The sound of the *Æolian* harp bears a remarkable resemblance to that of many insects.

Now, it is evident that this theory can be proved or disproved in a very simple and satisfactory manner—namely, by closing up the air-holes of the thorax of the insect, without injuring it in any other way. This was done by Professor Burmeister, and the flight of the gadfly was then found to be accompanied by no sound whatever—a result which we consider decisive of the point. It is true that the insect dies of suffocation soon after such an experiment, but not directly, because there are air-holes situated lower down in the abdomen of the animal, and through these respiration is continued for a short time. But they emit no sound during the flight of the insect, for they are then totally inactive. The insect breathes through the air-hole of the abdominal part when it sits and crawls, but through the air-holes of the thorax when on the wing. According to this view, the hum of insects is in reality a whistle. The professor says, with regard to the alteration in the pitch of the sound, "The variation which the mutilation of the wings causes in the tone is easily accounted for, if we consider that by this action the movable part becomes lighter, and also that the motion of the same, by the continued equal exertion, is quicker; but this cause a quicker current of air, which must produce a higher tone. On the contrary, a mutilation of the movable apparatus produces a slower motion a slower current of air a deeper tone."

I believe that the foregoing facts and observations offer sufficient evidence, but the reader can satisfy himself as to the truth of the phenomenon, by performing the same simple experiments." We see no necessity for putting any more insects to death about a matter which seems so satisfactorily set at rest.

SPIRIT OF DISCOVERY.

EXPERIMENTS WITH PRUSSICK ACID.

A great number of experiments with prussick acid was made by Mr. Henderson, a medical student.—This gentleman states, that having great doubts on the subject of the reports which had been given of the power of hydrocyanic prussic acid, he procured a quantity of two sorts—the pure, as it is made in the greatest possible strength, and the medicinal acid, as made by Garden, of London, which is of about one-seventh the strength of the pure acid. Mr. Henderson first rubbed three drops of the pure acid upon his naked arm, the effect of which was to make him stagger considerably, so as to keep with great difficulty from falling. An intense pain of the head succeeded, with a difficulty of sight; but this was not of long duration, and a strong taste of bitter almonds remained in the mouth for two hours. At the end of that time he recovered, and was as well as if nothing had happened. On the following day he swallowed eight drops of the acid as it is used in medicine, and increased the dose within the space of three days, to sixteen drops at each dose, twice a day; but his head and sight became so violently affected, that he relinquished his experiments, &c. upon himself, and was several days before he completely recovered. He then tried the effect of the pure acid upon animals. A cat, upon whose nose he had rubbed four drops, walked a distance of eight or ten yards without the slightest appearance of being at all affected; but it then suddenly stopped, leaped in-

(b) Much injury has been done to the cause of the ancient masonry by a book, entitled *ANTIMASON REASON*, written by one Dermott the secretary. The unfairness with which he has stated the proceedings of the Moderns, the bitterness with which he treats them, and the quackery and vain glory with which he displays his own pretensions to superior knowledge, deserve to be reprobated by every class of masons who are anxious for the purity of their order, and the preservation of that charity and mildness which ought to characterise all their proceedings. The candor and fairness with which this delicate subject is treated by Mr. Preston, in his *Illustrations of Masonry*, merit the highest commendation.

to the air, and fell down dead. He then held a pen, the feather of which had been dipped into the acid, in an iron cage in which two rats were confined, so as to irritate them and cause them to snap at the feather; they had no sooner done so, than they fell as if they had been shot. A large dog of the Newfoundland species was killed within three minutes by four drops of the acid being poured into its nostrils; whilst another dog of similar size and breed had a drachm of the common acid, such as is used in medicine, and with which several persons have recently destroyed themselves in England, poured down its throat without effect. Whether this difference was to be attributed to the change which the acid undergoes by dilution, or to a difference of nervous sensibility in the animals, Mr. Henderson does not state,—probably to both. He mentions, indeed, that whilst he has seen one man take six drops of the medicinal acid four times a-day without apparent effect, another from merely smelling at the bottle in which it was contained, has been compelled to keep his bed for several hours. Upon frogs and other cold-blooded animals the acid had very little effect. Two frogs, upon the soft part of which he had rubbed a considerable quantity of the pure acid, suffered for a time as if from intoxication, and then recovered and hopped away. Upon insects of various kinds the effects were very curious. On the first application of the acid they curled up their legs, and were to all appearance dead; but in the course of a few hours, many of them, after exuding a black fluid, recovered life and strength. Mr. Henderson, in the paper from which this account is given, gives several cases of remarkable cures in stomach complaints, and in indigestion generally, from the use of prussic acid; but he states that its effects are so different in different persons, that it can never be prescribed with safety by the physician who has not been well acquainted with the constitution and previous habits of his patient:—to use his own words, “it is a medicine to be prescribed only to a physician by a physician.”

ANTIS'S IMPROVED CHIMNEYS.

To construct a chimney which would carry smoke, has been found in practice one of the most precarious objects of mechanism. So little has the theory of smoke and draught been understood, that if ever a chimney was constructed to draw well, it was evidently a matter of accident; for no mechanic seemed to have any rule for constructing chimneys, which would ensure a good one. We have been extremely gratified within a few days, by the inspection of a flue, and a set of fireplaces constructed upon a plan entirely new in principle, invented by Mr. Henry Antis. We had not the pleasure of seeing Mr. Antis's model; but we saw the practical effect of his discovery, by a chimney and fireplaces in operation, in the house of Mr. Joseph Wallace, in Front street; the success of which is complete, and triumphantly sustains Mr. Antis's theory on the subject. His theory is that cold atmospheric air tends to the centre of gravity till it meets some obstruction, which gives it another direction; that heated or magnified air is exactly vertical in motion; that hence the flue to carry it off, should be perfectly vertical and in no place of smaller dimensions than at the bottom or first inlet. He maintains that it matters not how many inlets there be to it, provided the area of a cross section of the flue be equal to those of all the inlets combined; it may be greater, but must never be smaller. He, therefore, starts with a single flue from the cellar, regulating the size, to cover the area of all the contemplated inlets from bottom to top. He carries it up, all the way of the same size, in exact perpendicular direction; nor need the wall be more than the width of one brick in thickness. Wherever he wants a fire-place he attaches jambs of the usual shape, leaving the common perpendicular wall of the flue for a back; throwing an arch across, at the usual form, covering it tight to the back wall. Immediately opposite, or below the covering of the arch, he leaves a horizontal aperture in the flue, the whole width of the fire-place, from jamb to jamb, in size according to calculation previously made, and according to the height of the arch; which for jambs from twenty-four to thirty inches high must not be less than three inches perpendicular in the opening.

There seems to be philosophy in this theory; and

practice, so far as tried, proves that there is truth in it; and we have no doubt the plan will, on a little further trial, be universally adopted by builders.

Beneath each grate, fitted in a fire-place, is an opening left, which descends obliquely into the flue. In this opening, on a level with the hearth, is a fire-grate fixed, through which the ashes descend from the grate above. And such is the effect, that while a strong current of air is produced, by the heat from the fire in the grate, through the horizontal aperture above, a moderate draught is also maintained in the oblique one below, which carries off all the dust; so that from a coal fire, not a particle of dust escapes into the room. He also affixes a valve to each inlet, hung in such an ingenious manner, that the mere pulling of a small brass knob closes it entirely; and thus, in case the chimney should take fire, all the currents of air may be stopped in a moment, and the fire dies at once. Not a particle of soot can never enter your room or your fire-place; for that, as the ashes, all descend to the bottom of the flue in the cellar, where an opening, with a sheet-iron door, is constructed, from which these articles can be taken; and through which a sweep may enter and perform his duties, without disturbing the business, or amusements, or quiet of any part of the family. Where necessary, he also carries up side flues in the jambs, by which air can be introduced, to regulate the temperature of your room, or force of your draughts.

The advantages of this improvement are,

1st. Fewer materials are used, which cheapens the work.

2d. Less room is engrossed by dead brickwork.

3d. No annoyances from soot or ashes in your rooms—not even when a sweep ascends to clean out your flue.

4th. Power to regulate the temperature of your rooms, without opening doors or windows.

5th. Perfect security against smoke, in every room in your house.

upon you?”

THE QUEEN'S HUSBAND.

To be the husband of a Queen of Great Britain, would seem the realization of all that even romance has conceived of human grandeur and earthly happiness. Rank without duties, riches without labor, and better than all, the chosen partner of a young and beautiful woman, who distrustful those of all around her, selects one breast in which to confide her doubts without fear of treachery, and one judgment from which to ask advice with certainty of faith and truth, that an identity of interests only creates. But turn the medal, and what is the reverse? A gilded puppet, who can perform no action becoming an elevated birth and excellent station; who can follow no pursuit worthy of a warrior or a statesman; whose entire importance is reflected; and who can avow no opinion (except perhaps on an article of dress, a piece of furniture, or a horse), even though the fate and character of his wife be at stake, without violating the constitution of the country that has adopted him?—Happiness may nevertheless be the fate of the illustrious pair; and there be no exaggeration in saying that the best wishes of the nation for their facility will attend the union. But to domestic happiness, the public can contribute little beyond good wishes; for as with inferior persons, that blessing depends upon circumstances over which none besides the parties themselves have much influence. For the consort of the Sovereign it becomes the country to make every reasonable provision as regards his dignity and comfort; and no doubt the country will perform all that it ought.—The questions asked by every body are—“What is the Queen's husband? his rank—his power—his revenue?” These inquiries are easily answered: he has no rank except what his wife may give him—no constitutional power whatever—and his revenue depends on the liberality of Parliament.

All that can be said of the husband of the Queen may therefore be comprised in a few words. Politically, he can ostensibly be nothing; though privately he may be almost everything. The representations and advice of Ministers will avail little against the wishes and arguments of a beloved spouse; and the deliberations of the nuptial couch—if, as is ardently hoped, harmony, tenderness, and loved attend it—will prob-

bly be found infinitely more efficacious than those of the Council board. Happily, the destinies of England do not depend upon the will of any two human beings; but if Prince Albert be endowed with great intellectual attainments, sagacity, and firmness, united with ambition, he may nevertheless have immense influence in this country, and may become the instrument of great good or almost irreparable evil.

The marriages of the Queens Regent have not been of long duration: Mary's with Philip lasted only four years, and William the Third became a widower in less than six years after his accession. The vulgar and predominant feeling at this moment is not, however, what effect will the Queen's husband produce on the institutions and policy of the country, but what are the creature comforts—those possessions which the dullest can understand and the least ambitions appreciate with which he will be endowed? Their curiosity can be readily satisfied. He will be naturalized by act of Parliament, he will be created a Duke, and perhaps Duke of Kent, and a privy Councillor, (though, if he be wise, he will refuse all honors connected with responsibility and duty,) a Field-Marshal, a Knight of the Garter, the Bath, and perhaps of all the other orders; and, like his uncle be authorised to quarter the arms of England, with a grant for precedence of all persons except Dukes of the Blood Royal. Thus much from his wife. From Parliament, perhaps £30,000 a year, with laudations from all sides for so moderate a wish; and the same desire for popularity may induce him to be satisfied with £50,000 per annum in case he should survive the Queen. For their illustrious progeny, the good-natured country will be no less considerate.—*London Spectator.*

Every person is apt to think that his individual happiness, individual concerns are matters of the greatest moment. How fallacious this idea is, may be strikingly seen by looking at the lists of marriages and deaths in any newspaper. Marriage is regarded as the most felicitous, death as the most miserable event in life.

Yet how few is the number of those who die or are married, about whom any portion of the public, except that very small portion comprising their immediate connexion feel even a passing interest.—*Savannah Telegraph.*

A SAD MISTAKE.—A certain lady had a custom of saying to a favorite little dog, to make him follow her, ‘Come along sir.’ A would-be witty gentleman stepped up to her one day, and accosted her with ‘Is it me, madam, you called?’ ‘Oh no, sir,’ said she with great composure, ‘it was another puppy I spoke to.’

Easily Satisfied.—A certain bachelor once said that “all he should ask for in a wife, would be—a good temper, health, good understanding, agreeable physiognomy; fine figure, good connexions, domestic habits, resources of amusement, good spirits, conversational talents; elegant manners, and—one hundred thousand dollars!”

UNFORTUNATE OCCURRENCE.—Mr. James Thompson, of Philadelphia, formerly an officer of the steam-boat Pizarro, was shot through the breast on Wednesday night, 8th inst, at Bellevue, Ill. by James C. Mitchell, merchant of that place. Mr. Thompson died almost immediately. Mr. Mitchell has been placed in confinement. The cause of the unfortunate occurrence is not stated.

Baptism in Winter.—A protracted meeting was lately held by the Baptist Church at Trenton, New Jersey, during which many persons were admitted to membership. Sixty persons were baptised in one day, last week, the ice being cut away to admit of their immersion. The boys were skating on the ice at the time, and the weather was so cold that persons were obliged to be employed in stirring the water to keep it from freezing.

ODD ENOUGH.—The Odd Fellows of Baltimore sent \$300 for the relief of the Mobile sufferers.

THE LEGENDARY.

From Chambers Edinburgh Journal.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

In the year 1689, there lived in Paris a woman of fashion, called Lady Mazel. Her house was large, and four stories high; on the ground floor was a large servant's hall, in which was a grand staircase, and a cupboard where the plate was locked up, of which one of the chambermaids kept the key. In a small room partitioned off from the hall, slept the valet-de-chambre, whose name was LeBrun: the rest of this floor consisted of apartments in which the lady saw company, which was very frequent, and numerous, as she kept public nights for play. In the floor up one pair of stairs, was the lady's own chamber, which was in the front of the house, and was the innermost of three rooms from the grand staircase. The key of this chamber was usually taken out of the door and laid on a chair by the servant who was last with the lady, and who pulling the door after her, it shut with a spring, so that it could not be opened from without. In this chamber, also, were two doors; one communicated with a back staircase, the other with a wardrobe, which opened to the back stairs also.

On the second floor slept the Abbe Poulard, in the only room which was furnished on that floor. On the third story were two chambers, which contained two chambermaids and two foot-boys; the fourth story consisted of lofts and granaries, whose doors were always open. The cook slept below in a place where the wood was kept, an old woman in the kitchen, and the coachman in the stable.

On the 27th of November, being Sunday, the two daughters of LeBrun, the valet, who were eminent milliners, waited on the Lady, and were kindly received; but as she was going to church to afternoon service, she pressed them to come again, when she could have more of their company. LeBrun attended his lady to church, and then went to another himself: after which he went to play at bowls, as was customary at that time, and from the bowling-green he went to several places; and after supping with a friend he went home seemingly cheerful and easy, as he had been all the afternoon. Lady Mazel dined with the Abbe Poulard as usual, and about eleven o'clock went to her chamber, where she was attended by her maids. Before they left her LeBrun came to the door to receive his orders for the next day, after which one of the maids laid the key of the chamber door on the chair next it; they then went out, and LeBrun following them, shut the door after him, and talked with the maids a few minutes about his daughters, and then they parted, he seeming still very cheerful.

In the morning he went to market, and was jocular and pleasant with every body he met, as was his usual manner. He then returned home and transacted his usual business. At eight o'clock he expressed surprise his lady did not get up, as she usually rose at seven: he went to his wife's lodging, which was in the neighborhood, and told her he was uneasy his lady's bell had not rung, and gave her seven louis d'ors, and some crowns in gold, which he desired her to lock up, and then went home again, and found the servants in great consternation at hearing nothing of their lady: when one observed, that he feared she had been seized with an apoplexy, or a bleeding at the nose, to which she was subject; LeBrun said, "It must be something worse; my mind misgives me, for I found the street-door open last night after all the family were in bed but myself." They then sent for the Lady's son, M. de Savoniere, who hinted to LeBrun his fear of an apoplexy. LeBrun said, "It is certainly something worse; my mind has been uneasy ever since I found the street door open last night after the family were in bed." A smith being now brought, the door was broke open, and LeBrun entering first, ran to the bed; and after calling several times, he drew back the curtains, and said, "Oh, my lady is murdered!" He then ran into the wardrobe, and took up the strong box, which being heavy, he said, "she has not been robbed; how is this?"

A surgeon then examined the body, which was covered with no less than fifty wounds; they found in the bed which was full of blood, a scrap of a cravat of

coarse lace, and a napkin made into a nightcap which was bloody, and had the family mark on it; and from the wounds in the lady's hands, it appeared she had struggled hard with the murderer, which obliged him to cut the muscles before he could disengage himself. The bell-strings were twisted round the frame of the tester, so that they were out of reach and could not ring. A clasp-knife was found in the ashes, almost consumed by the fire, which had burned off all marks of blood that might have been upon it; the key of the chamber was gone from the seat by the door; but no marks of violence appeared on any of the doors, nor were there any signs of a robbery, as a large sum of money, and all the lady's jewels, were found in the strong box, and other places.

LeBrun being examined, said, that "after he left the maids on the stairs, he went down into the kitchen, he laid his hat and the key of the street door on the table, and sitting down by the fire to warm himself, he fell asleep; that he slept, as he thought, about an hour, and going to lock the street door, he found it open; that he locked it, and took the key with him to his chamber." On searching him they found in his pocket a key, the ward of which were new filed, and made remarkably large; and on trial it was found to open the street door, the antechamber, and both the doors in Lady Mazel's chamber. On trying the bloody nightcap on LeBrun's head, it was found to fit him exactly, whereupon he was committed to prison.

On his trial it appeared, as if the lady was murdered by some person who had been let in by LeBrun for that purpose, and had afterwards fled. It could not be done by himself, because no blood was upon his clothes, nor any scratch on his body, which must have been on the murderer from the lady's struggling; but that it was LeBrun who let him in, seemed very clear; none of the locks were forced; and his own story of finding the street door open, the circumstances of the key and the nightcap, also a ladder of ropes being found in the house, which might be supposed to be laid there by LeBrun, to take off the attention from himself were all interpreted as strong proofs of his guilt; and that he had an accomplice was inferred, because part of the cravat found in the bed was discovered not to be like his; but the maids deposed they had washed such a cravat for one Berry, who had been a footman to the lady, and was turned away about four months before for robbing her. There was also found in the loft at the top of the house, under some straw a shirt very bloody, but which was not like the linen of LeBrun, nor would it fit him.

LeBrun had nothing to oppose to these strong circumstances, but an uniformly good character which he had maintained during twenty-nine years he had served his lady; and that he was generally esteemed a good husband, a good father, and a good servant. It was therefore resolved to put him to the torture, in order to discover his accomplices. This was done with such severity, on February 23, 1690, that he died the week after the hurts he had received, declaring his innocence with his dying breath.

About a month after, notice was sent from the provost of Sens that a dealer in horses had lately set up there by the name of John Garlet, but his true name was found to be Berry, and that he had been a footman in Paris. In consequence of this he was taken up and the suspicion of his guilt was increased by his attempting to bribe the officers. On searching him, a gold watch was found, which proved to be Lady Mazel's. Being brought to Paris, a person swore to seeing him go out of Lady Mazel's the night she was killed, and a barber swore to shaving him next morning, when, on his observing the hands of his customer to be very much scratched, Berry said he had been killing a cat.

On these circumstances he was condemned to the torture, and afterwards to be broken alive on the wheel. On being tortured, he confessed, that, by the direction and order of Madame de Savoniere, (Lady Mazel's daughter,) he and LeBrun had undertaken to rob and murder Lady Mazel, and that LeBrun murdered her whilst he stood at the door to prevent surprise. In the truth of this declaration he persisted till he was brought to the place of execution, where, begging to speak with one of the judges, he recanted what he had said against LeBrun and Madame de Savoniere, and

confessed "that he came to Paris on the Wednesday before the murder was committed. On the Friday evening he went into the house, and, unperceived, got into one of the lofts, where he lay till Sunday morning, subsisting on apples and bread which he had in his pockets; that about eleven o'clock on Sunday morning, when he knew the lady had gone to mass, he stole down to her chamber, and the door being open, he tried to get under her bed, but it being too low, he returned to the loft, pulled off his coat and waistcoat, and returned to the chamber a second time in his shirt; he then got under the bed, where he continued till the afternoon, when Lady Mazel went to church; that knowing she would not come back soon, he got from under the bed, and being incommoded with his hat, he threw it under the bed, and made a cap of a napkin which lay on a chair, secured the bell-strings and then sat down by the fire, where he continued till he heard her coach drive into the court-yard, when he again got under the bed and remained there: that Lady Mazel having been in bed about an hour, he got from under the bed and demanded her money; she began to cry out, and attempted to ring, upon which he stabbed her, and she resisting with all her strength, he repeated his stabs till she was dead; that he then took the key of the wardrobe cupboard from the bed's head, opened this cupboard, found the key of the strong box, opened it, and took out all the gold he could find, to the amount of about six hundred livres; that he then locked the cupboard and replaced the key at the bed's head, threw his knife into the fire, took his hat from under the bed, left the napkin in it, took the key of the chamber from the chair, and let himself out, went to the loft, where he pulled off his shirt and cravat, and leaving them there, put on his coat and waistcoat, and stole softly down stairs; and finding the street door only on the single lock, he opened it, went out, and left it open; that he had brought a rope-ladder to let himself down from a window, if he had found the street door double-locked; but finding it otherwise, he left his rope-ladder at the bottom of the stairs, where it was found."

Thus was the veil removed from this deed of darkness, and all the circumstances which appeared against LeBrun were accounted for consistently with his innocence. From the whole story the reader will perceive how fallible human reason is when applied to circumstances; and the humane will agree, that in such cases even improbabilities ought to be admitted, rather than a man should be condemned, who may possibly be innocent.

MISCELLANY.

From the Williamsburg Gazette.

FLORIDA WAR—BLOODHOUNDS.

A paragraph has gone the rounds of the newspapers, which states that a sloop has been dispatched to Cuba, charged with the business of transporting bloodhounds, for the purpose of hunting down the Florida Indians, who have hitherto so completely baffled our attempts to subdue them. As this has already been the subject of remark on the floor of Congress; we presume that a scheme of the kind is about to be adopted. Waving for the moment, all notice of the moral character and results of this step, we shall put our readers in possession of a few facts in reference to the art and mystery of hunting down human beings with bloodhounds, as it has been practised in Cuba. The authorities of that Island have long had in their pay two companies of men, termed *cazadores* or hunters, who are employed in searching for and apprehending fugitive slaves. As the interior of the Island is quite mountainous and woody, it has served as a place of refuge for the negroes, who wearied out with the exactions and cruelties of their masters, have been willing at all hazards to shake off their chains. When they had once become acquainted with the fastnesses of the mountains and the obscure footpaths which led through the tangled forests, it was found impossible to discover them without enlisting in the attempt an animal more sagacious than man. The Spanish bloodhound was selected for this purpose, and trained to act under the direction of the *cazadore*. This bloodhound bears some resemblance to the common English mastiff, though he is less strongly built and is much swifter in the race, and

would be no more disposed to attack men than the mastiff, were it not for a system of training, which leads to regard the *black man* as an appropriate article of food. Two of these bloodhounds are delivered to each *cazadore*, who commences his operations when they are young, by depriving them of all food for several days. When they are nearly famished, they are placed in sight of the image of a negro; which is made of wicker-work, the body being filled with the entrails of cattle. The wicker-work is occasionally opened, when the entrails falling out, very naturally attract the attention of the starving dogs, who still are not allowed to touch them. At last, when they are maddened with hunger, they are suffered to seize the figure, which they tear open and thus obtain a copious meal. The result is obvious, the bloodhound associates the sight of a negro with the natural desire of satisfying his hunger. After being sufficiently trained in this diabolical manner, the bloodhound is fitted for *active service*.—His master the *cazadore* carries no other weapon than a long straight broad-sword, commonly used by the Spanish cavalry. His dress consists of a pair of short cotton pantaloons, a shirt, and a low wide brimmed straw hat. From long practice, he is enabled to run at a moderate pace for a half a day without stopping. His two bloodhounds are attached to a strong belt encircling his body by a cord braided from rawhides. Each *cazadore* is attended by a small pointer dog, whose business it is to discover the track of the negro by smelling, and thus act as pilot as the bloodhounds. It should have been observed, that the mouths of the latter are secured by a muzzle, which is only removed when they gain sight of the unhappy fugitive. Whenever the pointer has discovered the track; the *cazadore* starts with his dogs and continues to run until he gains sight of the negro. In the latter case he slips off the muzzle from their mouths, unties the cords which have hitherto secured them to his belt, and allows them to pursue at full speed, while the fellows as rapidly as possible. If the negro flies; he is sure to be seized and thrown to the ground, while the bloodhounds stand over him uttering a most terrific yell until the *cazadore* comes up and seizes his victim. Should the latter, however, make any resistance, when first attacked, he is sure to be torn in pieces and partly eaten. When the fugitive climbs a tree at the first sight of his pursuers, they will take their station below and prevent his escape until their owner arrives.

These *cazadores* are also frequently employed in seizing criminals, who escape from Havana and other cities to the interior. In this business, they are usually successful in all those cases where the delinquents have not provided themselves with firearms, or where they are not well acquainted with their use. In such instances, the fugitive will secure himself in a tree shoot the dogs when they reach it, and not unfrequently end the battle by shooting the unlucky *cazadore*, before he can make his escape.

ANECDOTE OF NAPOLEON.

After having gained the battle of Wagram, the Emperor Napoleon established his head-quarters for a time at Schoenbrunn, and there occupied himself, pending the negotiations for his Austrian alliance, with reviewing his troops, and distributing among them rewards and honours. One old and brave regiment of the line was drawn out before him for this purpose, his custom being to examine every corps individually, under the guidance of the officers. After having formed the regiment into columns, Napoleon entered among the ranks, and bestowed praises and decorations on all who appeared worthy of them. Five hours he spent in this occupation, and at length, when he had satisfied himself that no one man's claims had been overlooked, he finished by saying aloud to the colonel, "Now present to me the bravest soldier in your whole regiment." In some cases this might have been a difficult matter; it did not appear so now. The colonel, indeed, hesitated for a moment, but the question was caught by the soldiers, and one universal answer came from the ranks. "Morio! Corporal Morio!" was the cry. The colonel approved of the decision, and Morio was called forward. He was a man still young, but embrowned by service, and he already wore on his persons three badges of merit, and the cross of the Legion of Honour. Napoleon looked at him attentively. "Ah," said he, "you have seen service." "Fifteen years, my emperor," replied

Morio; "sixteen campaigns and ten wounds—not to speak of contusions." "How many great battles?" asked the emperor. "Sire; I was at your heels at the Bridge of Arcole; I was the first man who entered Alexandria, it was I who gave you my knapsack for your pillow at the bivouac of Ulm when forty thousand Austrians capitulated; I took five Hussar prisoners with my own hands on the day of Austerlitz, it was I who served you—" "Hold! it is well! very well! Morio I name you baron of the empire, and to that title I add a hereditary gift of five thousand francs a-year." Acclamations rose anew from the soldiery. "Ah my emperor," said Morio, "this is too great a reward for me. But I will not play the usurer with your bounty. None of my companions, while I have it, shall want food or clothing."

Morio still lives. He only quitted the service when his master fell, and in spite of that clange, Morio still enjoys the emperor's gift. He has kept his word to his companions. No old soldier in the department to which he has retired, wants wherewithal to drink the health of Napoleon.—*French Newspaper.*

ACTORS IN THE OLDEN TIMES.

It was very much the fashion, at one time, to spoil the actors by ridiculous familiarity. Every person was anxious to invite them to his house; they were treated with great attention—and these people, to whose education, in general, but little attention had been paid, became, consequently, more impertinent.

The Marshal Duke de Brissac, who, notwithstanding his manners and his chivalric spirit, did not consider them as the ancient troubadours, followed, however, the general fashion. He invited Jeliot, the most celebrated actor of the opera, to supper, informing him previously, that he wished him to be heard by his friends. He did not fail to present himself at the hour appointed. A large company was assembled, all eyes were fixed on the actor, and the Marshal, after some moments of repose, begged him to sing. Jeliot excused himself, declaring that it would be impossible, saying, with a very clear voice, that he had a very bad cold. He was pressed, but obstinately refused. At length the Marshal, becoming impatient, addressed him thus: "M. Jeliot, when a man of my standing does so much as to invite to his house a man like you know, that it is to enjoy his talents, and not to make one of his society. You shall sing, or my people shall treat you as you deserve." Jeliot, very much astonished by a kind of order to which he had not been accustomed, sought to excuse himself in the best way he could, and sung, tremblingly, a little ariette. "It is well, my friend," said the Marshal; and, turning towards his valet-de-chambre, "Give this man two louis, and send him away." It is said that this lesson corrected the singer of his impertinence.

HEIGHT OF WAVES.

So awful is the spectacle of a storm at sea, that it is generally viewed through a medium which biases the Judgement: and lofty as waves really are, imagination pictures them loftier still. Now, no wave rises more than ten feet above the ordinary sea-level, which, with the ten feet that its surface afterwards descends below this, give twenty feet for the whole height, from the bottom of any water-valley to an adjoining summit.—This proposition is easily verified by a person who tries at what height, upon a ship's mast, the horizon remains always in sight over the top of the waves, allowance being made for accidental inclinations of the vessel, and for her sinking in the water so much below her water line, at the time when she reaches the bottom of the hollow between two waves. The spray of the sea, driven along by the violence of the wind, is of course: much higher than the summit of the liquid wave, and a wave coming against an obstacle may dash to a great elevation above it. At the Eddystone lighthouse, when a surge breaks, which has been growing under a storm all the way across the Atlantic, it dashes even over the lantern at the summit.

AN INCIDENT AT THE FALLS.—We learn from a correspondent at the Falls, that there was a general turnout of the citizens of that place, day before yesterday, to see a live deer take the awful plunge. The deer was driven to the shore about two and a half miles above the Falls. Being closely pursued by sportsmen

and hounds, he took to the ice, and ventured out so far, that the portion on which he stood, broke off from the main body, and floated out into the stream. He was wafted down the stream very gently, until he reached the rapids, when his frail support soon broke in pieces, and he was left to struggle for life in the mad torrent. He finally succeeded in reaching a small island, which many of our reader may remember, near the head of Great Island, and between that and the Canada shore. No person has ever been on the island except when the ice lodges around its head, and forms a kind of dam, which admits of a hazardous passage. At the present time the river is as open as in midsummer, yet Robinson, who distinguished himself last summer by his daring in rescuing Chapin, resolved, to go over in a boat and bring the deer off. He made the attempt, but was not able to gain the island. Mr. Wm. Conklin, accompanied by Mr. Munger, then determined to go. They rowed out to the rapids below the island, thinking to get into the eddy at its foot, but while contending with the strong current, one oar broke, and with the speed of a race horse they were instantly hurried to the brink of the precipice. As they passed over a small bar Conklin jumped out, and succeeded in stopping the boat, the water being only waist deep. After regaining their presence of mind, they started again, and by means of their single oar and a pole, landed on Goat Island just above the Falls.

The deer still remains on his rocky islet.

[*Buffalo Daily Journal.*]

THEATRICALS.—The state of theatricals in this country, is at present remarkably curious: not a single house has any thing like a profitable attendance for any length of time. For a week or two, here and there, as a popular actor plays, crowds attend a particular theatre, and then all dies off again. At the Park, Celeste and the Vandenhoffs drew good audiences, after a long succession of poor houses. At the Chatham, the same was the case with the Wallacks. The Bowery has been filled with the attraction of a new spectacle; and now, for a season, all will be dull again.—Wallack is going to England, and the new theatre will not go up. In Philadelphia, the new opera-house has all fallen through. Celeste has drawn large and fashionable audiences at the Chestnut-street theatre, and is now about to play at Washington, where she is also certain of filling the theatre; although Charles Kean and Mrs. Fitzwilliam failed entirely in their attractions there.—*Herald.*

AN UPRIGHT JUDGE.—The following proceedings, are reported in an Illinois Criminal Court. The presiding Judge had been appointed to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Judge Lynch.

Court.—"Sam," said the judge, "I suppose you know the jury has brought you in guilty of murder?"

Prisoner.—"Yes, Judge that ar a fact, no mistake."

Court.—Well Sam, you will have to be hanged you know."

Prisoner.—"Yes, I s'pose so."

Court.—"No help for it I believe. Have you any choice about the time, Sam?"

Prisoner.—"No, I believe not; it dont make much difference, if I have got to be hanged when it is done. I have had a midlin hard time all my life, any how. This is no great things of a world Judge you know, yourself."

"Mr. Sheriff," said the judge, "will this day four weeks come on Sunday?"

"No sir" said the sheriff, "that cant be possible."

"You had better look at the almanac," said the judge. "I don't wish to make any judicious mistakes."

Having become satisfied that the hanging day would come round at a proper period, if calculated by weeks, he proceeded to enquire if that day four weeks would suit "Sam" as well any other day to be hanged on. He was assured that any day except Friday, which was an unlucky day, would be perfectly agreeable.

"Now, Sam," said his honor, "have you any thing to say why sentence of death should not be passed

"Not much," was the reply; "if I owe any body, I forgive the debt; and if any body owes me any thing they may pay it to my wife"—"and may God have mercy on your soul," said the judge, and he burst into a flood of tears.

"Sam," was subsequently hanged according to appointment.

AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER.

ALBANY, SATURDAY, FEB. 1, 1840.

THE GRAND CHAPTER of the State of New York, will convene at St. John's Hall, in this City, on the first Tuesday of February inst.

JOHN O. COLE, *Grand Sec'y.*

APPRENTICES LIBRARY.—The Trustees of this Institution, we understand, intend holding another FAIR, for the benefit of the Library, some time during the ensuing fall. At that time, it will be nearly three years since they have presented any claim to the public bounty. The last fair, in 1837, was experimental, and from the satisfaction and interest expressed, at that time in its success, the Trustees feel convinced, that a public fair is the best mode of raising means for the incidental expenses of the establishment. The last fair also called forth an expression of feeling on the part of the young mechanics, benefited by the operation, which in another effort, will no doubt result in a united exhibition of the various Specimens of mechanism in their several callings. By putting the fair at a distant day, ample time will be given for the manufacture of articles.

MISS RANDOLPH.—MUSEUM.—This juvenile prodigy, continues to be the great attraction, at this establishment. Her pronunciation of characters is extraordinary.

JARVIS, the well known Painter, expired a few days since, in New-York city. In portraiture, he was the most popular delineator of his day. Nor was Jarvis alone a painter.—No man possessed a sounder head and a better heart. He was the boon companion of Clinton and Colden. On all occasions his wit was the most pointed and his smile the most bland. Probably no paragraphs of humor, had a more extensive circulation than those that originated with him. A large circle of friends lost a worthy associate, and the Country a bright ornament in the death of Jarvis.

Destructive Fire. New York has been again visited by a very destructive fire; second, it is said to the great fire in 1835. The loss is estimated at two millions.—

The large store was owned by P. Lorillard, and was occupied by John J. Hicks as a tea warehouse.

The original cost of it was about \$100,000. It was 55 feet front on both Front and South streets, 144 feet deep and five stories high, exclusive of attic.—It was insured for \$16,000. It was filled with merchandise of the most valuable description, valued at about \$1,500,000, among which were cargoes of the Nautasket, owned in Boston, which arrived here on the 2d of Dec., and the ship Covington, of Baltimore, which arrived on the 27th of October from Canton.

The two cargoes are supposed to have been worth \$250,000.

A bill was discussed in the Ohio Legislature on the 16th instant, punishing by fine and imprisonment, or both, magistrates or ministers of the gospel who shall

solemnize the rite of marriage between white and black or mulatto persons.

There is a rumor from Washington, that Mr. KENDALL has expressed a desire to retire from the General Post Office, on account of continued ill health. Ex-Governor Marcy, of New York, is spoken of as his successor.

It is rumored, says the Bangor Whig, that the President has consented to release Mr. Mackenzie from further imprisonment, and that the official papers necessary for his liberation may be expected in a very few days.

A Hint to the Wise is Sufficient.—If the domestic portions of our city have any mercy for Street-Walkers, they at present have an opportunity of making it evident, by the simple process of sprinkling the pavement in front of their doors with ashes.

Death of Com. Chauncey.—The death of this distinguished naval Officer is announced in the Washington papers of Monday last.

At the annual election for Officers of Columbus Lodge No. 5, of the State of Mississippi, held on the 3rd inst. The following Brethren, were chosen for the ensuing year:—

Cha's H Abert	W. Master.
S. S. Franklin,	Sen'r. Warden.
I. M. Knapp,	Jun'r Warden.
A. S. Phister,	Sec'y.
Rich'd Barry,	Treas.
E. F. Watkins,	Sen'r. Deacon.
J. N. Spears,	Jun'r Deacon.
W. C. Worrell,	Tyler.

THE MORMONS.—This Sect, which a few years ago, numbered, some half a dozen fanatics, is said to have increased to many thousands, which may be ascribed entirely to the persecution they have been made to undergo. The religion of Jo Smith, as laid down in his "Golden Bible," embraces, perhaps, more absurdities and improbabilities, than can be found in the Mahometan creed, with the Arabian Nights as a "concordance." But no matter how absurd a man's belief may be, once open the floodgates of persecution, on him, and he will be surrounded with proselytes.—This has been the case with the believers in the "Golden Bible," they have been hunted down as beasts of prey—robbed of their property,—their dwellings laid in ashes, and, almost every cruelty put upon them, until from a mere handful of deluded fanatics, they have become a formidable Sect, endowed with wealth, and embracing in their communion a large number of staid and respectable citizens. An Illinois paper says, there is a society of them in New Jersey, also in the neighborhood of Philadelphia, and in numerous places in the west. They have commenced a paper in Illinois, at their new Settlement, called the "Times and the Seasons," which announces the departure of twelve of their number to England, as Apostles. The Peoria Register, thus speaks of their new Settlement.

"It has been chosen by the church at a late conference, as one of the points of gathering for the church in the latter days. The Mormons regard the signs of the times as indicating the speedy approach of the Millennium; and these points are selected as ensigns for the gathering of the society to escape the judgments which will immediately precede that event.

We are told that large accessions have been made to the number of the society during the past fall, embracing many families of great respectability and influence, in Adams, Hancock, and M'Donough counties. Several branches of the church have been established in these counties, and the society is represented as never more prosperous, or as indulging brighter hopes than at present."

Putting the Saddle on the right horse.—We cut the following notice from the Carthaginian, a paper printed in Jefferson county. In nine-tenths of the cases the wives deserves the sympathy, and the husband the—cowskin.

To THE PUBLIC.—Whereas, I have recently seen a notice in the Carthaginian, over the signature of one Henry Morse, stating that I had left his 'bed and board without his consent' and forbidding 'all persons harboring or trusting me on his account,' (which he need not have any fears of as he has recently been tried before a court of special sessions for stealing a sup of the ardent.) I therefore deny the assertion of leaving his bed and board, as he had no bed of his own to leave, nor means to procure food and clothing to make me comfortable—and, in fact, instead of my leaving him he left me to take care of myself, or be at the mercy of my friends at a time when the kindness and protection of a husband was most needed. Furthermore said Morse is well known to be a vagabond and a drunkard.

LOUISA MORSE.

Carthage, Jan. 16, v840.

INTELLIGENCE.

FROM THE NATIONAL INTELLIGENCER.

THE MAINE BOUNDARY.

A Message from the President of the United States was presented to the Senate on Thursday, containing the information called for by certain resolutions of that body concerning the state of affairs on the boundary between the United States and the British north-western possessions.

The material papers are those furnished by the Department of State, consisting as follows:

1. A Letter from Mr. Fox, the British Minister, to Mr. Forsyth, Secretary of State, dated in November last, complaining of the violation of the agreement entered into between the agents of the two Governments last winter, by the opening of roads to the Aroostook, and the occupation of a part of the disputed territory, by armed men employed by the authorities of the State of Maine.

2. A Letter from Mr. Forsyth, written some weeks afterwards, replying to the complaints of Mr. Fox, that the opening of the roads in question is not a recent measure, but merely carrying out a policy adopted 12 or 14 years ago; that the armed body spoken of is only a posse employed to drive off intruders; and that nothing has been done on our side incompatible with the spirit of the agreement between the agents of the two countries; whilst on the British side acts have been done which may be justly complained of as infringing the agreement, such as creating barracks for troops on the St. John's, placing troops on a part of the disputed territory, &c.

3. A Letter from Mr. Fox justifying what the British authorities have done, on the ground of the current report that the Legislature of the State of Maine had an intention to abrogate and nullify the agreement made between the two countries last spring, which rumor was too strongly corroborated by the language of Gov. Fairfield at the opening of the Session of that Legislature not to justify precautionary measures, which have not been resorted to, however, with any design to infringe the agreement, &c.

4. Another letter from Mr. Forsyth to Mr. Fox in which he says that there is no reason to apprehend such an intention as is imputed to the Legislature of Maine; that the alleged precautionary measures are therefore altogether gratuitous on the part of the British authorities in New Brunswick, and must be considered "a bold infraction" of the agreement of last winter; and that, if the British Government uphold this proceeding on the part of its agents, such a course on its part will be regarded by this Government as evidence of a want of that friendly disposition on the part of

Great Britain which has hitherto been believed to exist, &c.

In reference to this matter we have pleasure in stating that the memorandum published in the papers of the day as having been issued by Sir John Harvey, in reference to existing relations, turns out to be a blunder of some editor or other, who has raked up an old memorandum out of the ashes of the war of 1812, between the countries, and applied it to the present day! "Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof."

We have not quite so nearly approached the awful gulf of a war with Great Britain that her Provincial Governors should think it necessary to be issuing recommendation of neutrality to non-combatants on both sides of the border. That day, we trust will never come.

SINGULAR AND FORTUNATE PRESERVATION OF LIFE.—Among the early published list of victims by the catastrophe of the Lexington, (says the N. Y. Sun) appeared the name of a young Mr. Woodward, of Philadelphia; but in the course of a few days it was ascertained that he was safe in Boston. The following letter from Boston to the editor of the U. S. Gazette, explains the singular and happy occurrence to which the young gentleman is indebted for escaping the dreadful death which, it was supposed, he had shared with so many others on the deplorable occasion referred to.

Dear Sir:—Mr. Woodward, son of Mr. C. Woodward, tobaccoist, of your city, who was reported as lost on board the Lexington, is here safe and well. He had taken passage on board that ill-fated boat, and went down to the wharf with a porter and his baggage, and about ten minutes before starting; but upon arriving there, he found that he had left an article behind him; giving instructions to have his trunk placed on board, he ran back in haste to Broadway, and returned to the edge of the wharf, just as the hawser of the boat, was cast off. Wonderful to relate, a new pair of boots caused him to slip upon the ice, and he was unable to reach the steamer without jumping at the risk of his life. His disappointment was great, but his deliverance was much greater.

MELANCHOLY ACCIDENT.—We have received from a friend the following account of a very melancholy accident, which occurred near White Haven, on the 12th inst. The particulars are as follows. Two sleighs belonging below White Haven, on the opposite side of the river started from there about 3 o'clock P. M. for home, one containing four men and two women, the other six men; which was behind. At the third Dam below White Haven is a long bridge across a point of the pool used as a towing path bridge, but sufficiently wide for a wagon to pass. The forward sleigh passed over, the horses on a trot. The other attempted to do so, when three of the men remonstrated on account of their having a very fractious horse. The driver said he would risk his life, when the three before mentioned jumped out. The sleigh had not proceeded far before the restive horse took fright and pushed the other so near the edge of the bridge that the sleigh ran off dragging horse and men along, and fell a distance of fourteen feet upon the ice. All the men that remained in the sleigh were more or less injured, and were taken back to White Haven about sundown. One of them named Featherman, recently from the neighborhood of Stoudsburg, had his skull fractured; and died about 8 o'clock this evening—Another named Smith received an internal injury which we fear will cause his death, and the third man not known had his arm fractured.—*Munch Chunk Courier.*

Fatal Affray at Canton Miss.—An affray of a fatal nature occurred a few days since at Canton, Miss. between T. C. Tupper and Duval C. Cooke, two young lawyers of the place, which resulted in the death of the latter. The cause of the quarrel was as follows:—Tupper, while on a visit to Harrodsburg Springs, Ky., last summer, paid his addresses to a young lady, in the vicinity; and was accepted. A few days before the marriage was to take place, Cook, who was on a visit in the neighborhood, stated to the young lady's friends that he knew Tupper well, that he was dishonorable, had gambled, and would not pay his debts. This report blocked Tupper's game, and the marriage was broken up. On meeting at the square in Canton, after

having returned home, Tupper made an attack upon Cooke. At a distance they discharged several pistols without effect—they then clinched and beat each other over the head with their pistols until the bystanders interfered and separated them. Mr. Cooke was making for his office, a few steps from the spot where the separation took place, when Tupper rushed upon him, shot him through the abdomen, and he fell dead without a groan. A brother of Mr. Cooke discharged a pistol at Tupper, which carried away a part of one of his ears. The latter has fled, fearing the resentment of Cook's brother and friends—Tupper is a native of Vermont. Cooke was formerly from Kentucky.—*N. O. Picayune.*

DISTRESSING ACCIDENT.—On Monday last, Mr. Edward Ryall, of Bristol township, took his horse to Mr. James Watson, blacksmith, residing in that district, for the purpose of having him shod, and left him with the understanding that William Watson, son of the Smith, a promising lad about twelve years old; would bring him home. After the work was done, the boy took the horse in charge; and was about to take him home. The weather being cold he wrapped the reins about his wrist, and put one hand in his pocket; but before proceeding on his journey the horse took fright and the ground being covered with snow, his feet slipped from under him, and he was dragged a great distance. When the horse was stopped, the unfortunate youth was found to be dead, having been literally trampled to death. A number of his bones were broken.—*Philadelphia Herald.*

DREDFUL MURDER.—A very dreadful murder was committed near 19th street, on Tuesday evening by some labourers on the Croton Water Works. The victim, of the ferocity of the wretches, was Mr Edward Huntingdon, an old man 74 years of age. From some spite they attacked him as he was returning from drawing wood in his cart, and one of them struck him on the head with a club which fractured his skull and deprived him of life.

An inquest has been held on the body and a verdict of wilful murder returned by the jury.

Eight persons have been arrested, but whether the actual murders are among them at present we are unable to say.—*N. Y. Gazette.*

MELANCHOLY SUICIDE.—We learn that a respectable young lady, named Eliza Lewis, residing in New Britain, committed suicide on Wednesday last by cutting her throat with her brother's razor. She had been for some time in a state of mental alienation, and had previously once or twice attempted to destroy herself. On this occasion she took the razor from a cupboard where it was usually kept, and passed out of the back door, where she was found a few minutes afterwards a lifeless corpse—having completely severed the jugular vein. She was 23 years of age.—*Hartford Times.*

RELIGIOUS EXCITEMENT IN CINCINNATI.—Since the early part of December the Rev. I. N. Maffit has been preaching in the Wesleyan Chapel of this city. He delivers four or five sermons in each week, and the chapel, one of the largest buildings of the kind in the west, is uniformly filled to overflowing by the crowds who flock to hear him. We are informed that about 700 persons have been added to the Methodist church of this city since the time of Mr. Maffit's arrival amongst us.—*Cin. Chron.*

A young man named James P. Worth, was murdered on the 4th inst. on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, by Edgar Newman, under circumstances of peculiar atrocity. It seems that the affections of the latter towards a Miss Lavinia Piner, had been supplanted by the former.—Newman, smarting under the lash of jealousy, conceived and executed the design of shooting Worth through a window, as he unsuspectingly sat at the hearth in company with three females. He was immediately arrested and conveyed to the jail at Chestertown.—*From the Empire State.*

SHOCKING.—A young boy named Major, at his father's house at Hartford, Vt., playing with a loaded rifle, accidentally discharged the same when the ball passed through two doors and an entry, entered another

room, and perforated the head of an infant aged thirteen months, asleep in a cradle. The little sufferer lingered for some hours and died.

AN EXPRESS FROM CANADA.—The Philadelphia National Gazette of Wednesday, speaking of the North Eastern Boundary question, says—"We may remark that an express from the Governor General of Canada, with despatches for the British Minister at Washington, arrived in this city last night, in the short time of five days from Toronto, U. C. and proceeded to Washington this morning."

THE GIBBS AND WANSLEY DEPOSITE.—The Hempstead L. I. Enquirer states that about \$20,000 of the money buried on the beach have been recovered—the greater part by the two individuals who first discovered the treasure.

THE COLDEST PLACE YET.—From a correspondent in New Lebanon, Jan. 17. "You speak of cold weather I see in the Argus, but if you want cold weather you must come here. My thermometer this morning at half past 7 was 28 below zero—at noon about zero—at 10 in the evening 26 below—this morning at half past 7, it was 34 below. One in the neighborhood which had I suppose a colder exposure, was down to 38."

The small pox and scarlet fever are both said to be prevailing to an alarming extent in Philadelphia.

MARRIED.

In Schodac, on the 16th inst. by the Rev. Samuel Kissam, Mr. John Schermerhorn, of Bethlehem, to Miss Phebe, daughter of Mr. Henry Birch, of the former place.

On the morning of the 28 inst Mr. Martin Stalker of Salem, to Miss Catharine, daughter of Elisha Bedell, of this city.

Yesterday morning, by the Rev. Dr. Wyckoff, Martin Stalker, esq., of Salem, to Miss Catherine Rendell of this city.

In Watertown, on the 16th inst., by the Rev. John F. Fish, Frederick W. Hubbard, esq., all of that village.

In Syracuse, on Tuesday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Whiting, Mr. I. K. Tift, merchant, of Little Falls, to Miss Frances P., daughter of Silas Ames, esq., of the former place.

DIED.

At Hartford, Con, on Saturday last, Jane Chester Hovey, wife of Prof. S. Hovey, and daughter of the late Thomas Chester, Esq. aged 35 years.

At his residence in Florida, Orange Co. N. Y. after a protracted illness, on the 13th inst. Capt. Benjamin Jennings, in the 77th year of his age.

The deceased was the grandson of the celebrated Robert Morris of Philadelphia, the financier of the U. States during the American revolution.

In Waterloo on the 17th inst., Thomas Balch, in the 75th year of his age.

Mr. Balch was one of the oldest and most respected inhabitants of our village. During our revolutionary struggle, he fought valiantly under the renowned Paul Jones, and was engaged in the action between the *Bonhomme Richard*, the *Serapis* and the *Countess of Blesington*, which resulted in the capture of the two latter. Falling into the hands of the enemy he was incarcerated for a long period in that pestilential hole, the Jersey prison ship; where he suffered more than death. In the height of his distress, the traitor Arnold attempted, by a bribe, to win him from the great cause he had espoused, but he spurned him with contempt, preferring death to the life of a renegade. By an exchange of prisoners, he was finally liberated, diseased and penniless, and it was not until he was confined to his bed for weeks that his constitution recovered the severe shock it had sustained. Again he threw himself into the ranks of his country's deliverers; again he went out upon the ocean, and was again captured and taken prisoner to Ireland. Here he remained until the declaration of peace in 1783 and assisted, by permission of the enemy, in illuminating his prison house when that joyful event was announced.

POETRY.

LAMENT OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS,
ON THE EVE OF A NEW YEAR.

Smile of the Moon!—for so I name
That silent greeting from above;
A gentle flash of light that came
From her whom drooping captives love;
Or art thou of still higher birth?
Thou that didst part the clouds of earth,
My torpor to reprove!

Bright boon of pitying Heaven!—alas,
I may not trust thy placid cheer!
Pondering that Time to night will pass
The threshold of another year;
For years to me are sad and dull;
My very moments are too full
Of hopelessness and fear.

And yet, the soul-awakening gleam,
That struck perchance the farthest cone
Of Scotland's rocky wilds, did seem
To visit me, and me alone;
Me, unapproached by any friend,
Save those who to my sorrows lend
Tears due unto their own.

To-night the church tower bells will ring
Through these wide realms a festive peal.
To a new year a welcoming;
A tuneful offering for the weal
Of happy millions lulled in sleep;
While I am forced to watch and weep,
By wounds that may not heal.

Born all too high, by wedlock raised
Still higher—to be cast thus low!
Would that mine eyes had never gazed
On ought of more ambitious show
Than the sweet flowrets of the fields!
—It is my royal state that yields
This bitterness of woe.

A Woman rules my prison's key:
A sister Queen, against the bent
Of law and holiest sympathy,
Detains me, doubtful of the event;
Great God, feels for my distress,
My thoughts are all that I possess,
Oh keep them innocent!

Farewell desire of human aid,
Which abject mortals vainly court!
By friend deceived, by foes betrayed
Of fears the prey, of hopes the sport;
Nought but the world-redeeming Cross
Is able to supply my loss.

Hark! the death-note of the year
Sounded by the castle-clock!
From her sunk eyes a stagnant tear
Stole forth, unsettled by the shock:
But oft the woods renewed their green,
Ere the tired head of Scotland's Queen
Reposed upon the block!

FROM THE DAILY ADVERTISER.

A LAY.

I need not tell thee that thy spirit
Lodgeth in this heart of mine;
I need not tell thee I inherit
From thy smiles a joy divine;
For thou hast heard my accents quiver,
Mid the words to thee addressed,
And I know'st to thee flows like a river,
Every feeling of my breast.

And have I not, when others lightly
Said my heart beat high for thee,
Seen in thine eyes love's light all brightly,
Trembling, burning, there of me—
Does not that sigh, soft, deep and tender,
Give to me thy heart's reply;
Do not those cheeks of blushing splendor,
Woo me with their every dye?

Oh, yes—I feel thy heart is twining,
Gently, sweetly, with my own,
And that around me love is shining,
Like a beam from glory thrown,
Thine every word I fondly cherish,
As a miser gems of ore,
And not a look of thine can perish,
Till this heart shall beat no more!

JASPER.

SYRACUSE, Jan. 1840.

LIFE.

What art thou, Life? pale Vanity!
Dim shadow of the things to be;
Weak as the wind, and sightless as the wave,
Thy gold but yellow dross; thy fame,
The rattling chain that binds the slave;
Thy pomp and pride a dreaming idiot's game.

What art thou, Life? Time's trumpet-tone,
Echoes o'er glory's work undone;
Breaks down the haughty city's battled wall,
Buries in dust the chieftain's sword;
Bids throne and solemn altar fall,
Till Ruin sits o'er all, resistless lord.

What art thou, Life? Thy richest wreath,
Soon plucked by that pale conqueror Death;
Thy softest winds soon chilled by winter snows,
Delirium of young eyes. Thy summer morn,
Scarce lightning in the East the rose,
When from its cloud the thunder-peal is born.

What art thou, Life? A showery Spring,
Of Paradise! An angel's wing,
Still shrouded in our garniture of clay,
Yet to the stars to be unfurled;
A moment of eternal day;
An atom of God's new created world?

[From the Backwoodsman.]

THE REVELLERS.

There were sounds of mirth and joyousness,
Breaks forth the lighted hall,
And there was many a merry laugh,
And many a merry call;
And the glass was freely passed around,
And the nectar freely quaffed;
And many a heart felt light with glee,
And the joy of the thrilling draught.

A voice arose in that place of mirth,
And a glass was flourished high;
"I drink to Life," said a son of earth,
And I do not fear to die;
I have no fear—I have no fear—
Talk not of the vagrant Death;
For he is a grim old gentleman,
And he wars but with his breath.

Cheer, comrades, cheer! We drink to Life,
And we do not fear to die!"
Just then a rushing sound was heard,
As of spirits sweeping by;
And presently the latch flew up,
And the door flew open wide;
And a stranger strode within the hall,
With an air of martial pride.

He spoke: "I join in your revelry,
Bold sons of the Bacchanal rite;
And I drink the toast you have drank before,
The pledge of yon dauntless knight,
Fill high—fill high—we drink to Life,
And we scorn the reaper Death;
For he is a grim old gentleman,
And he wars but with his breath.

He's a noble soul, that champion knight,
And he bears a martial brow;
O, he'll pass the gates of Paradise,
To the regions of bliss below!"
This was too much for the Bacchanal;
Fire flashed from his angry eye;
A muttered curse, and a vengeful oath—
"Intruder, thou shalt die!"

He struck—and the stranger's guise fell off,
And a phantom form stood there—
A grinning, and ghastly, and horrible thing,
With rotten and mildewed hair!
And they struggled awhile, till the stranger blew
A blast of his withering breath;
And the Bacchanal fell at the phantom's feet,
And his conqueror was—*Death!*

THE WARRIOR.

A gallant form passing by:
The plume bends o'er his lordly brow;
A thousand tongues have raised on high
His song of triumph now:
Young knees are bending round his way,
And age makes bare his locks of gray.

Fair forms have lent their gladdest smile,
White hands have waved the conqueror on
And flowers have decked his path the while,
By gentle fingers strown.
Soft tones have cheered him and the brow
Of beauty beams uncovered now.

The bard has waked the song for him,
And poured his boldest numbers forth
The wine-cup, sparkling to the brim,
Adds phrensy to the mirth;
And every tongue, and every eye,
Does homage to the passer by.

The gallant steeds tread proudly on;
His foot falls firmly now, as when,
In strife that Iron heel went down,
Upon the hearts of men,
And, foremost, in the ranks of strife,
Trod out the last dim spark of life.

Dream they of these, the glad and gay.
That bend around the conqueror's path?
The horrors of the conflict day,
The gloomy field of death,
The ghastly stain, the severed head,
The raven stooping o'er the dead!

Dark thoughts and fearful yet they bring,
No terrors to the triumph hour,
Nor stay the reckless whoshipping
Of blended crime and power.
The fair of form, the mild of mood,
Do honor to the man of blood.

Men, Christians pause! The air ye breathe
Is poisoned by your idol now;
And will ye turn to him, and wreath
Your chaplets round his brow?
Nay, call his darkest deeds sublime,
And smile assent to giant crime?

Forbid it, Heaven!—A voice hath gone
In mildness and meekness forth,
Hushing, before its silvery tone,
The stormy things of earth,
And whispering sweetly through the gloom
And earnest of the peace to come.

AUTHORISED AGENTS.

The following Brethren have kindly offered to act as Agents for the American Masonic Register. They are duly authorised to receive subscriptions and monies on its account.

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AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER AND LITERARY COMPANION.

BY L. G. HOFFMAN.]

ALBANY, SATURDAY FEBRUARY, 8, 1840.

[VOL. I.—NO. 2.]

MASONIC.

—Semita certe,
Tranquilla per virtutem patet unica vita.—Juv. S a
THE HISTORY OF FREEMASONRY,

DRAWN FROM AUTHENTIC SOURCES OF INFORMATION

No. XII.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 169.]

But while Freemasonry flourished in these different parts of the world, and in many other places which it would be tedious to enumerate, it was doomed to undergo a variety of persecutions from the unfounded jealousies of a few despotic rulers, and the deep-rooted superstition of a few Catholic priests. These persecutions took their rise in Holland in the year 1735. The states General were alarmed at the rapid increase of Freemasons, who held their meetings in every town under their government; and as they could not believe that architecture and brotherly love were their only objects, they resolved to discountenance their proceedings. In consequence of this determination, an edict was issued by government, stating that though they had discovered nothing in the practices of the fraternity, either injurious to the interests of the republic, or contrary to the character of good citizens; yet in order to prevent any bad consequences which might ensue from such associations, they deemed it prudent to abolish the assemblies of Freemasons. Notwithstanding this prohibition, a respectable lodge having continued to meet privately at Amsterdam, intelligence was communicated to the magistrates, who arrested all members and brought them to the Court of Justice. Before this tribunal, in presence of all the magistrates of the city, the masters and wardens boldly defended themselves; and declared upon oath, that they were loyal subjects, faithful to their religion, and zealous for the interest of their country; that Freemasonry was an institution venerable in itself, and useful to society, and that though they could not reveal the secrets and ceremonies of their order, they would assure them that they were contrary to the laws neither of God nor man and that they would willingly admit into their order any individual in whom the magistrates could confide and from whom they might receive information as would satisfy a reasonable mind. In consequence of these declarations, the brethren were dismissed, and the town-secretary requested to become a member of the fraternity: After initiation he returned to the court of justice, and gave such a favourable account of the principles and practices of the society, that all the magistrates became brethren of the order, and zealous patrons of Freemasonry.

After Freemasonry had thus honourably triumphed over her persecutors in Holland, she had to contend in France with prejudices, equally inveterate, though less impregnable. Although many persons of distinction defended the fraternity, and expostulated with the court on the impropriety of severe measures, their assemblies were abolished in 1737, under the common pretence, that beneath their inviolable secrets, they might cover some dreadful design, hostile to religion, and dangerous to the kingdom. But when these evasions of party spirit and private malice had subsided, the prohibition of government was gradually forgotten, and the fraternity in France recovered their former prosperity and splendor.

In Germany, too, the tranquility of the order was interrupted by the malice of some ignorant women. The curiosity of the female sex is proverbial: A few German women, who possessed a greater share of this commodity than is necessary for shining in a drawing room conversations, were anxious to discover the secrets of Freemasonry. Having been baffled in all their attempts, upon the fickleness of their husbands, and the fondness of their admirers, they converted their curiosity into revenge, and attempted to inflame the mind of Maria Theresa, the Empress Queen, against the lodges in Vienna. Their attempt was in some measure successful, as they persuaded her to issue an order for surprising all masons in the city, when assembled in their lodges. This plan however, was frustrated by the intervention of the Emperor Joseph I. who being himself a mason declared his readiness to answer for their conduct, and showed the woman and their friends, that the charges which they had brought against the order were false and defamatory.

When the flame of persecution is once kindled, its devastations are seldom confined to the country where it originated. The example of one nation is urged as an excuse for the conduct of another; and, like the sandy desert, its effects are ruinous in proportion to its progress. In Holland and France, the hostility of the legislatures against Freemasonry was in a short time disarmed. But, when the flame reached the ecclesiastical states of Italy, it broke out with more ungovernable rage.—Its effects were more cruel, and its duration more lengthened. In the year 1738, a formidable bull thundered from the conclave, not only against Freemasons themselves, but against all those who promoted or favored their cause, who gave them the smallest countenance or advice, or who were, in respect, connected with a set of men who, in the opinion of his Holiness, were enemies to the tranquility of the state, and hostile to the spiritual interests of souls. Notwithstanding the severity of the bull, which threatens excommunication to every offender, no particular charge, either of a moral or political nature, is brought against a single individual of the order. It is merely stated, that the fraternity had spread far and wide; and were daily increasing; that they admitted men of every religion into their society, and that they bound their members by oath, to preserve with inviolable secrecy, the mysteries of their order. These circumstances, indeed, were sufficient grounds for exciting the church of Rome to oppose a system so contrary to their superstitious and contracted views, in religion and government.

This bull was followed by an edict, dated 14th January 1739, containing sentiments equally bigoted, and enactments equally severe. The pervulgate of the galleys, the tortures of the rack, and, a fine of a thousand crowns in gold, were threatened to persons of every description, who were daring enough to breathe the infectious air of a Masonic Assembly.

About a month after this edict was issued, a decree was emitted by his Holiness, condemning a French book entitled an Apology for the Society of Freemasons, and ordering it to be burnt by the magistrates of justice, in one of the most frequented streets of Rome. Did his Holiness imagine, that by performing a scam from a magazine of gunpowder, the explosion would be less tremendous? or, that by consuming a single copy of a trifling tract, he could suppress its circulation, restrain the indications and energies of the mind, and

blunt these social and benevolent affections, which unite by an indissoluble tie the members of a Society,

Where Christians, Jews, and Turks, and Pagans stand,
One bloodied throng, one undistinguished band,

In consequence of these enactments at Rome, the Catholic clergyman of Holland attempted, in the year 1740, to enforce obedience to the commands of their superiors. It was customary among the divines of that country, to examine the religious qualifications of those, who requested a certificate to receive the holy sacrament. Taking advantage of their spiritual power, they concluded their examination of the candidate by asking if they were Freemasons. If they answered in the affirmative the certificate was refused and they expelled for ever from the communion table. As the priests had exerted the authority in the expulsion of several respectable characters, the subject excited general attention and when many pamphlets had been published in defence of both parties, the States General interceded, and prohibited the clergy from asking questions that were unconnected with the religious character of the individual.

Several Freemasons of distinction in Germany, though steady friends to the church of Rome, disapproved highly of its proceedings against the fraternity, and were anxious to preserve the order from that ruin to which it was fast approaching. In order to effect this, they instituted a new association, formed upon the same principles, and proposing to itself the same objects as Freemasonry. The members were denominated Mopses, from the German words *mops*, denoting a young Mastiff, which was deemed a proper emblem of the mutual fidelity and attachment of the Brethren. But that they might preserve the mysteries of Freemasonry from those members of the new association who were not Masons, they rejected from their ranks all the Masonic ceremonies, words and signs. As that they might escape the vengeance of the Roman church, they softened all those parts of the institution which had a tendency to give offence to narrow and superstitious minds. Instead, therefore, of binding the members by an oath, they took their word of honour, that they would never reveal the mysteries and ceremonies of the order. It is well known to every person acquainted with the History of Masonry, that the exclusion of the women has been a fertile source of calumny against the brethren. It was supposed that actions were performed in the Lodges, inconsistent with the delicacy of the female sex; and, as in the case of the Templars, that the most unnatural crimes were perpetrated and authorised. In order to avoid this ground of defamation, the Mopses admitted women into their Lodges, who were allowed to any office, except that of Grand Mopse. The association of the Mopses were patronized by some of the most illustrious characters in Germany. The Lodges consisted of the most respectable members of the community, and several of the Princes of the Empire were Grand Masters of their order. The admission of Protestants or Heretics into the mason lodges in catholic countries gave great offence to the church of Rome, and was one of the causes which prompted the severity of the proceedings. Aware of this circumstance, the Mopses resolved to initiate none into their mysteries, but to keep their doors closed to those catholic communions. This however, was not sufficient to prevent their numbers from increasing, and they admitted into their order, without any

scruple, men of every religion and of every country.

As the bulls of the Pope had no authority in Switzerland, Freemasonry flourished in that republic till the year 1745, when a most unaccountable edict was issued by the council of Berne, prohibiting under the severest penalties, the assemblies of Freemasons. No reason is assigned by the council for their conduct; no charges are advanced against any of the brethren. The council of Berne are terrified for secret associations; and, on this account, forsooth, they must persecute and destroy. More intolerant in their bigotry, and more cruel in their conduct than the church of Rome, they are not satisfied with abolishing all the lodges in the republic. Every Freemason in Switzerland must accuse himself before the magistrates of the district. He must renounce his obligations to secrecy; and swear, in the presence of the great God of Heaven, to trample upon those engagements which, before the same Being, he has sworn to revere. Such an instance of tyranny over the minds and conscience of men is a remarkable fact in the history of a republic, where the reformed religion has been protected from its infancy, and where Freemasons had always conducted themselves with exemplary propriety. (a) The severe treatment, therefore, which they experienced, must have originated in some private quarrel between the members of the council and the fraternity. It could be prompted by no patriotic motive; by no regard for the welfare for the state, or the safety of individuals. But notwithstanding these persecutions, Freemasonry was afterwards revived in Switzerland, and practised without molestation though with less eagerness and success than in the other States of Europe.

During these various persecutions of which we have only given a general account, many individuals of the fraternity underwent the severest treatment; and in their relief, that practical benevolence was strongly exemplified which Freemasons are taught to exhibit to the distressed brethren of their order. In 1739, after Pope Eugenius had issued his bull against Freemasonry, one Crudelia, a Freemason, was imprisoned at Florence in the Inquisition, and suffered the most unmerited cruelties for maintaining the innocence of the association. When the Grand Lodge of England was informed of his miserable situation, they recollected that a foreigner, however low his rank, and however distant his abode, had a claim upon their sympathy;—they transmitted to him twenty pounds for procuring the necessaries of life, and exerted every nerve for effecting his liberation. A brother confined at St. Sebastian in Spain, experienced from the English Masons, the same attention and generosity. At Lisbon, in the year 1742, James Monton, a French artist, and John Coustos, a native of Berne, in Switzerland, were imprisoned by the bloody Inquisition. They were accused of belonging to a society by which sacrilege and murder were allowed; and were requested to discover to their persecutors, the true design of Freemasonry. After defending the institution as useful and innocent, they were extended on the rack, in expectation that a confession would be extorted by its torments. Force however, had no control over a mind conscious of integrity. Coustos having maintained his innocence after having been thrice stretched on this instrument of agony, was, at last, sentenced to walk in the procession of the *Auto de Fe*, and to serve in the galleys for four years. At the instance of the English Masons, however, George II. a thirteenth, the British Minister at Lisbon, to demand, in his Majesty's name, from the King of Portugal, the liberation of Coustos; which was granted in 1744, after a dreadful confinement of two years and a half.

From such scenes of human barbarity, it is pleasing to turn to examples of real benevolence and generosity. As the consideration of these is always gratifying to a humane mind, they certainly deserve to be recorded in a History of Freemasonry. In 1748, Monsieur Preverot, a gentleman in the navy, and brother of the celebrated M. Preverot, doctor of medicine in the faculty at Paris, unfortunately shipwrecked on an island, whose viceroy was a Freemason. Along with his ship

M. Preverot had lost all his money and effects. In this destitute condition, he presented himself to the viceroy, and related his misfortune in this manner which completely proved that he was no impostor. The viceroy made the Masonic signs, which being instantly returned by the Frenchman, they recognised and embraced each other as brethren of the same order. M. Preverot was conducted to the viceroy's house, who furnished him with the comforts of life, till a ship bound for France touched at the island. Before his departure, in this vessel, the viceroy loaded him with presents, and gave him as much money as was necessary for carrying him into his native country.

In the battle of Detting, in 1743, one of the king's guards having his horse killed under him, was so entangled among its limbs that he was unable to extricate himself. While he was in this situation an English dragoon galloped up to deprive him of his life. The French soldier having, with much difficulty, made the signs of Masonry the dragoon recognised him as a brother, and not only saved his life, but freed him from his dangerous situation. He was made a prisoner by the English dragoon, who was well aware that the ties of Masonry cannot dissolve those of patriotism.

In the year 1749, Freemasonry was introduced into Bohemia, and eagerly embraced by all the distinguished characters in the city of Prague. They call themselves Scottish Masons, and are remarkably inquisitive into the characters of those whom they admit into the order. On this account they perform with punctuality, those duties which they owe to their brethren of the order, as is strikingly exemplified in the following story:

A Scottish gentleman, in the Prussian service; was taken prisoner at the battle of Lutzen, and was conveyed to Prague, along with four hundred of his companions in arms: as soon as it was known that he was a Mason, he was released from confinement; he was invited to the tables of the most distinguished citizens and requested to consider himself as a Freemason, and not as a prisoner of war. About three months after the engagement, an exchange of prisoners took place and the Scottish officer was presented, by the fraternity, with a purse of sixty ducats, to defray the expences of his journey. (b)

TO BE CONTINUED.

(b) Several striking and curious instances of the extensive benevolence of Freemasonry may be seen in Smith's *Use and Abuse of Freemasonry*, pp. 374, 377, 378, &c.

MISCELLANY

NAPOLEON AT THE TOMB OF FREDERICK THE GREAT.

On the 24th of October, Napoleon entered Potsdam and visited the palace of Sans-Souci, where he went over the apartments of the Great Frederick, the furniture and decorations of which were in precisely the same state in which they had been left at the death of their royal occupant. The old writing table of the king still bore the inkstand and pens of the correspondent of Voltaire and patron of Hogarth. His favorite books were still open upon their shelves and Napoleon was evidently the first who had taken them thence since the decease of their original owner. Many contained marginal notes in the hand, writing of the monarch; and the maps exhibited proofs of having been used for tracing the military operations of the Seven Years War. The Emperor sat for some time in profound meditation, in the royal cabinet; and, before departing, examined the gardens and terraces around the palace, and requested that the favorite walks and resorts of the King should be pointed out to him. He returned for the night to Potsdam, where he forbade any one to occupy the private apartments of the Prussian Queen. In one of the drawers of her Majesty's dressing room, however, which, notwithstanding the prohibition, seems to have been strictly examined, was found a memorial drawn up by the emigrant Dumouriez, detailing a scheme of that General's for subduing the power of Napoleon, and subjugating his own country.

On the morning of the 25th, after having reviewed the Imperial Foot-guards, Napoleon went with his staff to inspect the vault containing the ashes of Frederick II. The remains of that celebrated warrior legislator, and father, were enclosed in a double coffin of wood,

and copper, in a niche protected by a massive door. But there was neither ornament, trophy, nor any mark of distinction, save the word Frederick II., engraved on the coffin itself, to recall the deeds which had first caused the Prussian name to be respected throughout Europe. Among the spoils which the Emperor took from Potsdam, were the sword, the Cross of the Black Eagle, and the sash of the deceased King, and the flags which had been borne by his Guards during his campaigns. These trophies of conquest, which an ordinary victor would probably have spared, were presented by Napoleon to the Hotel of Invalids, at Paris; where they were received by the disabled veterans of the army which had served against Frederick in Hanover, with the most profound respect and veneration, as appertaining to one of the greatest Captains whose exploits have been recorded in history. "I am better pleased with these relics," said Napoleon, as he took the sword of Frederick from above the tomb where it hung, and drew it from the scabbard, "than if I had found a treasure of twenty millions of francs!"

DAUPHIN OF FRANCE.

The heir apparent of the crown of France derives his title of Dauphin from the following very singular circumstance. In 1349, Hubert, second count of Dauphiny, being inconsolable for the loss of his heir and only child, who had leaped from his arms through a window of his palace at Grenoble into the river Isere, entered into a convent of Jacobins, and ceded Dauphiny to Philip, a young son of Philip of Valois (for 120,000 florins of gold each of the value of twenty sols, or ten pence English,) on condition that the eldest son of the king of France should be always after styled "the Dauphin, from the name of the province thus ceded. Charles V., grandson to Philip of Valois, was the first who bore the title in 1350.

A POSTSCRIPT.

SOMEBODY has said that a lady always expresses her mind in a postscript. Some two years ago, a friend of ours fell in love with a very beautiful and very romantic girl, whose guardian set his ugly face against the match. After the ordinary process of anxiety and tribulation, the young gentleman contrived to have a letter put into the hands of his Julia, begging her to run away with him. She returned an answer of three pages closely written—she talked about cruel fate, aching hearts, tomb-stones, and willow trees, in a style of unutterable sensibility—but not a word about his request. He read on till he came to the signature, "your broken hearted Julia," and was on the point of deciding, that Julia was not as wise as she might be, when a little P. S. caught his eye. It was to this effect—that she would be ready to run away with him that evening, in spite of all the guardians in the world. This was the quintessence of the whole three pages.

GIVING THE LIE.

The great affront of giving the lie arose from the phrase 'thou liest,' in the oath taken by the defendant in judicial combats, before engaging, when charged with any crime by the plaintiff, and Francis the First of France, to make current his giving the lie to the emperor, Charles the Fifth, first stamped it with infamy, by saying, in a solemn assembly, that he was no honest man that would bear the lie.

A FIGURE TO PAINT.

"Represent me in my portrait," said a gentleman to his painter. "with a book in my hand, and reading aloud. Paint my servant also, in a corner where he cannot be seen, but in such a manner that he may hear me when I call him."

A Chieftain in Scotland, desired his hearers never to call one another liars, but when any one said the thing that was not, they ought to *whistle*. On Sunday he preached a sermon on the parable of the leaves and fishes, and being at a loss how to explain it he said the leaves were not like those now a days, they were as big as some of the hills of Scotland!—He had scarce pronounced the words when he heard a *whistle*. "What is that (says he) on's me a liar?"—It is I, Willy M. Donald the baker. "Well; Willy, what objection have to what I ha' told you?"—None Mass John, only I want to know what sort of ovens they had to bake such leaves in."

(a) Freemasonry seems to have been directly imported into Switzerland from Great Britain; as a deputation was granted by the G. and L. of England, for erecting a Lodge at Lausanne, in the canton of Berne, in the year 1733. It does not, therefore, in so short a time, be conveyed by the offensive associations which were superinduced upon it in France.

CLERICAL ANECDOTE.—Old parson W. of Bristol county, Mass., related the following anecdote of himself. He wished to address every portion of his flock in a manner to impress them most deeply, and accordingly gave notice that he would preach separated sermons to the old, to young men, to the young women, and to sinners. At his first sermon his house was full—but not one aged person was there. At the second to young men, every lady of the parish was present; and but few of those for whom it was intended. At the third, few young ladies attended, but the aisles were crowded with young men. And at the fourth, addressed to sinners, not a solitary individual was there, except the sexton and the organist. "So," said the old parson, "I found that every body came to church to hear his neighbor scolded, but no one cared to be spoken to himself."

SLEIGHING-TIME—AMERICAN COURT-SHIP.

This must be an everlasting fine country, beyond all doubt, for the folks have nothing to do but to ride about and talk politics. In the winter, when the ground is covered with snow what grand times they have a slay-in over these here marshes with the gals, or playin' ball on the ice, or goin' to quilting frolics of nice long winter evenings, and then a drivin' home like mad by moonlight. Natur made that season on purpose for courtin'. A little tidy scrumptuous looking slay, a ryal clipper of a horse, a string of bells as long as a string of onions round his neck, and a sprig on his back lookin' for all the world like a bunch of apples broke off at a gatherin' time, and a sweetheart alongside, all muffled up but her eyes and lips—the one lookin' right into you, and the other talkin' right at you—is een amost enough to drive one raven-tarin, distracted mad with pleasure, ain't it? And then the dear critters say the bells make such a din there's no hearing one's self speak: so they put their pretty little muzz up close to your face, and talk, talk, talk, till one can't help lookin' right at them instead of the horses, and then whip you both go capized into a snow-drift together, skins, cushions, and all. And then to see the little critter shake herself when she gets up, like a duck and ng from a pond, chattering away all the time like canary bird, and you a bawhawin' with pleasure, is fun alive you my depend. In this way a feller gets led on to offer himself as a lover afore he knows where he bees.—*Sam Slick.*

A Girl's Feet in Thick Shoes.—Major McCardle, of the Victoria Whig, is in ecstasies with a couple of beautiful feet he saw the other day, belonging to a young and handsome girl, and which were "done up" in good substantial leather shoes and thick soles. The Major thinks, and we think he is right; that the girl has one of the right kind of mothers at home. As the beautiful creature turned a corner and was hid from sight, McCardle thus broke out to himself:—"Ah! your mother loves you as a mother ought to love her children, and will not allow you to cramp your dear little toes in a piece of thin kid skin, and thus open the way for colds, coughs, asthmas, catarrhs, consumptions, influenzas, and all imaginable and unimaginable diseases to creep into the system; nor does she wish you to lay up a crop of corns to fret over the balance of your life, to spoil your temper and make you blow up your husband when you get one. Speaking of husbands, we are not in a hurry on our selves, and we may wait a couple of years or so for you yet. Stick to those thick shoes, and don't make a simpton of yourselves as some grown up girls have done before now."

ARABIAN SURGERY.

An unfortunate merchant of Tripoli, Mahomed N'cliff, who had suffered much on the road from an enlarged spleen, was here advised to undergo the operation of burning with a red hot iron, the sovereign Arab remedy for every disorder; he consented, and, previous to our move this morning, he was laid down on his back, and while five or six Arabs held him on the sand, the rude operators burnt him on the left side, under the ribs, in three places, nearly the size of a six-pence each. The iron was again placed on the fire, and while heating, the thumbs of about a dozen Arabs were thrust in different parts of the poor man's side, to know if the pressure pained him, until his flesh was so bruised that he declared all gave him pain; four more

marks of the iron were now made near the former ones, upon which he was turned on his face, and three larger ones made within two inches of his back bone. One would have thought the operation was at an end but an old Arab, who had been feeling his throat for some time declared a hot iron and a large burn absolutely necessary just above the collar bone, on the same side. The poor man submitted with wonderful patience to all this mangling, and after drinking a draught of water, moved on with the camels.—*Dunham and Clapperton's African Discoveries.*

BONAPARTE AND CHARLES FOX.

One day when Bonaparte, in one of his frequent fits of ill-humour, was expressing his contempt of the whole hum in race, I observed to him, that if the go-waws of state excited the admiration of the vulgar, there were some men who were above being dazzled by them; and I mentioned, as an example, the celebrated Charles Fox, who, anticipated the conclusion of the peace of Amiens, had come to Paris, where he was remarkable for his extreme simplicity of manner and appearance. "You are right," said the First Consul, "Fox is a truly great man."

Bonaparte was always delighted to see Fox; and whenever he had an interview with him, he never failed to tell me of the pleasure he enjoyed in conversing with the great English statesman, who, he said, was truly worthy of his high celebrity. He regarded him as a man of the very highest order, and ardently wished to treat with him in his subsequent relations with England. It may be presumed that Mr. Fox, on his part, did not forget the friendly relations he had maintained with the First Consul.—*Bourienne.*

An old Fashioned Marriage Portion.—Capt. John Hull, who was one of the first founders of the Old South Church, Boston, Captain of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery, a Representative of the town, and in 1780 an assistant, was a man of wealth. A daughter of his was married to Major Samuel Sewall. As usual in those days, the father was expected to give his daughter a marriage portion. So father Hull, after his daughter was completely, and richly too, dressed and prepared for the ceremony, caused her to be put into one side of a large pair of Scares, in the presence of her friends, and then piled on dollars and crowns, and other silver money until they weighed her down. Report says she was a plump hearty girl. This must have been a fat marriage portion in those days.—*Boston paper.*

WHO WOULD BE AN EDITOR?—A correspondent of a Scottish newspaper, after a long winded dissertation on the state of the times, submits the following pithy P. S.:—"I had almost forgotten to tell you that some of my neighbours disna like your paper, because there are unco few 'murders, in't, and 'accidents,' and 'droll stories,' &c. : but I said it was hard tae please every body."

LEAP YEAR.

Our erudite fellow citizens will find, on inspection of the almanac, that the present year, 1840, is bissextile or leap-year. The child whose hap it may be to be born on the 29th of next month, February, will behold the recurrence of his birthday but once in four years. Another singular circumstance respecting leap year is, that ladies by ancient custom, may pay their addresses to the gentlemen: so that the belle who has an overly bashful admirer may save him from the horrors of popping the question and bring the period of courtship to a speedy conclusion.

The following ludicrous incident, it is related occurred not long since on a bridge at Bale—

An old doctor of great skill in his profession, and no less originality of character, was going over it when he was accosted by a venerable dame, who thought she would get some advice gratis, and constrained him to listen to her ailments. He heard her with an attentive air, and when she had done, said he, "All' right my dear, I see what's the matter: shut your eyes and show me your tongue." She obeyed, and the doctor quietly moving off, left her standing there for some time in her ridiculous position, to the infinite amusement of all who witnessed the scene.

A German priest walking in procession at the head of his parishioners, over uncultivated fields in order to procure a blessing on their future crops, when he came to those of unpromising appearance, would pass on saying, "Here prayers and singing will avail nothing; this must have manure."

THE DEER AT THE FALLS.

We learn from a correspondent at the Falls, that the Deer which attracted so much attention the other day by his voyage down the river on a cake of ice, was on Saturday driven from his place of refuge, and forced to take the tremendous leap. He was frightened from the island, on which he had remained so quietly for the last week, by some persons coming on the ice that had lodged on the head of his island, and between that and Goat Island. Seeing these unwelcome guests invading his quiet abode, he retreated to the island and leaped into the rapids. After swimming about twenty rods towards the Canada shore he tacked about and swam directly for the precipice. He was instantly dashed down the perpendicular height of one hundred and sixty feet, yet he came to the surface of the water alive. He made several attempts to swim but in vain. Overcome by the plunge and chilled by the coldness of the water, he finally submitted to the mercy of the current. He is still to be seen floating in an eddy at the foot of Goat Island.—*Buffalo paper.*

Chinese Women.—The idolators of beauty, the Chinese, are forever at the feet of the beings whom they persecute. The following precaution of jealousy is unique: When any of their wives are indisposed, they fasten a silken thread round her waist, the cord of which is given to the physician, and it is only by the motion which the pulsation communicates to it, that he is allowed to judge of the state of his patient.

STIFFENING.—When an individual in Massachusetts wishes to drink, he goes to a grocery, purchases a glass of water, and asks for the "stiffening."

From the Boston Courier.

SCOUNDRELISM.—A wealthy young scoundrel in Providence, has been arrested and held to bail for trial, in the sum of \$10,000, for practising upon an amiable young lady, one of the blackest frands we have ever supposed the heart of man capable of. It appears that the lady was a chambermaid in ordinary circumstances, and possessed of a remarkably handsome person, and that her virtue proved impenetrable to the base designs of this young scape-grace, who swore that she should become a prey to him by fair means or foul. To effect his purpose, he promised to marry her on a certain evening, and when the time arrived, he took her into a carriage, and drove off as he told her, to a priest, or magis rate, to have the marriage ceremony performed. They arrived at the house of a priest, where as he supposed, they were legally married, as the ceremony was conducted in the usual form; but judge of the poor girl's horror and surprise, after living with him about a fortnight as his wife, upon being informed by the soulless wretch, that the marriage was all a sham, as the person who married them was no priest or magistrate, but a friend of his whom he had engaged to assist him in the plot, and that he should live with her no longer.

These are the details of the case. The girl was abandoned in this wretched situation, and the fiend who had ruined her was left going at large. Some friends of virtue and humanity, however, have raised her by subscription, a sum of money to defray the expenses of the law, and he has been arrested and held to bail as stated above.

The punishment for such a crime cannot be too heavy. The villain who was accessory to the crime, and acted the hypocrite priest, deserves to be sold into southern slavery, and the proceeds of the sale given to the betrayed and much injured girl.

A distressing accident occurred in New-York, on Wednesday afternoon, at the establishment for the manufacture of fire works, kept by Mr. Peter Curtis, in the rear of 215 Fulton street. A bundle of rock-ets, which had been placed near the stove became ignited, and exploded, killing Mr. Curtis on the spot, shattering the windows and tearing the building to pieces.

POPULAR TALES.

AN AWFUL LEEING-LIKE STORY.

BY THE ETICKICK SHEPHERD.

"Gude forgi'e us, Mr. Sholto, is this you? Sic a fright as I got! What for are ye gaun stanmin' among the dead fo'ke's graves, at this time o'night?"

"Hark ye, Andrew, you are an honest man."

"Thank ye, sir."

"I think I can trust you with a hint; for if I cannot trust you, I know of no other on whom I can depend. I was thinking of opening a grave to-morrow night."

"If I war you, I wadna do that, Mr. Sholto. Ay, ay! an' has your desperate fortune driven you to be a doctor, an' ye're gaun to study the muse's?"

"What is your opinion, Andrew, about my uncle's will—do you believe that he executed one in my favor?"

"Ah! what has that to do wi' howking up the dead? I ken he made a will in your favor an' carried it very muckle in his pouch—the worst place that it could be deposited in; for you were wild, an' he was auld an' a cross—an' I fear he has burnt it, an' ye'll never be a place the better o' a' his riches. Your cousin, Lord Archibald, has got it, and he'll keep it. But L—"

"What are ye gaun to hawk up the dead for?"

"Why, Andrew, you may perhaps account it a foolish fancy; but a desperate man is often driven to desperate expedients. What would you think if my uncle had taken that will to the grave wi' him?"

"I Wadna wonder a bit. But then there's this to consider. How was he to get it to the grave wi' him?"

The coffin was na made till after he was dead; an' wad it no rather pinch him to get haud o' the will after that? "I have very powerful reasons for suspecting that my uncle's will has been deposited in his coffin by some interested person, or bribed person; else, what has become of it? It could scarcely have been burnt at this season, because there were no fires in the house, save that in the kitchen, where there would have been too many witnesses. But if his will was in his pocket, and his clothes in the room, it was an easy matter, to slip the deed into the coffin. Now, Andrew, will you assist me in making the search?"

"The deil a bit, sir. I daurna; an' troth, I think your powerful reasons no reasons at a'."

"I have other reasons than these, Andrew, which I'm not at liberty to tell."

"Then, if ye wanna tell them, ye shall howk the dead out o' his grave yourself, for me. The truth is, that I have a particular aversion at dead fo'ke; but I wad venture gae far for a secret like that."

"What was your opinion of my father, Andrew?"

"He was a very honest, good-natured, simple man, but he had a fault—an' an unco bad one, too."

"A fault? What do you mean, Andrew—what was it?"

"O, it was an ill fault, sir. He was useless. He never had the power to do a good turn either to himself or any other body."

"Do you think my father will be in Heaven, Andrew?"

"Eh!—Hem. I canna say sir. It is rather a kittle question, Mr. Sholto. I hope he is, however; but wadna say ower far. Good night, sir. I wadna open the grave, an' I war you. It will may be bring the law down on your head."

"Stop, stop, Andrew. I cannot do without your assistance, so I must tell you every thing. You know my father was an honest and a truthful man while on earth, and would not have told a lie, with his knowledge. Now, my father has appeared to me, and told me in plain and direct terms, that my rights are lying in that grave."

"Mr. Sholto, I'm feared that your misfortunes have disarranged your mind; that's patten you a wee da ta as it war, or else you're telling me a fib, to induce me to assist you in an unlawful deed. Ye surely dinna pretend to say that your father really appeared to you in his bodily shape, and gae you this piece of intelligence."

"Again and again in his bodily shape has he appeared to me, and told me this. I saw him as plainly as I see you, and heard his words as distinctly as I hear yours."

"Alas, I fear the mind has been wandering. But even suppose it has, I can hardly blame you for making the attempt, for even an ideal hint frae a parent beyond

the grave has an impression wi't. But they said your uncle was buried in an iron chest."

"So he was, but I have the key of it; for though not the lineal heir, I was the nearest of kin, and the burial place is mine. So now, good Andrew, pray assist me; and if I succeed in procuring the rights to my uncle's property and riches; which you know should all have been mine, your reward shall be liberal."

"We'll do it in open day, then, an' I will assist you. The burial ground is your ain, an' I, dinna see how any body can hinder you to delve in it as muckle as you like, but as to assisting in the howe o' the night, I fear my conscience wadna stand it."

"We will not be suffered to do it by day. The church officers would have us taken up for violating the sepulchres of the dead. And, moreover, I want to have it done most secretly, for fear of disappointment, for I have no doubt but that Lord Archibald knows very well where the deed is deposited. And now I have all the mattocks prepared, so dear Andrew, let us proceed."

After much hesitation, and bargaining for an yearly salary, Andrew consented, and the two fell to work about nine o'clock on an October night. There was a tall iron railing round the cemetery: with pike on the top as sharp as needles, and of this Sholto had the key which likewise opened the iron chest in which the coffin was deposited; for Sholto's mother was sister to the deceased, and retained her right in that, without being able to realize anything beside. The two adventurers, therefore, weened themselves quite safe from any surprise; and Andrew, being well accustomed to work with pike and spade, wrought away strenuously and successfully, while Sholto could make him but little help. But during all the time, Andrew stipulated that Sholto himself was to search the coffin, for he said, that into contact with a dead man, at the howe o' the night, for the saul o' him he durst not come.

It was a laborious task, for the grave was deep, and until once the whole of the earth was cleared away, the lid of the iron chest could not be raised so straight up as to let the coffin out. They at last effected it: the lock was opened, and the lid set straight up, leaning against the side of the grave; and just while both their heads were down, as they were striving to unscrew the coffin lid, the corpse within gave three or four sharp an' r's at the head of the coffin, right above the face.

"L—san' us? What was that? cried Andrew."

"Was it not you?" returned the other.

"Na. It wasna me," rejoined the frightened man; his whole frame and tongue becoming rigid with terror.

"Whv, you ridiculous old bumpkin, do you mean to fright me away from the prize, now that it is so nearly attained? do not I know that it was you, and that it could be on one else?"

"As I live and breathe, and look up to Heaven it was not me," said Andrew.

"Come, come, no more fooling. Begin and work—we shall be at our wit's end in a few seconds."

"I wish I were sure that I wadna at mine, already. Come away—come away out o' this place, for the sake o' Heaven!"

"Whv, fool, how is it possible my uncle can be alive in that chest till now, with all that earth above him? But, say that he were, would we not be the most hard hearted and inexcusable sinners, were we to go away and not let him out?"

"Let him out d'ye say? L—, an' he war to rise out there even now, I wad dee I' this spot. Maister Sholto—Maister Sholto? An' I live an' breathe; (an' it's a ane can ken) I thought I heard him laughin'!"

"Laughin'?"

"Ay smirkin a kind o' suppressed laugh at me."

"I cannot comprehend this. On my soul, I believe I heard some living sounds. Fall on and work, I beseech you."

But Andrew had dropped his mattocks into the grave, and working was over with him for that night. He, however, began to stoop and grope for his screw-driver while Sholto fell to the coffin again with eager but unpractised hands. At this juncture, while Andrew's head was down, and Sholto fumbling about the lid, the raps o' the coffin lid were repeated, accompanied by these words, in a dry tone:

"Who's there? What do you want?"

Andrew roared out in bellowsings so short, loud, and

energetic, that they were enough to awaken the dead, and breasting up from the deep against the loose mould, it gave way with him, and he fell back flat into the grave. "Rattle," quoted the coffin, and that instant Andrew felt the weight of a giant above him, while a dead cold hand seized him by the throat, and a voice of terror uttered these ominous words close to his ear:

"You villain, I have caught you."

Andrew offered no resistance. He cried out as long as he had any voice, and when that failed him he was passive, every joint of his body becoming as supple as a wet clout, and from thenceforward he was deprived of all sense or feeling, and knew not what the dead man was doing with him, whether he was dragging him into the coffin beside himself, or away to that dreadful place appointed for the habitation of wicked men; but certes, he had a sort of half feeling that he was being dragged away to some place or other.

Andrew's next appearance must be taken from the description of others. It was in a sort of prison, or watch-house, in which there was a dim light, and a number of hideous figures stalking to and fro, but to none of them would Andrew utter a word. It was in vain that they asked questions of him for his mind was not there; and he only stared about him with looks, so wild, that he made the motly community bray out in laughter. The first words that he said, and that was long after his admission, were, "Where is he himself; meaning the devil, as some supposed, but perhaps with more probability the baron whom he had awakened from the dead, for he had supposed all that while that he was in h—l."

Sholto was first examined, who stubbornly declined all explanation of his motives, and appeared in the deepest distress imaginable. But when Andrew was brought in before the judge, a most novel and ludicrous scene was enacted. Andrew was still deranged in his mind, and so completely deprived of judgment, that he seemed to entertain no idea in what place he was, or who he was among. He fixed long and terrified looks on his conductors alternately, and then towards other parts of the chamber, and at last when he was addressed by the judge's clerk, his looks turned in that direction; but there was no speculation in his eye they were unstable and glaring; and though looking with terrible eagerness, they beheld nothing distinctly, while to every question his answer was, "Eh? Aye. Where is he himself?"

When they asked who he wanted, he said he wanted nobody he only wished to learn what was become of him. This, after long winding about, turned out to be the late baron whom he was enquiring after; Andrew being impressed with the firm belief, that the old rascal had angled from the coffin in a great rage, and seized him by the throat. When at last they brought Andrew to answer, his narration was certainly the most strange and incoherent every delivered in a court. It appears there had been no impression left on his mind, but the late scene of the grave, and the wonderful fact of the old baron having been still alive. I shall insert a few of the questions and answers here *verbatim*, for the amusement of the curious in legal proceedings.

"What were your motives for violating the sanctuary of the dead?"

"I had nae motives for't, sir—nae at a' I gae because Mr. Sholto ordered me to gang, an' sair against my will!"

"Then, of course, he would reveal to you what his motives were?"

"Aye, but let him speak for himself. He certainly had motives of the ordinary kind now when I think on't."

"Then, as an honest man, declare what those were."

"There, sir, ye hae touched me I the quick, for, an honest man I will be. Why then, sir, an' ye hae her's ghost had come back free the dead, an' tould you in plain terms that they had buried your brother alive, what would you have done."

"Misbelieved the ghost, certainly, and led the dead to their repose. Or if I had opened the tomb, I would have done it at noonday, before witnesses."

"There you would have been right, Sir—it's the very thing I advised."

"But this is a most untangible inference of yours' Andrew; I have nothing from it. Do you please to say, and affirm, that Mr. Sholto's father appeared to him, and told him that the baron was buried alive."

"That he did! An' tould him nae mair than the truth, either, whilk I fand to my experience."

'Consider what you are saying, sir, and where you are saying, it. You are raving, or beside yourself.

You do not pretend to say, that you found the old gentleman alive below the earth till now?

'That I do! We found him alive with a vengeance, as mad as a March hare at being disturbed.'

'Here the court burst into laughter, and the judge said, 'I can make nothing of this fellow, who seems quite beside himself. What hold can be laid on such asseverations as these? But as little can I divine for what purpose the tomb was violated.'

'D'ye no believe what I say, sir,' cried Andrew, fiercely; 'd'ye no believe that we found the old gentleman leevin'! If ye dinna believe't I'll swear't. We found him leevin' an' life like; an' though he was aye cross an' ill-natured i' his life, I never saw him as mad as he was yestreen. O, a perfect dragon! Rap, rap, on the inside o' the coffin lid.

'Wha's there? What I ye want wi' me, ye d—d rascals? O, a perfect viper. He was an angry man afore but death has put him clean mad. When he heard that I was trying to make my escape, he dang the coffin lid a' in flinters, bang'd up, an' got hand o' my fit, an' back he gart me come like a clout into howe o' the grave. Then on aboon me he gets, swearin' like a trooper, an' wi' a hand as cauld as death he grippit me by the thralpale, an' soon took the hale power out o' my body. Then he took me on his back ae while, an' draggit me by the neck anither, for a hunder miles, till he brought me here; an' if ye dinna believe me, he is here so ne gae to answer for himself.

At the incoherence of this story all the people stared at one another convinced that Andrew was raving; till Lord Archibald requested the Clerk to ask Andrew if he heard nothing about a lost will, that was the cause of the grave having been opened.

'A will, said Andrew, like one awakening out of a sleep. What's your will, sir? What was I saying? I rather doubt my wits are gane a grazing the night, an' I wish ye wadna speir any mair at me, for fear I be nae correct.'

The judge acquiesced in the reasonableness of the demand, and dismissed him. He and Sholto were remanded to prison, and being confined together, they were miserable comforters to each other.

Mr. Sholto was in utter despair at the loss of the will, when, as he said, he was assured it was within his grasp; and as the grave gate and iron chest were all left wide open, and Lord Archibald manifestly knowing the circumstances of the case, his chance was for ever lost and he was left a beggar for life.

'O, dear Mr. Sholto, ye mauna lay it sae sair to heart,' said Andrew. 'It was may be a' delusion thegither. A ghaist's word a nae muckle to trust, for naebody kens whether, he has had the information frae a good spirit or an evil one, an' a' depends on that. Where was it you met the old gentleman?'

I thought it was on the green at St. Andrew's and his look was so fraught with—

'Ye thought it was on the green at St. Andrew's? And was it no there, then?'

'It was in a night vision that I saw and spoke with him, old fool.'

'A night vision? Whew! I wadna gie a doit for't man. Oh, if I had kend it had been naething but a dream you should hae entit out my twa lugs ere I had engirded in it! A mere delusion and a whim of an excited mind. An' then, for aught I ken, we'll baith be hanged for it.'

'Hung for it! We have committed no delinquency whatever, and they cannot touch a hair of our heads, or a penny of our purses.

The whole is Lord Archibald's doing, watchers and all, which might well convince you of the truth of my information.'

'The hale of it is beyond my comprehension; but, maist o' a', how the auld rascal should still has been leevin'! What think you o' that, Mr. Sholto? He maun surely hae been a deevil, for nae earthly creature could hae snatched five minutes in sic circumstance.

'I cannot yet fathom the noises from the grave, but am convinced they could have been nothing supernatural. I was seized by three strong men outside the iron gate.'

'Aye, but I was seized by the old baron himself. He split the coffin lid up through the middle, an' banged up insic a rage, that I was nae mair in his hands than a rabbit atween the jaws of a fox.'

This being a new piece of intelligence to Sholto he listened with admiration, but at the same time laughed till the tears ran over his cheeks at the ludicrous conviction and seriousness of Andrew: so we shall leave them to reason out this important matter, and proceed to the other incidents of this eventful night.

'Our Shepherd has often lee'd terribly to us, but nothing to this.' It is, nevertheless, beloved reader, literally true, and happened on this wise.

To be Continued.

SKETCH OF TRAVEL.

For the American Masonic Register and Literary Companion.

REMI JISENCE,

of the visit of a Student, to the Caves of the Helderberg.
—Dec. 1827.

These mounts lie about half a score miles west of this City, and are nearly meridional in their direction. They are notable for two Caverns that penetrate far within their wild and craggy bases: the one of considerable magnitude, the other extensive and quite sufficient to excite the wonder and admiration of curiosi—indeed of all, for there are few who do not possess a taste for the caprices of nature, in her wilder moods.

Some years ago they were visited by a party of whom the writer made an unit, at the close of December; and setting at naught the chief motive to the excursion—to wit, reconnoitring for minerals—those remarkable Caverns richly repaid the fatigues incident to the jaunt at an inclement season, even enhanced as they were by some accidents. As, if memory serves me, after having finished their perusal, when on the return, while yet some half dozen miles from the City, in the thick dusk closing a clouded day of winter, our carriage met with pretty summary analysis, by violent collision with a farmer's waggon. The tramp of horses, evidently despising all restraint, indiscernable through the dusk, but moving with wiplike speed attained in descending the lengthy hill before us, apprised of danger and completed our ruin at the same instant—leaving us to plod homeward as we best could and with aggravated ill-fortune, by the necessity of securing the disjecta membra of our vehicle by hand, rope and withy, which seemed till our arrival, to have lost entirely their wonted gregarious tendency.

At the caves the incidents were briefly as follows.—Having obtained the services of a cicerone from the vicinity—a craven fellow however, who secretly deserted after the party were well inhumed—and provided an equipage of two flambeaux for each wight, with a horn lantern for securing light in case contingencies should befall—the reconnaissance was begun by descending through an opening at the surface, shaped like the inverted frustrum of a pyramid; and continued through narrow rifts, over steep slopes of debris, for an hundred feet—to the flooring of the main cavern. Here the number of rifts presented proved an obstacle from the uncertainty of the true entrance. But after some stay spent in efforts to discover and decypher some natural hieroglyphic to point our way onward or assure us as we advanced, finding no certain clew, we resolved to attempt at once the most tartarian in aspect.

This blindfold devotion to Fortune was duly rewarded, and we were ushered to the veritable access—which opening into the main gallery at a point that agreed tolerably with the obscure description of our renegade guide (with him evidently a piece of traditional lore which himself seemed noways inclined to trust)—we exchanged congratulations upon our success thus far in unravelling the thread of what seemed at least a stygian labyrinth. Thence we boldly advanced, sometimes erect and asserting the great prerogative of bipeds—theos sabbimis celo—more curv'ripedante, creeping beneath the huge masses of rock with which the Cavern goddess has seen fit to subdivide her abode—until the moiety of the flambeaux were consumed—when had been attained a point beyond which it was impracticable to advance either in the quadrupedal or bipedal capacity. A rude shallop, probably the property of the same divinity, here seemed to invite "to walk the water" by placing the back to its bottom and the feet to the rocky ceiling above—whereby the adventurer, it is said, can penetrate some farther distance. Im-

pressed however with a presentiment that, should the light fail before day should again greet us, we should incur the risque of inhumation for some days, perhaps a longer and less definite period—all now concurred in the opinion that no time was to be lost and to return immediately—which was effected in safety and without any remarkable incident; though our light had waned so far as to render them something of an incumbrance to the fingers, ere we got to see again the day glimmering above us like a kindly beacon, from the jaws of this dark rift in the bosom of the earth. Yet here, even the hermit might find fitting place of sepulture; for none could be more congenial with his wishes than to repose where the word has a meaning—where the foot of man would seldom if ever venture to intrude—unwept, nay.

"Have the dripping Caves
No feeling in their silent tears!"

We found them picturesque and rich in the minerals which usually accompany the sparry limestone—stalagmite, stactolites, spars, marine fossils, &c. Its walls are intersected by veins of hornstone and calcareous spar, of every hue and great beauty and interest.

The structure of the larger cavern is wild, irregular and capricious, with occasional demi-round enlargements of its size, which the fancy might dignify with the more conceivable name of spacious halls or saloons—gorgeously carpeted as they are with stalagmite, and glimmering bright and fitly with the countless reflections of the flambeaux from the chrystalline particles of its rocky precincts.

The excitement of the adventures was by no means lessened by the fact that all were expectant of meeting with gases unfitted for the purposes of respiration; and though the rock is one in whose composition carbonic acid gas enters largely, not the slightest ill-effect was experienced from this source: and our lights, tho' their influence was limited to a small compass by the vapor that loaded the air of the Cave, burned as sprightly and free as when in the world above. If any noxious gases exist, they are probably slowly generated; and seek, by their greater specific weight, the lowest and inaccessible parts. In this way probably the brook that winds through the recesses of the cave may sweep along the gas as fast as generated and furnish it the means of escaping at its own debouchure.

From the moment we bade adieu to light and living things without, a dismal silence reigned—unbroken save by the echo of our footsteps; which rang in the ear very like the reverberation that ensues from the same cause when they wind the corridors of some vast and massive structure; or at intervals, by the clanking of the hammer in dislodging some mineral treasure from its long-held glittering couch; or the chaste and delightful melody of all that spake of earth, the chrystall stream that purled along beneath its shelving walls—unwarmed by a single vivifying ray—untainted by the contaminations of earth which are its price, or by the deeply sonorous intonations of the voice, when all in chorus shouted—which seemed "the muttering thunder." All—all else, above, around, was silence—deep unearthly. For the chiliads of bats that covered in many places the walls of this lone abode, had forgotten even their dull, twilight gyres, and as if partaking of the pervading character of the place, were enjoying their brumal nap in silent, dreamless torpor.

Albany 1833.

W. M. C

CHARACTER.

THE LAST HOURS OF WASHINGTON.

FROM CURTIS' RECOLLECTIONS—OF 1827.

Some of our readers may have read the following as we have done years gone by. But it is a reminiscence of so much interest, that we are desirous of preserving it, for our own "heirs and assigns," as well as those of our readers:—

TWENTY-EIGHT years have passed since an interesting group were assembled in the death-room, and witnessed the last hours of Washington. So keen and unpreparing hath been the sythe of time, that, of all those who watched over the patriarch's couch, on the thirteenth and fourteenth of December, 1799, but a single personage survives.

On the morning of the thirteenth, the general was engaged in making some improvement in front of Mount Vernon. As was usual with him, he carried his own compass, noted his observations, and marked out the ground. The day became rainy, with sleet, and the improver remained so long exposed to the inclemency of the weather as to be considerably wetted before his return to the house. About one o'clock he was seized with chilliness and nausea, but having changed his clothes, he sat down to his in-door work—there being no moment of his time for which he had not provided an appropriate employment.

At night, on joining his family circle, the general complained of slight indisposition, and, after a single cup of tea, repaired to his library, where he remained writing until between eleven and twelve o'clock. Mrs. Washington retired about the usual hour, but becoming alarmed at not hearing the accustomed sound of the library-door, as it closed for the night, and gave signal for rest in the well-regulated mansion, she rose again, and continued sitting up, in much anxiety and suspense. At length the well-known step was heard on the stair, and upon the general's entering his chamber, the lady chided him for staying up so late, knowing himself to be unwell; to which Washington made this memorable reply: "I came as soon as my business was accomplished. You well know, that, thro' a long life, it has been my unvaried rule, never to put off till the morrow the duties which should be performed to-day."

Having first covered up the fire up with care, the man of mighty labours sought repose; but it came not as it had long been wont to do, to comfort and restore after the many and earnest occupations of the well-spent day. The night was spent in feverish restlessness and pain. "Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," was destined no more to visit his couch; yet the manly sufferer uttered no complaint, would permit no one to be disturbed in their rest on his account, and it was only at day-break he would consent that the overseer might be called in, and bleeding resorted to. A vein was opened, but without affording relief. Couriers were despatched to summon Dr. Craik, the family and Drs. Dick and Brown, as consulting physicians, all of whom came with speed. The proper remedies were administered, but without producing their healing effects, while the patient, yielding to the anxious looks of all around him, waived his usual objections to medicines, and took those which were prescribed, without hesitation or remark. The medical gentleman spared not their skill, and all the resources of their art were exhausted in unwearying endeavors to preserve this noblest work of nature.

The night approached—the last night of Washington; the weather became severely cold, while the group gathered nearer to the couch of the sufferer, watching with intense anxiety, for the slightest dawn of hope. He spoke but little. To the respectful and affectionate inquiries of an old family servant, as she smoothed down his pillow, how he felt himself, he answered, "I am very ill." To Dr. Craik, his earliest companion in arms, longest tried and bosom friend, he observed: "I am dying, sir—but am not afraid to die." To Mrs. Washington, he said, "Go to my escritoire, and in the private drawer you will find two papers—bring them to me." They were brought. He continued: "These are my wills—preserve this one, and burn the other." Which was accordingly done. Calling to Col. Lear, he said, "Let my corpse be kept the usual period of three days."

Here we would beg leave to remind our readers that in a former part of this work, we have said that Washington was old-fashioned in much of his habits and manners, and in some of his opinions; nor was he the less to be admired on those accounts. The custom of keeping the dead for the scriptural period of three days, is derived from remote antiquity; and arose, not from fear of premature interment, as in modern times, but from motives of veneration towards the deceased; for the better enabling the relatives and friends to assemble from a distance, to perform the funeral rites; for the pious watchings of the corpse; and for many sad, yet endearing ceremonies, with which we delight to pay our last duties to the remains of those we have loved.

The patient bore his acute sufferings with manly fortitude, and perfect resignation to the Divine will—while, as the night advanced, it became evident that he was sinking, and he seemed fully aware that his "hour

was nigh." He inquired the time, and it was answered, a few moments to twelve. He spoke no more—the hand of death was upon him, and he was conscious that his "hour was come." With surprising self-possession, he prepared to die. Composing his form at length, and folding his arms upon his bosom, without a sigh, without a groan, the father of his country expired, gently, as though an infant died. Nor pang nor struggle told when the noble spirit took its noiseless flight; while so tranquil appeared the manly features in the repose of death, that some moments had passed ere those around could believe that the patriarch was no more.

It may be asked, and why was the ministry of religion wanting to shed its peaceful and benign lustre upon the last hours of Washington? Why was he to whom the observance of sacred things were ever primary duties through life, without their consolations in his last moments? We answer, circumstances did not permit. It was but for a little while that the disease assumed so threatening a character as to forbid the encouragement of hope, yet, to stay that summons which none may refuse, to give farther days to him whose "time-honored life" was so dear to man-kind, prayer was not wanting to the Throne of Grace. Close to the couch of the sufferer, resting her head upon that ancient book, with which she had been wont to hold pious communion, a portion of every day, for more than half a century, was the venerable consort absorbed in silent prayer, and from which she only arose when the mourning group prepared to bear her from the chamber of the dead. Such were the last hours of Washington.

AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER.

ALBANY, SATURDAY, FEB. 8, 1840.

THE GRAND CHAPTER OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK.—Convened in this city on Tuesday last, and were in Session two days. The Chapter was unusually well attended, and its proceedings were characterized with that harmony and brotherly love which is so distinguishing an attribute of the Order. The reports from the several Companions, exhibits the enlivening prospects of the Institution in the various sections of the State which were represented. Several Chapters have resumed their labors during the past year, and we are happy to have it in our power to state, that the persecution and intolerance of former years, is fast passing away; and a better state of things has taken place.

On the first day of the Session, the Rev. Companion Salem Town, of Cayuga, delivered the annual Address, which was listened to with profound attention, by a large and gratified auditory. Of the Address, it may be said, that it was worthy of the head, and heart of our venerable Brother: and we are happy to have it in our power to say, that the Rev. Companion will comply with the request of the Grand Chapter, and furnish us a copy of it for publication.

During the Session, five newly elected High Priests of Subordinate Chapters, received the solemn and interesting degrees attached to their office.

The following are the Grand officers, elected for the ensuing year.

M. E. Richard Ellis, of New York,	G. H. P.
" Benjamin Enos, of Madison co.	D. G. H. P.
" Joseph Cuyler, of Fulton co.	G. K.
" E. S. Barnum, of Oneida co.	G. S.
" John O. Cole, of Albany,	G. Sec'y.
" Gerrit W. Ryckman, of Albany,	G. Treas.
" John Bull, of Columbia,	G. Marshal.
Comp. Abram Sickles, of Albany,	G. Sentinel.

ERRATUM.—In the "Reminiscence," on another page, an error escaped our notice. Before the words *more quadrupedante insert at others.*

Br. Hoffman.—The following officers were elected in Olive Branch Lodge, No. 39, at the last annual election in Genesee Co.

S. W. Curtis, W. M.	
G. W. Webb, S. W.	
C. Barrow, J. W.	
Wm. Mott, Treas.	
N. Huggins, Sec'y.	
O. Perkins, S. D.	
J. Gardner, J. D.	
B. Power,	} Stewards.
Ebenezer Mix.	
L. Judl, Tyler.	

After the election, the doors of the Lodge were thrown open, and a number of ladies and gentlemen were admitted to hear the excellent address delivered by Br. B. Powers, on the occasion. All the proceedings were characterized in harmony and good taste, and the impression left on the public mind was beneficial. My own opinion is, that the more we can bring our proceedings before the world, in propriety the better for the institution. The whole gist of Masonry is to be found in our standard publications. Webb's Monitor contains an epitome of the entire professions of Masons and our "secrets," bating our peculiar knowledge of recognizing a brother. The mist that has hung over us in this quarter, is fast dispersing before the rays of the eternal sun of truth, and in a few years we have every reason to believe; that the dark prejudices conceived no doubt in honesty, but brought forth in iniquity, will pass away like the mutations of other sickly fancies.

Yours, fraternally.

At the Annual communication of Apollo Chapter No. 48, held at St. John's Hall Troy Dec. 24th 1839, the following Companions were duly elected Officers for the ensuing year.

M. E. Joel G. Candee, H. P.	
" George B. Glendinning, K.	
" Henry T. Eddy, S.	
Comp. John S. Perry, C. H.	
" Thomas T. Wells, P. S.	
" Joseph A. Wood, R. A. C.	
" Joseph M. Brintnall,	} M. V.
" John W. Brooks,	
" Sam'l. B. Denning,	
" Joseph C. Taylor, Treas.	
" William Perkins, Sec'y.	
" Rev. W. F. Walker, Chaplain.	
" Ebenezer Prescott,	} Stewards.
" Orlin Chamberlain,	
" Royal C. Levings,	} Tylers.
" Reuben Purdy,	

At an election of Officers for Firemen's Lodge, No. 19, I. O. O. F. held on the third of January. The following Brethren were elected for the ensuing quarter.

Hiram Arnold, M. N. G.
A. P. Knower, V. G.
W. D. Johnson, Treas.
S. V. Talcott, Sec'y.
Ames C. Page, Conductor.
J. M. D. McIntyre, Warden.

BETHEL CHURCH.—Several of our most respected citizens, of the several churches of this city, have had a public meeting and resolved during the season of navigation, to establish a *free Church*, in the vicinity of the Basin for the use of the boatmen and sailors connected with the river and canal. It is intended to invite the clergymen, who have charge of congregation.

in the city to officiate alternately. The effort is a laudable one, and will undoubtedly have the effect of placing many a neglected stranger, under influences, which will have a moral tendency, if nothing more. The utter disregard of a decent observance of the Sabbath day, along our wharves and pier, has long been a reproach to the public morals of the City. Its effects on the rising generation has been very bad. We trust that every good man will aid and countenance the present laudable effort.

SYMPATHY.—Much has been said of late, on the subject of the Government employing trained bloodhounds to hunt down the Florida Indians. The government paper in noticing the subject, says that the proper department knows nothing of the fact, except what is derived through the newspapers. We hope we shall not be accused of any thing "politically," when we say that that it appears to us that our editorial brethren in their sympathy for the poor Indians, appear to lose sight of the desolated hearths, strewn around with the blackened corpses of tomahawked women and children. Perhaps we have not the right view of it—but in our ignorance, we see but very little difference between a prowling wolf, and a prowling Indian, except that the biped, is the most dangerous animal of the two.

The Queen of England, it is supposed was married on the 4th of this month, to the prince Albert. The New York Sun says, that the English residents of that City, are about celebrating the event, in a barbecue of the best kind. An ox is to be roasted whole, together with ten sheep, ten hogs, with other compliments adapted to the occasion. The expense is to be defrayed by the richer class of English citizens, and the poorer class, are to be invited to partake of the feast.—This is making a practical use of a joyous occasion.

ELOCUTION.—Mr. C. Whitney, professor of Elocution, will lecture this evening, at the Athenaeum, in North Market Street. Mr. W. is represented as being one of the most classic and chaste speakers of the day. His imitations of Kean, Forest, Vandenhoff, Webster, Clay, McDuffie, and others, have received the most decided commendation from distinguished critics. We look upon Elocution, as a science which has been too much neglected, both in private and public individuals, and we anticipate for Mr. W., a flattering reception, from the admirers of oratory.

Br. Blanchard Powers' Address, before Olive Branch Lodge, has been received, and shall have a place on the completion of the Masonic essays, that we have already commenced, which will occupy a No. or two more.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—"The Rescue, a Legend of the Normans Kill," has been received. We have not had leisure to look at it, at present.

INTELLIGENCE.

SUDDEN AND EXTRAORDINARY DEATH.—In a letter from one on whose statements a perfect reliance may be placed, the following account has been transmitted to the publishers of the Ledger. A. M. Clark, residing in Onondaga county state of New York, had been observed for some time to live on terms of disagreement with his wife, giving the neighbors some reason to suspect that he had fixed his affections on another woman, viz: a widow who dwelt in the same village. Some time in last autumn, Mr. Clark died. Mr. C. often visited the widow, both before and after the death of his wife, and recently he became

an inmate of the widow's dwelling, in the character as we suppose, of a boarder. He had remarked to some one of his friends, two or three months ago, that if this woman refused to wed him, he would drop dead at her feet. This prophetic assertion was literally fulfilled. On Sunday evening last about 9 o'clock, he made proposals in due form, and was rejected, when he immediately fell dead! By direction of the coroner, the body was opened by a physician, and the sudden decease of Mr. Clark was found to have been caused by the rupture of a blood vessel near the heart. Powerful emotion may account for this singular event.—*Phil. Led.*

SEVERE AFFLICTION.—Mr Conklin Titus, of 78 Mulberry street; bell ringer of the City Hall, was visited with a sad affliction between the hours of 12 on Friday night and 3 o'clock on Saturday morning, in the loss of three of his children.—The eldest was a very promising son of nearly 16 years of age, and the other daughters of eight and five years—all of whom in less than three hours died of typhus fever. Between the first of January and the period of the death of the above, Mr. Titus lost by death of typhus fever, two other children, making five within a month. He has had, we are informed, 21 children, only three of whom survive—an amount of mortality almost unexampled in the annals of any family. The intensity of grief that has followed these successive assaults of affliction by death, it is impossible to conceive. The hearts of the surviving parents are indeed wrung with anguish, which the sympathies of friendship are too poor to assuage. May they bear it with the resignation that becomes so melancholy a dispensation—and try to console themselves with the belief that it is all for the best.—*Boston paper.*

MELANCHOLY ACCIDENT.—About seven o'clock on Thursday evening, as the Philadelphia cars were about leaving Rahway, one of the passengers, in attempting to pass from one car to another, fell through, with his left leg across the rail—the after car passing over it and dreadfully mangling the thigh. The screams of the unfortunate man gave the first notice of his situation and the train was stopped as soon as possible. He was removed to the Mansion House, and at ten o'clock amputation of the limb was performed, but death did its office at about midnight. Before the limb was removed his sufferings were great, but he had retained throughout the whole scene a perfect composure—gave his name Patrick Newman, and said that his mother resided in Water street, and that he was on his way to Easton, in Pennsylvania. He was about 35 years of age.

John Kelly, a common drunkard, sentenced at the Police Court in this town, one day this week, to two months imprisonment in the House of Correction, died on his way there, of *delirium tremens*. A year ago this man was an industrious and prudent laborer; and only within a few months has taken to drink. A few days ago his wife followed him into a Grog-Shop in this town, and begged of the keeper not to sell him rum.—Her tears and entreaties were of no avail. Her own legitimate and dependant situation and that of her four or five little ones, did not move the Rum Seller. In her very presence, and in spite of her remonstrances, he delivered him a Pint of Rum. And now, who killed John Kelly!—*Boston Mirror.*

A SHIP'S CREW SAVED FROM DROWNING.

Twentyfour human beings have been saved from a watery grave by Capt. Collins of the Roscius, seconded by the exertions of his officers and men. We find the following account in a London paper.

"On the 5th of December, P. M., Capt. Collins fell in with the wreck of a ship called the Scotia bound from Quebec to Glasgow, burden 600 tons, laden with timber, water-logged, in lat 46, long 30. On seeing signals of distress flying they altered their course, and bore down upon her, and on the Roscius approaching her Capt. Collins hailed her, and the answer was,—We are water-logged, with 17 feet water in the hold."

"The prompt reply of Captain Collins was—"Put out your boats if you want to come on board." The state of the weather made this an operation of no small

difficulty and danger, but after some hours of exertion and toil the long boat of the Scotia, with 18 men, was on the lee quarter of the Roscius; and by the admirable arrangement of Captain Collins, were taken on board without accident.

The captain and five men still remained on board, and were preparing to put off in the jolly boat, and in the course of half an hour she was seen, and with two oars only, gained the Roscius. When the captain, crew and passengers were received on board, they were worn out with continual exertion, and but for the providential discovery of their situation by Captain Collins must have perished inevitably."

LATEST FROM THE EXPLORING EXPEDITION.—Mr. C. Cutler, of Brooklyn, has received a letter from the Exploring Expedition, dated Mataiva Bay, Island of Otaheite, Sept. 1st, 1839, and post marked Woods-Hole, Mass., 26th Jan. 1840. It is from Commander Hudson, of the U. S. ship Peacock. He speaks, of Capt. Wilkes and the officers and crew being on shore. Nothing said of the missing vessel. The Expedition, at the date above mentioned, was on its way to the far South, being last from Callao, and (we presume) the Sandwich Islands. From the tenor of the letter, it is inferred that the health of the squadron was good.—*N. Y. Times.*

On Tuesday evening, the Rev. Mr. Kirk delivered an address to young men at the Church in Arch above Tenth street. The crowd was excessive. The interest excited in this city for several weeks past by the preaching of this gentleman, has been perhaps, with the exception of the instance of the lamented Sumnerfield, scarcely equalled since the days of Whitfield.—*From the Philadelphia Papers.*

WHOLESALE BURNING.—It is stated that in the year 1839, property was destroyed in this city to the amount of \$4,029,500, of which \$3,488,744 was in goods, and \$540,726 in buildings. The loss during the month of January, 1840, from the same cause, is not less than \$1,500,000. So we go.—*Journal Commerce.*

MARRIAGES.

On the 30th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Mayer, Mr. Henry Staats, of Manheim, Herkimer county, to Elizabeth, daughter of Henry Newman, Esq. of this city.

On the 1st inst. by Levi Cornell, Esq. Mr. Samuel C. of this city, to Miss Caroline Farmer, of Greer-bush.

At Patterson, Putnam co, on the 11th inst. by Benjamin Havland, Esq., James W. Havland, of Athens, Greene, co, to Miss Ester L. daughter of John Havland, Esq. of the former place.

In Canajoharie, on the 27th ult. Mr. Peter Ham to Miss Phebe Bullock.

DIED.

In this city, on Monday, 3d inst. Mrs. Arriet Van Rensselaer, wife of Solomon Van Rensselaer, aged 65.

On the 31st ult., after a lingering illness. Mrs. Jennet Troup, widow of the late Col Robert Troup, of this city.

At Ballston, on the 26 ult., Doct. Samuel Davis, in the 74th year of his age.

In Bethlehem, on the 5th inst. Mrs. Hannah Rude, mother of Thiel and Galen Batchelder, of this city, in the 81st year of her age.

At Elmira, on the 24th ult. after a protracted illness, Grant B. Baldwin, Esq. in the 49th year of his age.

NEW BOOKS.—W. C. LITTLE has received The Every Day Book, embracing the anniversaries of memorable persons and events, in every period and state of the world, from the creation to the present time. Price 25 per number.

Fowler and Kirkham's Phrenology proved, illustrated and applied, with chart and numerous plates, 10s.

Combe on the Constitution of Man, considered in relation to external objects, 8th American edition, revised and enlarged, price 1s, by George Combe.

George Combe's Lectures on Phrenology delivered in New York, with numerous plates, price 10s.

The works of John Jay, 6 vols.

De Toqueville and Chevalier's Democracy of America.

POETRY.

From the Southern Literary Messenger.

THE FADED STARS.

By HORACE GREELEY, Esq.

I. Mind the time when Heaven's high dome,
Woke in my soul a wondrous thrill—
When every leaf in Nature's tome,
Bespoke Creation's marvels still:
When mount, in cliff, and sweeping glade,
As Morn unclosed her rosy bars,
Woke joys intense—but nought e'er bade,
My heart leap up like ye—bright stars!

II. Calm ministrants to God's high glory!
Pure gems around His burning throne!
Mute watcher's o'er Man's strange, sad story,
Of crime and Wo through ages gone!
Twas yours, the wild and hallowing spell,
That lured me from ignobler gleams—
Taught me where sweeter fountains swell,
Than ever bless the worlding's dreams.

III. How changed was Life! a waste no more,
Beset by Want, and Pain and Wrong,
Earth seemed a glad and fairy shore,
Vocal with Hope's inspiring song,
But ye, bright sentinels of Heaven!
Far Glories of Night's radiant sky!
Who, as ye gazed the brow of Eve,
Has ever deemed Man born to die?

IV. 'Tis faded now!—that wondrous grace,
That once on Heaven's forehead shone;
I read no more in Nature's face,
A soul responsive to my own,
A dimness on my eye and spirit,
Stern Time has cast, in hurrying by;
Few joys my harder years inherit,
And leaden dullness rules the sky.

V. Yet mourn not I!—a stern, high duty,
Now nerves my arm and fires my brain;
Perish the dream of shapes of Beauty!
So that this strife be not in vain;
To war on Fraud, entrenched with Power—
On smooth Protecre and spacious Wrong.
This task be mine, though Fortune lower—
For this be banished sky and song!

New York, Dec. 1839.

From The Southern Literary Messenger.

I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAYS.

JOB, 7: 26.

I would not always live!
For Life, how'er its fancied glories seem,
Is like the changes of the sleeper's dream:
Awhile we trust—pursue with eager tread—
But wake at length to find the phantom fled!
So Life's bright glories lure but to betray—
Its fairest pleasures fade in gloom away:
The buds of Hope, which all its paths adorn,
Wave from the hand which grasps the wounding thorn:
Where'er we turn—where'er for comfort flee,
We find our refuge only false to be,
Our dearest treasures, lovely in their charms,
Stern Death, relentless, tears from our arms:
And each fond idol, which we made our trust,
Is laid in ruin in the loathsome dust!

I would not always live!

I would not always live!
For far beyond our lowly vale of gloom,
And the dread influence of the fearful tomb,
There is a holier, happier life than this—
Duration endless—infinite of bliss,
Those who have loved us, whom we loved before,
Shall haste to greet us on the heavenly shore;
Transported guide us on our joyful way,
To the bright regions of celestial day.

Where trees of life in deathless beauty grow—
Rivers of pleasure murmur as they flow—
And sinless spirits rove the happy plains,
Where all the fullness of the Godhead reigns,
There, robes of white and victor palms be given,
And golden harps, to swell the song of Heaven,
Eternal joys and endless praise around,
While the long ages roll their ceaseless round,
I would not always live!

THE PRAYER OF A LONELY HEART.

I am alone! Oh, be thou near to me,
Great God! from whom the meanest are not far!
Not in presumption of the daring spirit,
Soaring to find the secrets of itself,
Make I an earnest prayer—in the deep want
Of utter loneliness, my God! I seek thee;
If the worm may creep up to thy fellowship,
Or dust, instinct with yearning, rise towards thee.
I have no fellow, Father, of my kind;
None that be kindred, none companions to me;
And the vast love, and harmony, and brotherhood,
Of the dumb creatures Thou hast made below me
Vexes my soul with its own bitter lot.
Around me grow the trees, each by the other,
Innumerable leaves, each like the other,
Spring forth, and live, and fade, and fall together;
Beside me bloom the flowers: each rosy cup,
Hath sisters leaning their fair cheeks against it,
The birds fly all above me: not alone,
But coupled in free fellowship, or gathering
A joyous brood, sweeping in companies
The mild blue fields between the clouds:—The clouds
Troop in society; each on the other
Shedding like sympathy, reflected light;
The waves, a multitude, together run
To the deep breast of the receiving sea;
Nothing but hath its kind, its company,
Oh God, save me alone!—then let me come,
Good Father! to thy feet; when even as now,
Tears, that no human hand is near to wipe,
O'erbrim my eyes, oh wipe them thou, my Father,
When in my heart, the stores of its affections,
Piled up, unused, locked fast, are like to burst
The flimsy casket, that may not contain them;
Let me come nigh to thee: accept them thou,
Dear father—fount of love—compassionate Go.
When in my spirit burns the light, the fire,
That have made men utter the words of angels,
And none are near to bid me speak or live;
Hearken, oh Father! maker of my soul!
God of my soul! to thee I will outpour
The hymns resounding through my troubled mind,
The sighs and sorrows of my lonely heart,
The tears and weeping of my weary eyes;
Be thou my kindred, gracious, glorious God;
And fit me for a fellowship with thee.

THE DEATH OF THE YEAR.

The stars are gleaming bright;
Pale, dying Year, on thee;
How through the shadowy night
Descends thy destiny.

Before the doom be cast,
Uplift thy languid eye,
Lo! the spirits of the past,
Have met to watch thee die,

They are thronging from the sea,
From the kingdoms of the earth,
Around thy dying couch to be—
As they gather'd to thy birth:

For since that solemn night,
They have been among mankind,
To weave each fate of dark or bright,
By the pale King assign'd!

Oh, fearful shades are there,
Like demons of the grave!
Who spread through earth each evil snare,
They tempted to enslave.

Lo! thronging side by side,
Another host I see,

Things to the distant stars allied,
Such as in Heaven may be!

And the demon shapes crouch down,
Dim Monarch, round thy bed,
As dazzled by the radiant crown
Upon each sinless head,—

That awful multitude,
The Holy and the lost,
Before thee at thy birth hour stood,—
A strangely mingled host!

To each his task was given;
Through all thy reign, pale Year!
Where'er man drank the breath of Heaven,
Angel and Friend were near.

Monarch! thy pall is cast
As midnight darker lowers;
Forever from thy hand hath past
The sceptre of the hours.

NEW SONG.

It was a dream of perfect bliss,
Too beautiful to last,
I seem'd to welcome back again
The bright days of the past!
I was a boy—my mimic ship
Sail'd down the village stream,
And I was gay and innocent—
But ah! it was a dream.

And soon I left the childish toy
For those of manhood's choice,
The beauty of a woman's form,
The sweetness of her voice;
I thought she gave me blameless love,
The nursing of esteem—
And that such love I merited;
But ah! it was a dream!

I saw my falsehood wound her heart,
I saw her cheek grow pale,
But o'er her face the vision threw
A bright delusive veil:
I thought she liv'd, and that I saw
Our bridal torches gleam,
And I was happy with my bride—
But ah! it was a dream!

CALENDAR OF COMMUNICATIONS.

EACH MONTH.

Temple Encampment	Albany	2d Friday.
Temple H. A. Chapter	Albany	2d & 4th Tuesday.
Mount Vernon Lodge	Albany	1st & 2d Thursday.
Temple Lodge	Albany	1st & 2d Thursday.
Apollo Lodge	Troy	1st & 2d Tuesday.
Apollo Chapter	Troy	2d & 4th Tuesday.
Apollo Encampment	Troy	2d Monday.
Phoenix Lodge	Lancaster	1st & 2d Tuesday.
Olive Branch	Bethany Co.	1st Wednesday p. m.
Genesee Encampment	Lockport N.Y.	

NEW BOOKS received at W. C. LITTLE'S Book-store.

Moore's new poem, "Alciphron."
Bulwer's new Play, "The Sea Captain."
Poe's Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque, 2 vols.
Memoirs of Charles Mathews, the comedian, continued.

Countess of Blessington's new Book, "The Governors," 2 vols.

Hell's Select Medical Library.

The Law Library for December.

The Gentleman's Magazine for December, with plates.
And all the Annuals and Illustrated Works for 1840.

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For Masonic Questions.

AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER

AND LITERARY COMPANION.

BY L. G. HOFFMAN.]

ALBANY, SATURDAY FEBRUARY, 15, 1840.

[VOL. I.—NO. 24.]

MASONIC.

—Semita certe.

Tranquilla per virtutem patet unica vitæ.—Juv. Sat.

THE HISTORY OF FREEMASONRY,

DRAWN FROM AUTHENTIC SOURCES OF INFORMATION.

No. XIII.

[CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 178.]

The persecutions which Freemasonry encountered were hitherto confined to the continent. The tide of religious frenzy, however, now rolled to the shores of Britain. In the year 1745, the Associate Synod, consisting of a few bigotted dissenters, attempted to disturb the peace of the fraternity; and had they been possessed of the power of the church of Rome, or the council of Berne, their proceedings, prompted by equal fanaticism, would have been marked with the same severity; but, fortunately for the order, their power extended only to the spiritual concerns of those delinquents who were of the same sect of themselves. In the beginning of the year 1745, an overture was laid before the synod of Stirling, stating that many improper things were performed at the initiation of Masons, and requesting that the synod would consider, whether or not the members of that order were entitled to partake in the ordinances of religion. The synod remitted this overture to all the kirk-sessions under their inspection, allowing them to act as they thought proper. In 1755 however, they appointed all their kirk-sessions to examine every person who was suspected to demand an explicit answer to any question which they might ask, concerning the administration of the Mason oath. In the course of these examinations, the kirk-session discovered, (for they seem hitherto to have been ignorant of it,) that men, who were not architects, were admitted into the order. On this account the synod, in the year 1757, thought it necessary to adopt stricter measures. They drew up a list of foolish questions, which they appointed every kirk-session to put to those under their charge. These questions related to what they thought were the ceremonies of Freemasonry; and those who refused to answer them were debarred from religious ordinances. The object of these proceedings was not, certainly, as is pretended, to make the abettors of the Associate Synod more holy and upright, by detaching them from the fraternity. This could have been effected without that species of examination which they authorised. The church of Rome were contented with dispersing the fraternity, and receiving its repentant members into their communion. The council of Berne went no farther than abolishing the society, and compelling the brethren to renounce their engagements lest these should be inconsistent with the duties of citizens. But a synod of Scottish dissenters, who cannot imitate, in these points, must, forsooth, outstrip them in another. They must compel the Freemasons of their congregation to give them an account of these mysteries and ceremonies, which their avarice and fear hinder them from obtaining by regular initiation. And what, pray, becomes of those perjured men from whom such information is obtained? They are promised admission into the ordinances of religion, as if they were now purified beings, from whom something worse than a demoniac had been ejected. The criminality, may we not say, the villany of such proceedings, should

be held up to the ridicule and detestation of the public. (a)

Notwithstanding these persecutions, Freemasonry flourished, and was in the highest estimation in Great Britain, France, Germany and several other kingdoms of Europe. In 1743, it was exported from Scotland to Denmark; and the lodge which was then instituted is now the Grand Lodge of that kingdom. The same prosperity has attended the first lodge in Sweden, which was erected at Stockholm in 1754, under a patent from Scotland. In 1765, a splendid apartment was erected at Marseilles, for the accommodation of the finest paintings, representing the most interesting scenes that do occur in the history of the Old and New Testament, and calculated to remind the spectator of his various duties as a man, a subject, and a Christian. The representation of Joseph and his brethren, of the Samaritan and Jew, of Lot and the Angels, must have reminded every brother of the beauty of charity and forgiveness, which are the first duties of man. The picture of Peter and the Apostles paying tribute to Cæsar, must have recalled to every individual his obligations as a citizen, to revere and support the constitutional authorities. And the representation of Job in his misfortunes, lifting up his hands to Heaven, must have forced upon the minds of the most inconsiderate, this important reflection—that fortitude and resignation to the will of God, are the duties of all in distress and that the Divine blessing will ultimately attend those who bear, without murmuring, the chastisements of their father, and preserve, amidst the severe trials, their patience and virtue unimpaired. (b) These observations, apparently trifling, are important in one respect as they show that the French lodges had not at that time fostered in their bosom the votaries of scepticism and disloyalty. The other lodges in France were at this time numerous and magnificent. The Grand Lodge contained about twenty offices, which were all filled by noblemen of the highest rank. They had provincial Grand Masters similar to those of Scotland, and the insignia and jewels of all those office-bearers, were as rich and splendid as the lodges where they assembled.

In the year 1767, a lodge, under an English constitution, was established at Berlin, under the appellation of *Le Royale York*, in honor of the Duke of York, who was initiated into the fraternity by that lodge while he was travelling on the continent. In 1768, the Freemasons of Germany were authorised to hold their assemblies, by a charter granted by the King of Prussia, the Elector of Saxony, and the Queen of Hungary and Bohemia, and afterwards ratified by the Emperor of Germany himself. By another charter from England, in 1769, a lodge was erected at Brunswick, which, in 1770, became the Grand Lodge of that part of Germany. Its Grand Master was Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick who, a short time after, received a provincial deputation from England, for superintending the lodges in Lower Saxony. In the year 1773 a compact was entered into between the Grand Lodge of England, under

Lord Petre, and the Grand Lodge at Berlin, under the Prince of Hesse Darmstadt, which had a few years before been duly erected into a Grand Lodge, at a meeting of the masters and wardens of twelve regular lodges. In this compact, it was stipulated, that the Grand Lodge of Berlin should be acknowledged as the Grand Lodge of the whole Empire of Germany, or within the district, under the authority of the Grand Lodge of Brunswick; that the Electorate of Hanover should be free to both the Grand Lodges in Germany; and that the contracting parties should unite their efforts to counteract all innovations in Masonry and particularly the proceedings of a set of Masons in Berlin, who, under the denomination of *Stricke observants* had annihilated their former constitutions, erected themselves into a Grand Lodge, and sanctioned very improper innovations, upon the principles and ceremonies of the fraternity. This compact was highly approved of by the King of Prussia, who immediately erected the Grand Lodge of Berlin into a corporate body. In 1777 the King of Prussia was Protector of all the masons in Germany. Ferdinand, Duke of Brunswick and Lunenburg, was Grand Master of all the united lodges in Germany; and the other offices were filled by the most able and illustrious princes of the empire. Under the auspices of such distinguished personages, and the jurisdiction of the Grand Lodges of Berlin and Brunswick, Freemasonry has flourished to the present day, in that extensive empire.

In Germany, Denmark, and Sweden, charity schools were erected by the lodges, for educating the children of Freemasons, whose poverty debarred them from this advantage. In that which was formed at Brunswick, they were instructed even in classical learning, and various branches of the mathematics; and were regularly examined by the Duke of Brunswick, who rewarded the most deserving with suitable donations. At Eisenach, several seminaries of this kind were established. The teachers were endowed with fixed salaries; and, in a short time after their institution, they had sent into the world 700 children, instructed in the principles of science, and the doctrine of Christianity. In 1771, an establishment of a similar kind was formed at Cassel, in which the children were maintained and educated till they could provide for themselves. In 1773, the united lodges of Dresden, Leipzig, and Gortitz created at Frederickstadt a seminary of learning for children, of every denomination, in the Electorate of Saxony. The Masonic subscriptions were so numerous, that the funds of the institution were sufficient for its maintenance; and in the space of five years, above 1100 children received a liberal education. In the same year an extensive workhouse was erected at Prague in which the children were not only initiated into the first principles of learning, but into those branches of the useful and fine arts which might qualify them for commercial and agricultural situations. It deserves also to be remarked, that the founders of those institutions, amid their anxiety for the public prosperity, never neglected the spiritual interests of the children. They saw that early piety is the foundation of all that is useful and honourable in life, and that, without this speculative knowledge and practical skill are of little avail. How inconsistent are such facts with those fabulous accounts of the German Lodges, which have been published in England by a few partymen.

While these things were going on in Germany, the brethren in Portugal were exposed to the persecution

(a) It is remarkable that the Grand Lodge of Scotland did not design to take a smaller notice of these proceedings. A paper however, entitled *An Impartial Examination of the Act of the Associate Synod*, written with great humour, and acuteness of reasoning, appeared in the *Edinburgh Magazine* for 1757. The act of the Associate Synod was published in the *Scots Magazine* for the same year.

(b) For a further account of this building, see *Smith's Use and Abuse of Freemasonry*, p. 165.

of its bigotted rulers. Major Francois d'Allincourt, a Frenchman, and Don Oyres de Ornellas Pracao, a Portuguese nobleman, were in 1766, imprisoned by the Governor of Madeira for their attachment to their order. Being afterwards carried to Lisbon, they were confined for fourteen months, until they were released by the generous intercession of the brethren in that City. In the following year, several Freemasons, were confined at Naples, but soon liberated by the intercession of foreign Princes, and the eloquence of an Italian advocate.

Notwithstanding the persecutions which the fraternity experienced in Holland, Freemasonry was flourishing in that Republic in 1779. At that time a compact was entered into between the Grand Lodge of Holland, held at Hague, and that of England. In this compact, it was stipulated that the Grand Lodge of Holland should be permitted to erect lodges within her Territories, both at home and abroad, and to appoint Provincial Grand Masters over each district. In consequence therefore of this accession of power, to the Grand Lodge of Holland Freemasonry flourished under its auspices, in the Dutch settlements in India, Africa and South America.

Let us now direct our attention to a new secret association which, about this time arose in Germany, and which was imagined to have taken its rise from Freemasonry, and to have planned a diabolical conspiracy, against every religious and political establishment in Europe. In 1775 the order of the Illuminati was founded by Doctor Adam Weishaupt, Professor of Canon Law in the university of Ingolstadt. In this association speculative opinions were inculcated, which were certainly inconsistent with the principles of sound religion, and social order. But that Illuminism originated from Freemasonry; that it brought about the French Revolution or even planned any dangerous conspiracy, are circumstances for which the shadow of a proof has not yet been adduced. Dr. Robinson indeed, expressly affirms that Illuminism "took its rise among the Freemasons, but was totally different from Freemasonry;" and by a deceitful anachronism, he represents Weishaupt as an active member in the German Lodges, before he acquaints his readers that he was the founder of the Illuminati, for no other reason than to make them believe, that Weishaupt was a Freemason before he planned his new association. (c) In the case was very different indeed. Barruel himself asserts "that it is a fact demonstrated beyond a doubt, that Weishaupt became a Mason in 1777; and that two years before this, when he established Illuminism, he was totally unacquainted with the mysteries of Freemasonry. (d) Here, then is an important fact which strikes at the root of all Doctor Robinson's reasoning against Freemasonry. Barruel maintains, that Weishaupt was not a mason till two years after the organization of his new institution; and Dr. Robinson allows, that Illuminism was totally different from Freemasonry. These two institutions, therefore, were totally unconnected; for, the members of the one, were never admitted into the Lodges of the other, without being regularly initiated, into the mysteries of both. Upon these simple facts, therefore, we would arrest the attention of every reader, and those in particular who have been swindled out of their senses, by the united exertions of a priest and a philosopher.

After Weishaupt had organized his institution, he exerted every nerve to disseminate his principles. For this purpose he became a Freemason in 1777; and by means of emissaries he attempted to circulate his opinions among the French and German lodges. In these attempts, indeed, he was sometimes successful. But it should be recollected by those who on this account, calumniate Freemasonry, that the same objection may be urged against Christianity, because impostors may have sometimes gained proselytes, and perverted the wavering mind of the multitude.

These doctrines, however, were not merely circulated by Weishaupt in a few of the lodges, and taught at the assemblies of the Illuminati. They were published to the world in the most fascinating form, by the French Encyclopedist; and inculcated with all the eloquence with which some of the most celebrated philosophers, on the continent could adorn them. It can only be said of Weishaupt, therefore, that he was not

just such a determind infidel as Voltaire and his associates. Such is a short, and, it is hoped, an impartial view, of the origin and progress of the Illuminati. It may be now proper to attend to the causes from which this association arose, and the advantages and disadvantages which it may have engendered.

About the middle of the eighteenth century, the literati on the continent were divided into two great parties. The one may be considered as Ex-Jesuits, or adherents to the catholic superstition, who were promoters of political and religious despotism, and inculcated the doctrines of non-resistance and passive obedience. The other party was composed of men, who were friends to the reformed religion, enemies of superstition and fanaticism, and supporters of the absurd doctrine of the infinite perfectibility of the human mind. They were dissatisfied with that slavery which was imposed by the despotism of the continental rulers and the superstition of the church of Rome; and many of them entertained opinions adverse to the christian religion, and to every existing form of government. Between these two parties there was a perpetual struggle for power. The Ex-Jesuits accused their opponents as heretics and promoters of Jacobinism and infidelity; while the others were constantly exposing the intrigues of priests, and the tyranny of despots. To this latter class belonged Weishaupt and his associates, who instituted the order of the Illuminati for no other purpose, than to oppose those corrupted priests, who would have degraded them as Christians, and those tyrannical despots who have enslaved them as citizens. The collision of these parties was certainly productive of the greatest advantages. While the Jesuits restrained the inclination of one part of the community to overrate the dignity of the human mind and anticipate ideal visions of religious and political perfection: the Illuminati counteracted those gloomy opinions which debase the dignity of our nature, check the energies of the mind, and impose the most galling yoke of religious and political servitude. Both these parties were, without doubt, deserving of blame. But had any of them prevailed, the triumph of the Illuminati would certainly have been most desirable. As a Christian, I would glory in the downfall of that Papal hierarchy which has so long deluded and enslaved the world. As a man, I would rejoice in the overthrow of every throne which is raised upon the ruins of civil liberty and domestic happiness; and as a Briton, I would wish that all my brethren of mankind should enjoy those religious and political privileges, which have so long been the boast of our friends, and the envy of our foes.

After the French Revolution, which, as Mounies has well shown, arose from other causes than those to which Barruel and Robinson ascribe it, the plans of these parties were not carried on in Germany so systematically as before; and notwithstanding the fabrications with which the Jesuitical Barruel has calumniated the lodges in that country, Freemasonry prevails to this day, respected by the most virtuous and scientific members of the community, and patronized by the most distinguished princes of the Empire.

In Germany, the qualifications for a Freemason are great and numerous. No person initiated into the order without the consent of every member of the Lodge; and it frequently happens, that a German even is excluded by a single dissenting voice. On this account, the lodges of that country are filled with persons of the first rank and respectability; and every thing is conducted with the greatest decorum and solemnity. As Masonry is there held in the highest estimation, an Englishman will obtain an easier introduction to the chief nobility and literati of Germany in a Mason lodge than in any other place; and will never repent of having been initiated into the order in his native country. (e)

After a publication of the works of Barruel and Robinson, the progress of Freemasonry in Britain was retarded by an act of Parliament in 1799, for the suppression of seditious societies, in which the fraternity were virtually prohibited from erecting new lodges in the kingdom. But this act was not prompted by the

calumnies of these writers. It became necessary from the political condition of the kingdom; and exceptions which it contained in favor of Freemasons, are a complete proof that government never credited the reports of these alarmists; but placed the most implicit confidence in the loyalty and prudence of British Masons. Dr Robinson indeed, asserts, that the emissaries of corrupted Freemasonry, and Illuminism, were lurking in the British Empire, and plotting its destruction. But such monsters of iniquity have never yet been discovered within the circuit of our island; they have never polluted the British lodges. Tell us then no more, that our lodges are the receptacles of sacrilegious and revolutionary miscreants. I see them frequented by men of unaffected piety, and undaunted patriotism. Tell us no more, that our brethren of the order are less holy and virtuous than the uninitiated vulgar. I see them in the senate, defending by their talents, the doctrines of our religion and exemplifying in their conduct the precepts it enjoins, kind to their friends, forgiving to their enemies, and benevolent to all.

THE END.

THE LEGENDARY.

THE RAVEN'S TOWER.

Fair Isabel—forno she was styled—was the sole daughter and heiress of Sir Robert Fitzhammond, the sixth in descent from the leader of the twelve knights who conquer'd Glamorganshire from the Welsh. Her father, although left a widower in an early stage of life, continued unmarried merely for her sake; and when not called to the field, attended solely to her education. She answered to his cares by the quickest improvements of the mind; but the lustre of her beauty was indescribable. Unhappily, the partiality of her doting parent, and the universal adoration paid to her person, intoxicated the mind of the young and thoughtless heiress. She refused, with unbecoming disdain, many honorable offers of marriage, and at the age of twenty, seemed determined to pass her life, in "single blessedness." Yet, fair Isabel had a susceptible heart, and had been much affected by the silent and mysterious assiduities of an unknown admirer, who most strangely waited on her very thoughts, and prevented every wish. She loved splendor, and the richest jewels were found in the interior of her cabinet. Flowers were her delight, and she saw, even in winter, the roses and the jessamines of the east bloom among the rugged cliffs of her father's castle. If she thought of dress, her coffers were filled with the richest silks from Persia, and the most delicate muslin from the Indies. Gratitude inclined her heart to love; and almost involuntarily, she one day breathed a wish that she might see the person to whom she owed so many favors. Instantly, an elegant figure, blooming as an Adonis, and clothed in an azure vest, knelt before her. He did not press her hand—for sylphs are only air—but he described to her the purity of his passion, and earnestly pressed for an acknowledgment of love and a promise of fidelity and secrecy. The mind of fair Isabel was delicacy itself, and an incorporeal lover just suited the ideas which she had formed; she gave her assent to the spirit's demand, and bound herself to eternal silence as to the connexion, and to listen to no other swain than the beautiful being who lay at her feet and exulted in his success.

For some time, every scene was a scene of happiness. Participating in the power of her aerial lover, Isabel extended her natural benevolence to all around her. The fishermen on the neighboring coasts never laid their nets or hooks in vain. The farmers had good crops; and the laborers never felt ill health, nor wore out their clothes. The very goats on the mountains had their share in the amiable girl's distribution of benefits, and found abundance of grass amid the rigor of Christmas frosts.

But this gay vision lasted not long. Fair Isabel was now twenty-three; and Sir Robert, impatient to see her married, seemed to have forgot his usual complaisance to his daughter's caprice, and earnestly pressed her to wed.

He chose for her alliance a wealthy and potent baron, an old friend and contemporary of his own, but a suitor by no means proper to wear a young beauty, from her attachment to a single life. Isabel retired to her closet and wept. The sylph appeared, listening

(c) Proofs of a Conspiracy, introduction, p. xv. and p. 101.

(d) Memoirs of Jacobinism, part III. Preliminary Observations, pp. xv. and p. 12.

(e) Dr. Rander's Tour through Germany, introduction to vol. 1. pp. 30, 31. Dr. Rander maintains, that Freemasonry has greatly improved the manners and dispositions of the Germans. See vol. ii. p. 200 note.

to her melancholy story, and bade her be easy.—That very evening the baron fell from his horse and broke his neck; and fair Isabel thought that all her persecutions were over. But Sir Robert was not easily discouraged; another admirer was soon found for his lovely daughter. He was noble, young, and handsome. The knight introduced him to fair Isabel; she received him with politeness, and, strange to tell, when she withdrew to her apartment, did not invoke the sylph to rescue her from this new danger; but the sylph appeared uninvoked, and in a crimson robe. His countenance, for the first time, wore symptoms of displeasure. He remonstrated with Isabel on her approaching inconstancy, told her that his crimson vest was the symbol of revenge for violent oaths, and disappeared with a malicious frown.

A few hours after, the youth who aspired to the hand of Isabel hastened to the castle to pay his vows. Sir Robert wished him to see the prospects his lofty towers afforded. He looked over the battlements of the highest; a dizziness at once seized him, and he fell down a perpendicular cliff into the river which roared beneath. He was dead long before he reached the water.

This horrid disaster, connected, too, with the death of the baron, overpowered all the fears and scruples of the fair cause of all this mischief. She threw herself on her knees to her father confessor, and told the fatal tale. The monk reproved her folly, set before her eyes the danger and wickedness of listening to a spirit of the air; and, after having enjoined a penance more proportioned to the delicacy and rank of Isabel, than to the nature of her fault, he with great prudence visited her father, told him a part of the story, and earnestly advised him to remove, as soon as possible, with his daughter, to some more frequented place, where she might lose the remembrance of the late melancholy scenes.

Sir Robert, when he had heard the monk's narration, hesitated not a moment to make ready for his journey. He dreaded a spirit more than a legion of armed knights, and his preparations were hastened by the various and frightful noises which filled the castle at midnight. At his departure, he left directions with the pious monk, that mass should be said in every room in the castle, and particularly in that lofty turret—now called the *Raven's Tower*—whence the unfortunate lover had fallen, and where, every night, the most hideous yelling seemed to centre.

He steered his course to Windsor, where the Third Edward then held a splendid feast, in imitation of King Arthur's Round Table. The rank and military credit of Sir Robert gave him a distinguished place in the hall; and the exquisite loveliness of Isabel, now for the first time seen at her sovereign's court, caused an universal remark, that no one could deserve her except the handsome knight, who had carried off the prize two succeeding days, and had baffled the most experienced frequenters of the tournament. The knight thought so too; and hastened to lay his laurels at the feet of fair Isabel. This he could do with the more propriety, since his father, the Lord de Beaumont, was the old friend and fellow-soldier of Sir Robert Fitzhammond. The acquaintance between the veteran warriors was now renewed, and the tournaments being ended, Sir Robert and the fair Isabel were easily persuaded to accompany Lord de Beaumont to Odiham castle, the place of his residence. It was there that Sir Henry—for that was the name of the fortunate knight—declared his passion; nor did the daughter of Sir Robert frown on her accomplished admirer. The parents approved of the marriage, and the nuptial preparations went on apace, when a cloud of melancholy, visible on the brow of the fair heiress, alarmed the vigilant eye of her lover. She kept him not in suspense, but told him fairly the pranks of the revengeful fiend, and owned that a dreadful presentiment told her that she had yet farther effects of his malice to apprehend. Sir Henry had been bred a soldier, and had served with honor in the wars of Edward. He had thought little of preternatural beings, nor was it probable that a fairy tale should slacken his pursuit of so fair a prize as Isabel. He smiled at her fears, consoled her with professions of attachment, and left her, that he might hasten the wedding.

The appointed day came at last. The guests flocked to the castle of Odiham, and the warder's horn grew hoarse with announcing visitors. The abbot of

Farnham united the lovers in the chapel of the castle, and they had all sate down to dinner, when a minstrel requested admittance. A venerable figure, bending under the weight of his harp, now entered the hall.—He was seated nearly facing the bride, and soon began a strain which drew her involuntary attention. It was not fitted to enliven the company; instead of the joys of Hymen, it painted the guilt of broken vows, and the certain penalty that awaited them. He accompanied his song with a symphony, composed of such discordant and terrifying sounds that the stoutest knights felt their blood chill within their veins! As to the bride, she could not conceal her sensations, but wept bitterly, and had almost fainted.

Nothing but the respect usually paid to the character of a minstrel, saved the wanderer from being roughly handled. He was, however, bidden to retire. He did so, refusing the refreshment and reward which was offered to him; but he left a gloom on the spirits of the company, which neither love nor wine could repel.

In the evening, the great hall resounded with cheerful music, the sprightly dance began, and by degrees the minstrel was well nigh forgotten. Midnight now approached, when the warder's horn gave notice of a stranger. It was a person of more than ordinary stature, in the habit of a monk, who demanded an audience of the bride, on business of importance.

Isabel felt a renewal of horror; she hesitated, and the company loudly interposed and ridiculed the insolence of the request. But a second message totally overpowered the resolution of the bride. It was to this purpose, that she should recollect the crimson vest; and that if she came not out, the monk would attend on her in the ball-room.

The wretched Isabel, who now comprehended the horror of her fate, and dreaded a public interview, gathered courage from despair, and mournfully pressing her husband's hand, she rushed out of the hall, and entered the apartment where the dreaded monk attended her. The terrified bridegroom, and part of the company, followed her steps. The door of the room was shut; but a piercing shriek tempted them to burst it open. They did so, but the lady and the monk were not to be found!

The agonies of the family cannot be described.—The miserable father of Isabel soon sunk beneath his load of distress. The bridegroom set out the next day for the Holy Land, but was lost on the passage; and the unhappy Lord de Beaumont survived his son not many months. And here the strange tale would end, were it not for a still more mysterious supplement which the tradition of the country affords.

On a rocky cliff, separated from the castle of Llan-garran only by a narrow stream, dwelt father Stephen, a holy anchorite. He had been a commander in the Scottish wars, under the First Edward, and had been led, by military license, to do actions, which, in his cooler moments, he looked on with detestation and remorse. He had quitted his rank, had bestowed his estate on the church, and had, for some years, subsisted on the charity of the people, and particularly on that of the fair Isabel.

One part of the penance which he had enjoined to himself, for his enormities, was to spend each midnight hour on his bare knees in prayer, on the most exposed and rugged spot of the cliff which afforded him a cave.

On the night of Isabel's disappearance from Odiham Castle, his orisons were interrupted by the sound of female distress. He raised his eyes, and saw, by the beams of the moon, a female figure dressed magnificently, and adorned with jewels and other bridal elegance, which he recognised for that of his benefactress in the open cloister, leading westward, forced onwards by some invisible being, which, in spite of her affecting shrieks, convulsive struggles, and arms stretched to heaven for relief, hurried her to the folding gates of the western tower. The gates opened slowly with a creaking sound, as if unwilling to admit her, but closed upon her, when she had entered, with a loud report. In less than a minute, a raven of an enormous bulk rose slowly from the tower's roof, and, after soaring round twice or thrice, screaming dismally all the time, mounted to the clouds, and was lost.

Father Stephen left his prayers unfinished, descended the rock, and passing the stream in his little skiff

alarmed the servants at the castle. They received him as their guardian angel as they had been thrown into the deepest terror by the various noises and exclamations of woe which had haunted the castle during the last hour. They proceeded timorously through the cloister, with Father Stephen at their head.—When he put the enormous key into the lock of the folding gates, they started, and would have left him, but shame prevented. The veteran, armed with the cross, and pronouncing the most holy words, entered the western tower, but all was quiet. Nor, after the strictest search, could any thing be found to clear up the mystery, except a small, but highly finished rose, composed of diamonds and rubies; an ornament which the hapless Isabel was known to have worn in her hair, on the evening of her deplorable wedding.

THE GATHERER.

A PORTABLE ICE HOUSE.

Take an iron bound butt or puncheon, and knock out the head, cutting a very small hole in the bottom, about the size of a wine cask. Place inside of it a wooden tub, shaped like a churn, resting it upon two pieces of wood, which are to raise it from touching the bottom. Fill the space around the inner tub with charcoal, and fit to the tub a cover, with a convenient handle, having inside one or two small hooks, on which are to be hung the bottles during the operation. Place on the lid a bag of charcoal, about two feet square; if the charcoal in this bag is pounded it will answer better; and over all, place another cover, which must cover the head of the outer cask. When the apparatus is thus prepared, let it be placed in a cold cellar, and buried in the earth above four-fifths of its height; but though cold, the cellar must be dry, wet ground will not answer, and a sandy soil is the best. Fill the inner tub or nearly so, with pounded ice; or, if prepared in the winter, with snow well pressed down, and the apparatus will be complete.—Whenever it is wished to make ice, take off the upper cover, then the bag of pounded charcoal, and suspend the vessel containing the liquid to be frozen to the hooks inside of the inner cover; then close up the whole, as before, for half an hour, when the operation will be complete, provided proper care be taken of exclude external air.

We have not lately met with a more impressive paragraph than the following. We find it in an exchange paper, and we pass it on. It deserves to go the rounds.

Give me the money that has been spent in war, and I will purchase every foot of land upon the globe. I will clothe every man, woman, and child in an attire that kings and queens would be proud of; I will build a school house upon every valley over the whole habitable earth; I will supply that school house with a competent teacher; I will build an academy in every town, and endow it; a college in every state, and fill it with able professors; I will crown every hill with a church consecrated to the promulgation of the gospel of peace; I will support in its pulpit an able teacher of righteousness, so that on every Sabbath morning the chime on one bell should answer to the chime on another, around the earth's broad circumference; and the voice of prayer, and the song of praise, should ascend like an universal holocaust to Heaven.—*Stebbins.*

Punishment of Avarice.—A deplorable case of murder, it may be called, was recently disclosed in London. Two clerks at a bank, observing an aged female miser, who frequently came to draw her dividends, hired the adjoining house, and soon ingratiating themselves into her favor, visited her every night, and were in the habit of shaking her by the shoulders till she was exhausted for breath, and ultimately died. They got her fortune, £40,000; but the quasi murder being discovered, they were obliged to disgorge and flee the country.

POPULAR TALES.

AN AWFUL LEEING-LIKE STORY.

BY THE ETRECK SHEPHERD.

[CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 181.]

"Lord Archibald knew that the late baron had made a will in favor of his sister's profligate son; but he knew also that will was not registered, and there was nothing but the bare deed itself that stood between him and the whole of the baron's disposable property. He had, therefore, studied every means to get possession of that deed, and had brought things to a train by which he hoped to succeed, when all at once the baron was cut off suddenly by one of those paralytic shocks so common of late years, and died in the sixty-fourth year of his age.

Lord Archibald had then no other resource than to send a female dependent of his, a Miss Aymers, on whose knavish acuteness he had full reliance—having experienced it to his cost—with a grand recommendation as a fit person for laying out and decorating the dead. Her services were readily accepted, and the baron having died in his elbow chair, and Miss Aymers gotten her cue, she instantly got hold of the will, and concealed it in her bosom. But Mr. Sholto's mother arriving with an official person, they locked the door, put seal on the bureau and drawers, and read a warrant for searching every person present before one of them left the room. Thus circumstanced, Miss Aymers had no other shift than to slip the deed into the coffin, among the wood shavings with which it was filled.—She hardly hoped to succeed, but so quick was her motion, and so natural and simple her demeanor, that no eye beheld her. The old lady being particularly jealous of her, as suspecting whence she came, stripped her naked, and searched her with her own hands but found nothing.

Miss Aymers returned to her protector with the news of her success, but he lay on a bed of nettles till the funeral was over; and even then though no will was found, and he fell heir to all the heritable property, he felt ill at ease, and set a private watch over the burial-place night and day, on pretence of some fears that his old relative's body might be exhumed.

A considerable time elapsed, and there having been no appearance of any person meddling with the tomb, Lord Archibald had given his watchers orders to discontinue their attendance on such a day, but before that day came, he was astounded at hearing that Sholto had been seen prying narrowly about the tomb, opening the iron door, surveying the grave, and then looking all about as if to discover some place of concealment, and, finally, that he had conveyed mattocks by night and concealed them artfully within the iron railing.

Lord Archibald was then sure that all was not as it should be, and took his mistress severely to task for betraying his secret. She denied it, first with tears, and afterwards with rage, and they parted in the worst of terms; for he naturally supposed that no other could have divulged the secret but herself, and her infidelity cut him to the heart, and in particular her having betrayed his guilt to such a low blackguard as he accounted his cousin Sholto to be.

The night following the discovery of the mattocks, Lord Archibald placed a watch of four men, all at equal distances around the tomb, with long speaking trumpets, with which they could whisper to one another; and the men had orders, if any attempt was made to exhume the body, that they were to suffer them to proceed until they came to the inner bier, or wooden coffin, but by no means to suffer the aggressors to open that, but to seize them and convey them to prison.—The men executed their orders to a tittle; but not being able to see from behind the railing, the precise moment that they came to the inner coffin, one of them crept in at the door, and round behind the heap of mould, where sitting by his head, quite unperceived, he watched all their motions, and heard every word that passed. Then when they began to unscrew the coffin lid, from some waggish impulse he gave a sharp rap with his trumpet on the coffin; afterwards as they were again beginning to proceed, he thrust the mouth of his trumpet as deep down into the grave at the head of the coffin as he could, and speaking from amongst the mould, he demanded, 'Who's there? What do you want?'

This was too much even for the bold and determined heart of Sholto to stand, he sprang from the grave, and was instantly seized by three strong men, pinioned and conveyed to prison. Honest Andrew was seized lying in the depths of the grave as described, and knew nothing about Mr. Sholto's seizure, nor indeed about any thing save that he had been seized by the dead man, his old master, who had with a supernatural strength dragged him away to prison.

No sooner were the aggressors fairly lodged in the jail, than Lord Archibald despatched two watchers to keep nigh to the open grave till day, but neither to touch aught themselves, or suffer the least intrusion. The men went well armed, but strange to say, at their very first entrance within the church-yard, they perceived something approaching them. The morning was excessively dark, but straight from the open grave there ascended a tall, pale, ghost-like figure, covered with pale light, and from which issued a smell of brimstone perfectly suffocating. The men's senses were totally benumbed. In language quite inarticulate, they challenged it, charging it to stave and speak, but it came gliding on towards them. They fired a pistol at it, but it came gliding on. They could stand it no longer; but turning, they fled with precipitation the ghost pursuing them till they took refuge in a tavern. After fortifying their hearts well with spirits, and loading their pistols anew, they sallied forth once more before the break of day, but saw nothing, and before the sun rising, great numbers of the citizens had arrived, the word having spread overnight from the council chamber, or rather the watch house. But the two guards suffered no person to come within the iron railing, until the arrival of Lord Archibald, with the church-officers, and other official people: when, to the utter consternation of all who had heard Andrew's extraordinary narrative before the judge of the night, it was found that the lid of the coffin was splintered in two, lying loose above, and the corpse up and away, grave clothes and altogether. There was nothing left but the wood shavings, and a part of them were lying in the line from the grave to the gate, which the dead man had shaken from him in his struggle with Andrew. So the multitude said, and so they thought, for what else could they think, as the watchman who deceived Andrew, and seized him in the grave, thought proper to keep his experiment a secret, in order to frighten and astonish the people the more. Indeed, there was none that made a greater stir about it than himself. In consequence of all this, the bruit got abroad that Mr. Sholto Douglas and his humble friend, Andrew Cranston, had gone forth by night to take the body of the late baron from the tomb, in order to ask him some questions about a will, they having had intimation that he was buried alive; but that, on their opening his snug iron chest, he got into such a rage that he cursed and swore at them; and when they would not desist, he split the coffin with his fist, sprang out and seized Andrew by the throat, groffling him in the grave. That he then took him away, and pushed him into the watch-house; where he left him to justice, and ran off and hid himself, for fear that they might bury him alive again.

Andrew made oath to the truth of this, so it could not be contradicted. Philosophers winked and shook the head; tradesmen, at first hearing it, scratched their elbows, hitched and laughed, but, by degrees, as the facts came out, one by one, the pupils of their eyes were enlarged, and they generally exclaimed that the like of it never was heard of in any land. Such was the story that got abroad, and has continued as a traditional story to this day; and it is so good a story, and so perfectly ridiculous, that it is a pity either to add to or diminish it. But we story-tellers, in our eagerness to trace the real course of natural events, often spoil the story, both to ourselves and others. And as I know more about it, I am obliged to tell the truth.

In the meantime, Lord Archibald was chagrined, beyond measure, at the loss of the will, not doubting that it was fallen into the hands of his opponent; for though it was manifest that he and Andrew had not got it, yet who else could have removed it, as well as the body, save some one in his interest? He soon began to suspect Miss Aymers, the only person alive possessed of the secret; and grievously did he repent his accusation of her, and the parting with her on such bad terms, knowing that the revenge of an insulted mistress was beyond calculation. The first thing, therefore, that he did, was to go and implore her forgive-

ness, and a renewal of their former confidence, but she spurned him from her in the highest disdain, refusing all intercourse with him for ever.

This being the last blow to Lord Archibald's hopes of retaining either the estate or his reputation, he waited on Mr. Sholto, and astonished him by a proposal to halve his uncle's estate with him, stating, that his conscience has checked him for keeping possession of the whole, being convinced that his late uncle had intended leaving him a part. Sholto expressed the utmost gratitude for his relation's generous resolve, saying he never thought to be so much beholden to man. But Sholto was still more astonished when he insisted on the transfer being made immediately, and the residue being secured to himself, by the signature of Sholto, the nearest blood relation of the deceased.

Sholto could not understand this, but made no objections to the arrangement. However, men of business could not be had on the instant, and the transaction was postponed to a future day. The estate was parted by arbiters; and every thing was arranged for the final transaction to the satisfaction of all parties; when one morning, just as Sholto was setting out for the ratification of the treaty, a modest sly-looking young man called, and requested to speak with Mr. Sholto before he went away. 'Well, what is it, sir? A message from Mr. Marginer I suppose?'

'No, sir it is a message from a very different personage. Pray, do you know what has become of your uncle the baron?'

'What do you mean by such a question? Why, I know that he died and was buried, and that his body was nefariously and most unaccountably taken from the tomb.'

'Are you sure of that, sir?'

'As sure as ocular demonstration and reason can make me.'

'Well, sir, I have only to tell you, that you are mistaken. Is it not possible, think you that the dead can live again?'

'Yes, at the Resurrection, but not till then. I know that the souls of the dead live in unknown and unexplored regions, but the body of my uncle saw corruption, and cannot live again till the last day.'

'Well, sir, I understand there is something that you should have had of him, and of which you have been deprived, not through any intention of his. What will you give me, and I will instantly bring you to the speech of him.'

'Stranger, you are either mocking me, or you are mad. I would not go to the speech of him to be king of the realm. Who would make another. Soul of me, and take me to speak to demons in human shape?'

'I am quite serious, Mr. Sholto; for a proper remuneration I will take you to the speech of him; and moreover, I will ensure to you the document from his own hand, that will ensure your right and title to the whole of his estate, heritable and personal.'

'No, no, I will have nothing to do with either you or him, I will venture upon no experiment so revolting. Bring me the document yourself, and your reward shall be liberal. Then I shall believe you, but at present your proposal is to me incomprehensible.'

'I again assure you, that I am perfectly serious.—And as no man alive can procure you that document save myself, give me a bond on his estate for five thousand pounds, and the will shall be yours. Only you are to come or send, and receive it from his own hand, and see him once more face to face. Some word may accompany it, which is unmeet for me to hear. I pray you go. It is requisite you should. Only I must first have a bond of you for five thousand pounds, and the property is yours.'

'Why that I would not grudge, for I have this day to sign away five times that sum to secure the rest.—Take my man with you. Bring me the will, and your request shall be granted.' He rang the bell, and Andrew entered. 'Andrew; this gentleman knows, it appears, where my dead uncle is lying concealed. He wants to send the will, and some particular word to me. Will you be so good as to go with the man and fetch both?'

'Gang yourself, Mr. Sholto; for me, I wadna gang for the hale world. The moment that he clappit his een on me, he wad flee at my thrapple, an' down wi' me, an' then take me by the neck ower his shoulther, an' aff to the watch house prison wi' me! I kend aye he was up an' leevin. But his maun surely by an un-

earthly unnatural kind of life. Where is the auld wili-
lien?

'Where God will. Go with me; and you shall see
him, and receive the deed signed and sealed from his
own hand. It is a pity to throw away such a fortune
through mere cowardice.'

'It is that. Shall I meet him in fair daylight, and
in company?'

'I shall go with you, if you desire it; no—others;
may.'

'Aye, ye maun hae another ane, for he has mair nor
the strenght o'twa men sin, he de'd. Let me hae
two stout fallows me' an' I'll venture for my master's
sake an' my ain. I never was frightit in open daylight
yet.'

Away went Andrew on his perilous expedition, while
Sholto kept out of the way, and did not go to ratify
the grievous bargain with Lorl Archibald, until he
saw what would be the issue of this mad adventure:—
One messenger arrived after another for him, and he
was no where to be found. And although he suspected
the stranger's message to be all a trick, in order to
play off some foolery upon him, for which reason he
kept aloof, yet at times there was a seriousness in the
young man's manner, that left an impression of his
sincerity.

In the course of two hours Andrew returned, so
changed in every feature, that no person could have
known him. His eyes were open, and would not wink,
and his mouth wide open, while the power to shut it
remained not with him. But he held the will firm
grasped in his hand, signed and sealed, and all correct.
He was supported by the stranger, who also appeared
greatly agitated. Sholto signed the bond cheerfully,
which was indue time honored—took possession of
the baron's whole property without opposition, and
Lord Archibald retired to Switzerland.

But now for the unparalleled recovery of this famous
document; and though there never was a more lying-
like story than the one told by Andrew Cranston, he
yet brought substantial proofs with him of its correct-
ness. And it is believed that, barring a little exaggera-
tion of his prowess, it is mostly conformable to truth.
We must have the relation in Andrew's own words.

'We had nae sooner left our house, than the chap
turn'd thoughtfu' an' gae ower speaking, an' I jealous-
ed he was turnin' frightit an' that some awfu' an' tremen-
dous encounter lay afore us. Still it was daylight,
an' I thought it couldna be waur that time than it had
been afore in the grave; soon I ventured. We ca'd
at a doctor o' physic's shop for an assistant. The lad
was sweet sweer to gang, an' made many objections
that I couldna hear; but I thought I heard them speak
about 'blinding his een,' sae I laid my lugs i' my neck
an' said naething. Weel, on, on, on, we gangs, till
we came foinent the head o' the Kirk Wynd when the
chap turns to me wi' a pale face an' a quiverin' lip, an'
he says to me,—"Andrew Cranston," says he, "ye maun
a'low us to tie up your een' here, (eyes I believe he
ca'd them, but that's a'ane) 'What for that, an' it be
your will, sir,' says I. Why, the poor old baron has
got such a fright at being buried alive," said he, "that
no other impression haunts his spirit but that of being
buried alive again. And if you were to find out the
place of his concealment, it would put him so mad,
that all attempts to recover the will would prove inef-
fectual.'

'He's a queer chap,' said I, 'for a madder man I
never saw than he was when wakened out o' the grave;
an' wha wad think he wad be sea terrified to gang into
it again?—Gudeenness gude us, is he just like other lee-
vin' mortal men, after lying sae lang i' the grave?'

'Why, he is both a living man and a dead man, An-
drew; or, rather, he is neither a living man nor a dead
one, but something between them. You have a—
strange sight to see—a dead body inhabited by a living
spirit.'

'I dinna care suppose ye do tie up my een', says I.
'an' be sure ye dinna take the bandage off again till
we come back to this bit, or else I will find out the place
where he is.' Accordingly, they tied up my een that
I couldna see a time, an' we turns hereaway, and therea-
way. I kendna where, till at length ae lock gangs wi' a
great jangle, an' then I began to find a damp-dead
smell waur than a grave. Mercy on us! where are we
now, thinks I to myself, and I began rather to
draw back. I'll not gang ane other step,' says I, 'till I
see where I am.'

'It was an unlucky saying, for that moment the ras-
cal slipped the bandage off my een, an' where I was I
never will ken till the day of judgement. There were
dead skeletons standing a' around me, wi' no ae pickin'
o' flesh on their bans. There een were a' out, an'
naethin but holes where there noses an' mouths should
hae been. My flesh turned cauld, and my blood fruze
in my heart, an' I hadna power to advance a step.—
'Come on, come on, Andrew,' says the chap, for the'e
was nane but aue wi' me then. Come on. See, hers
up here.'

'I lookit as weel as I was able, an' in truth I saw
the Baron at the upper end of that frightsome place,
standing a fearsome sight indeed. He had a white
winding sheet about him, and his face was as white as
the sheet. Een, lips, an' cheeks, were a' o' the same
dead wan color. He was still nothing but a corpse—
a cauld, lifeless corpse—but ye held up the will in his
right hand, and began speaking to me in a dead man's
voice. My heart could stand nae' mair. The chap
pushed my forret—and I shot backward—till seeing
that I was comin in contact wi' the miraculous leevin'
corpse—I faintit—faintit clean away; but I heard aye
his awesome voice soundin' i' the lugs o' my soul, though
my body was nae better nor that of the dead man.'

Weel I can tell you nae mair; for when I came to
myself, I mas lying in another house an' some doctors
standin' round me wi' their lances an' knives in their
hands, glowin' like chaps etched in an ill-turn; an'
I am aye convinced to this day, that they were either
gaun to mak' a skeleton o' me or a leevin' corpse.—
However, I brought hame the will safe in my noive,
that has made my master a man. I bought it dear first
and last, but, I hae nae reason to rue what I did.

Now this story is true, but again needs explanation.
But is it not a pity to explain away so good and so ridi-
culous a story, which was solemnly believed by the
principal actor? All that I choose to tell you is this:
the young man who received the £5000 was a surgeon
and apothecary; the betrothed sweetheart, and shortly
afterwards the husband of Miss Sally Aymers, who, it
will be remembered, was an offended girl, of great
shrewdness and activity. This is the main cue to the
story; and after this, if any gentleman in Britain or her
colonies (I except Ireland) will explain to me perfect-
ly, how every circumstance was effected, I shall be in
his debt for the best bowl of whiskey-toddy ever was
drunk. And if any lady do it, I shall be in hers for a
song.

MISCELLANY.

From the Richmond Compiler.

We take from the New York Signal, the fol-
lowing memoir of a distinguished Comedian who was
in our city a few weeks since, entertaining our play-
goers with his excellent performances in comedy. He
was a favorite with the Richmond audience in the
days of Gilfert, in another department of the drama,
that of tragedy. This brief memoir, we doubt not,
will be pursued by many friends of the subject of it in
this city:

MEMOIR OF HENRY J. FINN.

Among the passengers in the Lexington, whose
loss we deplore, the public at large are perhaps best
acquainted with the name and features of Henry J.
Finn. As an actor he was gifted with true genius.—
His comic power were, we think, equalled by those
of no living comic performer. The spontaneous
flashes of wit and merriment which sparkled thro' all
his personations, gave them a peculiar zest. Although
a native of this city, we do not think he was ever fully
appreciated here. In Boston he has been the para-
mount favorite of the theatre going public for the fif-
teen years. His representations of Beau Shatterly,
Philip Garbois, Sir Peter Teazle, Bob Logic, Paul
Shaak, Monsieur Jacques, with fifty other difficult
parts, will long live in the memories of thousands of
delighted auditors. His unflinching buoyancy of dispo-
sition, his prompt and happy humor, his general intel-
ligence and well cultivated talents, and united to his
sterling worth and gentlemanly demeanor, rendered
him a most agreeable companion in social life, and
justly endeared him to many friends.

Poor Finn! It was but Monday last that we saw

him in the vigor of his genial prime, full of vivacity
and gayety of heart. He had been prosperous in his
Southern Tour, and spoke with a tone of joyful antici-
pation of his return to his wife and children, at his
country seat at Newport, where he would enjoy his
literary leisure for the balance of the season. And
he proffered us, his kind services and promised to
write us, and send us the result of his first meditations.

The current of his thoughts seemed to sparkle on
brightly to the last, and he parted from us with a jest
on his lip, and promised to show us the sports of New-
port in the summer. Alas!

"Et nunc, sub undis oceanis,
Procul ab amicis,
Immutata morte quiescit!"

We have said that Mr. Finn was born in the city of
New York. It must have been about forty years ago.

At an early age, as we learn from an account pub-
lished some years since, in a Boston paper, he was
sent to the Academy at Hackensack, then in high repute,
under Mr. Traphagen; after that to the Latin School,
in Newark Academy, kept by Finley, and from thence,
to Princeton College; he was then placed in the office,
and became a student of Thomas Phoenix, Esq. late
District Attorney of New York, where he remained
three years. He was then sent for by an uncle in Eng-
land, who was in affluence; he embarked with his
mother in a vessel called the *Eather Lindo*, which found-
ered on her passage. The passengers and crew took
to the boats, and where picked up by a ship bound for
Holland, and landed at Falmouth. Even thus early
in life, did Finn experience a foretaste of the awful
fate which was to terminate his career!

He arrived in London. The novelties and allure-
ments that surrounded him, led him to disregard the
strict injunctions of his uncle, and as the youth chose
to 'indulge his notions of Yankee independence, he
was, as they say in England, cut off with a shilling.—
He then turned his attention to the stage for a support,
and appeared in subordinate characters at the Haymar-
ket Theatre.

A late number of the London New Monthly Maga-
zine, conducted by Theodore Hook, says, in a notice
of a piece called "The Sleep Walker," that "owing
to the excellent acting of Mr. Jones and Mr. Finn in
the little part of Thomas, it was the most successful
piece of the season; so that even in his first attempt
and in a trifling character, he gave promise of reach-
ing the reputation he has since acquired. After this
he took to the tragic line, and continued it up to the
time of his arrival in Boston, where he became con-
vinced that he had mistaken his forte, and though his
tragedy might be good, his comedy was far superior.
So he gave up *Gloster*, *Shylock* and *Macduff*, for *Paul
Pry*, *Mawworm*, and *Dr Ollapad*.

Finn's versatility was as extraordinary off the stage
as on it. He could paint miniatures very beautifully,
as also landscapes and portraits in oil. Some of his
caricatures are remarkably clever. As a writer he
possessed talents of a highly respectable order. His
comic songs are among the most ingenuous specimens
of the kind in the language. He was master of a pure
English prose style, has left a MS tragedy in blank
verse, founded, if we recollect aright, on the story of
Joan of Arc. He at one time owned and edited the
Savannah Georgian, and was one of the principal origi-
nators of the *N. O. Picayune*. He has written comic
annuals, comic almanacs and comic songs by the do-
zens, and has always been quite successful in many
productions of a graver cast. During the great specu-
lating mania of '36 and '37, he launched somewhat
extensively into purchases of stocks, whereby he made
inroads upon the very handsome property he had ac-
cumulated by his industry. Enough, however, was
saved to secure him and his family a liberal compet-
ence. He leaves a wife and five children, who will de-
plore in him the true and devoted husband and the
ever affectionate father.

In all his relations of life, Mr. Finn was irreproach-
able. Few men have lived more blameless lives or
won more general esteem and respect. We have done
but imperfect justice to his character in this brief and
hurried sketch. Honor to his memory! His loss will
be a sad diminution of many a heart, which was wont
to cherish with pleasurable anticipation at the sound of
his ever welcome voice.

AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER.

ALBANY, SATURDAY, FEB. 15, 1840.

In our list of the Officers of the Grand Chapter, of last week, we inadvertently omitted the name of the Rev. Salem Town, of Cayuga, as Grand Chaplain.

ORATORY—MR. WHITNEY.—This gentleman's efforts on Saturday evening last were very fine, and from all quarters, we hear him spoken of in laudatory terms.

"Ay, laugh ye fiends: I feel the truth;
Your talk is done—I'm mad! I'm mad!"

is the peroration to one of the most pathetic appeals to one's sensibility, in the language; and however trivial may appear this sentence, yet Mr. W.'s utterance of it, more clearly discovered to the spectator, the sensations of his bosom, than could the most labored description. We were much pleased with his delineations of Shylock and Richard 3d. His delivery of the celebrated soliloquy in the first act of the latter, reminded us forcibly of the "immortal Booth and Kean." We should think that characters of this sort, were more congenial to the genius of Mr. W. than the delineation of the minute passions of the human mind; where energy of action, and delivery is required, he is particularly successful. To any one who saw his Shylock and Richard, this will be apparent. A friend who sat on the bench with us, and who is conversant with the manner of M'Duffie and Preston, pronounced his imitations of these celebrated Senators, as being perfect.

We are happy in being informed that Mr. W. will deliver a second lecture the ensuing week. All who wish to see the manner of Clay, M'Duffie, Preston, Forrest, M'Crealy, &c. perfectly hit off, will then have an opportunity.

The New York Sun in speaking of the present hard times; and the prospects of business in that city the coming season, holds the following sensible remarks: "No doubt some people will continue to talk of distress. It is the theme upon which broken down speculators delight to dwell—their only 'comfort by day and song in the night.' But the wealth and the trade of this great country can no more be distressed out of existence than the water can be distressed out of the ocean. There is an abundance of produce in the country—it will find its way to market—it will be bought—and currency or no currency—distress or no distress—trade, the process of exchanging commodities will go on.—The failure of every merchant in New York could not stop it—other men would supply their places, and as far as the business of this city is concerned, they would scarcely be missed. Prices may fall—they ought to fall—and speculators may groan, but business will force its way along in obedience to the natural and immutable laws of trade."

A Southern Subscriber wishes us to state what kind of money can be transmitted in payment for our paper. This subject puzzles us as much as it does him. Any money that is not over six or eight per cent, in New York, will be received, provided it is free of postage, which can be done through a post master. We hope, that as our friends see the difficulty under which we labor, that they will make their individual subscriptions amount to at least five, when we will pocket any depreciation, in funds, provided it is not in "wild cat" or "coon skins." The extreme low price of our paper, makes depreciation, in any shape, burdensome and we only say to our southern friends,

take the Square for your guide, in the matter, and we shall be satisfied.

IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.—A gentleman in Georgia, has received a letter from Paris, in which it is stated, that a chemist has obtained from the French Government, a patent, for the discovery of a process by which whale Oil is perfectly purified and disinfected. Some of this oil, thus purified and disinfected, has been tried by several manufactures of cloth and soap, with complete success. By these experiments it has been proved, that whale oil, thus purified by the process in question, can be employed with equal success as Olive oil, in all kinds of manufactures, as well as for lamps, being superior to all other oil hitherto used for this purpose.

The Exploring Expedition.—A letter from Commodore Wilkes to the Navy Department, published in the Globe of Tuesday last, gives a further report of the operations of the Exploring Expedition. Several new islands, not laid down in the charts, have been discovered and named; others, erroneously marked, have been carefully surveyed, and their situations defined. Of others, which have a place in the charts, no traces were discovered. The commander believes he has carried into effect most fully all the instructions of the Navy Department.

At Verplanck's point, some days since a man was buried forty feet deep, under a mass of wall and earth by the falling of the wall of a well which was in progress of construction on the premises of S. H. Mills, Esq. It was 24 hours before the neighbors succeeded in rescuing him, and, strange to say, he was still alive and but little hurt.

VERY COLD.—The New York Observer says, that a young lady was frozen to death while riding in a sleigh, in company with a young gentleman who was taking her to a ball, some twenty miles. The young gentleman did not discover her situation until they arrived at their place of destination! Rather tough.

A New York paper, states that Robert Lennox, esq. who recently died in that city, has left an estate estimated to be worth three million of dollars. He was supposed to have been the richest man in the city of New-York, with the exception of John Jacob Astor.

Production of Salt at Onondaga.—According to the Annual Report of the Superintendent of the Onondaga Salt Springs, the quantity of salt made last year was 2,864,718 bushels, being 289,686 bushels more than in 1838. The amount of duty collected at 6 cents per bushel, was \$171,885.

To Correspondents.—We have several favors on hand, which shall be attended to.

The following Brethren were elected officers, of Mount Moriah Lodge, No. 106, held at Louisville, Ky., on St. John's Day, Dec. 27, 1839.

Thomas J. Welby, W. Master.
Charles Tilden, S. Warden.
F. F. Parmell, J. Warden.
David T. Hardin, Treas.
Isaac Cromie, Sec'y
James V. M'Burnie, Sen. Deacon.
W. C. Feiry, Jun'r. Deacon.
A. D. Ehrich, S. & Tyler.
Louisville, Feb. 3, 1840.

The following extract of a letter from a Br. and Com. of Louisville, Ky. who ranks high in our Institution, we publish as a gratifying evidence, that our humble efforts meet the approbation of our brethren in various parts of the country. No State in the Union has adhered stronger to the principles of the Institution, than Kentucky; and in no part of the Union, have the efforts of the fraternity been crowned with more flattering success than in that State. However, even in our State, we have cause for thankfulness: if the Antis, have in a measure thrown down our Temple, the brick and mortar is still left out of which we can rear it a third time:—

"Br. L. G. Hoffman.—I received a few days since a copy of the American Masonic Register and am rejoiced to see the prospect brightening for the revival of our ancient Institution in your State through the instrumentality of the press, devoted weekly to the exhibition of our principles to the world at large and by this means gradually removing the prejudices of the uninitiated fanatic. I have been long convinced that a paper of this sort was needed and am not a little gratified to see the work begun which if properly conducted, must be productive of lasting benefits to the fraternity, and from the recommendations accompanying your proposals, although stranger to you I am satisfied that this will be the case."

INTELLIGENCE.

An Interesting Trial took place in Boston last week, in which a Miss Abigail R. Gray was plaintiff, and Robert Harley, a dry goods dealer, was defendant.—The action was for slander—the defendant having accused the fair plaintiff with having stolen from his counter a lace cape. The case was submitted to the jury on Friday evening, and on Saturday morning they met for deliberation, and decided to return a verdict for the plaintiff. The damages claimed in the writ were only seventy dollars this very low sum being named, as stated by the plaintiff's counsel to show that the object of the suit was not money, but merely to prove the falsity of the charge made by defendant.

From the evidence offered by the plaintiff, it appeared that on the 22d day of June last, in the evening she, with two other females, went into the store of the defendant for the purpose of making purchases by one of the party. While there, one of the clerks, named Foster, told the defendant that he believed Miss Gray had taken a muslin cape; and as they were leaving the shop, the defendant requested to speak with her, and charged her with stealing the cape. After some conversation, in which she requested that her father might be sent for, she took off her shawl, which the defendant shook and threw at her, telling her she had better go home. She asked him if he was satisfied, and he said he was not. She then requested to be searched more thoroughly, which he declined doing, but said his sister might do so. The plaintiff then submitted to a search, and nothing was found. During the search she burst into tears, and, on arriving home, was in great distress the whole night.

Subsequently the plaintiff called with her father on the defendant, when he reiterated that he believed that she stole the cape; and that if he had immediately taken her away from the counter he would have found it upon her. Before this action was brought, efforts were made, as testified by the plaintiff's father, to induce the defendant to acknowledge his error, but he refused, saying that he believed the charge was true. He, however, requested the daughter to sign a paper, agreeing not to let the affair be known, and then he would pay the expenses, saying that he had settled many like cases in the same way, and that he had detected many of the most respectable ladies in the city pilfering, and had compromised the matter, and thought none the worse of them; and that if he should expose some ladies in the city, he would separate man and wife.

The ground taken in defence was, that the charge of stealing was true, and the defendant offered the testimony of his clerk, who swore, that he saw the plaintiff shily rolling up a cape and drawing it towards her; that

she turned towards him in such a manner as to hide her right hand, with which she was rolling the cape; that he then saw behind her the motion of her right elbow, by which it seemed that she put her hand under her cloak, and when she turned she had nothing in either hand and the cape was gone. He then mentioned his suspicions to Mr. Harley. It was also in evidence that a cape was subsequently found between two boxes on the counter.

In regard to the testimony of Foster, he was contradicted in several particulars by the other witnesses, and the plaintiff's Counsel took the ground that he was not to be believed at all; that he first originated this trouble had repeatedly expressed sorrow for it, and said that he did not believe the plaintiff took the cape; and that, when he first became clerk in the store he was promised one dollar for every thief he detected.

We should imagine that after such an exposition and result, the gallant hero of the counter would be glad could he "expunge" the whole proceeding from his history, and from the memories of his fellow citizens. We fancy he could be "bought out" cheap about these days, and no great amount exacted for the "good will" of his store in the bargain.

A romantic case of villany is related in the N. O. Picayune of the 25th ult, as having recently occurred in that city. The facts are given as follows:

A short time since a gentleman and his wife arrived in this city, and put up at one of our fashionable boarding houses. The utmost conjugal harmony seemed to exist between them, which throws the more interest and mystery over the circumstances that follow. The husband soon after his arrival was called from the city on business, and anticipating an immediate return, the wife remained behind. Her beauty was of that luxurious order rather appertaining to the robust than the sylph like. Her figure bespoke health, her countenance innocence. Some days rolled by and no intelligence was received from the husband. At length a stranger called at the boarding house, bringing a letter to the anxious wife from her absent partner. The letter represented to the lady that her husband, being detained by the business which took him away, wished her to come to him immediately under the protection of the bearer. Her preparations were accordingly made, her own and her husband's baggage safely packed and conveyed to the steamboat, and the lady departed with the supposed friend of her husband. This is the last known of the lady, the baggage, or the bearer of the letter.

A day or two since the husband returned, and hastened to embrace his wife at the boarding house where he had left her. No open arms were there to receive him, no glance of affection, no gentle caress, no baggage. He of course was told the circumstances connected with his lady's departure. He had written no letter, he had commissioned no friend, and his distress may be conceived by those who know the joys of domestic life, and those endearing ties which bind together man and wife.

The Suicide.—We were in error, when we stated that P. J. Bennet committed suicide on account of poverty.

He was well off in his circumstances, and put an end to his existence through a depression of spirits, caused by an act which he innocently committed some time since. Some years ago he owned a beautiful dirk, which he was exhibiting to some of his friends on the Eastern Shore; in so doing, he went through the manoeuvres, and inadvertently plunged it into the heart of an intimate friend, who immediately fell dead at his feet. He was brought up on the charge of murder, but fully acquitted, and the fatal affair was entirely attributed to accident. But, though his reputation was cleared by the ordeal of trial, yet remorse clung to him; the sordid look of his friend was always before him, and in order that he might drown all thought of the past, he became intemperate, which, instead of alleviating, only heightened his madness.

This horrible act of self-destruction terminated his miserable existence; and, with a common two bladed knife, he hacked his throat and breast until he died from loss of blood.—*Baltimore Paper.*

Sing Sing State Prison.—From the annual Report of the Inspectors of this prison, it appears that the receipts during the last year have been \$246 47 less than the expenditures. In the latter, however, are included \$3,437 34 paid for transporting convicts from various places to the prison, and \$3,084 67 for building materials for female prison.

The number of convicts on the 30th of September last, was 805, being a decrease of 37 in the course of a year. Forty three of the convicts are females. The number of convicts received during the year is 194 males and 15 females; the number discharged, 246, viz 184 by expiration of sentence, 27 by executive pardon, 34 by death, and 1 by escape. It is remarked as an encouraging fact that of all the females discharged from the prison from the beginning, not one has returned.

Of the 762 male convicts in prison on the 30th September, 49 were in the stone cutter's shop, 122 in the copper nail boot shop, 38 in brass saddlery do, 33 in hatter's shop, 139 in cooper's, 42 in boot and shoe shop, 60 engaged quarrying, 31 in tool-maker's shop, 38 in lock and smith shop, 35 in sealot's weave-shop, 175 in weaving, and 43 in other employments.

ANOTHER CAUTION.—A couple of days since two clerks of Mr. Wampole, at Trenton, N. J., came near losing their lives in the following manner. They took up into their room a furnace of charcoal for the purpose of dressing by. The room, being closed, was soon filled with the carbonic fumes, which operated very severely upon one of the clerks; the other also was affected, but not so much so as to prevent his going to the door and calling for assistance. The first one was found laboring under vertigo, dizziness, and was entirely senseless. Had it not been for timely assistance, he undoubtedly would have perished. As it was, he suffered much from the after effects.

SUB MARINE EXPLORER.—Mr. Taylor, who may well sustain the above appellation, was at Lowell last week, and descended into the Concord River, under the ice, and placed a charge of about twelve pounds of powder, throwing a body of ice of a surface of three to four rods, and two feet in thickness, from 300 to 500 feet in the air. The surface of ice broken or cracked was three times greater than that thrown up from the river.

Every succeeding day furnishes some new fact of painful interest connected with the burning of the LEXINGTON. Mr. FINE, the Comedian, resided near Newport, R. I. where he has left a large and interesting family. His body, buoyed up by a Life Preserver, was found one hundred and fifty miles from the scene of conflagration, and near the "Home" to which he was hastening!

FATAL ACCIDENT.—Mr. Mahlon Hopkins, of the firm of Hopkins & Brothers Baltimore, on Monday afternoon, met with an accident which caused his death. In coming out of his residence he fell and struck his head with great violence upon the step, and soon expired.—*N. Y. Star.*

A Church in Law.—At Auburn, last week, the first Presbyterian Church, in that village, recovered a verdict of \$7,666 66 damages against the Auburn and Syracuse railroad company—the said road having been constructed over a corner of the land belonging to the church.

Hansome Prize.—Thomas H. Palmer, of Pittsford, Vt., has obtained the premium of \$500 offered by the American Institute of Instruction, for the "best Essay on a System of Education adapted to the common Schools of our country."

A gentleman named Woolston missed from his pocket on Saturday last a wallet or pocket-book, containing from \$3000 to \$5000, while standing at the railroad depot, Philadelphia.

It is ascertained that George O. Swan, of Columbus, Ohio, student at law, on his way to the lectures at Cambridge, Mass. was among the lost in the Lexington. Also Mr. John Ricker, of Monroe, Maine.

Stephen Burroughs, whose name is familiar to all Americans, died at Three Rivers, Lower Canada, on the 23d of January. He was a native of Massachusetts. He visited this State during the last summer and attracted the eye of curiosity on Steam-Boats, at Hotels, &c.

A Mr. Owen Downey, an elderly man, while eating supper in a public house in Wilmington, Del., choked himself to death by attempting to swallow a bit of steak two inches square.

Mr. William Carson, a merchant of Chillicothe, Ohio, was thrown from his buggy last week by which his skull was fractured, a piece of fence penetrating it, causing immediate death.

MARRIED.

On the 15th of January last, by the Rev. William James, Dr. Morgan L. Stevens, of Jordan, Onondaga co. to Miss Catharine Rose, of this city.

At Syracuse, by the Rev. J. F. McLaren, on Thursday evening last, Joseph F. Sabine, esq. of Camillus, Attorney at Law, to Margaret, daughter of the Hon. J. R. Lawrence of the former place.

At Indianapolis, on the 22d ult. by the Rev. Mr. Beecher, the Hon. George W. Cutter, member of the House of Representatives of the Indiana Legislature, to the celebrated actress, Mrs. A. Drake, of the Indianapolis theatre, and late of the Cincinnati and Louisville theatres.

DIED.

In this, on Monday last, Mrs. Harriet Lansing, in the 56th year of her age.

On Tuesday morning, after a lingering illness, of consumption, which she bore with christian fortitude, Mrs. Maria Courtright, wife of E. M. Courtright, aged 32 years.

Another Revolutionary Soldier gone.—Died November 14th at New Lebanon Springs Columbia co., N. Y. Captain John Bull aged 90 years and 10 months.

Captain Bull went from Sandersfield, Berkshire co. Mass., a Volunteer to Boston, on the first "Alarm" in 1775. In 1776 was appointed a Lieutenant in Captain Stephen Bedlam's Company of Artillery, Colonel Knox Regiment, Mass. line. In May 1777, he was appointed by Warrant, or Brevet, Director of the Laboratory for the Northern Army, by Major General Schuyler, with the rank and pay of Captain and with his Company was ordered to repair to Albany where he superintended the preparing the Ammunition used at the capture of Burgoyne. In consequence of ill-health he was compelled to leave the service in May 1778.—*Communicated.*

The papers in Berkshire, Mass. New York, and Detroit are requested to copy the above.

The following Brethren have kindly offered to act as Agents for the American Masonic Register. They are duly authorized receive subscriptions and monies on its account.

William Boardman, New York City.
Tallmadge Fairchild, Coxsack.
Joel D. Smith, Castleton.
James Telf, Coeymans.
S. C. Leggett, Troy.
S. D. Smith, Lansingburgh.
Joseph Blackburn, Poughkeepsie.
John S. Weed, West Greenfield.
Ebenezer Mix, Batavia.
Blanchard Powers, Cowsville.
James Cavanagh, Watertown.
James McKain, Lockport.
Francis P. Milo, Kingston, U.S.C.
Philo W. Stocking, Wheeling, Va.

NEW BOOKS.—W. C. LITTLE has received *The Every Day Book*, embracing the anniversaries of memorable persons and events, in every period and state of the world, from the creation to the present time. Price 1s per number.

Fowler and Kirkham's *Phrenology* proved, illustrated and applied, with chart and numerous plates, 10s.

Combe on the Constitution of Man, considered in relation to external objects, 8th American edition, revised and enlarged, price 2s, by George Combe.

George Combe's *Lectures on Phrenology* delivered in New York, with numerous plates, price 10s.

The works of Gal 6 vols.
De Toqueville and Chevalier's *Democracy of America*.

POETRY.

For the American Masonic Register and Literary Companion.

MASONIC PROFESSION.

I saw a band of brothers move
With slow and solemn tread,
'Their hearts were joined by ties of love,
In charity were wed;
And types of truth in mystic rays
Shone on the path they trod,
And in the midst wide open lay
The gospel of our God.

I ask'd a man of fourscore years,
Why after them he ran;
He said, and melted into tears,
"They feed the poor old man:
He said" I once was sick and sad,
My limbs were rack'd with pain,
They came—they comforted and clad"—
The old man ran again.

I ask'd a weeping widow why
She followed those before,
She said—and wip'd her weeping eye—
"They came unto my door;
They came when all the world beside
Had turn'd from me and fled,
They came my wants and woes to hide,
They gave my children bread."

And this I said is masonry,
Virtue and love are twins,
And that bless'd grace of charity,
Hides multitudes of sins.
Freemasonry like woman's love
Is taught by private rules
So deep the hid ten secret lies,
It can't be found by fools.

THE CHRISTIAN'S HAPPY HOME.

I Love the hearth where evening brings
Her loved ones from their daily tasks,
Where virtue spreads her spotless wings,
And vice, foul serpent, never basks;
Where sweetly rings upon the ear
The blooming daughter's gentle song,
Like heavenly music whisper'd near,
While thrilling hearts the notes prolong.

For there the father sits in joy,
And there the cheerful mother smiles,
And there the laughter-loving boy,
With sportive tricks the eye beguiles;
And love, beyond what worldings know,
Like sunlight on the purest foam,
Descends, and with its cheering glow
Lights up the Christian's happy home.

Contentment spread her holy calm
Around a resting place so bright,
And gloomy sorrow finds a balm
In gazing at so fair a sight;
The world's cold selfishness departs,
And discord rears its front no more,
There pity's pearly tear-drop starts,
And charity attends the door.

No biting scandal fresh from hell
Grates on the ear, or scalds the tongue;
There kind remembrance loves to dwell,
And virtue's meed is sweetly sung;
And human nature soars on high,
Where heavenly spirits love to roam,
And vice, as stalks it rudely by,
Admires the Christian's happy home.

Oft have I joined the lovely ones,
Around the bright and cheerful hearth,
With father, mother, daughters, sons,
The brightest jewels of the earth;
And while the world grew dark around,
And fashion call'd her senseless throng,
I've fancied it was holy ground,
And a fair girl's a seraph's song.

And swift as circles fade away,
Upon the bosom of the deep,

When pebbles toss'd by boys at play
Disturbs its still and glassy sleep,
The hours have sped in pure delight,
And wand'ring feet forgot to roam,
While waved the banners of the night
Above the Christian's happy home.

The rose that blooms in Sharon's vale,
And scents the purple morning's breath,
May in the shades of evening fail,
And bend its crimson head in death;
And ear h's bright ones amid the tomb
May like the blushing rose decay;
But still the mind, the mind shall bloom,
When time and nature fade away.

And there, amid a holier sphere,
Where the archangel bows in awe,
Where sits the King of Glory near,
To execute his perfect law,
The ransom'd of the earth, with joy,
Shall in their robes of beauty come,
And find a rest without alloy,
Amid the Christian's happy home.

THE RUINED HOUSE.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

No dower of storied song is thine,
O desolate abode!
Forth from thy gates no glittering line
Of lance and spear hath flow'd:
Banners of Knighthood have not flung
Proud drapery o'er thy walls,
Nor bugle note to battle rung
Through thy resounding halls.

Nor have the rich bowers of *Pleasure* here
By courtly hands been dressed
For princes, from the chase of deer,
Under green leaves to rest:
Only some roses, yet lingering bright
Beside thy casements long,
Tells where the Spirit of Delight
Hath dwelt, and now is gone.

Yet minstrel tale of harp and sword,
And sovereign beauty's lot,
House of Quenched light and silent board!
For me thou heedest not.
It is enough to know that here,
Where thoughtfully I stand,
Sorrow and Love, and Hope and Fear,
Have linked one kindred band.

Thou bindest me with mighty spells!
—A solemnizing breath,
A presence all around thee dwells!
Of human life and death.
I need but pluck yon garden flower
From where the wild weeds rise,
To wake with strange and sudden power,
A thousand sympathies!

Thou hast heard many sounds, thou hearth,
Deserted now by all!
Voices at eve have met in mirth,
Which eve may ne'er recal.
Youth's buoyant step, and Woman's tone,
And Childhood's language glee,
And song and prayer have well been known
Hearth of the Dead, to thee!

Thou hast heard blessings fondly poured
Upon the infant head,
As it in every fervent word
The living soul were shed;
Thou hast seen partings—such as bear
The bloom from life away—
Alas! for love is changeful air,
Where nought beloved can stay!

Here, by the restless bed of Pain,
The vigil hath been kept,
Till sunrise, bright with Hope in vain,
Burst forth on eyes that wept:
Here hath been felt the hush, the gloom,
The breathless influence shed
Through the dim dwelling, from the room
Wherein reposed the dead.

The seat left void, the missing face,
I have here been marked and mourned;
And Time hath filled the vacant place,
And Gladness hath returned:
Till from the narrowing household chain
The links dropped, one by one;
And homeward hither o'er the main
Came the Spring birds alone.

Is there not cause then—cause for thought
Fixed eye, and lingering tread,
Where, with their thousand mysteries fraught,
E'en lowliest hearts have bled?
Where, in its ever haunting thirst
For draughts of purer day,
Man's soul, with fitful strength, hath burst
The clouds that wrapt its way?

Holy to human nature seems
The long forsaken spot!
To deep affections, tender dreams,
Hopes of a brighter lot!
Therefore, in silent reverence here,
Hearth of the Dead! I stand,
Where Joy and Sorrow, Smile and Tear,
Have linked one kindred band.

MARRIAGE OF THE DEAF AND DUMB.

No word!—no sound!—and yet a solemn rite
Proceedeth 'mid the festive lighted hall,
Hearts are in treaty—and the soul doth take
That oath, which unabsolved must stand till Death;
With icy seal, doth close the scroll of life.

No word!—no sound!—and still yon holy man,
With strong and graceful gesture, hath imposed
The irrevocable vow; and, with meek prayer,
Hath sent it to be register in heaven.
Methinks this silence heavily doth brood
Upon the spirit. Say, thou flower-crowned bride,
What means the sigh that from thy ruby lip
Doth 'scape, as if to seek some element
That angels breathe?

Mute!—Mute!—'tis passing strange!
Like necromancy all. And yet 'tis well:
For the deep trust with which a maiden casts
Her all of earth—perchance her all of heaven,
Into a mortal hand—the confidence
With which she turns in every thought to him,
Her more than brother, and her next to God,
Hath never yet been meted out in words,
Or weighed with language.

So, ye voiceless pair,
Pass on in hope. For ye may build as firm
Your silent altar in each other's hearts
And catch the sunshine through the clouds of time,
As cheerily as though the pomp of speech
Did herald forth the deed. And when ye dwell
Where flowers fade not, and death no treasured tie
Hath power to sever more—ye need not mourn
The ear sequestered and the tuneless tongue;
For there the eternal dialect of love
Is the free breath of every happy soul.

CALENDAR OF COMMUNICATIONS.

EACH MONTH.

Temple Encampment	Albany	2d Friday.
Temple R. A. Chapter,	Albany	2d & 4th Tuesday.
Mount Vernon Lodge,	Albany	1st & 3d Thursday.
Temple Lodge,	Albany	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Apollo Lodge,	Troy	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Apollo Chapter,	Troy	2d & 4th Tuesday.
Apollo Encampment,	Troy	3d Monday.
Phoenix Lodge,	Leavenworth	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Olive Branch,	Bethany Co.	1st Wednesday p. m.
Genesee Encampment,	Lockport N.Y.	
Mount Moriah,	Louisville Ky.	1st & 3d Saturday.

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PUBLISHED BY THE MASTER GENERAL.

AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER AND LITERARY COMPANION.

BY L. G. HOFFMAN.]

ALBANY SATURDAY FEBRUARY, 22, 1840.

[VOL. I.—NO. 25.]

MASONIC.

West Troy, Feb. 12th 1840.

BR. L. G. HOFFMAN.

It may be interesting to the Fraternity to know that EVENING STAR LODGE, formerly held in this place has been revived, and is now in a fair way of doing well, and taking her place in the great Masonic family with renewed energy and usefulness. A number of the Brethren formerly members of this Lodge, were convened on the 31st Jan. The meeting was organized by the J. G. Warden, Br. J. D. Willard, who in conformity with the powers in him vested by the G. Lodge of this State constituted them a Lodge, and restored to them the old Charter of Evening Star Lodge.—They then proceeded to admit a number of Brethren (who had made application for that purpose,) members of the Lodge; after which they proceeded to elect officers for the remainder of this year, and were then adjourned for one week. The Lodge met agreeable to adjournment; the Right Worshipful J. D. Willard, J. G. W. then duly installed the following Brethren as officers of the Lodge:—

Jacob Gingrich, W. M.
Jonathan Hart, S. W.
L. M. Tracy, J. W.
W. P. Lansing, Sec'y.
Jacob Clute, Treas.

For the American Masonic Register and Literary Companion.

SECRET SOCIETIES.

During the last twelve or thirteen years, the bar, the pulpit, and the press, in the United States, or at least a considerable portion of those profound fountains of general instruction, in law, religion, morals, politics and science, have groaned forth, their direful complaints against secret societies, having particular reference to the masonic society, against which they intended so to excite the prejudices of the public as to cause its overthrow.

Now the excitement is over, and men have allowed reason the peculiar attribute of man, to assume its regular functions, while the masonic institution still exists and rests on its ancient adamantine foundation, permit me to assert that the masonic is not a secret society; in contradiction to the allegation that it is such, it is the pride of its members that such a society does exist, and that they have been found worthy to be admitted within its portals. Its public meetings are held openly, not only within the scan of the All-seeing Eye of Heaven, to which all true masons bow with reverence, but before the gaze of the multitude, and the times and places of its private meetings are published to the world and the door is always opened to all who apply and the society deem worthy.

A secret society, if the term means any thing, must be a society, or combination of men or women, secretly created, secretly acting and secretly existing in the body of a community of which they are members. Such societies probably have been instituted, for instance the great gun powder plot society in England and others of a similar nature, but that any such society now exists cannot be known, for if known, it is no longer a secret society.

All nations have their secrets, all societies religious and moral have their secrets; all families have their

secrets, and all individuals have their secrets, which if proclaimed to the world, would place what is now called civilized society in a worse situation than the human family were in their original unsophisticated state. Mankind in such a situation would well accord with Dr. Barns illustration of antimasonry in "the infected district," as portrayed in a poem written some years since, in the following strain. I would premise however that the Dr. was no mason nor even what is vulgarly called a mason's jack.

From Canada's placid lake,
To Erie's foreign shore,
Now occupied by Savages,
Where Indians dwelt before.

Society would soon return to its chaotic state, if all things which are done and said in nations, societies and families, must be done and said on the housetops and proclaimed to a gaping world. M.

ADVANTAGES RESULTING FROM THE SUPPORT OF MASONIC INSTITUTIONS.

Masonry is a science, confined to no particular country, but diffused over the whole terrestrial globe. Where arts flourish, there masonry flourishes also; and it may be remarked, with peculiar pleasure, that in whatsoever else men may disagree, yet the liberal and enlightened of every nation are unanimous of their respect and support to this singularly amiable institution, which annihilates all parties, conciliates all private opinions, and renders those who, by their Almighty Father, were made of one blood, to be also of one heart and one mind. The sacred constitution of Masonry not only cultivates and improves, but also teaches all the important duties of society. Brethren are bound, firmly bound together, by that indissoluble tie, "the love of God, and the love of their kind." By carefully preserving among themselves certain secret and inviolable signs, which have become a language universal among the fraternity throughout the world, incalculable advantages have resulted: men of all religions and of all nations are united, and feel an obligation much stronger than the common ties of humanity, to engage them to kind and friendly actions. The spirit of the censorious and noisy priest is tamed, and a moral brother, though of a different persuasion, engages his esteem and affection: thus all those disputes which embitter life, and sour the temper, are avoided: and every face is clad with smiles, while the common good of all, the general design of the craft, is zealously pursued. Is it not, then, evident that Masonry is a universal advantage to mankind? Surely, unless discord and harmony by the same, it must be so. Is it not reconcileable to the best policy? We answer yes; for it prevents that heat of passion, and those partial animosities, which different interests too often create.

Masonry teaches us to be true to our country, to avoid turbulent measures, and to submit with reverence to all the constitutional decisions of legislative power: so far as those decisions legislate with the constitution of the union, the privileges of the several states, and the inviolable rights of men. It holds this truth as sacred, that the people are the source of power, and the origin and support of all legitimate government. Surely, then, it is no mean advantage, no trifling acquisition, to any country, state, or community, to have under its power and jurisdiction a body of men

extended through the several parts within its limits, who are the patrons of science, the friends of free government, the enemies of tyranny, and strenuous advocates for the liberties of mankind.

Does not Masonry of itself, therefore, command the highest regard? Does it not merit the most exclusive patronage? Without any doubt. If all that is good and amiable, if all that is useful to mankind or to society, be deserving a wise man's attention, Masonry claims it in the highest degree. How sublime are the ideas with which it inspires us! How it opens and enlarges the mind! How abundant a source of satisfaction it affords! It recommends universal benevolence, and every virtue which can endear one man to another; and is particularly adapted to give the mind the most disinterested, and the most generous feelings!

A uniformity of opinion, not only useful, but pleasing, universally prevails among Masons, and promotes love and esteem. Masons are brethren. The most dignified character is reminded, that the blood in his veins is derived from the common parent of mankind; and is no better than that of his fellow men. He is reminded that virtue is true worth, and the only honorable distinction he can possess; that wisdom is the channel by which it is directed and conveyed. Wisdom, virtue, charity, and love, therefore, are the great characteristics of masons.

In fact, masonry inculcates universal love and benevolence; and disposes the heart to every act of goodness. A mason possessed of all this amiable, this god-like disposition, is shocked at misery in every form and appearance. His pity is not only excited, but he is prompted to alleviate the pain of the sufferer, and cheerfully to contribute to his relief. For this end, funds are raised and charities established on the firmest foundation. When a brother is distressed, what heart does not ache? When he is hungry, do we not convey him food? Do we not clothe him when he is naked? Do we not fly to his relief when he is in trouble? Thus we evince the propriety of the title we assume, and demonstrate to the world, that the term, or endearing name of brother among masons is not merely nominal.

Surely, then, the man who resists arguments drawn from such topics as these, and opposes this beneficial fraternity, must be callous to every noble principle, and lost to all sense of honour.

CHARACTER OF A MASON.

Translated from the French.

The mason is the child of nature, the citizen of the world. Exempt from prejudice, as religion does not solely consist in exterior forms, but in morality and the practice of virtue. He glories in the belief of a Supreme Author and Dispenser of every thing, and in the immortality of the soul. His unshaken faith in these truths invigorates and nourishes his mind, during the whole course of his life, it heightens his happiness in prosperity, and is a never failing consolation in misfortune.

The holy maxims of Christianity, "Do unto others what thou wouldst others should do unto thee;" "Do not unto others what thou wouldst not others should do unto thee;" he adds some no less morally sublime: "Do not revenge thyself on thy enemies, but by obliging them to become thy friends;" "Forget injuries, but remember services;" Wouldst thou propitiate God, be just." In the observance of these precepts, he finds his sweetest enjoyments and the happiness of his existence.

As an enlightened philosopher, he disdains the trivial distinctions attached to birth and fortune. He is a sincere friend, a constant husband, an obedient son and a virtuous citizen; these are the titles of which he is proud, and by the practice of these alone he wishes to elevate himself above the vulgar! Obedience to the laws of his country, charity towards his fellow creatures, universal political and religious tolerance, fidelity to his obligations, protection to his feeble, and love for his brethren, are the leading features in his character, and constitute an epitome of his sentiments and duties. Satisfied with the voice of an approving conscience, he tranquilly awaits the end of his earthly career, and hears without dismay the sound of the hour which calls him before the tribunal of the Supreme Judge, hoping that, by divine goodness and mercy, he will be admitted to that Lodge, where all the enjoyments are as pure as the source whence they emanate; where the sovereign Lord of the universe will show himself to the blessed, divested of all emblems, and surrounded by all his glory and majesty.

MISCELLANY.

A TALE OF TERROUR.

The following facts occurred in the dominions of the Emperour Maximilian of Austria:—

A gentleman, possessed of a very lovely wife, was seized with a violent attachment for the Cordeliers, who had a convent in the neighbourhood of his houses. He shared their vigils, fasts, and prayers, in all which he was encouraged by one of the Order, whom he had chosen as Father Confessor to himself and his wife. This reverend personage enjoyed a renown for wisdom and piety, which was no wise confirmed by his personal appearance, his figure being voluptuous, and his sparkling eyes, hypocritically sanctimonious before men, were bold and eloquent to the female children of that holy mother, "The Church."

One morning the gentleman set forth on a journey, to visit one of his estates at some distance, leaving his wife at home with two maid-servants. Suddenly the Confessor appeared, with his arms devoutly crossed, and his eyes beaming with unhallowed fire. "Your husband," said he to the fair member of his flock, "will return soon?" "Truly not," answered the lady "I know not, indeed, when he will return, as the place to which he is gone is half a day's journey from this." "Good," rejoined the monk, and abruptly departed. He descended into the court, whither the chambermaid followed him, and said, "Father, the lady, my mistress, sends me to ask what it is that displeases you?" "Daughter," answered his reverence, "come and see some beautifully illuminated pictures, and a portrait of our holy patron!" The maid, accustomed to these monkish courtesies, followed him into a nook, where he, without a word, drew a poniard from his sleeve, and laid her dead at his feet. Scarcely had he accomplished this, when a farmer arrived, bearing the rent due to the master of the family. "Brother," said the monk to him, "my lord is busy in his stable, shall I conduct you to him?" The farmer, whistling a tune, followed the reverend father to the stable, and their received two poniard thrusts in the body. In the mean time the lady displeased at not having received an answer to her message, sent the second maid to inquire why the other delayed. The assassin perceived her approach, assumed a joyous air, and killed the unsuspecting girl. These three murders left the course open to his infamous project. He accordingly repaired to the lady's chamber, who trembled on seeing his distorted visage and blood besprinkled robe. To her question, "Father, what is that?" the monster answered, "Make no noise, particularly as there are none to hear you. Behold, and lest you be treated in like manner, perform my bidding." Saying which, he led her to the window, and showed her the bleeding bodies of his victims. "By my holy patroness, I pray thee, kill me not!" exclaimed the lady, clasping her hands in supplication. "Assuredly not, my pretty one," was the reply, "I reserve you for a better fate—for, to possess you, I have done all that you see, and would have done worse. You must now dress in the habit of our Order, and proceed to the monastery."

The unhappy lady obeyed, saying—"Wretch! God is my witness that I yield only to the most iniquitous force."

She spoke no more, but, weeping, complied with the commands of the friar, who cut off her curls with the edge of his poniard; and having arrayed her in the outward signs of his Order, set out with her for the convent. They had proceeded only a few steps when they saw the gentleman returning towards them. "My love," said the Cordelier, "is not that your husband who approaches—look not upon him, neither speak a word, if you wish not to join your maidens and your farmer." "How, now, father, are you returning from the collection at this hour?" "No," replied the monk, "but I have just been confessing your lady, who will communicate to-morrow." "Tis well," said the gentleman, and went on his way. His valet, however, not recognising the young Cordelier, as the acolyte whom he had seen in attendance on the monk, and remarking the delicate feminine figure and imploring looks of the disguised lady, rode after his master, and said, "Sir, I know not if it be truth, or a temptation of the devil, but the little Cordelier is the lady, my mistress." "Fool!" replied the gentleman, "but go and see." The valet hastened his horse towards the monk, who, suspecting his object, stopped, as wishing to speak to him; but on his approach, struck him from his horse, and cut his throat. The gentleman seeing his servant fall, thought it accident, and hastened to his assistance, and was also unhorsed by the Cordelier. Being, however, a powerful man, he grappled with the monk and well nigh strangled him. The lady, seeing her persecutor disarmed, held him by the cowl, while her husband menaced him with the dagger. The monster prayed for mercy, and confessed his crimes; but the peasantry, having been alarmed by his cries, assembled, and bore him off in chains. Proceedings were instituted against him. Whether in penitence or malice does not appear, but the cowed villain declared himself to be equalled in guilt by his brethren; and that numbers of victims of abduction were to be found at his convent. Messengers were accordingly despatched, the unfortunate ladies liberated, and the monks burnt with their convent, in perpetual memory of so horrid a crime.—*Foreign Review.*

THE CEREMONY OF TAKING THE VEIL.

BY AN EYE WITNESS.

Palermo, —

My Dear M——. On Sunday evening, we had an invitation from the duke and duchess of Montalby, to the convent of the Sacred Virgins, to see two of their daughters take the veil. When the daughters of the Sicilian nobility undergo this ceremony, it is customary for the royal family, and the nobility of rank to attend by invitation of the parents. The company so invited, occupy the parlour, or entrance-hall of the convent. The door which leads from the hall to the interior of the convent, is always open on these occasions. On each side of the entrance sat the young ladies who were now soon to renounce the world and all its vanities. One of them was extremely beautiful—the other was a fine interesting girl, with a sweet expression of countenance. They were dressed in court dresses, agreeably to the custom which prevails on these occasions.

The eldest daughter wore a pink satin slip, with a lace dress of the same colour thrown over it, which was richly embroidered with silver. Her neck was nearly covered with diamonds, and her bandeau was profusely ornamented with the richest jewels. Her head-dress was tasteful, and elegant, beyond any thing I had ever seen, either in my own, or any other country. Her hair, which was dark brown, fell in ringlets down one side of her head and neck, and the whole of her dresses sparkled with diamonds. A white lace veil, embroidered with silver, was fastened on the back of her head with a brooch of diamonds; a little below the first fastening, the veil was tastefully braided again with diamonds, and from thence fell gracefully over her shoulders down to her feet.

On the front of her head, she wore a rich tiara of the largest diamonds I had ever seen, which were disposed of in the form of a crown: in short her head was nearly covered with the most precious stones, save where a few stray ringlets crept from among them over her beautiful forehead. A plume of the bird of Paradise, tastefully disposed on one side of head, completed the *coup d'aile* of her dress. The other sister was dressed in the same manner, with the exception

that her dress was white. Thus adorned, the two females waited the approach of that hour which was destined to shut out the world, and all its hopes and joys for ever. Immediately around the young women, sat their mother and sisters, and their nearest friends, all as richly habited as themselves, excepting only the diamonds, which, on this occasion, were all literally heaped on the intended nuns. All the visitors were dressed in the same style of splendor. Diamonds glittering, and white plumes waving, threw over the whole of this part of the convent a gay and brilliant effect, which was increased by the profusion of lights and still more by the contrast produced by the simple sable habits of the nuns, who crowded the interior of the room behind the two sisters, who were thus splendidly decorated and numerously attended. I wish some eminent painter had been present, the scene altogether was wonderfully imposing, and presented one of the most interesting pictures I ever beheld.

You may probably imagine that this religious ceremony, in connexion with the idea of something like an eternal separation from the world, and all we love within it, would have thrown a melancholy sadness over the party that were here assembled. Nothing could possibly exceed the gayety and joy that prevailed all around. The elder sister was in particularly high spirits. Her arch eye, and lively countenance, appeared but ill adapted to a nun, they would have much better become the coquetish Italian beauty laughing at a world of lovers at her feet. The younger was in good spirits, but she wanted their archness and playfulness which seemed natural to the elder. Having taken refreshment, we left the parlour of the convent and proceeded to the church, where the ceremony of taking the veil was to be performed.

On this occasion, the churches are ornamented with great splendor. The walls and columns are hung with rich silks, which are literally covered with gold and silver embroidery, and festooned with wreaths of artificial flowers. The altars are adorned with similar magnificence. From the ceilings, great numbers of chandeliers are suspended, and the churches are full of lights, which, combined with the brilliant and sparkling decorations of the walls and columns, have, on the first entrance, more the effect of enchantment than reality.

Previously to the ceremony commencing which we had attended to witness, a procession of the nuns of the convent, bearing the cross and the image of our saviour passed slowly along the gallery of the church. They were dressed in black, with a veil of white lawn hanging from the back of the head to the ground, and each nun carried in her hand a lighted torch. As they moved along, they chaunted some melodious strains, that, at intervals, swelled upon the ear, then gradually sunk into a soft dying close, like the retiring sounds of an Eolian harp; the effect was solemn, and awfully impressive.

Near the high altar, there is small room, in which the ceremony takes place, and a narrow grate is the only communication between this interior apartment and the church; behind stand the nuns who take the veil; consequently, they are but partially and imperfectly seen. The manner in which the two sisters conducted themselves on this important and trying occasion, was not only calm and serious but even dignified; though some of their intimate friends were, at that same time, extremely agitated, and in tears.

Here the scene is indeed changed, and the gayety which had before prevailed in the convent-parlor, was now succeeded by more solemn and sacred feeling. When the young novices have vowed to quit the vanities of the world, and unite themselves to Christ, the elder nuns prepare them for the change they have to undergo. Their rich ornaments and costly clothing, the fit habiliments of a gay and sinful world, are now taken from them, and the plain, simple dress of the nun, with a rosary of beads, is substituted in their place. Their beautiful ringlets are next cut off, and the head covered with a white lawn veil. A dead and solemn silence ensues. A funeral pall is thrown over them, and the death-bell tolls their departure from this world of care and wo. I never felt half so solemn and awful as at this moment; the bell "froze the genial current of the soul," and suspended for a moment the function of life. If all ended here, an impression of grief and sadness would be left upon the mind; but

the company adjourn to the convent, the young nuns come to life again, with the difference of dress only, to enjoy a little longer the society of the world, and the evening ends with the same life, spirit, and gaiety with which it began.

THE DEFORMED GIRL.

Memory—mysterious memory!—holy and blessed as a dream of heaven to the pure in spirit—haunter and accuser of the guilty!—Unescapable presence! lingering through every vicissitude, and calling us back to the past—back to the dim and sepulchred images of departed time—opening anew the deep fountains of early passion—the loves and sympathies of boyhood—the thrilling aspirations of after years! While the present is dark with anguish, and the future gladdened by no sun-bow of anticipation, I invoke thy spell of power.

Unroll before me the chart of vanished hours; let me gaze once more on their sunlight and shadow!

I am an old man. The friends of my youth are gone from me. Some have perished on the great deep; others on the battle-field, afar off in a land of strangers; and many—very many, have been gathered quietly to the old church-yard of our native village. They have left me alone—even as the last survivor of a fallen forest—the hoary representative of departed generations. The chains which once bound me to existence have been broken—Ambition, Avarice, Pride, even all that wakes into power the intolerable thirst of mind.

But there are some milder thoughts—some brighter passages in the dream of my being, yet living at the fountain of memory—thoughts pure as angelic communion; and linked by a thousand tender associations to the Paradise of Love.

There was one—a creature of exalted intellect—a being, whose thoughts went upward like the incense of flowers upon God's natural altars—they were so high and so unlike to earth. Yet she was not proud of her high gift. With the bright capacities of an unbodied spirit, there was something more than woman's meekness in her demeanour. It was the condescension of a seraph intellect—the forgiveness and the tears of conscious purity extended to the erring and passionate of earth.

She was not a being to love with an earthly affection. Her person had no harmony with her mind. It bore no resemblance to those beautiful forms which glide before the eye of romance in the shadowy world of dreams. It was not like the bright realities of being—the wealth of beauty which is sometimes concentrated in the matchless form of woman. It was Deformity—strange, peculiar Deformity, relieved only by the intellectual glory of a dark and soul like eye.

Yet, strange as it may seem, I loved her, deeply passionately as the young heart can love, when it pours itself out like an oblation to its idol. There were gentle and lovely ones around me—creatures of smiles and blushes; soft tones and melting glances. But their beauty made no lasting impression on my heart. Mine was an intellectual love—a yearning after something invisible and holy—something above the ordinary standard of human desire, set apart and sacrosanct, as it were, by the mysteries of mind.

Mine was not a love to be revealed in the thronged circle of gaiety and fashion—it was avowed underneath the bending heaven; when the perfect stars were alone gazing upon us. It was rejected; but not in scorn, in pride, nor in anger, by that high-thoughted girl. She would ask my friendship—my sympathy; but she besought me—ay, with tears besought me, to speak no more of Love. I obeyed her. I fled from her presence. I mingled once more in the busy tide of being, and ambition entered into my soul. Wealth came upon me unexpectedly; and the voice of praise became a familiar sound. I returned, at last, with the impress of manhood on my brow, and sought again the being of my dreams.

She was dying. Consumption—pale, ghastly consumption had been taking away her hold on existence.

The deformed and unfitting tenement was yielding to the impulses of the soul. Clasp her wasted hand, I bent over her in speechless agony. She raised her eyes to mine, and in those beautiful emblems of her soul, I read the hoarded affection of years—the long smothered emotion of a suffering heart. "Henry," she said, and I bent lower to catch the faltering tones of her sweet voice—"I have loved you long and fervently.—I feel that I am dying. I rejoice at it. Earth will

cover this wasted and unseemly form, but the soul will return to that promised and better land, where no change or circumstance can mar the communion of spirit. Oh, Henry, had it been permitted—but I will not murmur. You were created with more than manhood's beauty; and I—deformed—wretched as I am, have dared to love you!"

I knelt down and kissed the pale brow of the sufferer. A smile of more than earthly tenderness stole over her features, like an omen of the spirit's happiness. She was dead. And they buried her on the spot which she had herself selected—a delightful place of slumber, curtained by green young willows. I have stood there a thousand times in the quiet moonlight, and fancied that I heard, in every breeze that whispered among the branches, the voice of the beloved slumberer.

Devoted girl! thy beautiful spirit hath never abandoned me in my weary pilgrimage. Gently and soothingly thou comest to watch over my sleeping pillow—to cheer me amidst the trials of humanity—to mingle thy heavenly sympathies with my joys and sorrows, and to make thy mild reprovals known and felt in the tempest of passion and the bitterness of crime. Even now, in the awful calm which precedes the last change in my being; in the cold shadow which now stretches from the grave to the presence of the living, I feel that thou art near me—

"Thyself a pure and sainted one,
Watching the loved and frail of Earth."

NAPOLEON'S CLEMENCY.—The Princess of Hatzfeld, on learning that her husband had been arrested, hastened to Duroc, with whom she had become acquainted during his former visits to Berlin, to complain of the treatment the Prince had experienced.—The Grand Marshal knew nothing of the business, but on sending for Savary learned that Hatzfeld's life was in danger. Duroc resolved to procure the Princess an audience of the Emperor, as the only means of saving her husband. Napoleon at his return, met the Marshal on the grand staircase; and, surprised to find him within at that hour, inquired if any thing new occurred: "Yes Sire," replied Duroc; and followed him into his cabinet, soliciting permission to introduce a suppliant. Napoleon was seldom inaccessible by his own wish or consent. The Princess was introduced; and being ignorant of the cause of her husband's arrest, she threw herself at the Conqueror's feet and demanded justice upon those whom she supposed to have wronged him by calumnious reports. The Emperor, when she had finished, handed to her the traitorous letter, which had been written by the Prince, saying,

"You know the writing of your husband; judge yourself, if it be calumny." She glanced over the contents hastily, and, bursting into a flood of tears, replied, with the ingenuousness of perfect innocence and simplicity, "It is but too surely his writing!" Her accent went to Napoleon's soul; her situation—she was far advanced towards maternity—grieved him exceedingly; yet he was unwilling to interfere with the course of justice in behalf of one who had so little right to expect mercy. After a few moments' struggle between his feelings and his judgment, he turned to the Princess, who still retained possession of her husband's letter, and said, "Well, Madam, that paper is the sole evidence of the Prince's guilt: throw it into the fire, and I shall have no means of condemning him." The Princess retired quite happy; and those who best knew the Emperor, affirm that he was equally so. An interesting letter written by Napoleon to Josephine about this time, has been preserved, in reply to one of which the Empress reproved him for the language in one of his bulletins, concerning the character of the young and beautiful Queen of Prussia. "You seem grieved that I should think ill of women," said the Emperor; "it is true that I have no sympathy for intriguing females. I have been accustomed to those who are amiable, gentle, and conciliating, and such I love. If they have spoiled me, it is not my fault but thine.—Thou wilt be pleased, nevertheless, to learn that I have been kind to one who exhibited goodness and feeling—Madame Hatzfeld, whose husband is restored to liberty and tranquillity. Two hours later, and he would have been lost. Thou seest, then, that I esteem women who are gentle, ingenuous and amiable; but it is because they alone resemble thee.—[*Life of Napoleon.*]

THE KNIGHT OF SHEPPEY.

A famous freebooter in the reign of Queen Elizabeth infested the island of Sheppey, and made frequent predatory incursions into the interior of Kent. This daring marauder was represented, by the village Ciccone, to have been a nobleman under sentence of outlawry, who intrinched himself in a strong hold which he possessed in the island, where he deposited all the contributions which his successful levies on the purses of travellers had obtained. By adopting the often-practised ruse of shoeing his horse's feet the contrary way, he frequently escaped detection; and even when hotly pursued, the fleetness and sagacity of the noble animal he rode, preserved him from his enemies, and carried him to a place of security. Thus the fame of the horse nearly rivalled that of his rider, whose exploits at length became so bold and frequent that the whole country rose up against him; and finding himself too closely beset in his island to hope for extrication, he was compelled to surrender at discretion, and to implore the mercy of Queen Elizabeth, then upon one of her progresses on board the Admiral's ship at the Nore. The queen, it is said, not disinclined to show favor to a man whose personal valor, determined perseverance, and fertility of resource were interesting, on account of the air of romance which characterised his adventures, offered to grant his life upon terms in keeping with the wild tenor of his lawless career. The conditions were, that he should swim on horseback three times round the flag ship; and should he escape the perils incidental to such a trial, his sentence of outlawry should be reversed, and a general pardon extended to all his offences. The Knight of Sheppey agreed to the terms; armed at all points, he bestrode his favorite companion, whose spirit he invigorated by copious draughts of brandy;—plunging at once into the foaming tide, the steed and his master swam gallantly round the destined ship. The second extraordinary evolution was performed with equal skill and bravery. At the third, little more than the heads of the horse and its rider could be perceived, buffeting with the weltering waves, which seemed at every instant to threaten their instant annihilation: straining each nerve and sinew to the utmost, the gallant animal ceased not to struggle with the interminable billows until the painful task was completed, and his wearied limbs rested on the shore. The place of landing was wild and desolate; a lofty cliff overhung the narrow beach, and concealed every human habitation from view. No friend or relation hastened to meet the successful adventurer with congratulations on his safety, and no sound could be heard, save the harsh croak of the raven from his eyry, answering the dull murmur, of the sweeping waves below: but at the moment that the exhausted charger gained a firm footing on his parent earth, a withered and decrepit hag, whose tangled elf-locks and tattered weed, streaming in the wind, ill concealed the hideous deformity of her squalid form, started from a recumbent attitude, and, raising the shriveled finger with which she had traced unhallowed spells upon the sand, shrieked out an ill-omened prophecy. "Beware of that horse!" cried the Beldam, with a triumphant laugh of malice; although he has now saved your life, he shall be the cause of your death. "Thou liest, fiend of mischief!" cried the brutal and superstitious knight; "thus I falsify thy dark prediction,—and, drawing his sword, plunged it into the body of the faithful animal, who fell dead upon the beach. Several years of uninterrupted prosperity passed away, but at length being accidentally led to the scene of his most extraordinary adventure, he pointed out to a friend the skeleton of the slaughtered horse, which, bleached by successive winters, still lay extended on the sand: repeating the prophecy of the witch, he laughed derisively, and spurning the head with his foot, separated it from the body by a stroke. He did not perceive, that in the act a small sharp bone had penetrated his buskin: the wound was considerable, and disregarded: but becoming more serious, it ended in a mortification, which speedily carried him to his grave.—*London Review.*

Dignity of Office.—In the Senate of Maine, on the 11th inst., a petition was presented from John Francis, Lieut. Governor of the Passamaquoddy tribe of Indians, asking an allowance of money, to enable him to support the dignity of his office.

POPULAR TALES.

From the Knickerbocker.

PELAYO AND THE MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE SKETCH BOOK.

It is the common lamentation of Spanish historiographers, that, for an obscure and melancholy space of time immediately succeeding the conquest of their country by the Moslems, its history is a mere wilderness of dubious facts, groundless fables, and rash exaggerations. Learned men, in cells and cloisters, have worn out their lives in vainly endeavoring to connect incongruous events, and to account for startling improbabilities, recorded of this period. The worthy Jesuit, Padre Abarca, declares that, for more than forty years, during which he had been employed in theological controversies, he had never found any so obscure and inexplicable as those which rise out of this portion of Spanish history; and that the only fruit of an indefatigable, prolix, and even prodigious study of the subject, was a melancholy and mortifying state of indecision.

During this apocryphal period, flourished PELAYO, the deliverer of Spain, whose name, like that of William Wallace, will ever be linked with the glory of his country, but linked, in like manner, by a bond in which fact and fiction are inextricably interwoven.

The quaint old chronicle of the Moor Rasis, which, though wild and fanciful in the extreme, is frequently drawn upon for early facts by Spanish historians, professes, to give the birth, parentage, and whole course of fortune of Pelayo, without the least doubt or hesitation. It makes him a son of the Duke of Cantabria, and descended, both by father and mother's side, from the Gothic kings of Spain. I shall pass over the romantic story of his childhood, and shall content myself with a scene of his youth, which was spent in a castle among the Pyrenees, under the eye of his widowed and noble-minded mother, who caused him to be instructed in every thing befitting a cavalier of gentle birth. While the sons of the nobility were revelling amid the pleasures of a licentious court, and sunk in that vicious and effeminate indulgence which led to the perdition of unhappy Spain, the youthful Pelayo, in his rugged mountain school, was steeled to all kinds of hardy exercises. A great part of his time was spent in hunting the bears, the wild boars, and the wolves, with which the Pyrenees abounded; and so purely and chastely was he brought up, by his good lady mother, that, if the ancient chronicle from which I draw my facts may be relied on, he had attained his one-and-twentieth year, without having once sighed for woman!

Nor were his hardy contests confined to the wild beasts of the forest. Occasionally he had to contend with adversaries of a more formidable character.—The skirts and defiles of these border mountains were often infested by marauders from the Gallic plains of Gascony. The Gascons, says an old chronicler, were a people who used smooth words when expedient, but force when they had power, and were ready to lay their hands on every thing they met. Though poor, they were proud; for there was not one who did not plume himself on being a hidalgo, or the son of somebody.

At the head of a band of these needy hidalgos of Gascony, was one Arnaud, a broken-down cavalier.—He and four of his followers were well armed and mounted; the rest were a set of scamper-grounds on foot, furnished with darts and javelins. They were the terror of the border; here to-day and gone to-morrow; sometimes in one pass, sometimes in another.—They would make sudden inroads into Spain, scour the roads, plunder the country, and were over the mountains and far away, before a force could be collected to pursue them.

Now it happened one day, that a wealthy burgher of Bordeaux, who was a merchant, trading with Biscay, set out on a journey for that province. As he intended to sojourn there for a season, he took with him his wife, who was a goodly dame, and his daughter, a gentle damsel, of marriageable age, and exceeding fair to look upon. He was attended by a trusty clerk from his comptoir, and a man servant; while another servant led a hackney, laden with bags of money, with which he intended to purchase merchandise.

When the Gascons heard of this wealthy merchant

and his convoy passing through the mountains, they thanked their stars, for they considered all peaceful men of traffic as lawful spoil, sent by providence for the benefit of hidalgos like themselves, of valor and gentle blood, who lived by the sword. Placing themselves in ambush, in a lonely defile, by which the travellers had to pass, they silently awaited their coming. In a little while they beheld them approaching. The merchant was a fair, portly man, in a buff surcoat and velvet cap. His looks bespoke the good cheer of his native city, and he was mounted on a stately, well-fed steed, while his wife and daughter paced gently on palfreys by his side.

The travellers had advanced some distance in the defile, when the Bandideros rushed forth and assailed them. The merchant, though but little used to the exercise of arms, and unwieldy in his form, yet made valiant defence, having his wife and daughter and money-bags at hazard. He was wounded in two places, and overpowered; one of his servants was slain the other took to flight.

The freebooters then began to ransack for spoil, but were disappointed at not finding the wealth they had expected. Putting their swords to the breast of the trembling merchant, they demanded where he had concealed his treasure, and learned from him of the hackney that was following, laden with money. Overjoyed at this intelligence, they bound their captives to trees, and awaited the arrival of the golden spoil.

On this same day, Pelayo was out with his huntsmen among the mountains, and had taken his stand on a rock at a narrow pass, to await the sallying forth of a wild boar. Close by him was a page, conducting a horse, and at the saddle-bow hung his armor, for he always prepared for fight among these border mountains.—While thus posted, the servant of the merchant came flying from the borders. On beholding Pelayo, he fell on his knees, and implored his life, for he supposed him to be one of the band. It was some time before he could be relieved from his terror and made to tell his story. When Pelayo heard of the robbers, he concluded they were the crew of Gascon hidalgos, upon the scamper. Taking his armor from the page, he put on his helmet, slung his buckler round his neck, took lance in hand, and mounting his steed, compelled the trembling servant to guide him to the scene of action. At the same time he ordered the page to seek huntsman, and summon them to his assistance.

When the robbers saw Pelayo advancing through the forest, with a single attendant on foot, and beheld his rich armor sparkling in the sun, they thought a new prize had fallen into their hands, and Arnaud and two of his companions, mounting their horses, advanced to meet him. As they approached, Pelayo stationed himself in a narrow pass between two rocks, where he could only be assailed in front, and bracing his buckler, and lowering his lance, awaited their coming.

'Who and what are ye,' cried he, 'and what seek ye in this land?'

'We are huntsmen,' replied Arnaud, 'and lo! our game runs into our toils?'

'By my faith,' replied Pelayo, 'thou wilt find the game more readily reared than taken: have at thee for a villain!'

So saying, he put spurs to his horse, and ran full speed upon him. The Gascon, not expecting so sudden an attack from a single horseman, was taken by surprise. He hastily couched his lance, but it merely glanced on the shield of Pelayo, who sent his own thro' the middle of his breast, and threw him out of his saddle to the earth. One of the other robbers made at Pelayo, and wounded him slightly in the side, but received a blow from the sword of the latter which cleft his skull-cap, and sank into his brain. His companion, seeing him fall, put spurs to his steed, and galloped off through the forest.

Beholding several other robbers on foot coming up, Pelayo returned to his station between the rocks, where he was assailed by them all at once. He received two of their darts on his buckler, a javelin razed his cuirass, and glancing down, wounded his horse. Pelayo then rushed forth, and struck one of the robbers dead: the others, beholding several huntsmen advancing, took to flight, but were pursued, and several of them taken.

The good merchant of Bordeaux and his family beheld this scene with trembling and amazement, for

never had they looked upon such feats of arms. They considered Don Pelayo as a leader of some rival band of robbers; and when the bonds were loosed by which they were tied to the trees, they fell at his feet and implored mercy. The females were soonest undeceived, especially the daughter; for the damsel was struck with the noble countenance and gentle demeanor of Pelayo, and said to herself: 'Surely nothing evil can dwell in so goodly and gracious a form.'

Pelayo now sounded his horn, which echoed from rock to rock, and was answered by shouts and horns from various parts of the mountains. The merchant's heart misgave him at these signals, and especially when he beheld more than forty men gathering from glen and thicket. They were clad in hunter's dresses, and armed with boar-spears, darts, and hunting-swords, and many of them led hounds in long leashes. All this was a new and wild scene to the astonished merchant; nor were his fears abated, when he saw his servant approaching with the hackney, laden with money-bags; 'for of a certainty,' said he to himself, 'this will be too tempting a spoil for these wild hunters of the mountains.'

Pelayo, however, took no more notice of the gold than if it had been so much dross; at which the honest burgher marvelled exceedingly. He ordered that the wounds of the merchant should be dressed, and his own examined. On taking off his cuirass, his wound was found to be but slight; but his men were so exasperated at seeing his blood, that they would have put the captive robbers to instant death, had he not forbidden them to do them any harm.

The huntsmen now made a great fire at the foot of a tree, and bringing a boar which they had killed, cut off portions and roasted them, or broiled them on the coals. Then drawing forth loaves of bread from their wallets, they devoured their food half raw, with the hungry relish of huntsmen and mountaineers. The merchant, his wife, and daughter, looked at all this, and wondered; for they had never beheld so savage a repast.

Pelayo then inquired of them if they did not desire to eat: they were too much in awe of him to decline, though they felt a loathing at the thought of partaking of this hunter's fare; but he ordered a linen cloth to be spread under the shade of a great oak, on the grassy margin of a clear running stream; and to their astonishment, they were served, not with the flesh of the boar, but with dainty cheer, such as the merchant had scarcely hoped to find out of the walls of his native city of Bordeaux.

The good burgher was of a community renowned for gastronomic prowess: his fears having subsided, his appetite was now awakened, and he addressed himself manfully to the viands that were set before him. His daughter, however, could not eat: her eyes were ever and anon stealing to gaze on Pelayo, whom she regarded with gratitude for his protection, and admiration for his valor; and now that he had laid aside his helmet, and she beheld his lofty countenance, glowing with manly beauty, she thought him something more than mortal. The heart of the gentle donzella, says the ancient chronicler, was kind and yielding; and had Pelayo thought fit to ask the greatest boon that love and beauty could bestow—doubtless meaning her fair hand—she could not have had the cruelty to say him nay. Pelayo, however, had no such thoughts: the love of woman had never yet entered his heart; and though he regarded the damsel as the fairest maiden he had ever beheld, her beauty caused no perturbation in his breast.

When the repast was over, Pelayo offered to conduct the merchant and his family through the defiles of the mountains, lest they should be molested by any of the scattered band of robbers. The bodies of the slain marauders were buried, and the corpse of the servant was laid upon one of the horses captured in the battle. Having formed their cavalcade; they pursued their way slowly up one of the steep and winding passes of the Pyrenees.

Towards sunset, they arrived at the dwelling of a holy hermit. It was hewn out of a living rock: there was a cross over the door, and before it was a great spreading oak, with a sweet spring of water at its foot. The body of the faithful servant who had fallen in the defence of his lord, was buried close by the wall of this sacred retreat, and the hermit promised to perform masses for the repose of his soul. Then Pelayo ob-

tained from the holy father consent that the merchant's wife and daughter should pass the night within his cell and the hermit made beds of moss for them, and gave them his benediction; but the damsel found little rest, so much were her thoughts occupied by the youthful champion who had rescued her from death or dishonor.

Pelayo, however, was visited by no such wandering of the mind, but, wrapping himself in his mantle, slept soundly by the fountain under the tree. At midnight, when every thing was buried in deep repose, he was awakened from his sleep, and beheld the hermit before him, with the beams of the moon shining upon his silver hair and beard.

"This is no time," said the latter, "to be sleeping; arise and listen to my words, and hear of the great work for which thou art chosen." Then Pelayo arose and seated himself on a rock, and the hermit continued his discourse.

"Behold," said he, "the ruin of Spain is at hand! It will be delivered into the hands of strangers, and will become a prey to the spoiler. Its children will be slain or carried into captivity; or such as may escape these evils, will harbor with the beast of the forest, or the eagles of the mountains. The thorn and bramble will spring up where now are seen the corn-field, the vine, and the olive, and hungry wolves will roam in place of peaceful flocks and herds. But thou, my son! tarry not thou to see these things, for thou canst not prevent them. Depart on a pilgrimage to the sepulchre of our blessed Lord in Palestine; purify thyself by prayer; enrol thyself in the order of chivalry, and prepare for the work of the redemption of thy country; for to thee it will be given to raise it from the depth of its affliction."

Pelayo would have inquired farther into the evils thus foretold, but the hermit rebuked his curiosity.

"Seek not to know more," said he, "than heaven is pleased to reveal. Clouds and darkness cover its designs and prophecy is never permitted to lift up, but in part, the veil that rests upon the future."

The hermit ceased to speak, and Pelayo laid himself down again to take repose, but sleep was a stranger to his eyes.

When the first rays of the rising sun shone upon the tops of the mountains, the travellers assembled round the fountain beneath the tree, and made their morning's repast. Then, having received the benediction of the hermit, they departed in the freshness of the day, and descended along the hollow defiles leading into the interior of Spain. The good merchant was refreshed by sleep, and by his morning's meal; and when he beheld his wife and daughter thus secure by his side, and the hackney laden with his treasure close behind him, his heart was light in his bosom, and he carolled a chanson as went, and the woodlands echoed to his song. But Pelayo rode in silence, for he revolved in his mind the portentous words of the hermit; and the daughter of the merchant ever and anon stole looks at him full of tenderness and admiration, and deep sighs betrayed the agitation of her bosom.

At length they came to the foot of the mountains, where the forests and the rocks terminated, and an open and secure country lay before the travellers. Here they halted, for their roads were widely different.—When they came to part the merchant and his wife were loud in thanks and benedictions, and the burgher would fain have given Pelayo the largest of his sacks of gold; but the young man put it aside with a smile. Silver and gold, said he, "need I not, but if I have deserved aught at thy hands, give me thy prayers, for the prayers of a good man are above all price."

In the mean time, the daughter had spoken never a word. At length she raised her eyes, which were filled with tears and looked timidly at Pelayo, and her bosom throbbed; and after a violent struggle between strong affection and virgin modesty, her heart relieved itself by words.

"Senor," said she, "I know that I am unworthy of the notice of so noble a cavalier; but suffer me to place this ring upon a finger of that hand which has so bravely rescued us from death; and when you regard it you may consider it as a memorial of your own valor, and not of one who is too humble to be remembered by you."

With these words, she drew a ring from her finger, and put it upon the finger of Pelayo; and having done this she blushed and trembled at her own boldness and stood as one abashed, with her eyes cast down upon the earth.

Pelayo was moved at the words of the simple maiden, and at the touch of her fair hand, and at her beauty, as she stood thus trembling and in tears before him but as yet he knew nothing of woman, and his heart was free from the snares of love. "Amiga," (friend,) said he, "I accept thy present, and will wear it in remembrance of thy goodness;" so saying, he kissed her on the cheek.

The damsel was cheered by these words, and hoped that she had awakened some tenderness in his bosom; but it was no such thing says the grave old chronicler, for his heart was devoted to higher and more sacred matters: yet certain it is, he always guarded well that ring.

When they parted; Pelayo remained with his hunters on a cliff, watching that no evil befel them until they were far beyond the skirts of the mountain; and the damsel often turned to look at him, until she could no longer discern him for the distance, and the tears that dimmed her eyes.

And, for that he had accepted her ring, says the ancient chronicler, she considered herself wedded to him in her heart, and would never marry; nor could she be brought to look with eyes of affection upon any other man; but, for the true love which she bore Pelayo, she lived and died a maid. And she composed a book which treated of love and chivalry, and the temptations of this mortal life; and one part discoursed of celestial matters, and it was called 'The Contemplations of Love'; because, at the time she wrote it, she thought of Pelayo, and of his having accepted her jewel, and called her by the gentle appellation of 'Amiga.' And often thinking of him in tender sadness and of her never having beheld him more, she would take the book, and would read it as if in his stead; and while she repeated the words of love which it contained she would endeavor to fancy them uttered by Pelayo, and that he stood before her.

THE GATHERER.

RUSSIAN BAPTISM.

It is always performed by immersion. In the rich houses, two tables are laid out in the drawing-room by the priests; one is covered with holy images, on the other is placed an enormous silver basin, filled with water surrounded by small wax tapers. The chief priest begins by consecrating the font, and plunging a silver cross repeatedly in the water; he then takes the child, and after reciting certain prayers, undresses it completely. The process of immersion takes place twice, and so rigorously that the head must disappear under the water; the infant is then restored to its nurse, and the sacrament is finally administered. In former times, when a child had the misfortune to be born in winter it was plunged without pity under the ice, or into water of the same temperature. In the present day, that rigour has been relaxed by permission of the church, and warm water substituted for the other; but the common people still adhere scrupulously to the ancient practice in all seasons. On these occasions numbers of children are baptised at the same time on the ice, and the cold often proves fatal to them. It sometimes happens, also, that a child slips through the hands of the priest, and is lost, in which case he only exclaims, "God has been pleased to take this infant to himself; hand me another;" and the poor people submit to their loss without a murmur, as the dispensation of heaven.—*Raik's City of the Czar.*

DANGEROUS DISBELIEF.

Rowland Hill would have tried the critical sagacity of the most erudite D. D.. His eccentricities are of great notoriety. With many strong points of character, he combined notions prodigiously odd. One of those restless infesters of every place of worship commonly called Antinomians, one day called on Rowland Hill to bring him to account for his too severe and legal gospel. Do you sir," asked Rowland, "hold the ten commandments to be a rule of life to Christians?" "Certainly not," replied the visitor. The minister rang the bell, and on the servant making his appearance he quietly added, "John, show that man the door, and keep your eye upon him until he is beyond the reach

of every article of wearing apparel or any other property in the hall."—*Frazer's Magazine.*

PREMATURE INTERMENT.

Dr Chrichton, physician to the Grand Duke Nicholas, brother of the Emperor of Russia, relates that a young girl, in the service of the Princess of—, who had for some time kept her bed with a nervous affection, at length to all appearance was deprived of life. Her face had all the character of death, her body was perfectly cold and every other symptom of death was manifested. She was removed into another room and placed in a coffin. On the day fixed for her funeral, hymns, according to the custom of the country, were sung before the door, but at the very moment when they were going to nail down the coffin, a perspiration was seen upon her skin, and in a few minutes it was succeeded by a convulsive motion in the hands and feet. In a few moments she opened her eyes, and uttered a piercing scream. The faculty were instantly called in, and in the space of a few days her health was re-established. The account which she gave of her situation is extremely curious. She said that she was sensible to every thing that was passing round her; and distinctly heard her friends bewailing her death; she felt them envelope her in the shroud, and place her in the coffin. The sensation gave her extreme agony and she attempted to speak, but her soul was unable to act upon her body. She describes her sensations as very contradictory, as if she was and was not in her body at one and the same instant. She attempted in vain to move her arms, to open her eyes, or to speak. The agony of her mind was at its height when she heard the funeral hymn, and found that they were about to nail down the lid of the coffin. The horror of being buried alive gave a new impulse to her mind, which resumed its power over its corporeal organization, and produced the effects which excited the notice of those who were about to convey her to a premature grave.—*European Magazine.*

THE LADY OF FASHION AT CHURCH.

We find in the last Edinburgh Review a queer story recorded of a fashionable lady. Being at a watering-place once with her daughter, it suddenly occurred to her that, for the sake of example, she might as well go to church. Accordingly, one Sunday, her ladyship, attended by the young ladies, entered the chapel most in request, and having boldly marched up the aisle, asked the pew-woman to give the best seats for hearing the preacher—"private pew, if you please, with a curtain, let it be the warmest you have, with a stove in it; put the footman close by, that he may be in the way to open the door. I prefer, if you please, that pew lined with red cloth; it looks comfortable." "Madam," said the startled pew woman, "I am very sorry—but we have not a seat to give you." The lady paused—to her daughters, and said, (as she walked, out,) with complacency, Well, my dear at all events; we have done the civil thing."

DEATH OF COLUMBUS.

With all the fervour of his imagination, its fondest dreams fell short of the reality. He died in ignorance of the grand discovery. Until his last breath, he entertained the idea that he had merely opened a new way to the old resorts of opulent commerce, and had discovered some of the wild regions of the east. He supposed Hispaniola to be the ancient Ophir which had been visited by the ships of Solomon, and that Cuba and Terra Firma were but remote parts of Asia. What vision of glory would have broke upon his mind could he have known that he had indeed discovered a new continent, equal to the whole of the old world in magnitude, and separated by two vast oceans from all the earth hitherto known by civilized man! And how would his magnanimous spirit have been consoled, amidst the affliction of age and the cares of penury, the neglect of a fickle public, and the injustice of an ungrateful king, could he have anticipated the splendid empires which were spread over the beautiful world he had discovered; and the nations, and tongues, and languages, which were to fill its lands with his renown and to revere and bless his name to the latest posterity!—*Irving.*

AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER.

ALBANY, SATURDAY, FEB. 22, 1840.

YOUNG MEN'S ASSOCIATION.—We observe in the Journal, a very gratifying report from the President of this flourishing institution. From the report, which is somewhat in detail, we learn, that the increase of regular members, during the year, has been eighty-seven. The actual members of the Society at the present term, are 1006. The receipts of the present year are \$4,525 94, which includes \$1,436 42, the balance at the commencement of the year. The excess of this year, over the last, is \$570 65. The amount of disbursements for the year, is \$2,775 22.—The report of the committee on the Library shows that there are now belonging to the Association, 2244 volumes, and that there have been added the present year, 243 volumes. Nearly 9000 volumes have been drawn from the shelves the past year. In the news room there are 85 newspapers, of which 29 are published daily, six thrice a week, seven semi-weekly, and 43 weekly. Besides these, there are 29 periodicals, embracing the choicest literature, of this and the old country. Our city may well be proud of this Institution.

TEMPERANCE.—This cause, which a few years ago, was the all-engrossing theme of true philanthropy, but which was unfortunately injured by ultraism, appears to be again, gradually working its way into the public favor. The accounts from Ireland represent the principles of total abstinence as spreading with a rapidity, which its warmest friends never could have anticipated. A letter from Mr. Allen, of Dublin, to Mr. E. C. Delevan, says that 9000 persons came forward in that city, and gave the pledge, and that Cork, Yonsul, Limerick, Clonmell, and Dungarron, seem to vie with each other in the extent and vigor of their movements. Limerick alone has 10,000 and Belfast 5000 members. The leading papers of Ireland have lent a powerful aid in effecting this revolution in the public mind. In our own country, and in our own city, there is evidently a feeling to favor the cause. Every man in the land, no matter what his habits may be, from a temperate drinker through the various gradations to the confirmed drunkard, but feels that alcoholic drinks is a curse, and more to be "honored in the breach than in the observance," and we believe, so deep is the moral tone of public sentiment as to the positive and undenyng evils of rum drinking, that the door is already open to reform, in this city, if the subject should be prudently and judiciously managed, and divested of extraneous considerations.

REGISTRY LAW.—Mr. Tallmadge from the committee on the Judiciary, in the Senate brought forward a proposition for a registry of voters in the city of New York, to which place the operation of the proposed law is confined. The principle features of the plan are.

1st. The division of the city into election districts, comprising as nearly as practicable, 500 voters in each.

2d. The election by the people of three Commissioners of Registry and three Inspectors of Election for each district.

3d. The elections, charter and general, to be confined to one day each, and the votes to be canvassed previous to adjournment.

The Registers and Inspectors are to be chosen at the next charter election, and to enter upon the discharge of their duties in season for the general election in the fall.

State Prison labor.—The Mechanics of this city, held a large meeting on Monday evening last to take into consideration the propriety of memorializing the legislature, on the subject of the mechanical work done at our State Prisons. The present system operates very hard on several mechanical branches of business, and calls for relief. The revenue which the State derives from the labor of the convicts, is of no consequence compared with the injury the honest mechanic is compelled to sustain in a disgraceful competition. Independent of this consideration, no parent would be willing to apprentice his son to the same work bench with a convict! We again repeat it, a few thousand dollars taxes in this State more or less, cannot be put in estimate with the evil.

ATTEMPT TO ROB THE UNION BANK OF BUFFALO.—We learn from the Buffalo Commercial Advertiser that an attempt was made to rob this institution, on Thursday night last. The robbers effected an entrance but in consequence of the breaking of their key, did not succeed in opening the door of the iron vault. A piece of the broken key was found in the hole on the following morning.

MUSICAL.—We have received the first No. of a handsomely printed sheet, published in New York, entitled the "New York Musical Gazette, and Literary Lyceum," to be devoted chiefly to Musical matters.—The Gazette is conducted by Charles Dingley, and published once a week at the low price of \$1, per annum.

Early Navigation.—The ice in front of our City, commenced moving on Thursday night, and the river as far as the eye can reach, is unobstructed. It is the general opinion, that the ice has forced its way through. If this be the case, a boat may be expected as soon as Sunday.

LARGE SALE.—We learn that the whole of the Erie Canal Boats belonging to the New York and Ohio Line, were a few days since, disposed of at public auction, by I. O. Davis, for the sum of twenty-four thousand five hundred dollars.

The Address of our Rev. Companion, Salem Town, delivered before the Grand Chapter, at the last session has been received, and shall have a place next week.

THOMAS CARVER, the friend and follower of Thomas Paine, at whose home the latter died, was found dead on the floor of his lodgings on Sunday last. He was 85 years old, and has lived in great destitution for many years.

A premium of fifty dollars was awarded at the late meeting of the State Medical Society, to Nathan S. Davis, M. D., of Bennington, Broome county, N. Y., for his dissertation on Diseases of the Spinal Column, their causes, history, diagnosis, and best method of treatment.

The following were adopted as Prize Questions, at the late meeting of the Medical Society of the State of New York, and the sum of fifty dollars voted to the successful candidate on each question.

1. The Medical Literature of Cholera Morbus; previous to the appearance of the Epidemic Cholera. [It is expected that the medical history of *leracho*

morbus in this country will be particularly examined.]

2. An Analysis of the Discoveries concerning the physiology of the Nervous System, from the publications of Sir Charles Bell, to the present time; both inclusive.

[The report of Dr. Wm. Charles Henry (in the 2nd vol. of report of the British Association of Science) made on this subject in 1833, may be freely used, but it is required to continue the analysis down to the present time.]

The dissertations must be forwarded to the Secretary, on or before the 1st of January, 1841.

Methodist Centenary.—It is stated that about \$50,000 have been collected in the Georgia Conference on the centenary occasion, and some \$60,000 in the South Carolina Conference.

THE FLORIDA BLOODHOUNDS.—AGAIN.—The following extract from the New York Signal, expresses our views, in part, on this subject, which has awakened among many of our editorial brethren, a morbid kind of sympathy, not at all warranted by the circumstances of the case. We observe, on the part of our neutral portion of the press, a disposition to examine into the merits of a case, which has always appeared to us, as having *two sides*, and it is to be earnestly hoped, that both of the political parties will look upon the subject candidly, as effecting the interests of the country :—

"Were these dogs (says the Signal) to be used as they have been, heretofore, in tracking the peaceable and the timid innocent, unresisting and helpless barbarians to the holes of the rocks; there to fasten upon their throats, in the very presence of their wives and their little ones then we should not be amazed at the general outcry of indignation which is bursting forth at this moment from every corner of the land until the warder himself, instead of acknowledging the fact, and justifying it as a measure of downright necessity, pleads ignorance, throws the whole reproach upon others, and affects not even to believe the story! But, inasmuch as white men are *not* bloodhounds, while the red men *are* (no matter for what reason—with that question we do not propose to meddle just now,) and, inasmuch as these dogs are employed, and can be employed, in no other way than as guides, pointers, or terriers; for they would not last a month if they were let loose upon the red riflemen of Florida; their shaggy mouths dropping with human gore after the fashion supposed by our newspaper brethren and the public in general, and inasmuch as, at the worst, they only help us to find the foe, and to beat him with his own weapons why in the name of humanity, should they not be so employed? As we have not, by nature the unerring instinct of the Red Man; as we cannot otherwise acquire it even to protect ourselves and our families from the midnight murderer, who spares neither age nor sex, and acknowledges no law but his own devilish unforgiveable temper why, in the name of Grotius and Puffendorf, Burlamaqui and Vattel, and every other writer upon the Law of Nations why may we not be permitted to borrow or buy it, as we do here? We borrow and buy congreve rockets, carcasses, bombs, repeating rifles, and steamships and then boggle at blood hounds! We look as if butter wouldn't melt in our mouths, when our chamber doors are fastened with a boiled carrot."

INTELLIGENCE.

FORTUNATE DETECTION OF INCENDIARISM.—A CAUTION.—As Mr. Joel B. Purdy, grocer, No. 176 Church street, was about closing his store on Wednesday night, he by the merest casualty happened to cast his eye to one of his shelves on which were deposited some loco loco matches, done up in pasteboard boxes in the usual way; and discovered a mouse in the act of commencing an attack with his teeth upon the end of one of the boxes, which was sealed up with paste. Curiosity led Mr. Purdy to allow the little depredator to continue his meal without disturbing him, but in a few minutes he saw the mouse spring from his repast as if he had discovered the noise of a cat poking through

the aperture he had made; and in an instant the entire end of the box was in a blaze, the friction of the little animal's teeth having ignited the composition on the end of the matches, and the flames instantly spreading to all the matches in the box. A minute would have sufficed to extend the flame thus produced to the other boxes of inflammable little instruments with which the fired box was surrounded; and the fire would inevitably have spread to the shelves, and from them to the whole store, had Mr. Purdy happened to leave the store without observing the little incendiary; perhaps, indeed, the mouse's supper would have cost thousands of dollars, and caused great distress and suffering as well as heavy loss to many, had he not been detected at it, and the threatened effects promptly suppressed. The origin of the destruction, too like the causes of many of our fires now-a-days, would have been a profound mystery, and like as not suspicions of incendiarism would have grown up and spread under the circumstances of the case. Happily, however, all such consequences were *this time* averted by the accidental discovery of the pending danger in its incipency. It is nevertheless well worthy of inquiry whether past calamities by fire may not have originated in precisely the same manner, and whether that description of fire works kept exposed in groceries generally, and indeed every where else, is not entirely too dangerous to be indulged in or permitted. They are quite as dangerous any where as gunpowder, and the instance here stated shows that they should be well secured, wherever they are kept either in large or small numbers, as well against the possible reach of friction from any source, as from actual contact with fire itself.—*N. Y. Sun.*

ABSTINENCE SOCIETIES.

One of the most marked signs of improvement in the moral condition of the people at the present moment, is the rapid progress of societies, whose members pledge themselves to abstain entirely from any species of intoxicating liquors. We learn that there are now 30,000 tee-totalars in Glasgow, 10,000 in Manchester, nearly 3000 in Dumfries, and many thousand in every part of the kingdom; the numbers daily advancing by hundreds. It is the opinion of some writers that the members of these associations are fanatics, who maintain impracticable doctrines, that they do more harm than good. We fear that persons who take this view of the matter know nothing practically of the working classes of this country. Judging from our own experience, we unhesitatingly declare that the tee-total abstinence societies are producing a silent but effectual revolution for the better in the condition of the working classes. Comfort and peace now prevail where formerly there were misery and strife. In the domestic establishment, good order has taken the place of disorder. In workshops, masters and men go on together in harmony, instead of being in a state of mutual hatred. And it is indisputable, that much of this improvement is owing to the spread of abstinence associations. That there are instances in which the human frame will suffer injury, if spirits or wines are abstained from, there can be no question; for it is notorious that physicians frequently save lives which are sinking, by the timely administration of draughts of brandy. But these, and such like, are the legitimate exception to the rule, and will always be regulated by the common sense of mankind. Philanthropists need be in no alarm that the people will hurt themselves by being too temperate.—*Ed. Journal.*

BLACK HAWK'S REMAINS.—The Burlington, Iowa, Gazette of the 25th ult. states that the grave of this celebrated Indian Chief has been plundered and his bones carried off. The manner of the outrage indicates that they were taken by some white person for the purpose of speculation. If this be so, the detection of the perpetrator will follow upon the first attempt that is made to use his ill gotten acquisition for such a purpose.

The affront is one which the tribe of Black Hawk, will never forgive nor forget, unless restitution is made and due punishment inflicted on the criminal.

Modest self valuation.—Mr. Geo. Roberts, publisher of the Boston Times, Boston Notion, &c., was on Friday last arrested at the suit of Henry Russell, vocalist, &c., for \$10,000 damages, and held to bail. The

writ recited the whole of a long article published in the Times a few days ago, and is contained on a strip of paper measuring nearly ten feet in length. Mr Roberts found bail, of course.

Shipwreck and Loss of Life.—The Yarmouth Conservation of the 31st ult., contains an account of the wrecking, in St. Mary's Bay, of the ship Charles, Capt. Walker, and the loss of all on board. The captain succeeded in reaching the shore alive, but perished there, and his body was found by an Arcadian; who visited the cliffs in consequence of a dream he had the night before, of the wrecking of a vessel at that spot. The place where this ill fated vessel was wrecked, was at the base of a precipice, rising abruptly from the sea, many feet higher than her topmasts, so as to conceal her entirely from view. Capt. W. had climbed about half way up the precipice, before the intensity of the cold put an end to his life. His body was taken to St. John and there interred.

Terrible Loss of Life.—The Edenton, N. C., Sentinel, contains a horrible account of the burning of the dwelling of Miss Palsy Ward, near Windsor, Bertie county, on the night of the 27th ult, and Miss Ward, an elderly lady, and three children, perished in the flames. The particulars are affecting indeed. A suspicion, daily gaining ground, is entertained in the community that the house was set on fire, and the inmates either murdered or secured by violence by the incendiary, to prevent the possibility of detection.

More Indian Depredations.—The Tallahassee papers of the 1st inst., state that the Indians continue their depredations. A party of Indians attacked a government wagon laden with supplies for the army, which the men were obliged to abandon. The same party on the 25th ult., attacked the dwelling of Mr. Harlen, six miles above Iols, on the Apalachicola, and killed Mr. H. and two children. Another party attacked the house of Mr. Rowlet, 20 miles above Apalachicola, fired and missed Mr. R., killed a negro child, and carried off a sister of Mr. R. as prisoner. The Indians are said to be moving towards the western part of the territory, and great fears are felt for the settlers.

Singular Accident.—The passengers by the ferry-boat, at St. Charles, were put into a singular and somewhat alarming predicament on Friday last. A gentleman of this city, who came from there yesterday, says that he, with fourteen others, put himself on board the boat with a view to cross over to this shore. The ice however ran so thick as to stop the boat's head-way before she was half across; and took her down the stream about five miles, fast locked in the ice. In this situation they remained, for two days, without any means of escape or a morsel of food. When released by a boat which came to their rescue, they were carried back to the point from which they started.—*St. Louis Gaz.*

Capt. Samuel Bogart, one of the heroes of the Mormon war, at a late military election in Caldwell county, Mo., deliberately shot Mr. Alexander Beattie, a young man about twenty-six years of age. Immediately after doing the deed Bogart fled, it is supposed for Arkansas or Texas. A reward of one thousand dollars is offered for his apprehension and delivery, either at Richmond or Liberty jail.—*Louisville Jour.*

The Small Pox East.—The Boston Medical Journal says that cases of small pox have finally crept along from Boston to the west side of the Green Mountains in Vermont. Several teamsters from that state and New Hampshire returned home and died with the disease, before the character of it was fairly understood.

A Virginia Sleighing Party.—Among the sports that snow has brought to the South, the quiet village of Leesburg, Va., was thrown into hysterics the other day by a mammoth sleigh of great beauty filled with a party of sixty, accompanied by a spirited band of music, and drawn by ten of Virginia's finest steeds. The whole city crowded the doors and windows to enjoy the novel spectacle as the caravan dashed through the streets.

An Earthquake.—The St. Louis Republican of Friday, the 31st ult., observes that on the day previous, about half past 3 o'clock, a large portion of the citizens were aroused by the report of an earthquake which sensibly shook the buildings. One of the city watchmen stated that the report was very loud, and the shock sufficient to shake the icicles from the eaves of the houses.

Incendiarism is again at work at Mobile. On the night of the 4th inst, the dwelling of Mr. J. A. Miller was set on fire by an unknown incendiary, and consumed. Insured for \$5000.

A bill has passed the Assembly authorizing the government to take possession of lands for creating fortifications and to compensate the owners. It is said to be the intention of government to put the country in a state of defence.—*Hamilton U. C. Express.*

INTEMPERANCE.—A woman by the name of Rose Kelly, in Washington Street, was burned to death, a short time since, by her clothes taking fire, while in a beastly state of intoxication.

William Campbell, aged about 30, a tanner and currier, formerly of Newark, perished miserably at Peekskill last Friday from the effects of disease, intemperance, exposure and destitution.

DROPSY.—A remarkable case of dropsy occurred on the person of Ann Stiles of Windsor, Conn., aged 49, who has recently died. The disease commenced in 1820, and since that time she has had seventy operations of water drawn from her, weighing 8115 pounds, nearly 100 barrels.

Coal at Havana.—A coal mine of excellent quality, and calculated for public uses, has been discovered within three miles of Havana. It yields well, is dug easily, and promise to be profitable.



I. O. O. F.

The Members of the Order, in general, of Albany, Troy, and West Troy, are respectfully invited to attend a meeting at Stanwix Hall, on Tuesday the 25th inst., at 7 o'clock P. M. to take into consideration the present state of the order.
Feb. 22, 1840,

MARRIED.

On Thursday last, by the Rev. Dr. Campbell, John H. Eacher, merchant, to Mary E. daughter of Jesse P. Mitchell, all of this city.

In this city, on the 18th inst, by the Rev. Mr. Holmes, Mr. Edward G. Burgess, of Albany, to Miss Mary T. Wands, daughter of the late James Wands, of New Scotland.

On the 11th inst., by the Rev. John Nott, Mr. Henry Sloan to Miss Eliza M. Batterman, daughter of the late Geo. Batterman.

In Waterford, on the 12th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Smith, James Roy, esq. of West Troy, to Miss Caroline, daughter of David Spencer, esq. of Waterford.

On the 12th inst., by the Rev. J. P. Storer, of Syracuse, Dr. Adonijah White, of Van Buren, N. Y., to Miss Lucia H. daughter of Joseph Dow, esq., of Coventry, Conn.

DIED.

At Plattsburgh, on the 6th inst., Hon Kinner Newcomb in the 84th year of his age.

NEW BOOKS.—W. C. LITTLE has received The Every Day Book, embracing the anniversaries of memorable persons and events, in every period and state of the world, from the creation to the present time. Price 1s per number.

Fowler and Kirkham's Phrenology proved, illustrated and applied, with chart and numerous plates, 10s.

Combe on the Constitution of Man, considered in relation to external objects, 8th American edition, revised and enlarged, price 6s, by George Combe.

George Combe's Lectures on Phrenology delivered in New York, with numerous plates, price 10s.

The works of Gall 6 vols.

De Tosqueville and Chevalier's Democracy of America.

POETRY.

RIZPAH.

BY E. F. RANSOM.

We have seen several good versions of the lamentation of Rizpah—The following, made by a present resident of the city, we conceive to be by far the most pointed and eloquent.

And Rizpah the daughter of Aiah took sackcloth, and spread it for her upon the rock, from the beginning of harvest until water dropped upon them out of heaven, and suffered neither the birds of the air to rest on them by day, nor the beasts of the field by night. II. Sam. xxi. 10.

Oh! moments to others, but ages to me,
I have sat with the brow of the dead at my knee;
In the purple of night, at the flushing of noon,
I have bent o'er the cherished, that left me—how soon!
And I looked on the dimness that froze on the eye,
So bright in its burning—its glances so high!
And I watched the consumer, as ever he crept
And feasted where beauty and manhood still slept.

I loved the dark eye, though its kindling was dead,
And the pride of that lip, though its blushing was shed.
Oh, sons of the kingly! how lovely in death!
'Tho' your frown, when ye died, fitted not with your
breath;

As ye lay in your strength, so unmoving and chill,
There was daring—calm daring, that death could
not kill.

So mighty to conquer, and never to fly,
And life in its fulness—oh, how did ye die!

The eagle, at dawning stooped down in his pride—
With the blood-drops of princes his pinions were dyed;
But he looked on that eye, and he shrouded his own:
In your sternness of sleeping he left you alone,
The leopard, at evening, leaped onward in play,
And he plunged where I knelt as he scented his prey;
But he knew the strong arm he had met in his mood,
And he crept to his lair like a fawn of the wood.

Oh, you moon, with her cold light, has maddened my
brain!

In the wildness of midnight they waken again:
In their softness and wrath, in their sadness and glee,
With their fierce scowl in battle, their bright smile
to me;

The frown when they struck 'mid the carnage begun—
The smile as we met when the conflict was done;
And there is not in Judah a mother so blest
As I, with my dead in their desolate rest.

STANZAS—By a Miss who has just entered her teens.
[From the Argus.]

[Among the bodies found after the burning of the
steamboat Lexington was that of an infant with its face
covered with a green veil, probably the last act of its
mother to shield it from the advancing flames.]

T'was a lovely babe some four years old,
With a pure fair brow, and locks of gold,
With its dimpled hands on its bosom crossed
As if cradle-rocked, not tempest-tossed.

The gleeful prattling voice was hushed,
From the downy cheek the rose had sped,
From the beautiful blossom thus early crushed
The light of life had forever fled.

And round the form and o'er the face
To shield it from the flame's red glare,
A veil with kindly hand was placed,
Proof of a mother's deathless care.

Methinks I see that mother,
Bend o'er her darling child,
And seek to soothe its anguish
In accents soft and mild.

The freezing winds surround her,
And she shrinks from the cutting blast;
For each one that sweeps around her,
Seems colder than the last.

The ice of death is in her veins,
And its damp chills on her brow,
But a mother's love triumphant reigns,
And she thinks of her babe e'en now.

She kisses the cheek of her cherished child,
And she spreads the veil o'er its lily face;
And now she is stretched by her loved one's side.
Locked in death's cold embrace.

THE SABBATH.

Sweet Sabbath morn! from childhood's dimpled prime
I've loved to hail thy calm-renewing time;
Soft steal thy bells upon the pensive mind,
In mingled murmurs floating on the wind,
Telling of friends and times long winged away,
And blissful hopes, harmonious with the day.

On thy still dawn, while holy music peals,
And far around the lingering echo steals,
What heart communes not with the day's repose,
And bursts the thralldom of terrestrial woes?
Who, in His temple, gives to God a prayer,
Nor feels the majesty of Heaven is there?
The listening silence of the vaulted pile,
Where gathered hearts their homage breathe awhile;
The mingled burst of penitential sighs,
The choral incense swelling to the skies,
All raise the soul to energies sublime,
And bless the solemn sadness of the time,

Emblem of Peace!—upon the village plain
Thou dawn'st a blessing to the toil-worn swain;
Soon as thy smiles athwart the upland play,
His bosom g'a idens with the brightening day;
Humble and happy, to his lot resigned,
He feels the inward sabbath of the mind.

From the Democratic Review.

SONG.

I SHALL NOT SEE THY FACE AGAIN.

I shall not see thy face again,
But sleep shall bring thy form,
In all thy radiant beauty, back,
With all thy spirit warm;
And from the fountain of my thoughts,
So shall thine image rise,
That not e'en absence shall avail
To tear thee from mine eyes.

I shall not hear the music
Of thy voice, when it may be
That the roses of thy lips pour out
Their perfumed melody;
But the secret spirit of my heart
Shall tell me thou art near,
When the zephyr's breath is murmuring
To the blossoms of the year!

I shall not soon forget thee—
For the place where we met
Bear the shadow of thy loveliness,
And whisper of thee yet;
And the light of spring and summer skies—
The heavens—the earth—the sea—
They are beautiful; and beauty will
Recall the thought of thee!

THE CHANGING WORLD.

BY MRS. HALE.

How the world's aspect changes! Doth it change?
Or are the changes in the eye that gazes?
See the light-hearted boy—all earth is strange,
And new, but lovely, and he laughs and praises,
And makes his life a holiday, nor dreams,
His bounding feet will ever press the thorn;
The world he treads as bright and softened seems,
As far off mountains, robed in hues of morn.

There comes a change, when youth with burning tho'
Roames o'er the sunny fields in search of roses;
And he may pluck them, but thy 're dearly bought;
For every step some blasted scene discloses;
And the flowers whitherer: the wreath is twined,
Haste, seize another!—it will be all the same—
His wreath he scatters to the passing wind,
Sighs, and confesses pleasure but a name!

There comes a change—when manhood walks abroad,
He seeks no roses—let the frail things wither!
The path he chooses mighty ones have trod,
And on he rushes, scarcely heeding whither—
But shining dust is scattered o'er the ground—
He stoops to grasp it; and is bowed for ever!
Though heaven's transcendent glories beam around,
The eye intent on gold regards them—never!

There comes a change—when age's sunken eye,
Hath lost its vision, and the mists have gathered;
Then life's dark shadows o'er the cold earth lie—
Nor spring nor blossom when the heart is withered:
And all is barren—even gold grows dim—
But trembling mortal, thou mayest look above thee,
One blessed star still burns to guide to Him—
Who from the throne of heaven has stooped to love thee.

CALENDAR OF COMMUNICATIONS.

EACH MONTH.

Temple Encampment	Albany	2d Friday.
Temple R. A. Chapter	Albany	2d & 4th Tuesday
Mount Vernon Lodge	Albany	1st & 3d Thursday.
Temple Lodge	Albany	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Apollo Lodge	Troy	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Apollo Chapter	Troy	2d & 4th Tuesday.
Apollo Encampment	Troy	3d Monday.
Phoenix Lodge	Lansingburg	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Olive Branch	Bethany Ge.	1st Wednesday p. f. m.
Genesee Encampment	Lockport Nia.	
Mount Moriah	Louisville, Ky.	1st & 3d Saturday.

AUTHORISED AGENTS.

The following Brethren have kindly offered to act as Agents
the American Masonic Register. They are duly authorized
receive subscriptions and monies on its account.

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Tallmage Fairchild, Coxsackie.
Joel D. Smith, Castleton.
James Telf, Coeymans.
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AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER AND LITERARY COMPANION.

BY L. G. HOFFMAN.]

ALBANY SATURDAY FEBRUARY, 29, 1840.

[VOL. I.—NO. 26.]

MASONIC.

For the American Masonic Register and Literary Companion.

ADDRESS

BY THE REV. SALEM TOWN, GRAND CHAPLAIN, OF THE GRAND CHAPTER, OF THE STATE OF NEW-YORK, DELIVERED AT THE ANNUAL MEETING, FEB. 5840.

M. E. Grand High Priest, K. and S. Brethren and Companions.—It behooves us, most devoutly to express our grateful acknowledgements, for the interposition of that kind Providence, which has hitherto sustained us in life and permitted us to meet, in the capacity of a Grand Chapter. While some of our brethren have closed their earthly labors, we are continued in the vineyard of our common Master, and have re-assembled, in accordance with the established usages of the Craft, for the transaction of such business, as the interest of the Institution require.

In all our deliberations, it is ardently hoped we may be guided by unerring wisdom, and arrive at such results, as shall best secure those interests. As masons, and especially as a Grand Chapter, we are a spectacle to the world, and bound by all the ties of a common Brotherhood, to exert a benign and salutary influence, in the several spheres in which we move. The personal influence which, we, as individual Masons exert on community, gives tone and character to all our convocations in the capacity of an organized Institution. Personal conduct, affords the most indubitable evidence and furnishes the best exemplification, of the moral nature of our governing principles of action. "By their fruit shall ye know them," is a maxim of sound wisdom. By this criterion, we judge of other men, and they, especially judge of us, as masons. A simple profession, under any circumstances, is of little or no avail in the view of the world, without a corresponding course of life and conduct. Hereby, are we to show forth the excellency of our institution, before a gain saying world, being ourselves, living Epistles, known and read of all men.

Could we travel back, into the remote ages of Antiquity, and point out the definite period of Masonic Origin, little more would be gained, than a mere gratification of that curiosity, which now looks respectfully on scenes of past generations. In the contemplation of practical truth, however we derive personal benefits.

The question is often asked by the world, especially in these days, *what is Masonry?* and what are its benefits in this age of safe intercourse, and general intelligence. An explicit answer, to these questions, will now be attempted. It must, however, necessarily be brief and summary. And in general, we answer, it is an Institution of great Antiquity, having a peculiar organization, embodying sound moral principles, and inculcating benevolent action. As to its high Antiquity, not a doubt can rest on the mind of any man, who will candidly investigate the subject, in reference to that point. The records of remote ages present indubitable facts. Of the period of its organization, and the establishment of its peculiar rites and ceremonies, we as Masons, have good reasons to believe it was at the building of Solomon's Temple. That this period was not the era of its organization, has oftentimes been asserted, but never as yet proved from the most laborious researches of its ablest opposers. This conclusion must, therefore stand on grounds of the highest probability, until the contrary shall be made to appear.

the more probable. The ceremonies indispensable for Membership, have a peculiar adaptation, both to develop and impress moral sentiments. The symbolical language connected with those ceremonies, is emphatically the voice of nature, addressed to the ear of its own sympathies; than which nothing exerts a more powerful control over human life and conduct. Hence we find the strength, the cordiality and durability of Masonic attachments.

When kindred sympathies, spontaneously meet and mingle, no human power can either sunder, or alienate them. These ceremonies, however, do not end with the simple presentation of symbolical allusions, but serve to prepare the way, for the more explicit exhibition, of an entire code of moral truths. These truths embodied, as Articles of faith, form the Masonic creed.

In all decisions of judgment, respecting moral truth we have but one infallible standard, with which to form a comparison; and that is Divine Revelation. The soundness of every man's faith, and the orthodoxy of every religious creed, is, by universal consent, decided by this standard.

The fundamental principles of all associations, both of human and Divine Origin, whether to promote religious, benevolent, or moral objects, receive the sanction, and command the respect of good men, to the same extent they are found to accord with Revealed truth, as touching those points. It is the moral principles of an Institution alone, which in the abstract characterize its excellency; but the influence of those principles, exemplified in the life and conduct of its members, marks their good, or evil tendencies in community. We maintain, that the Masonic creed embodies, so far as it goes, the same moral principles, admitted and acknowledged, in the soundest forms of the christian faith; and we distinctly affirm, there is not a single preceptive injunction, contained in all the Masonic Code, which militates, in the least degree, against one moral virtue contained in Revealed Religion.

The truth of this position rests, on no precarious foundation. It is capable of the same proof, and is entitled to the same credence, as in the case of any moral or religious Institution now in existence.

Should the orthodoxy of any particular sect of professing christians, now, be seriously questioned; in what way could it be *certainly* known, *what* their tenets were?

And if their creeds contained those tenets, which the members had ever been known, as a sect, openly and uniformly to adopt, profess and promulgate, who would ever think of questioning the reality, of what was obviously an undeniable matter of fact. And furthermore, if their lives, in any good degree accorded with their profession, who could misapprehend the natural tendency of their influence on society.

Here then, is a parallel case, so far as evidence, or proof is concerned, by which to establish the point, as to the matter of fact, both in reference to *Masonic* tenets, or those of any, moral or religious sect; furnishing at the same time, the best criterion of the character of influential results, on the great body of community.

A matter so perfectly obvious, as that involved in the above statement, we are confident was never questioned in a single instance in the civilized world, *except* in its application to the moral principles of Free Masonry. Here, as in other moral, benevolent or religious Institutions, we have a moral code. That code is recor-

ded, adopted professed and promulgated, and is open to the inspection of every man, who desires to judge for himself, and has been for centuries. Whoever shall still doubt, may compare our tenets, as now found, in all our printed standards, with those of any other period, as far back, as well authenticated records can be found, and public profession certainly known, and no essential discrepancy can be discovered, in the substantial doctrines, as then or now believed and taught, or the main duties as then or now inculcated. Why then should Men of intelligence, pretend to entertain serious doubts, concerning *what* our principles are. Such, however is the fact, notwithstanding there is an absolute impossibility, of obtaining more *certain* knowledge of any matter whatever, of a similar nature.

These things being premised, we will now briefly enumerate a few of our leading doctrines, in direct answer to the question, "in *what* does Freemasonry essentially consist." In the first place, it consists in a firm belief, and open acknowledgement of God, and his Divine Attributes. This *now is*, and so far as we know, ever *has been* the first and fundamental Article in the Masonic creed. No lodge can be regularly organized without the bible, and some portion of Scripture either read, or rehearsed.

This fact we believe to be a matter of universal notoriety, as appears from public records, both ancient and modern. The same having been admitted and confirmed by all our members in all ages. Such a belief, and such an acknowledgement imposes obligations and lays the foundation for specific duties. The first of these, and the one most solemnly enjoined is, what we owe to God. The second, to our fellow men; and the 3d to ourselves. These three *general* heads, involve all other duties, growing out of the several relations.—Each distinct branch, has a specific enumeration of all those parts, in which obedience to the grand injunction consists. All these are not only matters of fact, but of public record, and are found to harmonize with revealed truth, in each relation. Truths just as undeniably embraced in our system, as the acknowledgement of God, and recognition of relative duties, standing in the creeds and confession of any Denomination of christians in the Protestant Churches.

To enumerate all our principles and duties in detail, would be to give a summary of the great outlines of moral truth contained in the volume of Inspiration; such as reverence, love and obedience to God. Faith, hope and charity—truth, justice and fidelity—benevolence, temperance and Brotherly kindness; where each article, is the center of a group of correlative duties, embracing the several points of practical obedience growing out of the general principle. Such with many others of a kindred nature, either as doctrines or duties, are severally presented and enforced, in some appropriate place.

For example, we say, "truth is a Divine Attribute, and the foundation of every virtue. By this, the heart and tongue; speak the same language, while hypocrisy, deceit and double dealing are unknown.

That justice, is that standard of equity, which teaches us to render to every man his just due; being the very cement, as well as support of civil society, and an undeniable characteristic of every good man. That love, is a distinguishing Attribute of God, and an exercise solemnly incumbent on all his creatures. As a practical virtue of universal adoption, it would lop off at a single blow, more than half the miseries incident to human life. Such are a few of those doctrines, or

moral truths, *we believe*, and such the general duties *we inculcate* on others, and *profess* to practice ourselves. In confirmation of the former, we appeal to every well authenticated Masonic Record, ancient or modern.—Of the latter, *we should* be living examples, and such *we are*, just as far as we sustain the character of good *Masons*. In the abstract, the purity of those principles above named, must stand unquestionable. And what man, in this enlightened age, is prepared to deny, or even question, either the existence, or soundness of such Articles of Masonic faith: much less denounce any Institution adopting them as cardinal points of faith and governing principles of life.

On these broad and immutable principles *we stand*. When they are subverted, every moral and religious Institution must of course, be buried in its own ruins.

Little, more however need be said, in answer to the question first proposed, in as much as those great principles *we have named*, admit of no compromise with error, in any matters of faith; nor can duties be thence deduced, in the least degree at variance with the best moral standards.

But notwithstanding, this high moral ground, on which Masonry *does stand*, it is nevertheless, professedly, nothing more, than a human Institution, founded on principles of Divine origin. Altho' experimental religion, according to church requisitions, is not a prerequisite for membership, yet a sound faith, and a fair moral character *are made indispensable*. And it is perfectly manifest, that a full, and conscientious discharge of those very duties enjoined on *Masons*, is all the *christain*, is required to perform, and all he has the ability to do. No person, however scrupulously exact, will pretend to deny, that a faultless discharge of duty to *God and man*, not only covers human ability, but fulfills the whole law, in all its length and breadth, although no mere man, has ever come up to those requirements.

Hence, the main object of the Institution, in all ages has been to maintain, and inculcate those great moral principles, which implant virtuous obedience in the heart, and tend to promote benevolence and charity amongst mankind. To impress truth on the conscience, by every appropriate motive, and such moral suasion, as the subject demands; and most solemnly to enjoin every leading duty, which grows out of the Articles of faith. Thus far, human effort can present, and apply moral truth, and urge home duty; but no farther. Beyond this, moral suasion is powerless; and each Member must stand or fall, on his own personal responsibility.

Each Individual, comes into the Lodge, by what is human judgement, is considered a sound belief in our moral code, and an unequivocal engagement, to discharge the appropriate duties, involved in such a profession; after which he is retained, or expelled, on the ground of a consistent, or disorderly walk.

If he maintains an orderly walk, in accordance with his profession, he is respected and esteemed a worthy member of the Institution, and a wholesome and valuable citizen. If he disregard those injunctions, and overleap those moral restraints, thrown around him, all that remains, either for *this*, or any other Institution is, to reclaim the offender by discipline, or exclude him from membership.

I have now given a direct, and concise answer to the question proposed, by a simple narration of such fundamental Articles of faith, as are undeniably embraced in our code, and a summary, of the more prominent duties, well known to be taught and morally enforced. And permit me to say, that a review of such principles and duties, should, if possible, establish and confirm our faith more strongly, in the moral soundness of the Masonic creed, and awaken us to more scrupulous punctuality, in the discharge of Masonic duties. "To do good, and communicate forget not." Some of our ceremonies are *not* publicly promulgated, and a kind of mystery, in the view of the world, is hung around Masonic intercourse, which has induced many persons of honest intentions, to take exceptions; but the most part are entirely actuated by groundless suspicion, of *something*, of which they have no knowledge, and which a jealous disposition can magnify and accommodate to its own conceptions of evil design. As to Masonic secrets, we reply in all frankness, and challenge the world to disprove the fact, that *these* are confined exclusively to ceremonies, connected with our manner

of work, and modes and means of Masonic recognition: that strictly speaking, they have no moral character, and neither endanger the head or the heart. At the same time, not *one* article of faith, not *one* moral principle, not *one* practical duty, comes under that head. And how can they? When it is distinctly understood, that what is taught *within* the Lodge, we are under solemn obligations to practice *out* of it; not only for our common interest, members of the same community, but the general good of our species.

Such duties as have been named, are necessarily accompanied with undisguised publicity, because *not* confined to members of our own order. The action develops the principle. The tree is characterized by its fruit. It hence behooves us all, to exemplify more fully, the faith we profess, and the duties we avow by a consistent and well ordered life and conversation. Let us live *out* the excellency of our moral and benevolent precepts, and live *down* all prejudice, misconceptions and evil surmisings. Too much have we been inclined to fall in, with the current of liberal sentiments and laxity of discipline, which have so lamentably deranged the churches, and brought reproach on her sacred Institutions. The main difference, however, in the two cases, lies in the fact, that one portion of the same communion, charges the other, with unsoundness of faith in doctrine and practice, while in our case, we as a body, stand in perfect unity amongst ourselves, and receive those charges from such, as never was in our connection. Some few exceptions it is true are found, amongst those, who have renounced; but in comparison with apostates from the church in general the number is small. Nor is it far more surprising, that men of the world should be found prepared to give full credit to the slanders of such apostates, against the religion of the Bible, and church Institutions, even in the face of all the testimony and experience of her numerous professors sustained by the Divine sanctions of God himself, than what seceding Masons have ever done. In each case, however, an evil exists, for which there is no human remedy, and from which we believe no valuable Institution, either of human or Divine origin, was ever exempt. The root of that evil, lies in the deep depravity of the heart, and in neither case ought to be charged on the institution itself.

As individual members, we my companions, are bound to maintain our *own* integrity inviolate, and as a body, to sustain our institution on the broad ground of its moral principles, and benevolent design. Here *we believe* our ancient brethren stood.

Here we have planted *ourselves* and here, come prosperity or adversity, *we stand*. Around us we behold the monuments of Antiquity, in an institution based on the cardinal virtues. A superstructure, resting on the accredited pillars of revealed truth. Within and without, we are taught the practice of every moral virtue, in connection with the warmest charities of the human heart. An adherence to the most of these principles, we can trace through those moral glooms, which for centuries brooded over the dark ages of the world, and furnished *one* rallying point for benevolent effort. As members of a common brotherhood, we are *one* of the connecting links, between the past and the future, united in a common fellowship, with a multiplied order of men, in all civilized countries, whose charities are diffused and felt, as far as masonry is known and practiced.

As a charitable Institution, it may be compared to a spacious Edifice, entire in all its parts, and measurably complete in all its appendages. Although its main pillars rest on the four quarters of the globe, and the curtains of the outward court, are the blue canopy of Heaven, yet as an Institution it is *one* in a pre-eminent sense; in its unity of membership, identity of administration, concordance of principle and benevolent co-operation in aid of suffering humanity.

When we speak of Masonry, as an *Institution*, we comprehend the great *body* of Masons, spread over the civilized world. Lodges and chapters, in their separate and distinctive locations, resemble the waves of the sea; distinct in number but united on one broad base, constituting the vast ocean.

Through this grand medium, it is well known, there is an universal relationship, amongst all our members wheresoever found or dispersed over the wide world.

Here are we cheered with that diffusive benevolence, which looks on all mankind, as brethren of one com-

mon Family. Through this medium, the sons of Masonry find a home in every clime, and meet the embrace and share the munificence of a common brotherhood. The several associations, into lodges, or chapters, are but component parts in one entire Body or Institution which has lived with ages, and been a traveller with time. While numberless other organizations, claiming high excellency, and proposing useful designs, have expired in the hands that gave them birth, *this* with *christain* Institutions *alone*, has escaped the ruin of Empires, and outlived the storms of persecution. To us, it has come down from ages so remote, that the *certain* period of its original organization, is shut out by the veil of Antiquity. The moral beauties, so far as we can learn, have never faded through the lapse of time nor its charities withered in the hearts of its members.

In view of the above considerations, it is easy to discover, the present, as well as past benefits resulting from membership. To suppose, that *Masonry* must be thrown back into the dark ages of ignorance and barbarism, to acquire the *ability* of being useful is unnatural as well as unphilosophical. The question might with equal propriety, be asked, "what are the benefits of the multiplied Institutions of the present day, seeing we live in an age of so much light and intelligence and the same reason which would justify the necessity of continuing the one, would fully sustain the other. That the increase of knowledge, and society of intercourse, constitutes *that very state of things*, which increases the ability, and furnishes the means of accomplishing the greatest amount of good, amongst Mankind, is entirely self evident. The greater the advance, in any, or all those particulars, the greater the faculties, in any *valuable* Institution, to carry out its appropriate designs.

I doubt not, the Companions of this G. C. fully understand, and appreciate the moral principles of Masonry, and duly value the privileges of membership. But the moral, social and relative duties, connected with our profession, involve so many individual responsibilities, that we, no less than other men, need to stir up each others minds by way of remembrance, and encourage each other, to greater diligence and fidelity, in the constant and proper discharge of each duty. As your companion in the common trials of your faith, and in all your labors of love and charity, I solemnly exhort you, to a life of more abounding good works; to greater effort in the promotion of "peace on Earth, and good-will to mankind." Do good to all men, as you have opportunity, and especially, remember the Widow and the Orphan, the needy and the afflicted. Magnify your profession, not to be seen of men, but as the fruit of an honest heart, imbued with moral virtue. Let the influence of a sound morality, characterize your daily walk. And may the lights of revealed truth, continue to shine on your pathway through life; to accompany your footsteps down to the grave in peace; and finally, to shed Divine consolation on the Soul, in her passage to a brighter and better World, "where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

MISCELLANY.

THE MURDERER'S ESCAPE.

Jonathan Bradford kept an inn in Oxfordshire, in the year 1736. He bore an unexceptionable character.—Mr. Hayes, a gentleman of fortune, being on his way to Oxford, on a visit to a relation, put up at Bradford's. He there joined company with two gentlemen, with whom he supped, and in conversation unguardedly mentioned that he had then about him a large sum of money. In due time they retired to their respective chambers; the gentlemen to a two-bedded room, leaving (as is customary with many) a candle burning in the chimney corner. Some hours after they were in bed, one of the gentlemen being awake, thought he heard a deep groan in the adjoining chamber, and this being repeated, he softly awakened his friend. They listened together, and the groans increasing as of one dying they both instantly arose, and proceeded silently to the next chamber from whence they heard the groans and the door being a jar, saw a light in the room; they entered; but it is impossible to paint their consternation on perceiving a person weltering in blood in the bed, and a man standing over him, with a dark lantern in one hand and a knife in the other. The man seemed

as petrified as themselves, but all the terror of guilt.—The gentlemen soon discovered the person was the stranger with whom they had that night supped and that the man who was standing over him was their host. They seized Bradford directly; disarmed him of his knife and charged him with the being the murderer; he assumed by this time the air of innocence. Positively denied the crime, and asserted that he came there with the same humane intention as themselves; for that hearing a noise, which was succeeded by a groaning, he got out of bed, struck a light, armed himself with a knife for his defence, and had but a minute entered the room before them.

These assertions were of little avail, he was kept in close custody till the morning, and then taken before a neighboring justice of the peace. Bradford still denied the murder, but nevertheless, with such apparent indication of guilt, that the justice hesitated not to make use of this expression on writing out his mittimus—"Mr. Bradford either you or myself committed this murder."

This extraordinary affair was the conversation of the whole country. Bradford was tried and condemned over and over again in every company. In the midst of all this predetermination came on the assizes at Oxford. Bradford was brought to trial, he pleaded not guilty. Nothing could be more strong than the evidence of the two gentlemen; they testified to the finding of Mr. Hayes murdered in his bed; Bradford at the side of the body with a light and a knife; that knife, and the hand which held it, bloody; that on their entering the room he betrayed all the signs of a guilty man, and that a few moments preceding, they had heard the groans of the deceased.

Bradford's defence on his trial was the same as before the gentlemen; he had heard a noise, he suspected some villany transacting, he struck a light: snatched a knife, the only weapon near him, to defend himself; and the terrors he discovered were merely the terror of humanity, the natural effects of innocence as well as guilt on beholding such a horrid scene.

This defence, however, could be considered but as weak, contrasted with several powerful circumstances against him. Never was circumstantial evidence more strong. There was little need of comment from the judge in summing up the evidence. No room appeared for extenuation; and the jury brought in the prisoner guilty even without going out of the box. Bradford was executed shortly after, still declaring he was not the murderer, nor privy to the murderer, of Mr. Hayes; but he died disbelieved by all.

Yet were those assertions not untrue; the murder was actually committed by Mr. Hayes, footman, who immediately on stabbing his master, rifled his breeches of his money, gold watch and snuff box, and escaped to his own room, which could have been from after circumstances, scarcely two seconds before Bradford's entering the unfortunate gentleman's chamber. The world owes this knowledge to a remorse of conscience in the footman, eighteen months after the execution of Bradford, on a bed of sickness; it was a death bed repentance, and by that death the law lost its victim. It is much to be wished, that this account could close here, but it cannot. Bradford, though innocent, and not privy to the murder, was nevertheless the murderer in design. He had heard, as well as the footman, what Mr. Hayes had declared at supper as to his having a large sum of money about him, and he went to the chamber with the same diabolical intention as the servant. He was struck with amazement, he could not believe his senses; and in turning back the bed clothes to assure himself of the fact, he in his agitation, dropped the knife on the bleeding body, by which both his hand and the knife became bloody. These circumstances Bradford acknowledged to the clergyman who attended him after his sentence.

THE KEY OF DEATH.

In the collection of curiosities preserved in the arsenal at Venice, there is a key, of which the following singular tradition is related:—About the year 1600, one of those dangerous men, in whom extraordinary talent is only the fearful source of crime and wickedness beyond that of ordinary men, came to establish himself as a merchant or a trader in Venice. The stranger, whose name was Tebaldo, became enamoured of the daughter of an ancient house, already affianced to another.

He demanded her hand in marriage, and was of course rejected. Profoundly skilled in the mechanical arts, he allowed himself no rest until he had invented the most formidable weapon which could be imagined.—This was a key of large size, the handle of which was so constructed that it could be turned round with little difficulty. When turned, it discovered a spring, which on pressure launched from the other end a needle or lancet of such subtle fineness, that it entered into the flesh, buried itself there, without leaving external trace. Tebaldo waited in disguise at the door of the church in which the maiden whom he loved was about to receive the nuptial benediction. The assassin sent the slender steel, unperceived, into the breast of the bridegroom. The wounded man had no suspicion of injury, but, seized with sudden and sharp pain in the midst of the ceremony, he, fainted, and was carried to his house amid the lamentation of the bridal party. Vain was all the skill of the physicians, who—could not divine the cause of this strange illness, and in a few days he died. Tebaldo again demanded the hand of the maiden from her parents, and received a second refusal. They too perished miserably in a few days. The alarm which these deaths, which appeared almost miraculous, occasioned, excited the utmost vigilance of the bodies, the small instrument was found in the gangrened flesh, terror was universal, every one feared for his own life. The maiden thus cruelly orphaned, had passed the first months of her mourning in a convent, when Tebaldo, hoping to bend her to his will, entreated to speak with her at the gate. The face of the foreigner had been ever displeased to her, but since the death of all those most dear her, it had become odious as though she had a presentiment of his guilt, and her reply was most decisive in the negative. Tebaldo, beyond himself with rage, attempted to wound her through the grate, and succeeded, the obscurity of that place prevented his movement from being observed. On her return to her room, the maiden felt a pain in her breast, and uncovering it, she found it spotted with a single drop of blood. The pain increased, the surgeons who hastened to her assistance, taught by the past, wasted no time in conjecture, but cutting deep into the wounded part, extracted the needle before any mortal mischief had commenced, and saved the life of the lady. The state inquisition used every means to discover the hand which dealt these insidious and irresistible blows. The visit of Tebaldo to the convent caused suspicion to fall heavily upon him. His house was carefully searched the infamous invention discovered, and he perished on the gibbet.—*New York Mirror*.

From the Evening Star.

MONEY DIGGERS.

A few days since I was in the vicinity of Coney Island and the money diggers, and learned a few particulars which may prove somewhat interesting. The place of deposit was on Pelican Beach, separate from Coney Island by Plum Inlet, and adjacent Barren Island. On this latter island was the small tavern house, kept by a person who is supposed to have shared largely in the spoils of Gibbs; but after burying them, lost his landmarks, and was unable to recover his money. The surface of about five acres of the white sand of this snowy beach has been disturbed, and at one time as many as 250 persons were at work. These worshippers at the shrine of Pluto, were ferried over by Dutch fishermen in a small boat, at a small sum on going over, but on returning had to submit to a quadruple exaction. Charon, with his craft, made a full share of profit. About \$7000, have been expended, and the most fortunate hunter collected \$2000. There was no gold found, as reported. The right of mine and thine was not vested in the discovery, but decided, by a scrabble, with fists and nails; strength and activity the larger amount to the more successful, as with boys scrabbling for pennies. Some ludicrous scenes occurred. One digger exposed the top of a bag, when to secure it he immediately fell face down, covering it with his body for the purpose of securing the whole contents—he availed little by the attempt; those near him exacted from under him nearly the whole of the dollars, leaving him about two hands full. A strong man, with shovel or other implement, would keep at bay those who might be near, as he would throw out the

specie, and thus secure his discoveries. On the whole it was a happy thing for the seekers, as many of them are fishermen and clam-men. The coin are sought after by many as keepsakes, tending to keep alive the recollection of the horrible deeds of Gibbs and Walmsley, certainly a taste which make it agreeable to its possessors to dwell on horrors, and which must have been possessed, not in an eminent but large degree, by the physician, who could have had a piece of Walmsley's skin tanned into leather and wear it as a purse.

A gale was the cause of uncovering some of the money, which was seen by one man, he was seen by another, who was attracted to the spot by seeing the first unusually industrious on the barren sand. Working till night, they separated on enjoined secrecy—the latter told his wife, the wife another woman, the woman the neighbors, and finally it spread through counties.

THE SCOTCH THISTLE.

This ancient emblem of Scottish pugnacity, with its motto, "Nemo me impune lacessit," is represented of various species in royal bearings, coins, and coats of armor; so that there is some difficulty in saying which is the genuine original thistle. The origin of the national badge itself is thus handed down by tradition.—"When the Danes invaded Scotland it was deemed unwarlike to attack an enemy in the pitch darkness of night instead of pitched battle by day, but on one occasion the invaders resolved to avail themselves of this stratagem, and in order to prevent their tramp from being heard, they marched barefooted. They had thus neared the Scottish force unobserved, when a Dame unluckily stepped with his naked foot upon a superb prickly thistle, and instantly uttered a cry of pain,—which discovered the assault to the Scots, who ran to their arms and defeated the foe with a terrible slaughter. The thistle was immediately adopted as the insignia of Scotland.

Jim along Josey.—Jim Crow has had its day. Public taste has "wheel about." It has lighted upon Jim along Josey, which is now the rage. Jim Crow opened the door to a faithful representation of "nigger" character, and Jim along Josey has walked in, predecessor out. The dynasty of the Crows is over—their cawing is finished. There is another black Richmond in the field and he is the conqueror. The popularity of Jim along Josey is unbounded. Young ladies play the melody and place it beside—shall we not say above—their favorite Rossini. The streets are vocal with it, men hum it, lads whistle it, and boys sing, squeak, or screech it, as they are blessed with musical voices, or cursed with defective musical organs. Even little unbreeched urchins attempt the thing, and precocious infants lisp the sweet sounds before those of pa and ma. *N. Y. Sunday Atlas*.

A beggar went into a store in this city a few days since, and asked for money. The merchant, by way of experiment, offered the beggar his choice between a good salted codfish and two cents in money down.—The beggar at once chose the currency. Two cents would pass readily at the next grog-shop: the fish was only food.—*Philadelphia North American*.

A gentleman, ended an oration the other evening, an oration in favor of the fair sex with these words:—"Ah, sir nothing beats a good wife." "I beg your pardon," rejoined one of the company, "a bad husband does."

A Glorious Revenge. If you feel inclined to exercise your vengeance against one that has injured you, take the first opportunity of doing him a service. He has any feeling you will wound him to the quick.

A chap in Vermont, aged 17, recently married a girl of 13, after a courtship of six day. They things down there in Vermont "with neatness and patch," and at the "shortest notice."

ORIGINAL TALE.

For the American Masonic Register and Literary Companion.

THE RESCUE.

A LEGEND OF THE NORMAN'S KILL.

BY W. G. B.

About two miles south of the city of Albany, is the mouth of a pleasant stream, known generally as the *Norman's Kill Creek*. This creek is about 28 miles in length, it takes its rise in Schenectady county and pursues a serpentine course through a pleasant country until it finally empties in the Hudson. It is upon the banks of this creek that the principal scenes of our tale are laid.

The period that this simple narrative embraces, is during those dark and bloody days, when our forefathers were battling for that liberty which we now so happily enjoy. At that era the Country watered by the Norman's Kill, bore a vastly different aspect from what it does now. What is the seat at present of pleasant villages, with extensive and valuable water privileges, and thriving farm-houses, was then a pathless wilderness known only to the wild Mohawk, or more peaceable and milder Stockbridge tribe of Mohican Indians who were dwellers in that part of the country. When the early settlers invited from their "fatherland" by glowing tales of the cheapness which lands could be procured from the Patroon of Rensselaerwicke pitched their snug homesteads here and there along the beautiful valley of the Creek, it was much larger and deeper, than exhausted by mills, &c it is at the present day.

The settlements and clearings on the Kill, were owing probably to their secluded situations, comparatively free from the visits of the marauding bands of Indians who occasionally destroyed the lives and homes of some unoffending settlers in more exposed parts of the country. From the burning of Schenectady close to them,—however they were not unacquainted with the scenes of distress and horror caused by such visits and on that melancholy occasion the settlements of the Kill afforded protection and shelter for many of the unhappy sufferers by that event.

It was in this section of the country that Henry Morton an emigrant from England, had located himself. The situation was one of the most pleasant along the creek about 14 miles from the then village of Albany, which name the little hamlet had just taken. Mr. Morton was a man of about 35 years of age, and had been a merchant in England, but having been unfortunate in business, he determined upon leaving the land in which his hopes had been so crushed and attempt the retrieval of his fortunes in the new world to which people were flocking in such numbers. He brought with him his wife and daughter. His wife was a lady of very wealthy parentage and had been brought up accustomed to the enjoyment of all the luxuries which wealth or fashion could bestow. The difference of living in the wilderness of America, and civilized life, added to ill-health before leaving England so weighed Mrs. Morton down that after a few months residence in this country she died. This last calamity of course, added heavily to Mr. Morton's griefs and turning his back on the more safe situation of Albany, where they had at first resided, he settled himself in the solitary place before mentioned. There retired from the din and troubles of the busy world, he sought forgetfulness of the past. His only comfort was in his daughter Lucy then a fine blooming girl of 15 years.

She was as fair a creature, as ever breathed—accomplished and well educated,—and to those artificial attractions, were added a form and features of the most surpassing loveliness. This was the enchanting creature, that Mr. Morton had brought with him to solace him in his solitude, to comfort and cheer him in his misfortunes, and to sweeten the moments of his departing days.

They settled in their solitary but pleasant home in the spring and having engaged the assistance of an active man to do the drudgery of the work they soon got quite an extensive clearing opened. The cottage was rendered one of the most lovely residences that could be wished; for by Lucy's refined taste which had turned the space about the house, from an unsightly

waste filled with black stumps, to a lovely flower garden, and the cottage was completely covered with the thick shading indigenous creeping vines that she had trained to run over the rough edifice.

Under this state of things her father soon began to grow contented with his lot, and resume once more his former light-heartedness and cheerful state of mind which had been completely prostrated by his previous woes.

Thus they lived, the father and the daughter—retired from the bustle of society, and fashionable life,—contented and happy in their rural retreat. The forest which covered the land immediately about the house, had been cleared, and was now in full cultivation which furnished them with the necessities of life, while the luxuries were procured from Albany, and Schenectady.

At this time the troubles between the Colonies and the Mother Country had reached the climax. Blood had been shed at Lexington and the friends of the Country were seeking redress by an appeal to arms.—The patriots or Whigs of Tryon County,* in which Morton lived, had openly avowed their determination to resist the oppressors and had come out manfully on the side of the Continental Congress.

The ardent, generous feelings of Morton, had early induced him to take a decided stand in the ranks of the Whigs, and dearly did he suffer from it. He was from his superior talents, and determination chosen as leader of their Norman's Kill Whigs, for their defence against the unceasing hostilities of the Tories and Indians.

Near to Morton's house, lived a foreigner by the name of Cunningham, whose son a young man of about 20, had deserted from the British Army. This young man whose name was John, was a person of the most vicious and depraved character. He had been forced from his daily excesses at home, to join the Army, and upon the regiment, to which he was attached being sent to America, he deserted and joined his father who had emigrated some time previous. He became acquainted with Lucy, and had made proposals for her hand, but from his known character, which had already developed itself in his brief residence, in this part of the country; he was indignantly spurned both by Lucy, and her father. Soon after he left his father's home, and went no one knew whither and was soon forgotten in the absorbing events, that were then occurring.

Time passed on—on the ever memorable 4th of July 1776, birth was given to an independent nation. The cruel devastating warfare between the Whigs and Tories of Tryon County, was still continued—and now their encounters were more bitter than ever. No man's life or property was safe for a moment. Morton had distinguished himself in several encounters with the Tories and Indians. These latter, at last retired, further to the Westward, and consequently the rigid watchfulness, which had hitherto, been kept up in the settlements on the Norman's Kill, began in a great measure to be relaxed.

Turn we now to John Cunningham. Immediately, upon the rejection of his suit by Lucy, and her father, he joined the Tories, burning with a desire for revenge upon Morton, and his daughter, for the contempt, shown him. Being a man of undoubted courage, and energy, though possessed as before shown of the worst principles, he was chosen Captain of a band of Tories. Kindred spirits, who were raised about the Kill.—He however, soon left them, and throwing off all allegiance to civilized life, he turned savage, and became one of the Cayuga tribe, where from his natural enterprise, and tact, he soon rose to considerable standing among them as a warrior. His malignant and ferocious disposition, wreaked itself upon many an unfortunate Whig—carrying desolation and woe into the bosoms of many a happy family.

The British under Sir Wm. Johnson, and the Six Nations, under the celebrated Brant or Thayendauga had now commenced a system of warfare of the most malignant nature. The sufferings of the poor defenceless Whigs, along the Schoharie Creek, and the inhabitants of the Wyoming Valley, are proof of this.—Cunningham, hearing that Brant intended, to visit the settlements near the Hudson, hastened to join them,

(*) Tryon Co. was taken from what was originally Albany Co. in 1773, and named in honor of the then Governor of the Province. It embraced all that part of the State, lying W. of a meridian running nearly through the centre of the present County of Schoharie.

judging this would be a favorable opportunity, for the furtherance of his hellish designs, against the Mortons. Deep and dire was the distress caused by this incursion, among the settlers near the Shawangunk mountains in Ulster County, by the cruelties inflicted upon them, by the marauding band. Cunningham obtained permission, with a party of Cayuga's to fall upon the Norman's Kill settlers and accordingly thither he directed his course.

Captain Morton meanwhile was active in his support of the American Cause, and at the head of his brave and patriotic followers, had inflicted severe chastisement on the Tories, who were their only enemies, as owing to their vicinity to Schenectady and Albany, the Indians never troubled them.

Near to Captain Morton's residence, lived a young man by the name of Martin Wallace, who had attached himself to Captain Morton's band, and had by his distinguished courage and general behaviour, won the love and esteem of the whole company, and had been promoted to the post of Lieutenant, by Capt. Morton. He was a young man of noble appearance, and having been introduced to Lucy, at the Captain's house to which from the nature of his duties, he was obliged to be a frequent visitor, he soon won the love of the gentle girl. Morton saw the growing attachment of the youthful couple, and well aware of Martin's merit encouraged it by every means in his power. In this case it appeared that the old proverb that "the course of true love, never does run smooth," was at fault: and accordingly matters had progressed so far that a day, was appointed on which the "twain were to become one flesh."

On the afternoon before the appointed wedding day—in the month of January, Capt. Morton, and his young friend, were obliged to visit Albany, on important business, connected with the command. They departed with the intention of returning next day, leaving the homestead under the charge of Lucy, with a guard of six stout men, to prevent any surprise, from the Tories, who took every occasion, to destroy the property of the Whigs.

The day had been cold, and the ground, was covered with snow, to the depth of several inches, but with a crust strong enough to bear the weight of a man.—The night was dark and cloudy, and the skies gave evidence of an approaching storm. Nothing occurred to disturb the quiet of the watchful sentinels, during the time until at evening the alarm was given that something was observed prowling about the house,—what it was, the sentinel could not determine. He accordingly alarmed his companions. Seizing their arms they sallied forth warily but after some half hour's close investigation, and search they could discover nought of the source of their alarm, they gave up the search agreeing that it must have been some wild beast, driven by hunger, to seek food, near the abode of man, and turning began retracing their steps to the house.

Scarcely had they done this, when the forest resounded with the terrific war whoop. The affrighted men discovered too late that their devoted residence, was set upon by a savage and unrelenting foe. They were surrounded by their murderous enemies, and fell victims to their savage fury.

Lucy was aroused from her rest, by the yells of the Savages, and she had hardly thrown her clothes hastily over her, when her door was forced open and John Cunningham, stood before her. Painted and disguised as he was she knew him instantly and falling at his feet, she begged in piteous accent, for mercy. Lifting her up, Cunningham without speaking a word, gave her in charge of some of his followers with directions to treat her well.

The torch was then applied to the once happy residence of Morton, whose misfortunes and ill-luck seemed relentlessly to pursue whither he went. The incendiaries fearing that the country, would be raised about them, went the way rapidly, without committing any further outrage in this quarter. Cunningham apparently being satisfied with the glutting of his revenge.

The light of the burning house, was seen for miles around—to Albany itself. Capt. Morton and his young companion fearing that the Tories were about their cowardly work again, instantly hurried off to their homes. On their way a thick snow, commenced falling, and they urged their steeds, to full speed when they were met by one of the neighbors who was on his way to Albany, to inform them of what had transpired.—

Overwhelmed with distress at the news they hurried on to the scene of savage and ruin. Upon reaching their lately pleasant home, they found the neighbors collected around the burning remains of the dwelling, awaiting their arrival to determine what course should be pursued. Morton's first enquiries were as might be supposed as to the fate of his beloved daughter, and Wallace of his bride, who was thus snatched away from him, on the very eve of their wedding. Frantic with grief, Morton determined to follow as he supposed the murdering band of Tories, who had in the abduction of his daughter, filled to overflowing the cup of his griefs. But so warily had their savage foes taken their departure, that no traces of their course they had taken could be found, and the falling snow had obliterated every vestige of their trail. The pursuit was therefore in vain, and was accordingly given up for the night.— Upon the return of the party, to the ruined and desolate homestead, they were joined by a couple of friendly Stockbridge Indians, who on viewing the scene around them, and the tomahawk wounds, inflicted upon the dead men, immediately declared with the instinct possessed to so remarkable a degree by the American Aborigines, that the ravagers, were Indians. The people before this, had observed that the men had been scalped, but thought nothing further, as this revolting practice, from probably the frequency of association, with the savages, had become quite common among the whites themselves.

Early the ensuing morning, Capt. Morton, and his band accompanied by the two Indians, took up the pursuit, and followed on towards the Schoharie Creek, all the forenoon, without discovering any traces of the enemy. Soon after crossing the Creek, however foot-steps began to be discovered, and after a little while were found to be quite plain. It was now evident that they were quite near the enemy, and accordingly the two Indians, were despatched in advance, while the pursuit was still continued, but more warily. Just as the party were entering a dense forest, the two Indians came running back and informed them, that the foe, was encamped in a hollow about a half mile in advance. Capt. Morton determined upon inspecting their position in person, in order to be the better enabled to lay out his plan of attack. Calling Martin, to him, they were guided by the Indians to a post where they might advantageously view the enemy. Their station was upon the top of a hill, covered with a thick growth of underbrush: which commanded the Camp, of the enemy.

They appeared to be busy making preparations for a renewal of their march. Capt. Morton cast his eyes around the encampment, when his attention was attracted to a tall commanding Indian who appeared to be endeavoring to coax and command another person to follow him, but without avail. Who this person was they could not determine, until at last, the savage jumped forward and dragged the hidden object, to view—and in the shrieking resisting girl before them, they discovered the hapless Lucy. Morton and young Wallace, immediately jumped forward to rescue her, but were roughly pulled back by their Indian companions, but too late; the movements of the Indian soon made it evident, that their rash movements had been observed. There was no time to be lost, and the friendly Indians, had fairly to drag their white companions, along so rooted were they to the spot.— Upon reaching the troops, Morton gave orders for an instant march, onward, to the Indian encampment, but upon arriving at the brow of the hill, they discovered that the bird had flown. Not an Indian remained.

Cunningham, for it was his party, had continued their progress, after this midnight ravage and continued their flight favored by the falling snow, until they reached the spot, where they were discovered by the pursuers. He had supposed that the new snow, would have prevented their being tracked and had accordingly ventured to rest at this place. He was just making preparations for a march, and was dragging Lucy forward, who had been hitherto treated with every attention, when he observed the movements of Morton and Wallace. Unaware who they were but conjecturing that they could not be alone, but were accompanied by a larger party, he took instant flight, and so rapidly had his party travelled that before the Whites had reached the hill, they had already got some miles in advance.

The party of Capt. Morton, were instantly put on

their trail, but so swiftly did the Indians travel that at nightfall, the next day, the whites had not come up with them.

At last towards the close of the third day of the pursuit, the friendly Indians declared with their instinctive knowledge that their foes were close at hand. So proceeding more warily, they discovered during the night the gleam of the fires in the Indian Camp, who confident that they had outwitted the whites ventured to rest, for the third time. Morton immediately took measures for their surprize and waiting until midnight when the Indian sentinels, overcome by the fatigues of their long march, had all fallen asleep. His men were directed to separate until they had completely surrounded the Indian Camp, the arrangements having been all completed, the signal was given, and with loud shouts the whites rushed forth, upon their savage foes, dealing death and destruction on every hand.— The Indians being taken so completely by surprize made little or no resistance and fell an easy prey to Morton's band.

The first impulse both of Morton and Wallace, was to seek Lucy. They had searched every nook, where they supposed she might be concealed, but without success. At last however, Wallace's attention was directed by an exclamation, from a group of the Savages to the identical Indian, whom he had before seen, and who had now Lucy in his arms, and appeared to be making his escape. Wallace followed him at the top of his speed. The Indian moved rapidly on, and when at some distance he perceived that he was only followed by one man he stopped, and throwing the young lady on the snow, unsheathing his knife, he rushed on Wallace. Wallace saw he had no common antagonist to deal with, but sword in hand, was ready to meet him. They closed and now commenced a struggle for life and death. The Indian was a tall powerful man of strong muscular power. Wallace although somewhat shorter, was of great strength, in his arms, and was also an admirable wrestler. Neither could succeed in inflicting a mortal wound on the other; so mutually sheathing their weapons, the struggle was now, to determine which should throw the other.

At last Wallace accidentally slipping, came to the ground, bringing the savage with him. With a violent wrench, the Indian forced himself from the firm grasp of the white man, and placing his knee upon his breast, pulled Wallace's hunting knife, out of his belt, not being enabled to reach his own, and cursing the unfortunate young man to his surprize in good English,—raised the knife in the air—when a loud shriek was heard and the Indian fell back a dead man.

Wallace sprang to his feet, thanking Heaven, for his providential deliverance from the jaws of death, and turning to see who his rescuer was,—there stood his Lucy, with a bloody knife in her hand, standing over the dead Indian. It appears she had recovered from her fainting fit, while the combatants were engaged in their deadly strife, and beholding Martin in such jeopardy, and seeing the Indian's knife on the ground which had become disengaged from him, during the struggle she picked it up, and rushing forward, she plunged it in his heart at the critical moment, described, and this saved the life of her betrothed husband.

The scene between the young lovers thus restored to each other, can better be imagined than described. At this moment her father came forward and thanking Heaven clasped his daughter to his breast. After the joy at the happy termination of their endeavors for her recovery, had a little subsided, Lucy related the events of her capture, (which has been described before) and showed them that the dead man was no Indian but John Cunningham himself. He had declared his intentions to marry her, and if she refused, to force her to his fell purposes. He had accordingly started for the head quarters of the British and Indians at Niagara, immediately upon her capture, without stopping to commit further outrage.

The Indians who had formed Cunningham's band, were all secured and Capt. Morton, Martin, Lucy, and the victorious Whigs retraced their steps homeward.

Need we say more. Upon their return, the marriage between Martin and Lucy, being consummated and the neighbors gathering round, soon raised another comfortable residence for them.

Mr. Morton, and his son-in-law again went forth to battle in their country's cause, and had the honor of participating in most of the glorious battles, by which our country's freedom was achieved, and at the happy termination of the war, they returned again to their homes. Capt Morton was the honor of the country around, and was several times called to their aid in the political transactions of the early stages of the state government. Martin Wallace and his wife Lucy were respected by all who knew him,—and they lived with old Mr. Morton until his death, when the farm became their own.

The pair were still living at the time of the difficulties between the Helderberg tenants (of which he was one) and the Patroon, and by his influence and example did great service to the laws, on that unhappy occasion. For though opposed by the principles for which he fought and fled—to any such usages of feudal monarchies, he still deprecated any resistance to the laws of his Country.

Many of the inhabitants on the Norman's Kill, may remember the circumstances connected with this fortunate Rescue, and possibly some of the very band who participated in it, may yet be in the land of the living.

Albany, Feb. 1840.

A CARD PARTY.

It is related of Madame du Deffan, that three of her friends brought a card-table to her bed-side, at her request, in her last illness, she taking a hand. As she happened to die in the midst of an interesting game, her partner played dummy for her, and thus the three quietly played it out, and settled the stakes before they called the servants to notify them of the very important demise of their mistress. Shocking as is this incident, it is trivial in comparison with one which is said to have occurred at Albany many years since. There was at that time a low-eaved, peak-roofed, stone-built inn, situated in the upper part of the city, known as the "Colonie;" a place much frequented by Schenectady teamsters and Mohawk boatmen, before the completion of Clinton's grand canal had caused that too often dissipated race to be superseded in their vocation. At this inn one day a man by the name of Derrick Helfenstein, but better known as "Dirk Hell of German Flats," had been seized with convulsions amid a drunken frolic, and expired during the fit, with his limbs all twisted and knotted together by the fierce muscular action incident to his disease. In Albany, at that time, the Dutch custom of several friends of the deceased remaining all night in the same room with the body, and keeping their vigil until the moment of interment, was always strictly observed; coffee, and mulled wine, with *dote*, or dead cakes, and other refreshments, being generally provided by the nearest relatives to cheer the gloomy duty of the watchers. Dirk Hell (or Helldirk, as he was quite as often called) though a wretched vagabond, had still some whom he called friends among the reckless and gambling crew with whom he chiefly associated; and as the landlord of the inn where he died could not well refuse the customary refreshment of liquor upon an occasion like this, three idle hangers-on of the establishment readily consented to honour the obsequies of Dirk by the usual vigil. The dead man, in the meantime was duly laid out; but the distorted shape, which his body had assumed in the death agony, made it necessary to use great force in straightening out the corpse, and recourse was had to cords to bind down his limbs to the decent form it was desirable they should assume. This disagreeable task being accomplished, the three friends of the gambler, when night came on, took possession of the apartment where he was laid out. With characteristic recklessness, they had brought a pack of cards into the chamber of death, and after taking a glass of liquor all round, and drinking the memory of their comrade with some unfeeling allusion to his sudden fate, the three profligates sat down to a game of cards upon the foot of his bed. Four hands were then dealt, that of "dummy" falling almost upon the feet of the corpse, and the other three upon the opposite sides and extreme end of the bed around which the players were thus arranged. The game proceeded apparently to the satisfaction of all parties, each of them by turns playing the hand of dummy until drinking and gambling had carried them deep into the middle watches of the night. Some slight dispute however, now occurred as to who should play the next

dummy. Words waxed high, and the two opposite players both attempted to seize upon the vacant hand at the same time while the third, impatient at the contention, exclaimed, "I wish that Helldirk would spring up and take the cards from both of you!" The wretch had hardly uttered the wish, before the cords which bound the corpse gave way with a sharp cracking noise, the struggle about the feet having probably disarranged them—and the distorted body, released from its ligatures, bounded forward in resuming the form under which life had left it, and seated itself upon its haunches with knees drawn up to its chin, arms a kimbo, and hideously distended jaws, in the midst of the appalled and discconcerted trio. The three worthies were said never to have played a game of cards afterwards.

AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER.

ALBANY, SATURDAY, FEB. 29, 1840.

"P jr." shall have a place next week. We hope to hear from him often: as also from W. G. B.

We present the Rev. Com. Town's admirable Address, delivered before the Grand Chapter, to our readers, entire this week. To those of them who are not Masons, we particularly commend it, as a fair and ingenuous exposition of "what is Masonry."

If those of our subscribers in the country, who have not paid their subscriptions, (which according to our terms was due six months ago) knew our pressing wants at the present moment—it appears to us, that they would not vie with each other apparently in seeing who should be the last. We do not intend this exactly, as a *dan*, although some folks would be uncharitable enough to suppose it such. Will those interested take the right view of it?

WASHINGTON'S BIRTH DAY.—We perceive by our exchange papers that this day was duly honored in almost every place of note, except our own. The natal day of the Father of his country should be ever remembered with joy and gladness, and we hope our military will take the matter in their own keeping and never let another 22d pass without suitable demonstrations of respect to the day which gave birth to a WASHINGTON.

Capt. Burnham, of the ship *Gulnare*, arrived at Baltimore, from London, having sailed on the 4th of January, reports that neither the Great Western nor British Queen would depart for the United States before spring, in consequence of the damage sustained on their last trip.

Removal of the Post Office.—The Albany Post Office has been removed to the Exchange, where convenient and spacious accommodations, both for the public and those employed in the office, have been fitted up.

Sacrilegious.—On the night of the 14th instant, some sacrilegious wretches effected an entrance into the Methodist Church, at Martinsburg, Va., mutilated and desecrated the Bible and psalmbook, in the pulpit, and then set fire to the church. Fortunately, the fire was discovered in time to save the building. The town has offered \$500 for the discovery and conviction of the perpetrators.

Liberal.—Col. Crary, of Genesee County, has lately made a donation of \$10,000 towards the establishment of a Colligate Seminary for the education of Common School Teachers in the 8th Senatorial Dis-

The Navigation, between this city and New York, is again open. The *Utica*, Capt. Truesdell, arrived here on Thursday morning last, having forced her way through the ice. She left here for New York, on the same day, at 5 o'clock, P. M. with a large number of passengers.

The last number of the *Miner's Journal* states that Mr. William Lyman is at present engaged in casting iron rails for the branch road leading from Greenwood to the Mt. Carbon Railroad, which are to cost 45 dollars per ton, and considered much the cheapest rail that can be used, as the material if broken is worth near its original cost as old iron.

During the conflagration of the Exchange at New Orleans as many as 16 lives are supposed so have been lost, by the falling of the walls, and from other causes. Several other persons received severe injuries.

The *Alton Telegraph* gives an account of a scoundrel calling himself James Kirkpatrick, who under the disguise of a Methodist Episcopal preacher, married a respectable widow lady of that city, sold off her property, and ran away.

The Secretary of the Navy estimates the number of steam vessels of war, requisite properly to defend our sea ports, at forty; the cost of which would be thirteen and a half millions of dollars; the completion of the requisite number of docks and navy yards twenty-four millions, and to put the navy properly on a war footing, would cost ten millions more, being a grand total of fifty six and a half millions of dollars.

The Amsted Schooner.—The British government, it appears by the London papers received by the *Samson*, have been actively interposing in the affair of the *Amsted*, and promptly sent despatches to their Minister here, to intercede with our government in behalf of the negroes; also, they directed their Minister at Madrid to ask for the their liberty, should they be sent to Cuba—and at same time to urge Spain to enforce the laws against Montes and Ruiz.

Death of another Commodore.—Commodore David Deacon, of the Navy, died at his residence at Burlington, Vt., on Saturday morning, after an illness of six weeks.

The following extract is from the New York Star published by M. M. Noah. Such feelings do credit to the heart of any man. However much the religious sentiments, of Thomas Paine, and his follower, William Carver, are to be deprecated, as Americans, we should ever remember, as the Star observes, that Paine "done as much for the liberties of his country, with his pen as any soldier did with his sword," and that Carver, with all his errors of opinion, had the same claim on the humanity of his fellow creatures, through his years of abject poverty, as the most orthodox of us. "He that is without sin let him throw the first stone."

"We never knew or read of but one Christian in the world one perfect being, and he was Jesus of Nazareth. He would not have allowed poor Carver to starve because he did not believe; he would have acted the good Samaritan towards him, bathed his feet, and given him bread and salt in his tent. The louder Carver avowed his infidelity, the more fiercely he declared his unbelief, the more surely and certainly and steadily would that pattern of charity and good will have administered to his want, until at length Carver would have confessed aloud that there was a God, merciful and kind to him in all his sins and transgressions, and thus in chari-

ty and faith would a lost soul have been recovered and redeemed. What right have we to judge and to punish for conscience sake? What right have we to mortals to say to another "believe or ye die," confess or you may starve," admit or we abandon you?" On these subjects we say to one and all "judge not lest ye be judged."

OPENING OF A NEW LODGE OF THE I. O. O. F. AT LANSINGBURG.

On the 22nd inst. (Washington's birth day) a Lodge of the I. O. O. F. was opened at Lansingburgh under the name of STAR LODGE NO. 29 and the occasion was celebrated with appropriate public ceremonies. A procession was formed consisting of members of the Order from this city and Troy—and proceeded to the Rev. Mr. Spears free Presbyterian Church, where the exercises were as follows.

Voluntary by the Choir.

Prayer by the Rev. S. T. Spears

An Original Ode composed for the occasion by H. Spencer, esq. was sung by the Choir.

An Address upon the Origin and Progress of the Order of I. O. O. F. was delivered by P. G. Alanson Cook of Troy, and was listened to with profound attention by a crowded auditory.

An Ode was sung by the Choir.

The Exercises in the Church were then closed with an eloquent address to the Throne of Grace by Br. Crandall of Troy.

After the Exercises in the church were concluded the procession was again formed, and proceeded to Van Buskirk's Hotel where a sumptuous dinner was served up on strictly temperance principles, in the usual happy style of that well known caterer, to which about One Hundred Brethren of the Order done ample justice—when the members of the New Lodge adjourned and were escorted to their elegantly furnished rooms, and P. G. A. Heyer Brown D. D. G. Master for Albany and Rensselaer Counties, presented the Charter which had been previously granted by the R. W. G. Lodge of the State, opened the Lodge, and installed the following named Brethren into the respective chairs to which they had been previously elected.

Myron Hoyt, N. G.

William Allen, V. G.

C. W. Farnham, Sec'y.

C. S. Houghton, Treas.

John J. Suttin, Warden.

INTELLIGENCE.

THE BLOODHOUNDS.

Mr. Buchanan presented a memorial from sundry friends in Pennsylvania, praying that bloodhounds might not be used to hunt down the Florida Indians, and Col. Benton stated that the government had no agency in importing those animals. It is possible that some mistake may have arisen, in relation to the agency of government as well as to the use of these bloodhounds. Sympathy for the Indians, for their treatment, for justice due them, for the common cause of humanity, is right and proper, but we owe some sympathy, for the families of white people, women and children, butchered by savages in Florida, and very recently near Tallahassee.

The Secretary of War has been called on for information on this momentous matter, which so deeply affects the character of the nation, and he declares he knows nothing about it. It seems that the citizens of Middle Florida have imported thirty or forty of these dogs from Cuba, for their own use, and for the protection of their detached dwellings from the lurking incendiaries scattered in small quantities in small parties over the country. We cannot see any greater inhumanity than employing this kind of dog for protection, than of the mastiff or bull dogs, or stag hounds. But the bloodhounds, from his peculiar sagacity, can render a service which the others cannot.

The Indians, after perpetrating their horrid murders have been enabled to conceal themselves in the numerous thickets hammocks or swamps, found all over the country, where they may lie, *pardus*, within a few miles of their atrocities, and cannot be traced to their resting places. One dog possessed of the peculiar sagacity of the blood hound, may be the means of insuring safety to a neighborhood of fifty families; and the thirty or forty

ty which have been imported, if scattered over the territory, may afford, a more effectual security than a patrol of five hundred men. As soon as the Indian shall discover that the whites have the means of following them to their retreats, they will make themselves scarce in the settled parts of the country. As the use of the blood hound is merely to trace the fugitives, *not to attack or tear them to pieces*, we can see no reason why the regular troops may not take advantage of the advantage of their sagacity, as the British did in the Maroon war. The most esteemed species of this dog is quite small and harmless, and is usually permitted to go at liberty, while the larger follows after, held in a leash.

Florida is nearly laid waste by the Indians; they burn every dwelling, and massacre every inhabitant; they keep no faith, observe no treaty, they are treacherous to a degree. We have lost whole armies in that country and expended millions of dollars to defeat a handful of Indians, who are only protected by taking to the hummock, and if the dogs scent them out, and compel them to take to the open plain, the war will soon be ended, and much sacrifice of blood and treasure be prevented.—*New York Star*.

PRODUCE OF COPYRIGHT.

Sir Walter Scott's *Life of Napoleon* sold, with the printed books, for £1,800 sterling.—The nett receipts of the copyright, on two first editions, only exceeded £10,000.

Moore's *Life of Lord Byron*. £4,000.

The *Life of Sir Walter Scott*, by Lockhart, £1,500, the two first years of the copyright.

Byron's Works, according to the statement of Murray, £20,000.

Moore's *Lalla Rookh*, £3,000.

Bulwer's novels average from £1,200 to £1,500 each, for Rienzi he obtained £1,600, Marryatt's from £1,000 to £1,200.

Mrs. Trollope's *Factory Boy*, first published in monthly numbers, republished in a volume, £1,700.

Sir Walter Scott's *Waverley*, according to Lockhart, 22,500 copies were sold previous to the sale of the current edition, at 7s. per volume, which would realize above £7,000; and this was but one out of twenty-two by the same author. The great collective edition, with notes by Lockhart, reached an average of £25,000 per volume. The nett profits upon that edition, supposing the publisher's profits to be 2s. per volume, would amount to £120,000 over and above that on former publications on each novel. The copyright of the first expired at the end of four years. It is supposed Sir Walter Scott gained by his writings, now comprised in eighty volumes, over a quarter of a million sterling.

Mr. Lockhart, editor of the *Quarterly Review*—Professor Wilson, of *Blackwood's Magazine*—Professor Napier, of the *Edinburgh Review*, and Theodore Hook, of the *New Monthly*, do not receive less than £1,000 per annum each, on an average.

Dr. Macaulay, Dr. Southey, Mr. Barrow, and other eminent men, receive one hundred guineas for a single article in the *Quarterly* and *Edinburgh Reviews*.

'Nicholas Nickleby,' by Boz, a very young writer, sold for £3,000.—*Express*.

Destructive Fire at New Orleans the St. Louis Exchange Burnt Down.—A tremendous fire occurred in New Orleans on the morning of the 11th inst., of which the following extracts from the N. O. True American and Baltimore Patriot, give the latest intelligence:

True American Office, Feb. 11, 9 A. M.

St. Louis Exchange Destroyed!—Fire Raging!—The St. Louis Exchange, with its magnificent dome—cost \$1,700,000—is at the hour we write, one mass of ruins. The fire broke out this morning at half past 4 o'clock, in the fifth story, from the sparks escaping through a cracked chimney. The keeper of the Hotel had been shown this flaw in the chimney, it is said, some days ago.

At 5 o'clock, it was seen that the fire was raging between the slating and the plastering and that it could not be arrested.

The alarm was now general, and the lodgers, many of them, barely escaped with their clothes, so rapid was the progress of the flames.

About 6, the great ball room fell in with a tremendous crash. At 8 o'clock, the lofty dome of the rotunda was on fire, the flames mounting to an immense height.

While we write, the buildings on the opposite side of St. Louis st., fronting the Exchange, are beginning to burn. Where the flames will be arrested it is hard to say.

The whole cost of the Exchange was \$1,700,000, and it is under mortgage for \$1,400,000.

The Improvement Bank, to which the building belonged, has in circulation some \$900,000 in bills and scarcely any specie on hand. The Orleans Insurance Company of this city, and the Phoenix of London, have small risks. There may be other, but we cannot stop to ascertain.

The loss of this building will prove disastrous to the extreme to the 1st Municipality. The rotunda was the most magnificent structure of the kind in the union.

Singular Case.—The following narrative of a most remarkable and distressing disease, is taken from the Transcript, a paper published at Amesbury, Essex co., Mass.

'Miss Lucy Harrington, formerly a resident in Amesbury, recently died in Cornish, N. H. She was sick three years and a half, and confined to her bed two years and five months. Several months previous to her death, her right hip was dislocated by a contraction of the muscles, while she was sleeping quietly in bed. Immediately after this event, her bones began to break, and before her death, they had broken nineteen times or more, in different parts of her body.—At first, her ribs, then her collar bones, and then her lower limbs, her under jaw, and the bones of her hands and feet. Their breaking was sometimes attended with a noise, and at others not, and was always preceded and followed by the most acute pain. The ends of the broken bones would sometimes for a day or two, grate together on being moved. Upon a post mortem examination, not a sound bone was found.—All was so softened as to be easily cut with a knife.—When her bones began to break, the muscles of her lower limbs became so contracted that they lay directly across her stomach and bowels. In this position she remained until her death. Her body was so contracted that at one time she measured as she lay in bed two feet four inches. She gradually lost all her strength in her limbs, until she could only move slightly the ends of her fingers. She was 43 years of age.'

LATER FROM ENGLAND.

By the ship *Tarolinta*, Capt. Smith, we have received papers from London to the 3d, and from Liverpool to the 4th Jan.

The rumored Ministerial changes are that the Marquis of Normandy is to go to Paris as British Ambassador, vice Lord Granville. Lord Granville to go to India as Governor General, vice Lord Auckland. Lord Ebrington to take Lord Normandy's place in the Home Office, and the Duke of Devonshire to be Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

The Corn Market had not advanced—the averages were lower, and consequently the duties had increased.

The duty on foreign wheat risen to 20s 8d. per quarter; on flour, to 12s. per brl. American flour in bond had been sold at previous quotations.

The Money Market was easier. Stocks were rising. The state of trade in Manchester improving; and cotton 1-8 per lb. higher.

Disgraceful Outrage.—On Tuesday night of last week, Werter Vanderheyden and William Duffin visited the house of a Mr. Parks, in Aurelius, just beyond the gate, near the west line of the village, and on being refused admittance, they broke into the house and commenced beating Mr. P. and his wife in the most brutal manner, threatening to kill them. Large bunches of hair were torn from the head of Mrs. P. and she beaten and kicked in a shocking manner. In the course of the affray Mr. Parks stabbed Vanderheyden with a knife in his side, so that for several days it was supposed he would not recover. We understand, however, that he is now getting better. Duffin is now in jail to await his trial, and we suppose Vanderheyden

will be, as soon as he is well enough to have an examination.—*Cayuga Patriot*.

Melancholy.—Mr. Eli Foster, a wealthy and respectable inhabitant of Saratoga, residing near the south end of Saratoga lake, was killed on the 6th inst. by the upsetting of a sleigh loaded with three logs which he was drawing to a mill. Mr. Foster was about 60 years of age.

Valuable Cow.—A cow in Smithfield yielded during the last year sufficient milk to make 220½ lbs. butter, besides 470 quarts sold, and what was necessary for the use of the family. Allowing the butter to be worth 20 cents per lb., and the milk 5 cents per quart, the income from the cow would be \$67.50.—*Bristol. R. I. Phoenix*.

A Lottery Broker of Philadelphia, named William Simpson, has been held to bail in \$1000, on a charge of vending lottery tickets contrary to the statutes prohibiting their sale in that state.

The body of a young lady, apparently about eighteen or twenty years of age, was picked up near Bergen Point, by James Simonson, on Friday last. She had a white flannel petticoat, fine muslin night gown and night cap, prunella shoes and black hose, with the initials H. W. on them. Further information may be obtained on the subject, of John M. Enyard, No. 43 Hudsonstreet, New York.

Can this be the remains of one of the unfortunate passengers in the Lexington?

Ample Qualifications.—Able Underhill, Esq. offers himself a candidate for the Ohio Legislature. Among other qualifications and virtues he possesses the following:

"I believe in phrenology and in animal magnetism and that virtue exalteth a nation. I can mow and cradle, plough or hoe, chop wood, lay stone wall, or dig potatoes. I can bleed, pull teeth, or administer a bolus, and pledge myself, if elected, to go for the best interest of Stark county and the State of Ohio, so far as I can understand them."

FIRE IN LOUISVILLE.—We learn from a gentleman who came up in yesterday's packet, that on the morning of the 18th, about 1 o'clock, the old American Theatre in Louisville was burnt to the ground. It had just been fitted up as an amphitheatre. Loss supposed to be between \$12,000, and \$15,000.—*Gazette*.

MARRIED.

In this city, on Tuesday evening, by the Rev. Dr. Campbell, Mr. George Aver, of Aurora, Cayuga county, to Miss Rachael Leavenworth, of Genoa, of the same county.

At Rensselaerville, on Tuesday evening the 18th inst., by the Rev. Elder Crocker, Mr. Orrin Wickes, to Miss O. Ann Boardman, both of that place.

On the 26th inst., by Rev. Mr. Kelly, Mr. John Edwards, to Miss Mary Dooly, all of this city.

DIED.

At St. Anne la Perade, U. C., on the 14th inst., Mr. Samuel Brogdan, a native of Philadelphia, aged 106 years and 10 months. Mr. B. was pressed at Philadelphia at the age of 19, and taken on board a man of war; after eight years' service, came to Canada and fought under General Wolfe, and was present at the General's death, and has seen the fourth generation since twenty years.

NEW BOOKS.—W. C. LITTLE has received The Every Day Book, embracing the anniversaries of memorable persons and events, in every period and state of the world, from the creation to the present time. Price 1s per number.

Fowler and Kirkham's Phrenology proved, illustrated and applied, with chart and numerous plates, 10s.

Combe on the Constitution of Man, considered in relation to external objects, 8th American edition, revised and enlarged, price 1s, by George Combe.

George Combe's Lectures on Phrenology delivered in New York, with numerous plates, price 10s.

The works of Gal 6 vols.

Do Iosqueville and Chevalier's Democracy of America.

POETRY.

WHAT IS CHARITY?

Written extempore, while conversing on Masonry, and being asked the above question.

'Tis not to stand,
When in my hand
You place the glittering ore,
And bid me know
My weight of woe,
Or tell me I am poor.

'Tis not to name
The rising shame,
That on my cheek appears;
Or mark my sigh,
Or pensive eye,
Surcharg'd with sorrow's tears.

'Tis not to lend,
Or give a friend,
Of every good a part:
'Tis not the blaze
Of public praise,
Or vauntings of the heart.

But 'tis a charm,
That thinks no harm,
And doth the heart control,
It is a joy
Without allow,
That elevates the soul.

It hath a tongue,
That ne'er hath wrung
The beating breast of care;
Its eye ne'er smil'd
At sorrow's child,
Or mock'd at pale despair.

'Tis something kind,
That fills the mind,
And cometh from above;
It dwells alone
On nature's throne;
'Tis Universal Love.

THE FRAIL ONE.

The night breeze gently sweeps the ground,
O'er moon-bright lawn and whispering tree—
It spreads refreshment all around,
But brings no sleep, no rest to me!

My wailing babe! your eye is dim,
Your limbs are cold, your cries are few;
Your feeble accents call on him,
Who thinks not, cares not, now, for you.

Your parched and pallid lip demands
Some food to ease that gnawing pain—
Oh, raise not thus your wasted hands,
The breast is dry—you weep in vain!

He sees me not, he thinks not now
Of all the thousand oaths he swore—
The blighted troth, the broken vow;
The fatal flight I now deplore.

Fair was his form—a heavenly ray
Seen, o'er his bright refulgence shed;
And saintlike radiance seemed to play,
Its halo round his holy head.

Kind were his words, and his smile,
But like the meteor light it played,
As cold—as brilliant to beguile,
And lure to woe an artless maid.

He ne'er returned—the tear-drop fell
O'er my pale cheek in silent shame;
—I wrote, my wretchedness to tell—
Unopened, back my letter came.

O! could he see his victim now—
Her beauty and her bloom are fled,
And beams upon her pallid brow,
And fatal spot of hectic red.

I hail the shortening of my breath,
The fire that burns within my breast;
Welcome the harbinger of death,
And lay my weary head to rest.

LAST WORDS OF EMMET.

"Let no man write my epitaph—for as no man who knows my motives dare now vindicate them, so let not prejudice or ignorance asperse them. Let me repose in obscurity and peace, until other times and other men can do justice to my character; when my country takes her place among the nations of the earth, then—and not till then—let my epitaph be written."

He stood before the assembled crowd,
And not a glance had quailed:
Nor his lofty heart in its high resolves
Had for an instant failed;
The haughty souls of bitterest foes
Within their bosom shook,
As he bent his clear eye proudly round,
With such a fearful look.

And these were the high words he spoke—
"Are not these lips as free
To bear their witness to the cause
Of glorious liberty,—
As free to speak the sacred words
Which only tyrants fear,
As those which coldly break the rights
Of injured freedom here?"

And they will speak—the fires that glow
Within this breast of mine,
Were kindled at the holy blaze
Of freedom's hallowed shrine:
And till the heart itself be dead,
Its beatings throb no more,
Its pulses, still to freedom true,
Will tremble as before.

Ye have the power, if not the right,
To crush this feeble frame,
But the high spirit's fiery zeal
It is not yours to tame:
And while ye dare to brand with crime
That never stained my brow,
I too may dare to brave the power
To which I will not bow.

Yes, do your worst—ye may spread your pall
To darken round my name,
But the fearless spirit ye cannot bend—
That still remains the same—
And for that name I would not stoop
To ask one memory,
Till every rock and blade of grass
Upon this soil is free!

Let not my martyr's fate be read
While Erin wears her chains;
I would not ask one friendly hand
To wipe away the stains;—
And o'er the pillow of my rest
One tear must not be shed,
Till the holy cross of freedom may
Be placed above the dead."

POWER OF THE ALMIGHTY.

BY LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

God of the chainless winds, that wildly wreck
The moaning forests, and the ancient oak
Rend like a sapling spray, or sweep the sand
O'er the lost caravans—that trod, with pride
Of tinkling bells, and camel's arching necks,
The burning desert—a dense host at morn;
At eve, a bubble on the trackless waste.
God of the winds! canst thou not rule the heart,
And gather back its passions when thou wilt,
Bidding them, "Peace, be still?"

God of the waves,
That toss and mock the mightiest argosy,
As the gay zephyr frets the thistle down,
Until the sternest leader's heart doth melt
Because of trouble; thou who call'st them back
From their rough challenge to the muffled sky,

And bidst them harmless kiss an infant's feet
That seeketh silver shells, canst thou not curb
The tumult of the nations—the hot wrath
Of warring kings—who like the babe must die,
Vaunting this day in armor, and the next,
Unshrouded, slumbering on the battle-field!
God of the unfathomed, unresisted deep,
We trust in Thee, and know in whom we trust.

God of the solemn stars, that tread so true
The path by thee appointed, every one
From the slight asteroid, to the fair orb
That lists the watch word, or the music march
Of neighboring planets round their monarch suns
Circling in glorious order, lead our souls
From system unto system, up to Thee;
That when unbodied from this lower world,
Trembling they launch, they may not lose the clew
That guide from sun to sun, through boundless space,
The stranger atcm, to a home with Thee.

THE GIFTS OF SPRING,

By Mrs. Hale.

Spring! 'tis the spell of gladness—
But breathe that Eden word
Within the human bosom,
What pleasant thoughts are stirred;
Sweet thoughts of gushing fountains,
Bright skies and blossomed trees,
And soft green grass and violets,
And wild birds' molodies.

These visions warm the fancy,
And wake the lyre of mirth;
But Spring has gifts more precious
To bless the waiting earth—
There's life upon her breezes
To fan the failing breath—
And in her hand the rose of health,
To wreath the cheek of death.

There see the fond young mother,
Who, all the winter drear,
Beside her pining infant's couch
Has kept her watch of fear—
O! Spring may scatter buds and flowers
The laughing earth around!
Her sweetest gift, the bud of Hope,
In that fair mother's heart is found.

"Do you," said Fanny 'tother day,
"In earnest love me, as you say,
Or are those tender words applied,
Alike to fifty girls, beside?"
"Dear, cruel girl," cried I, forbear;
For by those eyes, those lips I swear—
She stopped me as the oath I took,
And cried, You've sworn, now kiss the book.

AUTHORISED AGENTS.

The following Brethren have kindly offered to act as Agents the American Masonic Register. They are duly authorised receive subscriptions and monies on its account.

William Boardman, New York City.
Tallmage Fairchild, Coxsackie.
Joel D. Smith, Castleton.
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Ebenezer Mix, Batavia.
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James Cavanagh, Watertown.
James M'Kain, Lockport.
Francis P. Milo, Kingston, U. C.
Philo W. Stocking, Wheeling, Va.

CALENDAR OF COMMUNICATIONS.

EACH MONTH.

Temple Encampment	Albany	2d Friday.
Temple R. A. Chapter,	Albany	2d & 4th Tuesday.
Mount Vernon Lodge,	Albany	1st & 3d Thursday.
Temple Lodge,	Albany	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Apollo Lodge,	Troy	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Apollo Chapter,	Troy	2d & 4th Tuesday.
Apollo Encampment,	Troy	3d Monday.
Phoenix Lodge,	Lansingburgh	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Olive Branch	Bethany Geo.	1st Wednesday p. m.
Gebece Encampment,	Lockport N.Y.	
Mount Moriah,	Louisville, Ky.	1st & 3d Saturday.

AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER AND LITERARY COMPANION.

BY L. G. HOFFMAN.]

ALBANY SATURDAY MARCH, 7, 1840.

[VOL. I.—NO. 27.]

MASONIC.

The following extracts from the revised edition of Ahiman Rezon, will give those of our readers who are not masons, some idea of the principles of our institution, as laid down in our printed standards, they also afford some useful hints to the Brethren:—

CONCERNING THE BEHAVIOR OF FREEMASONS, IN THEIR PRIVATE CHARACTERS.

When a number of Brethren happen to meet, without any strangers among them, and not in a formed Lodge.

In this case, they are to salute each other in a courteous manner, as they are, or may be instructed in the Lodge. They must call each other *brother*; and freely communicate hints of knowledge, without disclosing secrets. They must take care in all their actions and conversations, that they are neither overheard, nor overheard by strangers. In this friendly intercourse, no brother must presume to derogate from the respect due to another, were he not a Freemason. For though all freemasons, as brothers, are upon the level, yet Freemasonry, as was said before, divests no man of those honours, to which he is entitled in a civil or literary capacity. On the contrary, it increases our respect for him, and teaches us to add to all his other honors, those which, as Freemasons, cheerfully pay to an eminent brother, distinguishing him above all of his rank and station, and serving him readily according to our ability.

When in the presence of strangers who are not Freemasons.

In the presence of persons who are not Freemasons the members of the society must be cautious of their words and behavior; so that the most observant stranger shall not be able to discover what is not proper. The impertinent and insinuating questions, or ignorant and idle discourse, of those who seek to discover the secrets and mysteries committed to Freemasons, must be answered with caution and prudence, and the discourse wisely, but politely diverted to another subject.

When at home and in the neighbourhood.

Freemasons ought to be moral men, and fully qualified, as is required in the foregoing sections. Consequently they should be good husbands, good parents, good sons, and good neighbours; not absenting themselves unnecessarily from home; avoiding all excess injurious to themselves or families. A Freemason who behaves ill to his family, either personally in not providing for their wants by honest industry, or who idles away his time in dissipation and drunkenness, shall be accused before his Lodge and stand to its award. The Lodge must be composed of virtuous and industrious men, and not of drones who would live upon the labor of others.

Of behaviour towards a foreign brother or strangers.

Strangers and foreigners, who are Freemasons, are to be cautiously and scrupulously examined, that the craft may not be imposed upon by pretenders or cowards, and if an impostor should be discovered, he must be rejected with scorn and contempt, and information be given to the Grand Lodge. Such as

are found to be good men and true, are to be respected as brothers; they are to be relieved, if in want or be directed how to obtain relief; and to be recommended to employment, if an opportunity should offer.

Of behaviour behind a brother's back as well as before his face.

Freemasons have always been charged to avoid all manner of slandering and backbiting of any persons, but more especially of their brethren; to avoid all malice and unjust resentment, or talking disrespectfully of a brother's person or performance. Nor must they suffer any others to spread unjust reproaches, or calumnies, against a brother behind his back, nor to injure him in his fortune, occupation, or character. They shall defend such a brother, and give him notice of any danger, or injury, with which he may be threatened, to enable him to escape the same, as far as consistent with honour, prudence, and the safety of religion, morality, and the state, but no further.*

Concerning differences and law suits, if any should unhappily arise among the brethren.

If any brother do any injury to another, or if any difference should arise about any private business, application must be made to the offender's Lodge, to have the matter in dispute adjusted by the brethren. And if either party be not satisfied with the determination of the Lodge, an appeal may be carried to the Grand Lodge. But law suits are not to be instituted until the matter can be decided by the brethren. And if it be a matter that wholly concerns Freemasonry, law suits are to be entirely avoided, and the advice of prudent brethren is to be followed, as they are the best judges of such differences.

But when references are either impracticable or unsuccessful, and courts of law and equity must at last decide, you must still follow the general rules of Freemasonry already laid down. You must avoid all wrath, malice, rancour, and personal ill-will, in carrying on the suit with a brother. You must neither say nor do any thing to hinder the continuance, or renewal, of that brotherly-love and friendship which are the glory and cement of our ancient fraternity.

In this way we shall show to the world, the benign influences of Freemasonry, as wise, true, and faithful brethren have done before us, and as all who shall follow us, and would be thought worthy of that name will do until architecture shall be dissolved, with the great fabric of the world, in the last general conflagration! 2 Pet. iii 10—13.

These charges, and such others as shall be given in a way that cannot be written, are to be strictly and conscientiously observed. That no one may plead ignorance of them, they should be read, or made known to the new brethren, at their initiation and at such other times as the Master shall direct.

MASONIC ANECDOTES.

In the year 1748, Monsieur Preverot, a gentleman in the navy, was shipwrecked on an island, whose vice-

*It is from this rule, that the Anti-masons, made us sound to support a Mason, notwithstanding any crime he might perpetrate!! A Mason is under no more obligation to a bad member of the Order than he is to a stranger, and no brother ever was so "ignorant," as to put a different construction to it.—[Ed.]

roy was a Freemason. In his destitute condition, he presented himself to the viceroy, and related his misfortunes in a manner which completely proved that he was no impostor. The viceroy made the Masonic signs, which being instantly returned by the Frenchman, they recognised and embraced each other as brethren of the same order. The viceroy loaded him with presents, and gave him as much money as was necessary for carrying him into his native country.

In the battle of Dettingen, in 1743, one of the King's guards having his horse killed under him, was so entangled among its limbs that he was unable to extricate himself. While he was in this situation, an English dragoon galloped up to him, and with his uplifted sabre, was about to deprive him of life. The French soldier having with much difficulty, made the signs of Masonry, the dragoon recognized him as a brother, and not only saved his life, but freed him from his dangerous situation.

A Scottish gentleman, in the Prussian service, was taken prisoner at the battle of Lutzen and conveyed to Prague, along with four hundred of his companions in arms; as soon as it was known that he was a mason, he was released from confinement; he was invited to the tables of the most distinguished citizens; and requested to consider himself as a Freemason, and not as a prisoner of war.

During the American revolution, a citizen on board a privateer, was captured by the British, and the whole crew imprisoned at Edinburgh. The following night after their imprisonment, a lodge held its communication near the prison. During the time of refreshments some of the brethren visited the prisoners. This American manifested himself to be a mason, and was recognized as such. During the same evening, he was permitted to visit the lodge, and associate with the craft. By the friendly aid of the brethren, he was liberated from confinement, had the freedom of the city, and shortly after was sent back to his country and family.

A masonic brother, who escaped from Ireland, during the last national difficulties, protected the whole crew from a pirate, by his knowledge of Masonry.

An American was on board a British vessel on a passage to Europe. The vessel was captured, and taken to Brest. This was at the time when Bonaparte was in possession of Egypt. The crew, therefore, was sent to Alexandria, and put into close confinement. A gentleman was seen to pass the street by the prison wearing a sash of many colors. The American believing it to be a masonic badge, wanted nothing but opportunity to make himself known as a mason. Soon however it happened the same person wearing the same sash, came to the prison. This person proved to be the principle officer of the city, and recognized the American as a Mason; took him to his own house, paid his passage in the first vessel, gave him sixty crowns, and dismissed him. Who would not wish for humanity's sake, principles which produce such an effect might be more generally understood!

[From the Christian Intelligence.]

FEMALE MASONRY.

The following singular dream would not have been inserted, had not the parents of the young dreamer

(who, by the way, is a person of stainless reputation) asserted that it was related, to their perfect recollection, ten years ago, and has since frequently been the subject of conversation. It will be particularly interesting to *Female Masons*.

A DREAM.

It was a fine evening, but my spirits being somewhat depressed, I retired early to my rest. After committing myself to Him who is ever ready to hear all that put their trust in him, I fell into a sweet sleep. There appeared a man with a beautiful countenance, who wished me to follow him. I did so; and we passed through several rooms, when we came to a door, where stood a man with a sword. He asked me for a password. My companion told me to say "Hope" which I did. We then entered the adjoining apartment. I was immediately bound, and a bandage was placed over my eyes. He then took me several times round the room. I heard a number of voices at different times. One asked what I wanted. My guide whispered to me to answer "To be brought out of darkness into light and to be made free." Instantly I was unbound, the bandage removed from my eyes: when the room was so light that it was some time before I could see clearly. I extended any thing for brightness, that I ever beheld. I then felt something on my bosom, like the point of a pin; and the first thing I saw was two swords pointed to my breast. One was the sword of justice, the other of truth; so said my guide. The room I found lit up with many lights. There was a large black coffin before me, into which I was told to enter and fear not. I knelt down in it, with the swords still at my breast when I was commanded to swear that I would not reveal to anyone any thing I had seen, or should see and hear. I took the oath trembling much—but was told not to be afraid, that no harm would happen to me if my intentions were good; but if not the sword of justice would overtake me. I was then conducted to a small room, but very light; where was standing seven large candlesticks. There were also an altar, on which was a bible, in one corner of the apartment was a ladder. All above it resembled the blue sky. While a great number of masons were ascending the ladder, my guide told me to look; and I saw the appearance of a large Eye when he said, "Behold the All-seeing Eye, the searcher of hearts." It instantly disappeared, when I saw coming down the ladder, a Man clothed in white—his garments exceeded the snow for whiteness—his hair was gray and hung in ringlets over his shoulders. He had a girdle round his waist—the sun shone a round his head; and directing me to follow, he went towards the altar and commanded me to kneel. Then appeared a middle aged man, with a mallet in his hand exclaiming, "as they smote our brother Hiram, so I smite thee." Then the one which had such a god-like appearance, said, "Hold fast to thine integrity." He presented me with a rule and a square, saying, "Let these be emblematic of your profession: walk by the rule and square your conduct with all mankind. Keep with integrity; and let faith, hope and charity be your support. Whenever you see a brother in distress who ever he may be, or in what place, assist him, as far as it lies within your power; and let the willow and the orphan be your care. Remember that I am the father of the orphan." He commanded me to take hold of his garment, and by the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, that I would do all he required of me. "He silent," said he "and you must know yet more." I took the oath, he ascended the ladder, all the company following him. I was left alone with my former guide. I then ascended it like a bird, and beheld the funeral of a mason. The corpse of a man was too great to be buried, and the priests too numerous to be seen to the whole extent. Four men were bearing the coffin: they put it down in the midst, where a mason arose out of it and joined the procession. They were uniformly dressed, and their implements pointed on their aprons. I then followed my guide down the ladder and awoke. The room was perfumed with spices of various kinds, which appeared to remain some time after I awoke. I was much frightened—arose and ran into my parents chamber, to get a light, thinking there must be some one in my own chamber. I told this dream to my parents the next morning, which is now ten years since; and is still as clearly impressed on my memory, as it was at the time I first related it. Perhaps, if I had remained silent, I might have been a greater sinner; but I was sensi-

ble it was only a dream, I did not feel bound by my sleeping oaths; and besides, it proves the truth of the old saying, *A woman cannot keep a secret.*"

PHEBE.

MISCELLANY.

DEATH.

BY JEREMY TAYLOR.

Death is the same harmless thing that a poor shepherd suffered yesterday or a maid servant to-day; and at the same time in which you die, in that very night a thousand creatures die with you, some wise men, and many fools; and the wisdom of the first will not quit him, and the folly of the latter does not make him unable to die.

I have read of a fair young German gentleman, who while living, often refused to be pictured, but put off the importunity of his friends' desire by giving way that after a few days burial, they might send a painter to his vault, and if they saw cause for it, draw the image of his death unto his life. They did so, and found his face half-eaten, and his miter and backbone full of serpents; and so he stands pictured among his armed ancestors.

It is a mighty change that is made by the death of every person, and it is visible to us, who are alive.—Reckon but from the sprightfulness of youth and the fair cheeks and full eyes of childhood, from the vigour and strong flexure of the joints of five and twenty, to the hollowness and dead paleness, to the loathsomeness and horror of a three days' burial, and we shall perceive the distance to be very great and very strange. But so have I seen a rose newly springing from the clefts of its hood, and at first it was fair as the morning, and full with the dew of heaven, as the lamb's fleece; but when a ruder breath had forced upon its virgin modesty, and dismantled its too youthful and unripe retirements, it began to put on darkness and to decline to softness and the symptoms of a sickly age, it bowed the head and broke its stalk and at night, having lost some of its leaves, and all its beauty, it fell into the portion of weeds and outworn faces. So does the fairest beauty change, and it will be as bad with you and me; and then what servants shall we have to wait upon us in the grave? What friends to visit us? What officious people to cleanse away the moist and unwholesome cloud reflected upon our faces from the sides of the weeping vaults, which are the longest weepers for our funerals?

A man may read a sermon the best and most passionate that ever man preached, if he shall but enter into the sepulchres of kings. In the same Escorial where the Spanish princes live in greatness, and power, and decree war or peace, they have wisely placed a cemetery where their ashes and their glory shall sleep till time shall be no more: and where our kings have been crowned, their ancestors lie interred, and they must walk over their grandfathers' head to take his crown.—There is an acre sown with royal seed, the copy of the greatest change from rich to rags, from ceiled roofs to arched coffins; from living like gods to die like men.—There is enough to cool the flames of lust to abate the heights of pride, to appease the itch of covetous desires, to sully and dash out the dissembling colours of a lustful, artificial, and imaginary beauty. There the warlike and the peaceful, the fortunate and the miserable, the beloved and the despised princes mingle their dust and pay down their symbol of mortality, and tell all the world when we die, our ashes shall be equal to kings, and our accounts easier, and our pains for our crimes shall be less. To my apprehension, it is a sad record which is left by Athenians concerning Ninus the great Assyrian monarch, whose life and death is summed up in these words; "Ninus the Assyrian had an ocean of gold and riches more than the land in the Caspian sea; he never saw the stars, and perhaps he never desired it, he never stirred up the holy dreams among the Magi; nor touched his God with the sacred rod according to the laws, he never offered sacrifices, nor worshipped the deity, nor administered justice, nor spoke to the people nor numbered them; but he was most valient to eat and drink, and having mingled his wines, he threw the rest upon the stones. This man is dead: behold his sepulchre, and now hear where Ninus is. Sometime I was Ninus, and drew the breath of a living man, but now am nothing but clay. I have nothing but what I did

eat, and what I served to myself in lust is all my portion: the wealth with which I was blessed, my enemies meeting together shall carry away, as the mad Thyades carry a raw goat. I am gone to hell; and when I went thither, I neither carried gold nor horse nor silver chariot. I that were a mitre, am now a little heap of dust."

EXTRAORDINARY ESCAPE FROM DEATH.

One of the most surprising narratives we have any where met with is contained in the history of a scene of the "Reign of Terror," which we copy from a recent work entitled the *Journal of a Nobleman*.

"Two men by the name of Roux, father and son, who are still living, and are employed in the Navy Office at Toulon, were condemned to death after the evacuation of that place by the English, on pretence of having betrayed the interests of France. They were, with 900 others, ordered to be shot at a place called 'Le Champ de Bataille.' Without being made to undergo any form of trial, without even having had an opportunity of being heard in explanation of their conduct, they were torn from the bosom of their family, and taken to the place of execution. When all the intended victims were placed in a heap in the middle of the plain, several field pieces, loaded with grape shot were brought up close to them, as well as a regiment of cavalry, and one of infantry, which were to charge those whom the cannon had not wholly destroyed, and finish them. The two Roux had been separated from each other. The son, fearing lest the discharge of cannon should not despatch him with sufficient speed, placed himself as much forward as he possibly could. He was so close to the battery, that when the guns went off the power of the explosion knocked him down. The instinct which impels mankind to the preservation of life, made him feign that he was dead when the cavalry were ordered to charge. A dragoon gave him a sabre cut, which made a large, though not dangerous wound on his back. The infantry came after, and one of the soldiers perceived that young Roux had not ceased to breathe, gave him a violent blow on the head, with the butt end of his musket, which so completely stunned him that he lay for several hours senseless on the ground. The slain having been left on the Champ de Bataille, to be all removed the next morning for interment, were soon stripped of their garments by the liberated prisoners of the bagnio, and all left nearly naked. During the night young Roux recovered the use of his senses. It was of the utmost difficulty he recalled to memory what had occurred. The horrors of the day presented themselves at last fully to his mind. He was to quit, if possible, the scene of death, and it was then that he perceived that he was naked and covered with blood. He sought to find me so garments among the dead by whom he was surrounded, and in his efforts to take off from the body of one of the unfortunate men some clothes which had escaped the pillage, he found that life was not extinct in him. The desire of saving a fellow creature prompted every means that could bring timely relief, and they were not used in vain. The joy and surprise of both may be easily conceived when they discovered that they were the father and son. They alone had escaped the carnage! It was with difficulty they could procure sufficient clothing from among the surrounding victims of this act of unheard of atrocity, in order to withdraw from the horrid scene. Fortunately for them, no sentinel had been stationed to watch over this field of butchery, and the Roux returned without any obstacle to their house. It was with the utmost difficulty they obtained access to it. At that time of night the afflicted family did not suppose that they were raised for any other purpose than that of furnishing new victims to the blood thirsty agents of anarchy and destruction. No words could express the sensations of the wife and children on beholding again those whose supposed destruction had plunged them into grief and despair. The wounds were immediately dressed, and before daylight they retired to their country house, situated a few leagues in the interior of Provence, where they remained concealed until the 'Reign of Terror' was no more, and the cannibals of the south had ceased to have their day.

"He who wrote in this manner," says Hazen, "also was a mitre, and is now a heap of dust, but when the name of Terror is no longer remembered with reverence, genius will have become a mockery, and virtue an empty name."

They then returned to Toulon, to the amazement of their friends and acquaintances, many of whom could not, for a long time, persuade themselves that they were not the ghosts of the two men who had been included in the massacre of the Camp de Bataille. These two men to this day live, esteemed and respected by their fellow-citizens, by whom the particulars of their misfortunate escape are not forgotten.

A NEW KIND OF CANDLES.

There is a new method of making candles, which perhaps few of our readers have heard of. The object of the manufacturers is to make tallow candles resemble wax candles, both in appearance and burning, and this they accomplish in a surprisingly successful manner. The process employed to transform the tallow into a substance like white wax, is very ingenious. It consists in various operations of boiling and purifying, which we do not consider ourselves at liberty to describe; and, at a certain stage, the tallow is run into moulds, so as to form cakes of about an inch in thickness, and a foot or two in length and breadth. These cakes, when cool, are piled one upon the top of another, but with a layer of coarse mat between, to keep the cakes from sticking to each other. The pile of cakes thus interspersed with mats, is next put into a press of enormous power; and pressure being applied, a dark yellow oil is squeezed from the cakes. No screw-press can give force sufficient for this operation: a hydraulic press is used, wrought by a steam-engine, and the oil is seen pouring like a shower down the sides of the pile, and running away in troughs at the bottom. After the oil has been sufficiently expelled, the cakes are taken out, and they seem as hard as a piece of board; in short, the tallow has been *waxified*, and has lost both the smell and the taste of grease. The cakes are now ready to be melted and run into candle moulds in the usual manner; but something else is wanting to complete the process. The wicks consist of three strands of cotton plaited together, and upon these the candles are moulded. The plaiting of the wicks is of much importance. In common tallow candles, it is observed that the wick in burning stands up in the centre of the flame, and therefore, weakens the light. Snuffing remedies this evil, though only for a minute or two, and constant snuffing is a serious annoyance. When the wicks are plaited, they do not stand up in the flame. As the candle consumes, the burnt wick curls aside out of the flame, and presents a nose to the atmosphere, by which the substance of the wick is dispersed without any snuffing, as in the case of wax candles. So close, indeed is the resemblance which these compressed tallow candles have to candles of wax that no person, without careful examination, could discover the difference, while they are only about one half the price. It was a Frenchman we believe, who discovered the process of making candles on this principle, but it has been brought to perfection only by English capital and perseverance. At the large establishment of Messrs. Edward Price and Co., at Vauxhall, which we lately visited, candles are now made according to this ingenious process of manufacture to an inconceivably large amount; and, though far inferior in brilliancy of light to our own beautiful gas, they are unquestionably a great improvement on the old kind of tallow candles, which, indeed, they must entirely supersede in warm climates.

ADVICES (USELESS)

The practice of buckling a leathern belt round the waists of children, particularly round little boys, which has lately come into fashion, is, we observe from a late medical work, discountenanced as frequently injurious to growth. The writer, who is Mr. Hare, surgeon in Leeds, in treating of curvatures of the spine thus observes: "A custom at present prevails to a very considerable extent, of using a leathern belt buckled round the waist of boys when they commence wearing their clothes of woollen cloth: this practice, unless adopted with great care, has a direct tendency to produce a contracted state of the chest and upper part of the abdomen, similar in effect, though not in the same degree, to that produced by corsets in growing girls; it is hoped that it is only necessary to point out the evil, and that parents will at once see the necessity of avoiding it."

Mr. Hare, in the same work, presents a number of

lamentable cases of curvatures of the spine, consumption, and other diseases, produced by tight lacing; but that is a subject of which it is not of the smallest use to speak, with the hope of remedying the evil; our young women have got a crotchet into their heads that small waists are handsome, though, by the way, we never heard any gentleman say so—and, consequently, no species of admonition will cause them to desist from the pernicious practice of squeezing themselves out of shape. A medical friend lately suggested the propriety of our making publicly known the injury which girls and young women also suffer by a strange practice lately introduced, of wearing the shoulders of their frocks down upon their arms. The injury, he told us, does not consist in the exposure of the whole neck and shoulders to the atmosphere, though that, no doubt, is something, but in the prevention of a free motion of the arms, by which the chest is confined or prevented from expanding in a natural manner. We make this known through the wide circle of our readers, but without expecting that the notice will cause a single young woman to alter the fashion of her attire. Like tight lacing, the silly custom of exposing the shoulders and pinning down the arms, must be left to run its course.—*Ed. Journal.*

ATTENTION TO LITTLE THINGS.

Colonel Macaroni, among his "Seasonable Hints," in the *Mechanics' Magazine*, states that he had only three pairs of boots for three years, and he thinks he shall not want any more for five years to come. And why? Why, because he has studied out a preserving preparation, suitable to the leather, and applied it in a suitable manner. Now, is there *no use* in that, brother mechanic? A little matter I know it is. Life, and the comforts of it, and the use of it too, are all made up of little matters. The ocean and the land are made up of little matters, drops of water and particles of dust. I come every way, in a word, to one and the same conclusion. The mechanic, to conduct his business to advantage, or to live like a decent human being, to enjoy health and strength, to do justice to himself or family—to be, in a word, comfortable, a respectable, or a useful person—must not be an ignorant or an inattentive gentleman; and the more he knows and studies of the right sort of knowledge, the better it will be. This he must do for himself. Other men may do something for him. They have done a great deal, as I have shown. But they have not done, they cannot do all; no nor the best part. A man's mind, like his eating and breathing, belongs to himself; and I should be as sorry to have my *thinking* done by my neighbor, as to have him eat up all my bread and potatoes, when I am as hungry as he is. I do not know why Colonel Macaroni, or anybody else, should have the better of me or my reader in that affair of the boots. I advise you to see to it, at any rate. And do you ask what is the colonel's recipe? I'll tell you what *mine* is. Go, see for yourself, my good friend. You might have invented it as well as he; but as you have not do the best you can; read it remember it, and practise it. Do the same in other matters. Keep a bright look out. Take care of yourself. Mind your business. See, hear, read, think and my life on it, you'll come out as well as Colonel Macaroni.

There is a great deal that passes for luck, which is not such. Generally speaking your "lucky fellows" when one searches closely into their history, turn out to be your fellows that know what they are doing, and how to do it in the right way. Their luck comes to them because they work for it: it is luck well earned. They put themselves in the way of luck. They keep themselves wide awake. They make the best of what opportunities they possess, and always stand ready for more; and when a mechanic does thus much, depend on it, it must be *hard* luck indeed if he do not get, at least, employers, customers, and friends. "One needs only," says an American writer, "to turn to the lives of men of mechanical genius to see how, by taking advantage of little things and facts which every one had thought unworthy of regard, they have established new and important principles in the arts, and built up for themselves manufactories for the practice of their newly discovered processes. And yet these are the men who are called the *lucky fellows*, and sometimes envied as such. Who can deny that their luck is well earned? or that it is just as much in my power to "go

head" (as the Yankees say) as it was in theirs.—*Ed. Journal.*

Working Cows.—The Worcester (Mass.) *Ægis*, says, it is believed that a team of Cows properly managed will do all the ordinary work of a small farm and furnish as much milk as if the animals were not worked. The Maine Farmer publishes the result of an experiment in working cows, made by a Mr. Hoyt of Amesbury, Mass., many years ago. He was a small farmer, cultivating only twenty-five acres from which he derived a support for himself and family. For breaking up and his other heavy operations, he usually obtained a stronger team, but performed the ordinary work on the farm with his two cows. He worked them three hours early in the morning and three more late in the afternoon, permitting them to rest during the interval, feeding them generously all the while, and milking them three times a day. It was a common remark that they furnished more butter and cheese, than any other two cows in town. The experiment deserves a careful trial.

Refreshments at half past eleven.—A fellow with a lashing exterior and a young wife, lately sported a month at one of our fashionable boarding houses. One day as himself and lady were going out for a walk, the landlady presented her bill, upon which the gentleman drew a check for \$300, requesting the landlady to favor him with the change, as his lady had shopping to do, and it would save him the drawing of another check. This was readily complied with, and the lady and gentleman walked off, requesting certain refreshments to be prepared at half past eleven, when they would return. Before half past eleven, the landlady made the following singular discoveries. That the gentleman had no money in the bank; that the lady had carried off all the extra clothing belonging to herself and husband under her cloak, besides sundry valuable articles belonging to other boarders; that there was nothing in the two trunks left behind, but a pair of worn out stockings, a broken comb, and an odd suspender; that she had given a month's boarding of two persons and \$180, in cash, for a check that was good for nothing; and that it was hardly likely that the lady and gentleman would be back at half past eleven, so it would not be necessary to prepare the refreshments. The lady and gentleman probably walked on board of some steamboat and were off, as they have not since been heard of.—*N. O. Pic.*

Religion and Physic.—Lorenzo Dow was a compounder of Medicine, as well as a stirrer up of the devout. We once heard him wind up thus, without a moment's pause or the least alteration of voice, in passing from religion to physic:

"And thine, O lord, shall be the glory and honor, and dominion for ever and ever, Amen my pills, O beloved brethren, are for sale at Mr. Worthington's apothecary shop, price 25 cents a box—certain cure for colic!—*N. Y. Signal.*

A Fa' Office.—We have before us the return of N. H. Jewitt, Esq., inspector of pot and pearl ashes for the past year, from which we learn that after paying all his expenses for rent of the warehouse, clerk hire, laborers &c., amounting to \$16 19¢ 28, the neat little sum of ten thousand, one hundred and fifty dollars, was left for the inspector general.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Something Suspicious.—We are informed that on Monday evening about 8 o'clock, three young men and a lad about 15 years of age, apparently sailors, came ashore at the Long Wharf in a whale boat, having with them three large and heavy chests, several full bags, a large clay furnace, dinner pot and other articles. They landed the chest, &c., and carried them to some house, and yesterday morning went off again in their boat, over towards Canonicut, saying that they were going a fishing, but had not returned last evening. They gave different accounts of themselves, one saying that they came from Fall River, and another from Providence. They had but two oars in their boat, one about six feet, and the other 12 x 14 feet long. One of them passed a gold (\$24) piece before they left here yesterday morning.—*Newport, R. I. Republican.*

POPULAR TALES.

MONSIEUR DURANCE.

THE MAN OF TWO ADVENTURES.

Being destined early for a mercantile profession, I was sent, when a youth of fifteen or sixteen, to Bourdeaux, in order to acquire the knowledge requisite for my proposed pursuits, in the counting-house of one of the first establishments in that ancient city. The head of this firm, which was an extremely wealthy one, was M. Durance, a gentleman who, from an old friendship for my father, took me into his own house, and was most parentally kind to me. M. Durance was well up in years, round and ruddy in aspect, social in his habits, and possessed of one of the very best of hearts. He had one foible, however, which made the good soul almost intolerable to all mankind. Notwithstanding the great extent of the business, he had conducted, he had seldom been out of Bourdeaux. He had only once been at Paris; but that once was enough. On that occasion he had met with two adventures. Oh, those two adventures! Tongue cannot tell, nor brain conceive, the delight which the worthy man took in narrating these incidents. His friends were kept thereby in a state of perpetual alarm. They never heard the words, "Did you ever hear me tell?" or even, "Did you ever?"—come from M. Durance's lips, without an internal shudder, and an instant retreat if possible. "Did you?" itself was enough to bring out a cool perspiration. For if the good old merchant once began, pause or rest was out of the question for the succeeding couple of hours. How often have I been compelled, after dinner, to listen to these two eternal adventures! It was not that they were uninteresting in themselves. On the contrary, they were of a very remarkable order, and still more remarkable as having occurred at one and the same time. But who can listen even to a good thing for ever! Nevertheless, as it is not likely the reader can ever have suffered from M. Durance's perpetuities, we shall repeat them once more with a little more brevity than it was the honest man's practice to employ.

M. Durance had occasion to go to Paris upon business. He had a carriage or chariot in which he proposed to travel, but at the time when he found it convenient to set out, this vehicle required a slight repair, and the merchant, then comparatively young and active, thought it best to ride slowly forward on horseback for a couple of stages, leaving his servant to bring the carriage after him. M. Durance thus hoped to enjoy for some part of the way, a more leisurely view of the country, which he had scarcely ever seen beyond a few miles' distance from his own house. Accordingly after giving full instructions to the servant, M. Durance set out respectably mounted, and well armed, for he carried a large sum in bills and money. To do him justice, he had a stout spirit and a fair share of courage; yet not much of either was required to travel alone at that period, owing to the admirable degree of efficiency into which the famous Fouché had brought the police of the country.

M. Durance's first day's travel was unproductive of any wonderful event. He stopt before nightfall at a village inn, rested comfortably, and next morning pursued his route. While riding slowly along the border of a large wood, in the forenoon of the second day, he observed a party of men, also on horseback, a short way before him. He continued his course, and they did the same; but the merchant was uncomfortably surprised in the end to observe them frequently turning round, one after another, apparently to look at him. M. Durance thought of pistols, and began to be very uneasy. The road now struck into the wood already mentioned, and when in the middle of it, poor Durance was shocked to see the men halt, and turn round to observe him, as if simultaneously. The merchant was at this time but a short distance from them, and could not help drawing up his horse also for a moment. While he was in this situation, one of the men, after an apparent consultation with the others, left them and advanced to our friend.

"Now is the time," thought Durance, "here comes the demand for my purse! What is to be done?" And the worthy soul's heart sank within him, as he thought of the heavy sum which he bore.

When the man came up, however, there was no

demand of this kind made. The stranger's first words to Durance were, "What is your purpose here?" The merchant hesitated, and at length stammered out, "I am come—upon an honest errand, I hope—like yourselves." "Ah, I thought so," replied the stranger. Then, after a moment's pause, he continued, "Well, what will you take to go away? Will you take one hundred louis? Mystified thoroughly, Durance almost by accident, bolted out a "No?" The man again spoke, and said, "I cannot offer you more without speaking to my companions." With which words he turned away and rejoined his band.

M. Durance never was so much puzzled in his life, but his spirits rose as he saw no intention on the part of the men to injure him, and he waited quietly till the stranger's return. That personage was not long away, when he returned to the merchant, a bag of money was in his hand. This bag he held out to Durance, saying, "We have come to the resolution of just offering you three hundred louis at once—here they are—if you choose to go away. Now do take them," continued he; "upon my word we cannot offer more." Durance sat more bewildered than ever, and was about to speak, when the bag was thrust into his hand by the stranger, who at the same time said, Now, do take it without another word. It will be as well for you, perhaps, as you are alone; and I can tell you there are some determined fellows yonder, who would think nothing to drive you off. But I was for a compromise, and, upon my honor, we cannot give more. With this the man turned to move away. Part of his last speech had made a wonderful impression on Durance, who though utterly unable to tell the meaning of all this, thought it wise to pocket the bag, and ride onwards. He did so, and soon lost sight of the strangely liberal party he had met.

M. Durance continued his route peacefully, till nightfall, pondering all the way on what had passed, yet incapable of coming to any conclusion on the subject. On reaching the village where he proposed to rest all night, he was joined by his servant, Joseph Demaray, with the chariot, and on the ensuing day they pursued their journey in this vehicle. Nothing of interest occurred throughout their further progress, until they reached the very gates of Paris. But just as the vehicle was passing the barrier, a gentlemanly looking person came up to the carriage side, and thus addressed M. Durance: "Sir, you will have the goodness to go with me." "What?" said the merchant, "whither must I go? and why?" In a low tone of voice, and with the utmost civility, the gentleman replied, "You will permit me to have the honor of conducting you to M. Fouché?" ejaculated M. Durance, in no small alarm at the thought of what the famous head of the police could want with him; "I have committed no offence, I have broken no law, and I cannot understand why I should be sent for by"—The man cut short this speech by saying, "I have been waiting for some time upon you, sir, being instructed that you would arrive in a carriage like this; and your person, portmanteau, and every thing about you, answer the description given to me. I cannot, therefore, be mistaken in the party, and you will have the goodness to attend me to M. Fouché, who will himself explain his business with you which is more than I can do. There was no resisting this peremptory civil request. By the stranger's directions, M. Durance sent on his servant to the hotel where he proposed to lodge, and seeing no alternative, followed the messenger to the office of the head of the police.

Fouché received our hero with the utmost politeness, and, after requesting him to be seated, entered immediately on a detail of certain matters, which made the eyes of M. Durance grow round as full moons, and led the good man to the conclusion that Fouché and the gentleman in black were things synonymous. "You are M. Durance, of Bourdeaux, the head of the extensive mercantile house that bears your name; you have in your portmanteau the sum of—(naming the exact sum) in specie, and the sum of—in bills; you are about to reside at the hotel B., near the Boulevards; and it is your custom to retire to rest about eleven o'clock." These are but few of the particulars regarding M. Durance's situation, purposes, and habits, which the public functionary seemed to be aware of. The merchant sat in mute astonishment.

M. Fouché evidently enjoyed his visitor's wonder,

and before any reply could be made, the police functionary continued in these rather startling words:—"Sir, are you a man of courage?" We have mentioned already that M. Durance had a good deal of spirit about him, and he was now roused to make the reply "that no one had ever doubted his courage, and he begged to know the cause of the question." "Sir," answered M. Fouché, "you are to be robbed and murdered this night." "Robbed and murdered!" "Gracious heaven! can this be true?" "It is true" returned M. Fouché: "You have seen how much of the truth, relative to your affairs, I am acquainted with, and this also is the truth. My reason for putting a question to you, affecting your courage, is this. If you have enough of that quality you will go to your hotel, and retire to rest at the usual hour placing your portmanteau, as usual, by your bedside, and betraying no suspicion to those around you. Only take care not to fall asleep—and leave the rest to me. It will be unnecessary, and indeed, improper, for you to look into the closets or beneath the bed. In short, do nothing, but go to rest as you would do at home, and leave the rest to me. Have you resolution to do this?" M. Durance meditated a little, as was not unnatural, before giving an answer, on which the head of the police addressed him again. "If you do not feel inclined to go through with this affair, I will procure one to personate you. This would render the affair more difficult, and its success less certain, but it might be done." "No no," exclaimed our friend, "I will do it myself. I will act precisely as you direct, leaving my life in your hands." "You may do so, sir," replied M. Fouché, "with perfect confidence."

After a repetition of his instructions, and receiving some further particulars relative to the intended attack on him, the worthy merchant left M. Fouché, and having procured a street vehicle, was driven to the hotel whither he had sent his servant and carriage. The evening was now pretty well advanced, and ere M. Durance had rested himself and taken some refreshment, it wanted little more than two hours of bed-time. The merchant felt himself incapable of going out, and he therefore sought a book and sat still. But, with his usual kindness of heart he did not wish to confine others on his account. His servant Demaray, who was a Parisian, asked to go out and call upon his friends. "By all means, Joseph," said M. Durance: "go to see your friends, but recollect to be here again by eleven." After this, M. Durance attempted to read, but, finding himself incapable of following the meaning of two lines together, he laid down the book, and thought.

Joseph returned punctually at eleven, and lighted his master to bed. On being left alone, the courage of the merchant almost gave way. He looked around him. As M. Fouché had stated, there were two large closets in the room. The thought that, at that instant, his intended murderers might be there, came across the mind of M. Durance, and he was strongly tempted to satisfy himself before he lay down. But he recollected his promise—he remembered how accurate the intelligence of M. Fouché had been on other points—and he resolved to confide in what had been stated to him, and to obey every direction. Having come firmly to this conclusion, he put out the lights and lay down on the bed. The counsel "not to sleep," proved most superfluous in the case of the honest merchant. His mind and senses were too much on the alert to permit him to slumber. Sometimes, within the first hour after he lay down, he thought he heard stifled noises, but they were not continuous, and led to nothing. At length, however, about half-past twelve, the door of his bedchamber was opened, and a glimmer of light fell on the opposite wall. Having purposely arranged the bed-clothes about his head in such a way as to enable him to see without being seen, M. Durance then beheld three men enter, bearing a dark lantern, and each armed with a dagger and pistols. One of them advanced to the bed-side, and seized the portmanteau. In this person's face, to his horror, the merchant beheld the lineaments of his own servant, Joseph Demaray! The first act of the men was to rip up and rifle the portmanteau; but while they were doing so together, each being unable, seemingly, to trust his companions, M. Durance heard them agree upon the necessity of his own immediate death. Ignorant of the means

prepared by M. Fouché for his succor, M. Durance felt the perspiration burst upon his body: but he was not kept long in this state, for, ere the rifling of the portmanteau could be completed, the closet doors burst open, five or six men rushed out, and in an instant the surprised robbers were in the hands of justice. On the officers coming out, the bed-room door at the same time was opened, and lights brought in, showing that all had been indeed thoroughly prepared for the relief of the merchant and capture of the offenders.

"Ah ha!" M. Durance would here say, when narrating the story himself, "what think you of my second adventure! More wonderful still than the first, was it not?"

Whatever may be thought on this point, there is obviously less of mystery in the last incident than in the preceding. The extraordinary degree of information displayed by M. Fouché, resulted simply from the circumstance of the villain Demaray having written from Bordeaux to Paris, announcing to his associates the prize which was coming in their way. It may be thought that a roundabout and dangerous mode for M. Durance was adopted for the seizure of the offenders, and this may be in part true. But it is to be remembered that the slightest symptoms of preparation would have awakened the suspicions of Demaray, and would thus have prevented, in all probability, the capture of his associates, who though old offenders, had long escaped detection by the police. As to other points, M. Fouché, doubtless, had been afraid lest M. Durance, if informed previously of the treachery of his servant Demaray, and other particulars, might have prematurely done something to betray the scene.

The wretch of a servant and his associates were punished as they well merited. M. Durance, grateful for his escape, blessed the wonderful police of his country, settled his business, to his satisfaction in Paris and in due time returned to Bordeaux. It was not till after his return, notwithstanding many inquiries, that he could get any rational explanation of the first of his two adventures. Finally, however, by dint of local investigation, the mystery was solved. And what, does the reader think, was the cause of the three hundred louis being given to him, with such strange and apparently causeless liberality? The explanation is simple. In that wood, on the afternoon in question, there was to be a great sale of cut wood, which the party of men had come from a distance to buy in concert with one another. They looked for a great bargain, having reason to hope that nobody would appear to bid against them. But, on seeing M. Durance in their track, they at once concluded that he was on the same "errand," as themselves. On consultation, they thought it worth their while to endeavor to buy up his opposition, by the offer of a good round sum. M. Durance's first words unintentionally confirmed the mistake as to his purposes. The issue is known to the reader.

It is not exactly in our power to say to what extent M. Durance carried his inquiries, with the view of restoring the three hundred louis. We believe he offered publicly to give it up on call, but that it was never claimed from him. Perhaps the parties were ashamed of their extraordinary and simple witted self-deception.

THE GATHERER.

A STRANGE CUSTOM.

In Spain, after a woman has obliged her gallant by all possible civilities and compliance, to confirm her kindness she would show him her foot, and this they called the highest favor. The feet of queens were so sacred, that it was a crime to think, or at any rate to speak of them. On the arrival of the Princess Maria Anna of Austria, the bride of Philip IV. in Spain, a quantity of the finest silk stockings were presented to her in a city where there is manufactories of that article. The major domo of the future queen threw back the stockings with indignation, exclaiming, "Know that the queens of Spain have no feet!" When the young bride heard this, she began to weep bitterly, declaring she would return to Vienna, and that she would never have set foot in Spain had she known that her feet

were to be cut off. This ridiculous etiquette was on one occasion carried still further: One day, as the second consort of Charles II. was riding a spirited horse the animal reared on his hinder legs. At the moment when the horse seemed on the point of falling back with his fair rider, the queen slipped off on one side, and remained with one of her feet hanging in the stirrup. The unruly beast, irritated still more at the burden which fell on one side, kicked with the utmost violence in all directions. In the first moments of danger and alarm, no person dared venture to the assistance of the queen for this reason, that excepting the king and the chief of the menimos, or little pages, no person of the male sex was allowed to touch any part of the queens of Spain, and least of all their feet. As the danger of the queen augmented, two cavaliers ran to her relief. One of them seized the bridle of the horse while the other drew the queen's foot from the stirrup, and in performing this service, dislocated his thumb. As soon as they had saved her life, they hastened away with all possible expedition, ordered their fleetest horses to be saddled, and were just preparing for their flight out of the kingdom, when a messenger came to inform them, that, at the queen's intercession, the King had pardoned the crime they had committed in touching her person.

THE SCOTCH PARSON'S FIDDLE.

This, though the fiddle of a Scotchman, is not emphatically "The Scotch fiddle." The anecdote is related by a Caladonian preacher of this city. A respectable minister of the kirk in Scotland, who had a fondness for musick, was accustomed to divert himself by playing on the bass viol. His indulgence in this innocent amusement had like to have proved fatal to his reputation, for it was noised abroad among his parishioners, that he was in the habit of playing the fiddle, which among the rigid and superstitious is reckoned as the devil's own instrument. What was to be done? The good people heard with horror, that their pastor was a mere fiddle—a man of Belial.

But the Scotch are proverbial for their prudence and moderation; and therefore instead of condemning their minister unheard, they thought it would be no more than just to inquire into the truth of the injurious report. Accordingly having met in solemn assembly, they appointed a delegation, consisting of some of the main pillars of the kirk, to wait upon the parson and inquire into the matter. They went to the minister's house, and were convinced both by ocular and auricular demonstration, that there was no truth in the rumour, and that the parson had been grossly slandered. They returned to the people to make their report, and said—"We have been wrongly informed in what was tould us anent the feedling of our worthy minister—gude safe us! It is na the little wecked fiddle, that he makes use of but it is the big godly feedle."—*Ed. Journal.*

PRIVATE FORTUNES IN ANCIENT TIMES.

Croesus possessed in landed property a fortune of £1,700,000, besides a large sum of money, slaves, and furniture, which amounted to an equal sum; he used to say, that a citizen who had not a fortune sufficient to support an army or a legion did not deserve the title of a rich man. The philosopher Seneca had a fortune of £2,500,000. Lentulus, the soothsayer, had £3,500,000. Tiberius, at his death, left £23,625,000; which Caligula spent in less than twelve months. Vespasian, on ascending the throne, estimated all the expenses of the state at £3,500,000. The debts of Milton amounted to £600,000. Caesar, before he entered upon any office; owed £2,995,000; he purchased the friendship of Curius for £500,000, and Lucius Paulus for £300,000. At the time of the assassination of Julius Caesar, Anthony was in debt to the amount of £300,000; he owed this sum to the Ides of March, and it was paid before the Kalends of April; he squandered £147,000 of the public treasures. Appian expended in debauchery £500,000; and finding, on the extinction of the state of his affairs, that he had no more than £80,000 left, he poisoned himself, because he considered that sum insufficient for his maintenance. Julius Caesar gave Servilla the mother of Brutus, a pearl of the value of £40,000. Cleopatra, at an entertainment, gave to Anthony, dissolved in vinegar, who

swallowed it, a pearl worth £80,000. Claudius, the son of Eropus, the comedian, swallowed one worth £8,000. One single dish cost Esopus £80,000, and Heliosabulus £20,000. The usual cost for a repast for Lucullus was £20,000. Misailla gave £400,000 for the house of Anthony. The fish from Lucullus's fish ponds were sold for £35,000. Scausus' country house was destroyed by fire, and his loss was estimated at £850,000. Otho, to finish a part of Nero's palace, spent £187,500.

LAST WILLS.

There exists in the minds of many people—otherwise well disposed—a singular and unaccountable objection to the disposition of their property by will. In some it appears to be the influence of an idle superstition as the harbinger of their own death. An idea certainly likely to be rectified, if deferred until affected by violent illness. In these circumstances, the mere agitation arising from a sense of neglected duty, in the exertion of repairing it, may very naturally involve dangerous results. But he must be of a very weak mind, who supposes that the disposition of property in one instrument is more likely to anticipate his hour, than a sale of it in another.

To make a will is in the cases of most men a matter of positive duty. And as such Wesley frequently enforced it upon his hearers. It is said that on one occasion he so wrought upon the conscience of one of his congregation, that he went home with a resolution instantly to repair his neglect. And the excitement of his feelings operated so powerfully upon him, then being in a weak state of health, that death overtook him before he had accomplished his purposes.

That the making of a last will is a religious duty, no one of course, can uphold, but that it may become a duty; and that its neglect may be in the highest degree criminal, are considerations which deeply affect every man. Indeed we can conceive of very few cases in which a man's duty in life can be regarded as fulfilled, if this be neglected. The case of a father, a widower, with only one child, and a moderate fortune, may seem to be that in which a testamentary disposition, or limitation of the property, is useless, and yet it may be a question whether the habit, sex, disposition, and qualities of the offspring, do not render an omission of such disposal as may secure him from probable evils, an obligation incumbent on the parent.

Few men can make their own wills, and perhaps none ought to attempt it without reference to counsel, even in cases where there are no complicated bequests, and where the testator understands his own intentions, a matter by no means of universal occurrence. There are many peculiarities relating to execution which can be known only to a professional man. Sir W. Blackstone, we believe, recommends to medical and clerical persons, the instruction of themselves in the draughting of wills; so that, when in extremis, the dying person may not really be *inops concilii*.

It is a mistake to suppose that it is any advantage to professional men that they should be employed to make wills. As a matter of compensation, it is of small consideration. As a matter of labour and concoction, frequently of great difficulty. Few disputes grow out of wills drawn up by lawyers. Few quarrels indeed ever occur after application to a lawyer of any respectability in the first instance for advice, but in general, men work themselves into a dispute, and when interest, self-love, and the pride of opinion are fully excited on both sides, lawyers are sought rather as means of gratifying malevolence, than of allaying irritation.—*Journal of Law.*

From the German.—The world is a theatre.—man-kind the performers; chance disposes the play, fortune distributes the parts, fools move the machinery, and philosophers are the spectators. The boxes are for the rich; the pit for the powerful; and the gallery for the people; beauty bears about the refreshments; tyrants sit at the pay places; folly makes the concert, those who are abandoned by fortune snuff the candles; time draws the curtain; and the drama is called "the perpetual sameness."

"Arrah, Teddy, an' was'nt your name Teddy O' Byrne before you left ould Ireland?" "Sure it was, my darlin'." "But, my jewell, why then you add the

s, and call it *Teddy O. Brown* now!" "Why, ye spalpeen! havn't I got married since I kem to Ameriky? an' ar you so ignorant of grammatiks, that you dont know when one *thing* is added to another, it becomes *ral*?"

AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER.

ALBANY, SATURDAY, MARCH 7, 1840.

ITEMS OF FOREIGN NEWS.—Cabrera, the great Carlist chief is reported to be dead. His death will probably end the prospects of Don Carlos. The money market, both in France and England, continues to gradually improve. It is said, on the marriage of Queen Victoria, that lords Melbourne and Palmerston, the Marquis of Lansdowne and Sir John Hobhouse will be raised to the peerage.

There has been a fight, or rather a slaughter of the Chinese, by the English. It would appear by Capt. Storer, of the *Talbot*, that a most murderous affray had taken place. It seems that an adjustment of difficulties had been effected, by which the English ships were to be allowed to proceed to Canton upon certain conditions, for the purpose of carrying on their trade. Many of these conditions were most unsatisfactory to the British—certain bonds were to be signed, certain declarations to be made, ships to be searched, and cargoes confiscated in case any opium was found on board. They were, however, induced to agree to the conditions for the purpose of renewing their trade again.—Two merchant ships consequently, sailed up to Whampoa, accompanied, however, by Capt. Elliott and two vessels of war. A misunderstanding then arose in consequence of the Chinese demanding the surrender for trial before their own courts, of the British sailor who was charged with having murdered a Chinese some time before. This captain Elliott refused and immediately sailed in the sloop of war *Vogue* to stop all other British vessels from coming up and keep them out of the reach of the Chinese. He then sent a letter ashore to the *Cumshu*, which was returned unopened.

Shortly afterwards the Chinese war junks, to the number of 300, came around the sloop of war, on board of which Capt. Elliott was, and he concluding that they intended to attack him, sent word to them, that if they did not go off in thirty minutes, he would fire into them. The thirty minutes expired, and the war junks remained immovable. The sloop of war then opened her fire upon them, sunk two of the war junks, blew up two others, and it is believed killed five hundred Chinese. The Chinese made no resistance; did not even fire a single gun, but at last made off as fast they could. Captain Elliott, it is added, intended to blockade the port of Canton, immediately with what force he had, and more was daily expected.

The Americans still remain on good terms with the Chinese, and are driving a very profitable business with them.

An underground Affair.—Some workmen in N. Orleans, while excavating foundations for building on the square formerly occupied by the old prison, discovered vaults at the depth of eight feet below the surface of the earth, arched with strong iron bars, on which thick brick foundations had been formerly built. In one of the vaults, the Picayune says, there was found a gold crucifix, weighing 28 lbs., as also a quantity of human bones.

The building which formerly occupied this square were the property of the Jesuits more than one hundred years ago.

Another new County proposed.—A meeting was held at Newburgh on the 20th ult. for the purpose of cutting out of Orange and Ulster a new county, to be called Newburgh; and a petition to the Legislature for that purpose was adopted. The towns which they propose to cut off from Ulster are Shawangunk, Plattekill, and Marlborough, which they contemplate adding to Newburgh, Crawford, Montgomery, Cornwall, New Windsor, and part of Blooming Grove, and thus form the new county.

On the 20th ult. two individuals named Bronson, father and son, aged 59 and 15 years, were drowned in Toronto Bay, by the breaking through of the ice in the bay wh, which they were driving a sleigh load of fish. Their bodies were recovered the following day, locked in each other's arms.

The New York Sun in its list of Amusements in that city has the following classical announcement, of the *intellectual*, at the Chatham Theatre:

"On Wednesday, Pelham dancing and singing Jim-along-Josey, Jinney get your hoe cake done, and comes the Long Island and Old Wirginny Break-downs, for his Benefit, assisted by a number of other darkies."

It is stated in several of the papers that nineteen persons were surprised at Maiticella, (Florida) and every one butchered in their beds by the Indians, among whom were many defenceless women and children. How cruel it is for the people of Florida, to desire blood hounds to hunt out these poor children of nature!!!

COMMON COUNCIL.—The application of the Mohawk and Hudson Rail-road Company, for an extension of their rails from the present termination of the main line at the south bounds of the city, to some convenient place near the Albany Basin and Steam-boat landing; and also, the application for the removal of the South-Market-House,—were severally denied by the Board on Monday evening last.—*Daily Adv.*

Of the first application, we know very little about.—We suppose the Rail-road Company, have privileges enough. But the removal of the South Market is alluded for by every consideration of general interest and public accommodation. No location along our wharves would afford a better berth for Steam-boats coming to our city, than this, the expense considered. The S. Market, scarcely pays enough to keep it in yearly repair, and why any portion of citizens can be opposed to its removal, can be accounted for, in no other way than in those petty, jarring interests, which too often opposes the public wants of the city, and keeps us fifty years behind the "intelligence" of our neighbors who have already made our want of harmony a by word. This should not be so. "The greatest good for the greatest number," should be our governing rule.

[COMMUNICATED.]

VOCAL GYMNASTICS.—Mr. Charles Whitney, Professor of Elocution, has established a vocal gymnasium at the New Exchange, for the promotion of health-improvement in declamation, fencing, singing, etc.

The term gymnastics in its widest sense, signifies all bodily exercises; in a more limited sense, exercises systematically adapted to develop the physical powers, and preserve them in perfection, which constitutes the art of gymnastics properly so called.

By the term vocal gymnastics, may be understood exercises of the organs of speech, systematically adapted to develop their powers, and enable them to act

with rapidity, precision, and effect. While *vocal gymnastics* give a keenness to appetite, they are a powerful means of promoting digestion.

One of the most hopeful expedients to ward off consumption and dyspepsia, is a well regulated and persevering course of vocal gymnastics.

Mr. Whitney's gymnasium is in the large hall of the *New Exchange*, No. 10.

The quantity of public lands sold during the year 1838 was 3,424,907 acres, the purchase money of which was \$4,305,561. During the first half year of 1839, the quantity sold was 3,771,994 acres, and the purchase money \$4,768,952.

At a Regular Meeting of Washington Lodge, No. 12, of I. O. O. F. the following Brethren were elected officers, for the ensuing year:—

John D. Chism, M. N. G.

Jolin W. Dean, V. G.

Robt. H. Fraser, Sec'y.

Wm. Lundy, jun'r Treas.

Washington Lodge, holds its meetings, on Thursday of each week, at Stanwix Hall.

At a regular meeting of Washington Lodge, No. 12, I. O. O. F. held on Thursday evening the 20th Inst., P. J. Arnauld was expelled from the Lodge, and from the Order in general for conduct unbecoming an Odd-Fellow.

Robert H. Fraser, Sec'y.

Albany, Feb'y. 24th 1840.

INTELLIGENCE.

DARING ROBBERY. AND EFFECTUAL RESISTANCE.

New-York, Monday, March 2nd, 1840.

From the Commercial Advertiser.

Your reporter's account of the "daring robbery" committed in my house on Friday evening last differed so essentially in all its relations from the facts, as they occurred, that I am induced to lay them before you as they actually happened; and if the public should derive any interest or profitable lesson from the narration, I shall be happy in having obliged them.

At about half-past 12 o'clock I was awakened from sleep, in the conviction that some living movement was in my bed room, and near my bed. Every muscle was put at rest, and the eyes and ears only in eager inquiry for the object. The blood at first rushed so rapidly by my ears into the brain, that both sight and sound were deceptive; but as the circulation grew calm both senses improved, and I finally saw, as in a mist of thick darkness, the figure of a man exactly before my face, and within reach of my hand.

My first thoughts were employed in devising means of escape, and I resorted to the stratagem of elevating the bed clothes on my feet and hands, till I could toss them over his head like a net. This done I seized my cane and left the room, without even closing the door after me, and made the best of my way down stairs, and was much surprised to find my exit defended by a guard I had inside the front door which led to the street.—Wishing to avoid collision with this man, I continued down the next stairway to the basement, and here I found another guard posted behind this door. Here my means of escape being entirely cut off, my cowardice failed me as being no longer available, and well knowing that these men had too much sagacity to leave me able to sound the alarm on their retreat, the courage that came was not the courage of a brave man, but courage resulting from desperate circumstances, and I noised my weapon with deadly aim at the only object that prevented my escape.

The weapon is a single spear of steel about five inches long, set in the foot of a cane, and when in common use is covered by a silver ferrule screwed over it. It looked so exactly like a cane that the man was impaled on its point before he was aware of its character, and yet he fought with such desperation, pinioned as he was, that I felt my fears returning upon me; but he grew weaker, and my courage revived. About this time a man came down the stairs behind, and throwing his light transiently upon us, discovered our position,

and closed it again. I changed my position, and placed my back against the wall, to defend myself from my new assailant. He approached us in the dark, and when passing I sent a blow at random that fell him in the corner of the hall next his companion still standing.

I availed myself of the opportunity to retreat into my office adjoining the hall, with the hope of escaping through the window on the side walk. I had scarcely crossed the threshold of the door when I received a blow behind the ear and on the neck that staggered me about twelve feet in to a large office chair, which fell over, and I with it. By the time I regained my feet, I felt the grasp of a hand on my shoulder; we closed, and I got what wrestlers call the under-hold, but it ailed me little; I was thrown with great force upon the floor, and my antagonist on top of me. I kept my arms clasped firmly around him, and pressed him closely to my chest and face, that I might prevent him from striking or using his knife, if he had one. In a moment he said "I am stabbed," and the warm blood poured so profusely in to my face, that I turned aside my mouth and nose to free my breathing.

He grew weak at once, and I turned him off from me, and half rising, with one knee on the floor, I received a blow on the pit of the stomach that deprived me of all farther apprehension and consciousness, and when I awoke, I found myself alone, and in a cold perspiration, with no other suffering but sickness and vomiting. Vomiting seemed to restore my circulation, and I became warm, and in a short time I was able to get in the 2d story, and ring for the servants, who slept five stories above the affray. They furnished me with warm water and dry night clothes, and I went to bed less exhausted than agitated, and slept but little. When daylight shone in up in the battle floor, it presented a terrific scene. The hall, from the front door to the office door, at distance of 15 feet, was covered with blood, and in many places so thick and clotted as to cover the floor cloth. The office chairs were overturned, papers scattered about and bespattered with blood. About 20 square feet of the carpet was red, and about seven square feet was soiled in blood. Out on the steps to the side walk it was traced in streams, and on the opposite Greene street corner it was renewed, and from there, in the centre of Greene street, it was traced to Fourth street, and again in Greene, near Houston, the position of a man sitting was marked in blood.

I have received no very serious injury. The stab in the arm has wounded but slightly the tendon of the biceps muscle, and as a precautionary measure, I have it in a ribbon to keep it from motion and prevent inflammation. The stab in the side was stopped by a rib. The heart is under obligation to this rib for protection, and to God for placing it there. The blow received in my neck caused most pain, and fatigues it in carrying the head. My nervousness and agitation was cured by nine hours of good sleep.

I have every reason to believe that there were four men in the house, that but one followed me into the basement; that the man guarding the upper front door suspecting what was going on below, abandoned his post and fled; that the man in the office was in the subordinate capacity of carrier of booty, as he took no part in the affray until I retreated there on my way to the window; and that he was a groveller, with lights on weapons, as he used none that the knife found in the blood where he lay was dropped by his companion, when the man who was discovered, in the entrance of his friend "I am stabbed," and that I am indebted to this circumstance for the blow that ended the affray, instead of the knife.

There was a remarkable agreement among them in the commencement of lights and voices. The last light that I saw was the light thrown upon us in the affray at the basement door, when the man first came down stairs, the light of my antagonist being already extinguished in the scuffle. There was no voice left, except the one I have alluded to, "I am stabbed," and my preservation is owing to the observance of their rule, "perfect silence," as in this way the man was stabbed by his friend. If they had a light left them to ascertain my farther ability for resistance, a single glance would have satisfied them that it was all over. My night dress when dry, would stand alone from the stiffening of blood, and my face and grey hairs were of the same color. My fainting continued till I was relieved by vomiting.

The crime of house breaking and robbing has been so common that every reflecting man has thought of it, and thought of what he should do in such an event. I had marked out my course with great coolness and precision, never doubting till I was put on trial that I had courage enough to spare, to meet all emergencies. But this experience, and the amount of all my experience in life, satisfies me that a man cannot anticipate what he will do, or how he will act, in any given circumstances that have not tried him, and when he thinks he is acting for himself, and in his own might, he forgets the eye that sees for him, the ear that hears for him, and the arm that sustains and guides him, guidance and protection is as important to him in the sunshine as in the storms and tempests of life, and if it be for one moment withdrawn from him, he would be equally taken by surprise whether that storm or the tempest, or that sunshine only, was present.

I am truly your friend,

F. VANDEBURGH.

Robbery.—Mr. Sherman, a respectable farmer of the town of Deerfield, was met by three men on the dyke, between this city and Deerfield, on Thursday evening, between 8 and 9 o'clock, and robbed of twelve hundred dollars.—*Utica Observer.*

Death of Francis Bloodgood.—It is our painful duty to announce the death of another of our oldest and most respected citizens. FRANCIS BLOODGOOD, Esq., who has been in declining health for several months, expired this (Thursday) morning. He has been, for forty years, one of our most useful and reputable citizens. He was many years Clerk of the Supreme Court, several years Mayor of the City, at the time of his death President of the State Bank; and always distinguished for his excellence of heart and integrity of character.—*Exc. Jour.*

The Water Witch.—Lieut. H. J. Matson, captured on the 27th September the Portuguese schooner *Sette de Abril* (late *Mary Cushing*) with 457 slaves, being the third vessel, and 1131 slaves, during the four months she has been on the station. The sailing qualities of the *Water Witch* are said to be extraordinary, beating Capt. Symond's vessel, *Wolverine*, *Dolphin*, etc., on every point of sailing.—*London paper.*

Homicide.—A man of desperate character, says the *Columbia* (N. C.) *Carolinian*, of the 14th inst., named John Whitecotton, was killed in the lower part of this District, on Tuesday last, by the Deputy Sheriff, Mr. Z. Bates, while in the performance of his official duty. It said that Mr. B. had arrested or was in the act of arresting him, under the authority of a bench warrant, and being resisted with a dirk and pistol, shot him dead with a pistol.

Assassination.—A Mr. Robert Lockridge, of St. Louis, has been arrested and committed on a charge of having hired two slaves to assassinate a Mr. Crammer of that city. The negroes shot at Mr. C. with a rifle, as he was standing in his door—the shot taking effect in his shoulder, but it was supposed the wound would not prove mortal.

Man poisoned by shot.—A colored man, named Boyer, died in Philadelphia on Friday from the poisoned effects of a shot that was left in a bottle of cider that he drank. The shot had been used in cleansing the bottle, and had remained in it by accident.

LIBEL.—Mr. Richard Hildreth, of Boston, has sued Chas. G. Greene, of the *Morning Post*, for twenty thousand dollars damages for expressing a belief that he is insane. The *Post* remarks, "that if a newspaper for \$20,000 is not sufficient evidence that a man is crazy, there is no use in having the Worcester hospital."

Another Murder.—James R. Whelan, a clerk in the Union Bank of Mississippi, was basely murdered in front of the capital, at Jackson, on the 11th ult. by a man named Pomroy. They were both intoxicated at the time, when a petty dispute arising, Pomroy drew a

howie knife and stabbed Whelan mortally. Pomroy has been arrested.

And still another.—David Allen, of Gananoque, near Kingston, U. C., is in prison on a charge of murdering a man whose name is not known, under the following circumstances; Allen had accused the deceased of stealing; the deceased went to Allen and told him to clear up the charge, or he would take it out of his (Allen's) hide; where upon Allen seized a shovel, and with it inflicted upon the deceased a blow, which brought him down, and soon produced death.

Dr. Larry has communicated to the Academy of Sciences at Paris, a successful mode (adopted by the Egyptians) of preventing any disfigurement from scars by the small pox. The patient from the first outbreak of the fever, until the height is passed, has the face covered morning and evening with gold leaf which is applied with a gum water, and remains perfectly fast and smooth even during continuance that the pock is confluent; and the face swollen; except in one or two small places, where the pillow may accidentally rub the gold off; and it has also the additional quality of allaying the irritation which usually accompanies this distressing malady.—*Foreign Quarterly.*

A Certain Remedy for Sick Headache.—Our benevolence and philanthropy induces us to make the following public. We can only say, that if the advice, strictly followed, should not afford immediate relief the dose had better be repeated; and if it then fails we shall be surprised. "It will do no harm if it does no good." Try it.

On its first appearance, sit down and enclose in a letter to the printer, a five dollar bill in advance. The letter need not be long.

A PERILOUS ADVENTURE.—During the severe snow storm, on Wednesday night last, as the Chicago mail sleigh was passing from Peru to Hennepin, and when within four or five miles of the latter place, the driver got lost, and with the passengers, remained out all night. The snow had completely obliterated the track, so as to make it impossible, in the absence of all houses, fences or other land marks, to keep it. The wind also was directly ahead, and blowing with great violence. There were two passengers, who encouraged the driver to keep the team in motion, and thus four hours were spent in wandering about prairie. Reaching at length a clump of trees, they determined to make a halt, and wait for daylight. The driver, in securing his horses, became necessarily more exposed to the storm, and ready to perish ere he had finished. The two passengers, one of whom was Mr. Bigelow, railroad contractor, were provided with buffalo robes, and laid down in snow, which was whirled about them with the wind with unrelenting fury. Mr. Bigelow says he felt a strong tendency to sleep which he knew must prove the sleep of death. Rousing himself, therefore, he sprang to his feet, and with his fellow passenger, proceeded to look after the driver, who was found almost lifeless. By shaking and rousing him to exercise, consciousness was at length restored, and the group adopting various expedients to keep in motion until daylight, then saw where they were, and in an hour afterwards reached Hennepin.—*Peru Rg.*

MARRIED.

In Binghampton, on the 12th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Gregory, Rev. Samuel Bush, Pastor of the Congregational Church in that village, to Miss Beisy, daughter of Stephen Weed, Esq.

In St Johnville, on the 27th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Ayres Mr. Geo. Grinnell, of Dewitt, Onondaga co., to Miss Pernelia, daughter of Mr. Archibald Perkins of Syracuse.

DIED.

In this city Mrs. Margaret Russell, in the 80th year of her age.

At New York, on Sunday evening, the 23d inst., in his 95th year, James Maury, formerly Consul of the United States at Liverpool.

In this city on Wednesday last, of consumption, Margaret, eldest daughter of M. McGinn.

POETRY.

For the American Masonic Register and Literary Companion.

THE KITE—AT SUNSET ON THE HUDSON.

BY M'CLELLAND CUSHMAN.

See! streaking up the mountain's deep'ning blue,
A swanlike thing that Courts intense the view;
That skyward proudly soars; yet, alternate.
Earthward swoops, toward a crag quite desolate—
Perchance, some wand'ring preybird, lur'd from far,
Whose quarry seeks, but finds no shelter there.
No! an unseen influence marks its course—
Wingless! it soars a height and falls, per-force:
And strings throb'd by the gale, throb other
Strings—the heart's—as the young hands tether
It to earth amais, and gaze in rap't delight,
As high and gairish sweeps the gallant Kite.

Is there a joy in manhood's boasted pow'r
That will compare with these, joys of an hour
When youth and health, and spirits high and yare—
All the joysprings of prime—flow'd free and fair?
Ah me! I sigh—but sigh in vain—to deem
As once—that all things wear the forms they seem.
Albany, Sep. 1834.

For the American Masonic Register and Literary Companion.

"AMONG THE TOMBS."

Mark, 5 Chap. 3d Verse.

Among the tombs! Fit place for shatter'd mind;
Where desolation over all has thrown
A sable pall. Where lie the gathered wrecks
Of brightest hopes and most aspiring dreams;
Of flowers of fragrant freshness; and of Strength
That erst dependence rested on with faith.

All here is ruin. Unto dust returned
The noble mansion of the Soul gives birth
To the vile insect and the senseless shrub—
Fit place for gloom, destruction and despair.

Among the tombs! Fit place for sober thought.
Where pride is humbled and vain pomp abashed,
Where man is seen as man and truth is felt,
Where, if the sophistry of earth intrudes,
The mind detects its falshood and the heart
Yields to the truth that earth is not our home.

O bring the Gospel here! without its light
This gloom is thick and awful. Let me hear
And let my heart believe the word that comes
From Him who burst the tomb to seal its truth.
"The dead in Christ shall live."

P. Jr.

Albany Feb. 1840.

NIGHT.

BY ROBERT MONTGOMERY.

Though crime entomb herself within the heart,
And veil her anguish with dissembling art;
Though mid the glare of day, and dazzling strife
That flutters on the shadowy stream of life,
She moves as merry as the morning air,
Unmarked by grief, unsorrowed by a care;
Darkness shall bear the burden of her sin,
And fan the hell of thought that flames within.

At deep dead night, when not an earthly sound
Jars on brooding air that sleeps around;
When all the drowsy feelings of the day,
Touched by the wand of Truth, dissolve away,—
Unhallowed Guilt shall in her bosom feel
A rack too fierce for language to reveal;
A sense unutterable within the soul
Of Him pervading—living through the whole;
On every limb shall creeping terror come,
Lock her white lips, and strike her anguish dumb;
Vengeance shall utter a tremendous yell,
And fancy flutter round the gulf of hell!

Not so comes Darkness to the good man's breast,
When night brings on the holy hour of rest;
Tired of the day, a pillow laps his head,
While heavenly vigils watch around the bed;

His spirit bosomed on the God of all,
Peace to the hour! whate'er the night befall;
Then pleasing Memory unrolls her chart,
To raise, refine, and regulate the heart;
Exulting boyhood, and its host of smiles,
Next busy manhood; battling with its toils,
Delights and dreams that made the heart run o'er,
The love forgotten, and the friends no more—
The panorama of past life appears,
Warms his pure mind, and melts it into tears!
Till, like a shutting flower, the senses close,
And on him lies the beauty of repose.

SYMPATHY.

A knight and a lady once met in a grove,
While each was in quest of a fugitive love;
A river ran mournfully murmuring by,
And they wept in its waters for sympathy.

"O never was knight such a sorrow that bore!"
"O never was maid so deserted before!"
"From life and its woes let us instantly fly,
"And jump in together for company!"

They searched for an eddy that suited the deed—
But here was a bramble, and there was a weed;
"How tiresome it is!" said the fair, with a sigh;
So they sat down to rest them in company.

They gazed on each other, the maid and the knight;
How fair was her form, and how goodly his height;
"One mournful embrace!" sobbed the youth, "ere we
die!"
So kissing and crying kept company!

"O had I but loved such an angel as you!"
"O had but my swain been a quarter as true!"
"To miss such perfection how blinded was I!"
So now they were excellent company!

At length spoke the lass, 'twixt a smile and a tear—
The weather is cold for a watery bier:
When summer returns we may easily die—
Till then let us sorrow in company."

HONOR.

[From the German of Albert Haller.]

Honour! thou well-prized nothing! thee
The idol of antiquity,
Men worship now as heretofore:
Daughter of vanity, Fool's wish, a sound
Whose magic influence reigns around;
What is the merit we adore?

In young creation's golden times
Thou wert the harbinger of crimes;
By thee the price of blood was taught;
By thee the caverns of the earth
Were oped to aid destruction's birth,
And the swords' glittering blades were wrought.

From thee man caught ambition's thirst,
The deadly madness to be first;
For empire bartering his repose.
With fears o'erburthened, and the care
Of millions, a friendless life to wear—
Can sceptres weigh such ills as these?

Yet great souls think thee most divine,
All knowledge and all art is thine;
Virtue, unproped by thee decays;
The exalted philosophic mind
Thee only—not their wondrous ways.

Thou leadest armed hosts along,
Thro' thickest danger's fiery throng;
In joy they march to meet the grave.
At thy command men cast away
That which, if rescued from the sway,
They'd sacrifice their all to save.

How num'rous they whose death-wounds bleed
In vain, to gather glory's meed:
For fame is partial—rare the lot
Of him whose noble deeds attain
Eternal memory—many men
Like heroes die, and—are forgot.

What add'st thou to the sweets of life,
Thou posthumous reward of strife?
Content with thee is seldom seen:
Thou dwelt'st with tyranny and pride,
All splendour, pomp and noise outside,
All gloom and emptiness within.

TO THE DEAD.

It is a hushed and holy spot
Where death has wrought thy dreamless bed,
And bade thee still, all unforget.
Forget that charter of the dead!

At length thy heart is cold; the pain
Which wrings my own thou canst not see,
Nor turn to smiles this sullen train,
Which soothes—because it breathes of thee!

If once my spirit stole the vow,
But due to love, to waste on fame,
My only wish for laurels now
Would be—to wreath them round thy name.

I would not thou should'st cease to live
While fame its being can bestow,
And to our broken passion give
The deathless memory of our woe.

In life, a widowed lot we bore,
But all my own in death thou art!
The grave, which severs hands the more,
But breaks the barriers from the heart.

As he who felt a charmed doom,
And saw friends—empires—ages fade,
I live—a weed that wreathes its bloom
Around the wrecks which time has made!

Hope's latest link from life is wrenched!
The bird which blest the night, is fled!
The lamp, which lit the tomb, is quenched!
I stand in darkness with the dead!

THE DEATH BED.

There was an hour of weeping—for the young
And beautiful was sinking in the wave
Which rolls in bitterness upon the shore
Of Being, and a spirit on the wing
For Heaven, yet lingered, in that last strange dream,
Whose waking is Eternity. Her eye
Was closed by fallen lashes; and a smile
Hung on her lip, as imaged by the bright
Revelments from the spiritual world of joy.
She lay there in her loveliness—a bud
Rent from its parent stem, ere yet its bloom
Had opened to the spring time. On her cheek
Crimson and paleness came—at last life's light
Went trembling into darkness. It was hard—
Yea—very hard to die:

There came a change—
A murmur and a shudder like the leaf
Which trembles ere it falls. One feeble sigh—
An inarticulate motion of the lip—
And all was o'er. The prisoned soul was free!—
Young Ladies Journal

AUTHORISED AGENTS.

The following Brethren have kindly offered to act as Agents
the American Masonic Register. They are duly authorised
receive subscriptions and monies on its account.

William Boardman, New York City.
Tallmage Fairchild, Coxsackie.
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AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER AND LITERARY COMPANION.

BY L. G. HOFFMAN.]

ALBANY SATURDAY MARCH, 14, 1840.

[VOL. I.—NO. 25.]

MASONIC.

ORDER OF KNIGHTS TEMPLARS.

This Religious and Military Order, whose virtues and prowess emblazon the historical page, and the memory of whose unmerited persecution will invoke the tribute of a sigh from every generous breast, originated in Jerusalem, A. D. 1128.

Some time after the establishment of this Order, nine gentlemen (of whose names two only remain on record, viz: Hugbo de Paganis and Godfrey Adelman) moved by a sense of the dangers to which the pilgrims were exposed on their journey to and from Jerusalem, formed a little society, to serve as a guard to conduct them beyond the defiles of the mountains and other dangerous passes. These men were encouraged by the Abbot of Jerusalem, who assigned them and their companions a place of retreat in a Christian Church, called the Church of the *Holy Temple*, on which account we are called *Templars*, or *Chevaliers of the Temple*, and not from the Temple of Jerusalem, that having been destroyed by Titus Vespasian, almost a thousand years before the society of *Templars*, was instituted.

It would be useless, as Lawrie justly observes, to attempt to prove that the order of *Templars* is a branch of *Freemasonry*. This fact has been invariably acknowledged by *Masons* themselves, and none have been so foolish as to attempt to establish it. The order, the former admitted the fact not only because it was true: the latter have supported it because by the aid of a little sophistry they hoped to employ it to the disgrace of the Order.

Although the professed object of this association was to protect these christian pilgrims whose mistaken piety and zeal had led them to the Holy City, yet it is beyond a doubt that its chief and primary intention was to practice and preserve the *rites and mysteries* of *Freemasonry*. We know at least that the *Knight Templars* not only possessed the *mysteries*, but performed the ceremonies and inculcated the duties of *Freemasonry*, and it is equally certain that the practising these rights could contribute nothing to the protection of the Roman Catholic pilgrims. Had the *Templars* avowed the real object of the institution, instead of that favor and honor which they so long enjoyed, they would have at once experienced the animosity and vengeance of the Papish Church. But as they were stimulated with a sincere regard for her religion, and with a decided abhorrence of the Infidel professors of Judea, it was never once supposed that they transacted any other business at their secret meetings, than that which concerned the regulation of their Order, the advancement of the Romish Church, and the extermination of its enemies.

About the time of the *Knights Templars* chivalry had arrived at its highest perfection, when it made its first appearance, the moral and political condition of Europe was, in every respect truly deplorable. The religion of Jesus Christ existed but in name; a degraded superstition usurped its place, and threatened to destroy the reason and dignity of man. The political rights of the lower orders, were sacrificed to the interests of the great. War was carried on with a degree of savage cruelty, equalled only by the sanguinary contentions of the beasts of prey; no clemency was shown to the vanquished, or humanity to the captive. The female sex was doomed to the most laborious and

degraded occupations, and were deserted and despised by that very sex on whose protection and sympathy they have so natural claim. To remedy these disorders, a few intelligent and pious men formed an association, whose members were sworn to defend the Christian Religion, to practice its morals, to protect widows, orphans, and the weaker sex; and to decide judicially, and not by arms, the disputes that might arise about their goods and effects. It was from this association that the order of chivalry arose, and not, as some think from the public investiture of arms, which was customary among the ancient Germans.

But whatever was the origin of chivalry, it produced a considerable change in the manners and sentiments of the great. It could not indeed, eradicate that ignorance and depravity which engendered those awful evils which debased mankind and deluged the world in blood. It has softened, however, the ferocity of war: it has restored the female sex to that honorable rank which they now possess, and which they are at all times entitled to hold. It has inspired those sentiments of friendship and sympathy, which have contributed so much to the civilization of the world, and has introduced that principle of *honor*, which (though far from being a laudable motive to action) often checks the licentious, when moral and religious considerations would make no impression.

We are assured that until as late as the year 1804, there existed on Mount Libanus one of those Syriac Fraternities, from whence several members of those trading associations of *Masons* migrated into Europe; and as the Order of *Templars* was originally formed in Syria, and existed there for a considerable time, it would be no improbable supposition that they received their knowledge from Lodges in that quarter. But we are, fortunately, in this case, not left to conjecture; for we are expressly informed by a foreign author* who was well acquainted with the history and custom of Syria that the *Knights Templars* were actually members of the Syriac Fraternities.

The connexion between chivalry and *Freemasonry* is excellently exemplified in the fraternity of *Knights Templars*. It is well known that this association was an order of chivalry; that the *Templars* performed its ceremonies and were influenced by its precepts; and it has already been shown, that the same association was initiated into the *mysteries*, was regulated by the maxims, and practised the rites of *Freemasonry*. But though they acted in a double capacity, it must be evident to all who study the history of the *Templars*, that their Masonic character chiefly predominated, and that to them we are indebted for the preservation of an institution which has been a source of comfort and relief to the unfortunate and distressed, and of the highest gratification and felicity to the *Philanthropic, Humane and Benevolent*.

ELEGANT EXTRACT.

The long and uninterrupted existence of *Masonry* in the world, is a circumstance which cannot escape the observation of the contemplative, nor fail to excite some degree of wonder, in those at least, who understand not its pure and well-formed system. It has stood the waste of time, through many revolving ages, amidst the successive revolutions of states and empires, of hu-

**After de Deula Monte Libani Rome 1795.*

man laws, and customs, it has remained without any change in its principles, and without any material alteration in its original form. Placed on the immovable basis of the natural principles of the human heart, its pillars have remained unshaken, amidst the rage of every varied storm, and to this hour have suffered no decay.

GENERAL REMARKS ON THE EXCELLENCY OF MASONRY.

Masonry is an art, useful and extensive. In every art there is a mystery, which requires a progress of study and application, to arrive at any degree of perfection. Without much instruction, and more exercise, no man can be skilful in any art; in like manner without an assiduous application to the various subjects treated in the different lectures of *Masonry*, no person can be sufficiently acquainted with its true value.

From this remark, it must not be inferred, that persons who labor under the disadvantage of a confined education, or whose sphere of life requires assiduous attention to business or useful employment are to be discouraged in their endeavours to gain a knowledge of *Masonry*. To qualify an individual to enjoy the benefits of society at large, or to partake of its privileges, it is not absolutely necessary that he should be acquainted with all the intricate parts of the science. These are only intended for persons, who may have leisure and opportunity, to indulge such pursuits.

Some may be more able than others, some more eminent, some more useful, but all, in their different spheres may prove advantageous to the community: and our necessities, as well as our consciences, bind us to love one another. It must be admitted, that those who accept offices and exercise authority in the Lodge, ought to be men of prudence and address, enjoying all the advantages of a well cultivated mind, and retentive memory. All men are not blessed with the same powers and talents; all men, therefore, are not equally qualified to govern. He who wishes to teach must submit to learn; and no one is qualified to support the higher offices of the Lodge, who has not previously discharged the duties of those which are subordinate. Experience is the best preceptor. All men rise by gradation, and merit and industry are the first steps to preferment.

Masonic Miscellany.

ANECDOTE OF THE WRECK OF THE MEDUSA.

Among the peculiar circumstances attending the dreadful wreck of the French vessel, the *Medusa*, on the coast of Africa, the following is not among the least worthy of being recorded. After passing thirteen days on a raft, subject to every privation, and exposed to a parching heat, which produced madness in all no inhuman forms they at length were relieved from this perilous situation, having lost 335 out of 150 men. On the shore they were crowded into an hospital, where medicines, and even the common necessities of life, were wanting. An English merchant went to see them. One of the poor, unhappy wretches made the sign of a *Freemason* in distress; it was understood, and the Englishman instantly said, "My brother, you must come to my house and make it your home." The Frenchman nobly replied, "My brother I thank you, but I

cannot leave my companions in misfortune." "Bring them with you," was the answer; and the hospitable Englishman maintained them all until he could place them beyond the reach of misfortune.

MISCELLANY.

For the American Masonic Register and Literary Companion.

ORIGIN OF TRIAL BY JURY.

As trial by jury is esteemed one of the most important privileges which members of Society can enjoy—every man of reflection must be stimulated by the desire of enquiring into its origin and history, as well as to be acquainted with the forms and advantages by which it is accompanied. We will therefore begin by tracing it to its origin. "Some authors (says Sir Wm. Blackstone) have endeavored to trace the origin of juries up as high as the Britons themselves, the first inhabitants of our island; but certain it is, that they were in use among the earliest Saxon Colonies, their institution being ascribed by bishop Nicholson to Woden himself, their great legislator and Captain. Hence it is, that we may find traces of juries in the laws of all those nations, which adopted the feudal system, as in Germany, France and Italy; who had all of them a tribunal composed of twelve good men and true, *boni homines*, usually the vassals or tenants of the lord, being the equals or peers of the parties litigant; and as the lord's vassals judged each other in the lord's courts, so the king's vassals, or the lords themselves judged each other in the King's Court. In England we find actual mention of them so early as the laws of king Ethelred, and that not as a new invention. Stiernhook ascribes the invention of the jury, which in the Teutonic language is denominated *nemora*, to Regner king of Sweden and Denmark, who was contemporary with our king Egbert. Just as we are apt to impute the invention of this, and some other pieces of judicial polity, to the superior genius of Alfred the Great, to whom, on account of his having done much, it is usual to attribute every thing; and as the tradition of ancient Greece placed to the account of their own Hercules whatever achievement was performed superior to the ordinary prowess of mankind. Whereas the truth seems to be, that this tribunal was universally established among all the northern nations, and so interwoven in their very constitution that the earliest accounts of the one gives us also some traces of the other."

This opinion has been controverted with much learning and ingenuity by Dr. Peitingol in his enquiry into the use and practice of juries among the Greeks and Romans, who deduces the origin of juries from their ancient notions. Thus shewing that juries were first used in republican government. Dr P. begins with determining the meaning of the word *dikastai* in the Greek, and *judices* in the Roman writers. "The common acceptance of these (says he) and the idea generally annexed to them, is that of *president of Courts*, or, as we call them, *judges*: as such they are understood by in his life of Cicero, expressly calls the *judices*, *judges of the bench*; and Archbishop Potter, and in short all modern writers upon the Greek or Roman orators, or authors in general, express *dikastai* and *judices* by commentators, and rendered by critics: Dr. Middleton, still terms as convey the idea of *presidents of courts of justice*. The propriety of this is doubted of, and hath given occasion for this enquiry; in which is shown, from the best Greek and Roman authorities, that neither the *dikastai* of the Greeks, nor the *judices* of the Romans, ever signified *presidents of courts of justice*, or *judges of the bench*; but on the contrary, they were distinguished from each other, and the difference of their duty and function was carefully and clearly pointed out by the orators in their pleadings, who were the best authorities in those cases, where the question related to forms of law, and methods of proceeding in judicial affairs and criminal process.

The *Presidents of the Courts* in criminal trials at Athens were the nine archons, or chief magistrates, of which whoever presided was called: *President of the Court*. The nine presided in different causes peculiar to each jurisdiction. The archon, properly so called, had belonging to his department, all pupillary and heritable cases: the *basileus* or *rex sacramenti*, the chief priest in all cases where religion was concerned; the pole-

archus, or general, the affairs of the army and all military matters; and the six, the *smothetae*, the other ordinary suits.

Wherever then the *andres dikastai* or judicial men, are addressed by the Greek orators in their speeches, they are not to be understood to be presiding magistrates, but another class of men, who were to enquire into the state of the cause before them by witnesses and other methods of coming at the truth; and after enquiry made and witnesses heard, to report their opinion and verdict to the President, who was to declare it.

The several steps and circumstances attending this judicial proceeding are so similar to the forms observed by our jury, that the reader cannot doubt but the nature, intent, and proceedings of the *dikastai* among the Greeks were the same with the English jury; namely, for the protection of the lower people from the power and oppression of the great, by administering *equal law and justice to all ranks*; and therefore when the Greek orators directed their speeches to the *andres dikastai*, as we see in Demosthenes, Aeschines, and Lysias, we are to understand it in the same sense as when our lawyers at the bar, say *Gentlemen of the Jury*.

So likewise among the Romans, the *judices* in their pleadings at the bar, never signified judges of the bench, or president of the Court, but a body or order of men, whose office in the Courts of judicature was distinct from that of praetor or *jude questions*, which answered to our judge of the bench, and was the same with the archon, or President of the Greek; whereas the duty of the *judices* consisted in being impanelled, as we call it, and sworn to try uprightly the case before them, and when they had agreed upon their opinion or verdict, to deliver it to the president, who was to pronounce it. This kind of judicial process was first introduced into the Athenian polity by Solon, and thence copied into the Roman republic, as probable means of procuring just judgment, and protecting the lower people from the oppression or arbitrary decisions of their superiors.

When the Romans were settled in Britain as a province, they carried with them their *jura* and *instituta* their laws and customs, which was a practice essential to all colonies: hence the Britons, and other countries of Germany and Gaul, earned from them the Roman laws and customs; and upon the irruption of the Northern nations into the Southern Kingdoms of Europe, the laws and institutions of the Romans remained, when the power that introduced them was withdrawn, and Montesquieu tells us, that under the first race of Kings in France, about the fifth century, the Romans that remained, and the Burgundians their new masters, lived together under the same Roman laws and police and particularly the same forms of judicature. How reasonable then is it to conclude, that in the Roman Courts of judicature continued among the Burgundians, the form of a jury remained in the same state it was used at Rome. It is certain Montesquieu speaking of those times, mentions the *paires* or *hommes de bien*, homager or peers, which in the same chapter he calls *juges*, *judges*, or *jurymen*. These were the same as are called in the laws of Edward the confessor *pers de la tenure*, the "peers of the tenure or homagers," out of whom the jury of peers were chosen, to try a matter in dispute between the lord and his tenants, or any other point of controversy in the manor. So likewise in all other parts of Europe, where the Roman colonies had been, the Goths succeeding them, continued to make use of the same laws and institutions which they found to be established there by the conquerors. This is a much more natural way of accounting for the origin of a jury in Europe, than having recourse to the to the fabulous story of Woden and his savage Scythian companions, as the first introducers of so humane and beneficent institution.

MARRIAGE OF THE QUEEN.

The marriage of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert was solemnized on the 10th of February, at the Chapel Royal, St. James's. The day was inauspicious, a heavy rain falling; but immense multitudes assembled to gaze upon the processions.

In St. James's Park, the area in front of Buckingham Palace, and the avenue leading from thence to

the garden entrance of St. James's was densely thronged before eight o'clock, and the rain which fell after that time caused no sensible diminution of the crowds, for as fast as the endeavor of one body of the eager visitors gave way their places were filled by the fresh numbers which were every minute arriving.

BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

Her Royal highness the Duchess of Kent, and the twelve Bridesmaids were in attendance upon her majesty at an early hour. The Princess Sophia Matilda of Gloucester, the Duchess of Cambridge, the Princess Mary, and the Princess Augusta of Cambridge, the Duchess Gloucester, and the Princess Augusta, also arrived early at the Palace and were admitted to her majesty's private apartments.

THE ROYAL BRIDE'S PROCESSION

begin to move through the triumphal arch at 12 o'clock. The cheers of the men and women's fond and noble aspirations of sympathy continued until the royal salute of 21 guns announced that the Queen was entering her carriage. When she appeared amongst them beyond the precincts of the Palace, she was hailed with acclamations of love and loyalty, which seemed to affect her so much that tears might better express the intensity of her feelings than even the winning smiles she wore as she repressed her emotions. The cry of "God bless her" which burst upon her ear from every side, evidently affected her.

The procession passed on to the garden entrance of

ST. JAMES'S PALACE.

by which her majesty proceeded, up the grand staircase, to the Queen's Closet or Privy Council Chamber immediately behind the Throne room where she remained all the order of the proceedings was arranged in front of the Throne, of which her Majesty received notice from the Lord Chamberlain.

Prince Albert's portion of the procession moved first, preceded by the Lord and Deputy Chamberlains, who conducted His Royal Highness to the chapel where he remained on the right hand side, or left of the altar. The Lord Chamberlain and Deputy Chamberlain then returned to her majesty, and having their prescribed positions, her majesty's procession advanced, preceded by the Lord Chamberlain, and guided by the Lord Chamberlain.

At half past 9, when we entered the chapel, there were comparatively few seats occupied in the gallery, and none in the pews below.

In the Ambassador's gallery, facing the altar among the first arrivals, were the American minister and Mrs. Stevenson, the Turkish Ambassador, the Princess Esterhazy, Mr. and Mrs. Van de Weyler, Count and Countess Bjornstjerne, the Swedish Ambassador, Russian Ambassador, Count Sebastiani; a number of others arrived in rapid succession, and the south gallery soon presented a very magnificent display of costly diamonds, stars, and decorations. At 10 o'clock one of the bands marching into the Palace yard, passed the chapel window playing "haste to the wedding," and while a smile mantled on the faces of the women, the Archbishop of Canterbury most appropriately entered the chapel, and proceeded up to the altar.

In the lower pew, on the right of the altar, were the Duke of Devonshire, with magnificent nuptial favors, depending from either shoulder, the Duke of Bedford, the Duke of Sutherland, and the ladies Sutherland, Marquis of Westminster, the Duke of Wellington, who also wore long bows of white satin ribbon, His Waterloo medal, and carried his Field Marshal's baton. His Grace appeared to form an object of much interest and curiosity to those assembled in the Chapel.

At eleven o'clock the choristers, preceded by Sir George Smart, took their seats in the organ gallery, and shortly afterwards the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, assisted by the Bishop of Llandaff, Dean of the Chapel, took their places on the right of the communion table.

The second pew on the right of the altar was appropriated to the queen Dowager and suite.

The queen Dowager entered immediately afterward, and took her seat on the right of the state chair appropriated to Prince Albert—all the spectators rose on her entrance and her majesty's courtiers at this mark of respect.

At half past twelve the folding doors of the entrance of the Chapel were thrown open, and immediately afterward the drums and trumpets in the distance announced the approach of

THE PROCESSION OF THE BRIDEGROOM.

On entering the chapel the drums and trumpets filed off without the door, and the procession advancing His Royal Highness was conducted to the seat provided for him on the left hand of the altar. His supporters, the Duke of Saxe Coburg and Gotha, and the hereditary Prince, with the officers of their suite, occupied seats near Prince Albert.

His Serene Highness wore a field marshal's uniform with large rosettes of white satin on his shoulders. There was a flush on his brow as he entered the chapel, while His Majesty and dignified bearing, and the cordial and unaffected manner with which he greeted those of the Peers and Peeresses around him, with whom he had been previously acquainted, won all hearts, and many of those around us either with their lips or hearts pronounced that Prince Albert was a consort worthy of Queen Victoria.

The Lord Chamberlain, and Vice Chamberlain preceded by drums and trumpets, having returned to attend her majesty.

Her majesty then proceeded to the chapel.

Her majesty wore a magnificent robe and veil of the most exquisite workmanship. The only ornament on her head was a wreath of orange flowers, and a small diamond pin, by which the nuptial veil was fastened to her hair. Her train was of white satin, with a deep fringe of lace, and she looked the personification of dignity, gentleness and love, as she advanced up the aisle to the altar.

Prince Albert met her majesty at the altar and conducted her to her seat on the right hand side of the altar.

Immediately around her majesty's chair, were her twelve maids of honour, attired in virgin white, while in the centre sat her majesty, "the leading star of every eye." Prince Albert standing on her right and her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent on her left stood the Duke of Sussex, the Duke of Cambridge, Lord Melbourne, the Lord Chancellor, and the other great officers of State.

The Archbishop of Canterbury having advanced to the rails, her Majesty and Prince Albert approached him, and the service commenced:

When his Grace came to the words—

Albert, wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife, to live together after God's ordinance in the holy estate of matrimony? Wilt thou love her, comfort her honor, and keep her in sickness and in health; and, forsaking all other, keep thee only unto her, so long as ye both shall live?

His serene highness, in a firm tone, replied "I will."

And when he said—

Victoria, wilt thou have Albert to be thy wedded husband, to live together after God's ordinance in the holy estate of matrimony? Wilt thou obey him, and serve him, love, honor, and keep him in sickness and in health; and forsaking all others, keep thee only unto him, so long as ye both shall live?

Her Majesty looked up affectionately in Prince Albert's face, and replied, loud enough to be heard in every part of the Chapel—"I will."

The Archbishop then said—

Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?

His royal highness the Duke of Sussex advanced, and took her Majesty's hand, which he placed in that of the Prince.

The service then proceeded.

Prince Albert then placed the ring on her finger, repeating—

With this ring I thee wed, with my body I thee worship, and with all my worldly goods I thee endow; in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.

The Archbishop then concluded the service.

While the service was proceeding, her Majesty was observed to look frequently at Prince Albert, who was standing at her side. In fact she scarcely ever took her eyes off him till she left the chapel.

The service having concluded, the several members of the Royal Family who had occupied places around the altar, returned to take up their positions in the

procession. On passing her Majesty, they all paid their congratulations; and the Duke of Sussex, after shaking her by the hand in a manner which appeared to have little ceremony, but with cordiality in it, affectionately kissed her cheek. After all had passed, with the exception of the Royal bride and bridegroom, her Majesty stepped hastily across to the other side of the altar, where the queen Dowager was standing and kissed her.

Prince Albert then took her Majesty's hand, and the Royal pair left the chapel, all the spectators standing.

After the ceremony, the procession returned through the suite of apartments, her majesty and illustrious consort walking hand in hand, and acknowledged with gracious smiles the cheers with which the walls of the ancient Palace now re-echoed, for it must be observed the procession passed on its way to the Chapel.

THE ATTESTATION.

On reaching the throne-room, the formal attestation took place, when her majesty and Prince Albert signed the marriage register, which was attested, by the members of the royal family and officers of state present. A splendid table had been prepared for the purpose, and this part of the ceremony, presented one of the most auspicious spectacles of the day.

Having remained a short time in the royal closet, her Majesty and the Prince returned in the same carriage from the royal garden of St. James to Buckingham Palace, and the generous greeting which burst from the crowds, whose numbers the pelting rain had not diminished, seemed in a great measure addressed to the ear of Prince Albert, who acknowledged the kindness evidently with deep feeling.

WEDDING BREAKFAST.

A Wedding repast was prepared, at which several of the illustrious participants in the previous ceremony, and the officers of the household and ministers of state, were present. It is needless to say that the taste and ingenuity of the confectioners and table-deckers were prominently displayed at the festival, a splendid wedding cake forming a prominent object of attraction.

After partaking of the sumptuous *dejeuner*, the royal bridal party set out for Windsor attended by the military, and on the road they were greeted by assembled thousands with the same affection and cordiality with the inhabitants of the metropolis.

THE COURT OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

Friday's Gazette announces that the Queen has been pleased to ordain "that his Serene Highness, Francis Albert Augustus Charles Emanuel, Duke of Saxe, Prince of Saxe Coburg and Gotha, Knight of the Most noble Order of the Garter, shall henceforth and upon all occasions whatsoever be styled and called 'His Royal Highness' before his name and such titles as now do or hereafter may belong to him." A supplement to the Gazette states that her Majesty has appointed Prince Albert to be a field marshal in the army; commission to be dated the 8th of February, 1840.

THE GATHERER.

War upon the Boot Blacks.—A correspondent of the Journal of Commerce has put forth a solemn protest against the doings of the polishing gentlemen on board steamboats: to wit, their "practice of gathering after passengers have retired to their berths, all the boots and shoes to be found in the cabins, and carrying the same to some place unknown to most of the passengers, and leaving the owners to hunt them up in the morning, without slippers, over wet floors, in their stockings; solely that the head of this department may impose his tax of one shilling for his job."

The practice is a bad one, and ought to be forbidden by the captains and owners. As the protestant truly says, it gives annoyance to the passengers at all times, and in case of sudden alarm tends to increase confusion. Besides, it is anti-democratic, and should not be allowed in a free country, where every man ought to have the privilege of wearing his boots polished or rusty, at his own option. There is no good reason why the labors of the polishing gentleman should not be deferred until the morning, and then be given

only on request. The barber might just as well go about and shave the chins of the passengers, whether they will or no.—*Com Adv.*

We "go the entire" of all here said, or that can be said, in condemnation of that largest liberty taken by the steamboat "boots" with the boots of passengers.—It has often caused us, from sheer spite, to keep our boots on our feet night after night, on board the Hudson steamers, much to the disadvantage of the "rigid" bed linen, which by the process performed the office of brushes and elbow grease. Let us have a reform in this matter, good Messrs. Captains.—*New York Sun.*

NECESSITY OF RECREATION.

There is in human nature, and never to be rooted out of it, a want of excitement and exhilaration. The cares and labours of life often leave the mind dull, and when it is relieved from them,—and it must be relieved; their must be seasons of relief, the question is, how are these seasons to be filled up? The man cannot sit down dull and stupid, and he ought not. Now suppose that society provides him with no cheerful or attractive recreations, that all cheap and free enjoyments, the hale, hearty, holiday recreations, are out of use and out of reach, what now will the man set free from business or labour be likely to do? He asks for relief, and exhilaration, he asks for escape from his cares and his anxieties, society in its arrangement offers him none; the tavern and the alehouse propose to supply the want, what so likely as that he will resort to the tavern and the alehouse? Men cannot labour on always. They must have intervals of relaxation. They cannot sleep through these intervals. What are they to do? Why, if they do not work or sleep, they must have recreation. And if they have not recreation from healthful sources, they will be very likely to take it from the poisoned fountains of intemperance. Or if they have pleasures, which though innocent, are forbidden by the maxims of public morality, their very pleasures are liable to become poisoned fountains.—*Rev. O. Dwyer.*

SLEEP.

Healthy men require a little above six hours sleep, healthy women, a little above seven, in four and twenty. If any one desires to know exactly what quantity of sleep his own constitution requires, he may very easily make the experiment which I made about sixty years ago. I then waked every night about twelve or one, and lay awake for some time. I readily concluded that this arose from my being longer in bed than nature required. To be satisfied, I procured an alarm, which waked me the next morning at seven (near an hour earlier than I arose the day before,) yet I lay awake again at night. The second morning I rose at six—but, notwithstanding this, I lay awake the third night. The fourth morning I rose at four, as by the grace of God, I have done ever since, and I lie awake no more. And I do not lie awake, taking the year round, a quarter of an hour together in a month. By the same experiment, rising earlier and earlier every morning, may one find how much sleep he really wants.

Novel Application.—Charity Johnson, a colored woman, applied to the Chancellor yesterday for an allowance from her husband, John Johnson, to pay for a suit for a divorce. She claimed for this purpose \$100, and \$250 to pay three months board for herself and child. In her bill she stated that she had consulted with all the "regiments" of the law but that her husband had not. The Chancellor referred the parties to the police office, very much to their chagrin, for they are aristocratic negroes, and live in great style in the upper part of the city.—*N. Y. Sun.*

To make a brilliant stucco whitewash for all buildings inside or out.—Take clean lumps of well burnt lime, slacked, add one fourth pound of whiting or burnt alum, pulverized, one pound of loaf sugar, three quarts of rice flour made into a thin and well boiled starch, and one pound of cleanest glue, dissolved as cabinet makers do. This may be put on, cold within doors but hot outside, and will be as brilliant as plaster of Paris, and retain its brilliancy many years.

POPULAR TALES.

THE CONTINENTAL BLOCKADE.

A STORY.

THE Continental Blockade was one of the gigantic ideas of Napoleon. Master of the whole of Europe, either directly or indirectly, he still found all his schemes thwarted by the indomitable opposition of England, and to weaken this enemy, whose whole wealth and strength lay stowed in her commerce, he exerted all his power to close the ports of the continent against her shipping. To a certain extent, he was successful. Almost the whole line of the shore of Europe was blockaded against the British shipping; but the natural consequence was that a contraband system was established, which undid the effect of the whole blockade. Even France itself, which might be supposed to follow up the emperor's wishes with the greatest strictness, had been too long accustomed to depend on Britain for commercial supplies to be able to do entirely without them. In spite of the closest watching on the part of Napoleon's officials large quantities of smuggled goods were introduced from Britain into the Channel coasts of France. It was at one of the French ports in this quarter that the following incidents took place, which will be more intelligible after this explanation of the state of matters at the time of their occurrence.

The port in question, like others in France, had suffered severely from the blockade, in as much as its shipping lay idle and useless, through fear of the terrible enemy which held the mastery of the seas. The inhabitants of the port consequently endured very considerable privations, and a portion of them were not unwilling to profit by the visits of smugglers from the other side of the Channel. Others, again, and among these all the old sailors who had fought against Britain, would have died sooner than have smoked a bit of tobacco, or drunk a glass of rum that had been brought into the port in violation of the blockade. One day, an old privateer captain, named Scipio, was seated with a number of old mariners like himself, on the deck of the *Halcyon*, a dismantled hulk which Scipio had taken in other days from the English, and which now stood in a corner of the harbor, converted into a stationary residence for the privateer and his associates. "Is it not shocking," said Scipio to his companions, "that the port should have abundance of tobacco, sugar, coffee, and other articles, when it is certain that for many weeks not a merchantman has cast anchor in the harbor?" "Shocking," repeated every one around. "My friends," said Scipio, "we are daily betrayed.—The blockade is not respected. Though we have custom-house officers and coast-guards, they are worth nothing. There is some connivance between the townspeople and the English, which enables the smuggler—for it is one vessel, I am convinced, that does the whole mischief—to approach the coast, always at the very moment when the coast-guard are out of the way. These wretches of grocers would sell their country for profit." "If you are right, Master Scipio," said one of the seamen, "the smuggler should not be far off now, since the guard-sloop is gone for a day or two." Scipio turned his head slowly to the west as he heard this remark, and gazed on the long line of blue waters before him. In an instant he cried, "My glass! my glass! that villainous smuggler is there again!" The old privateer's telescope was handed to him, and, after arranging it, he sank gradually on one knee, and swept the horizon with his experienced eye. From sea he turned his gaze to land, and examined that portion of the prospect with equal attention. "What, in the name of wonder, brings that girl in the blue robe so often to that rock by the sea side? And at such a distance from the town too? She must have a purpose!"

The old mariners around could not comprehend the meaning of Scipio's remark. "The smuggler," said one, "what of the smuggler?" Scipio rose smartly to his feet, as if roused from a reverie. "The English smuggler is about to land somewhere not far off this night, my friends: and shall we allow it. No? though the guard-sloop be away, we shall find some boat or another to carry us to sea, and I am sure we are men enough, old as we are, to stop for once the smuggler's pranks, I shall go this instant, and demand letters of marque from the commissary of marine.—

There is treachery somewhere, my friends, but we shall make the blockade be respected!" The ancient mariners cheered old Scipio with spirit, as he departed on his errand to the house of the commissary. "We shall make the blockade be respected," cried they.

Scipio was long in reaching the house of the commissary, from whom he had to receive the letters of marque, or commission, necessary to enable him to fulfil the purpose he had in view. But when he arrived at his destination, he found that the commissary was just about to sit down to dinner. A servant, however, showed him into an elegant hall and promised to announce his wish to see the commissary. Scipio sat here nearly half an hour, biting his nails at the thought that the night was advancing, and the smuggler would soon have his business done. The impatient old privateer at length seized the bell-rope, and rang it violently. A servant reappeared, and, after an apology, on account of there being company at dinner, informed Scipio that the commissary would be glad to hear his business to-morrow. "To-morrow!" cried the veteran, "tell your master that I want a letter of marque, that the English smuggler is in sight, and that in an hour or two, if not prevented, his cargo will be landed, and the blockade broken!" The domestic disappeared, and soon returned with a message to Scipio to wait till after dinner. Scipio sat down, thinking the meal might be soon over. But first course second course, and dessert, successively passed by under the eyes and nostrils of the privateer, and more than an hour was taken up with them. Scipio was now enraged beyond bounds, and he burst through the crowd of servants into the dining-room, where the commissary of marine sat at the head of a splendid party. "Master commissary!" cried the angry and unceremonious seaman, "why have I been kept waiting for nearly two hours in your hall, when I only want a slip of paper, and when you have been told that a smuggler is on the coast, and is violating the blockade?" The guests sat astonished at this speech. I don't require to be taught my duty cried the commissary: "leave the house, fellow." "I will go," returned Scipio, in tones as high; "but I will say to the whole town that you have refused me a scrap of writing, which would have given me the right to battle with these foes of my country! There are traitors here! There are some who know but too well the place and the hour for the smuggler's descent.—" Suddenly the irritated veteran came to a pause. His eye had fallen on the young daughter of the commissary, and he remained gazing upon her in a species of stupor.—This pause in the angry discussion gave an opportunity to a young lieutenant in the naval service, who was present, to rise and approach the privateer. Scipio permitted the youth to lead him out of the room and the house, without a word of resistance. "Scipio, my old friend," said the lieutenant, when the two were alone, "what is the cause of this conduct?" "Oh, Master Augustus, it was I who made a man, a seaman of you; and if you have any kindness for me on that score, get me a letter of marque, and a boat of any kind and let me go and punish that rascally smuggler!" "Your demand may be reasonable, or may not, Scipio said the young officer, "but you take a strange way to prefer it to the commissary, and on the night, too, of his only child's betrothing." "What! that girl whom I saw just now?" asked the old mariner. "Even so," was the reply; "that very young lady at whom you star'd so strangely." "And to whom may she be betrothed?" said Scipio. "To me, my old friend," returned the lieutenant.

Scipio gave a long "whew!" and then was silent for a minute or two. "Master Augustus!" said the veteran at length, you will have a wife who is strangely fond of the sea-shore." "I do not comprehend you, Scipio," said the youth. "Ah, Master Augustus," replied the old privateer, gravely, "beware how you marry that girl. Well might I look in amazement at her. She is an enemy to her country, or has some base connection with its enemies. For several months past I have seen her clamber along the rocks, day after day, at some distance from the port; and I am certain that it is she who gives signals to the English smuggler, and lets him know when it is safe to land the cargo." "Scipio, you are mad!" exclaimed the officers: "the daughter of the commissary of marine, my Cecile, give signals to a smuggler! This is pure ra-

ving!" "It is no raving, Master Augustus," returned the veteran; "I cannot be mistaken. The dress, the figure, every thing tells me that she is the same person on whom my glass has been fixed a thousand times.—Ah, beware, Master Augustus!" The young officer was confounded by the old seaman's pertinacity in making this assertion. "Come to-morrow evening to the *Halcyon*," said Scipio, "and you will probably be convinced by the evidence of your own eye-sight." The bewildered lieutenant gave his consent to this arrangement, ere the two parted for the evening. Scipio was so strongly attached to the youth, that this discovery, so deeply affecting his happiness, drove the letters of marque almost out of the old man's mind. Too much time, besides, had been spent to render them now available. But the privateer was right. On the following day it was well known in the town that the English smuggler had discharged his cargo not far from the port.

For several successive evenings after the one described, Scipio and the young officer of marines watched the rocks along the coast from the deck of the *Halcyon*, and on each occasion were disappointed. No Cecile, nor any body resembling her, appeared to confirm the veteran's statement, and Augustus by degrees became convinced that Scipio's conjecture was utterly unfounded. The daily sight of Cecile was enough of itself to overthrow all jealous suspicion. As the enamoured officer gazed on her light but exquisite form, and her lovely countenance, as yet almost childish in its beauty, or listened to her sweet voice as it accompanied the motion of her delicate fingers on the harp, he thought he must have been mad to imagine, for one moment that a creature so young, so tenderly nurtured, should take up the task which Scipio had assigned to her, even if it could be supposed that her father should be so false to his official trust as to countenance the contraband trade. And then, to as the chances of her living another, how could the lieutenant believe this to be the case when her truth-speaking lips so openly avowed her affection for himself? No, no; Scipio had seen some fisherman's daughter on the rocks, if he had seen any body at all. Such was the train of thought which passed through the mind of Augustus as he sat by the side of Cecile on the fourth or fifth day after their betrothal. "But a few days, now, Cecile," murmured the lover, "and you will be mine—mine for ever." "Would that the time were come, Augustus," said the daughter of the commissary. "Fool that I was to doubt her love!" thought the officer. "Ah, Cecile!" said he aloud, "you make me too happy." At this moment the pair were interrupted. The commissary himself entered the room, a cold, stern, reserved person, most unlike his daughter in seeming temperament. "Augustus," said the commissary, "there are bad news of our cruisers. You will have to depart to-morrow for the eastern part of the Channel." Cecile grew pale, and cast her eyes on the ground; and when she raised to reply to the adieu of her lover, they were filled with tears.

On the morrow, Augustus set off to join the frigate, to which he was attached. On the evening of the same day, Scipio set at his post on board the *Halcyon*, with his glass in his hand. His gaze was turned long, long to sea, and at length he directed it to the land. He had no sooner done so, than a sort of yell escaped him. "Is not this horrible, abominable!—the very day of his departure!" cried the old seaman, "there she is again on the rocks; her blue dress, her figure, nay her face, her mouth, her eyes—I see them all as plainly as if she were two paces off! It must be she! Treacherous, wretched girl! Oh, my poor Master Augustus!" As Scipio uttered those exclamations he turned his glass again to sea. "By heavens, there goes the smuggler already! Already does he know the time to be favourable, and again the blockade will be broken, while I lie here idle, and can do nothing." Convinced of the connection of the commissary with the smuggler, Scipio did not again go on the needle errand of seeking letters of marque, but formed many bitter resolutions of exposing him. At the same time Scipio prayed most earnestly for the speedy return of Augustus. The old man was gratified in his wish. Scarcely had night closed in, when the frigate to which Augustus belonged entered the harbour with a rich prize—two English East-Indiaman. The young officer landed immediately and went to visit Cecile. The daughter of the commissary listened with an obvious mixture of fear and de-

light to her lover's narrative of the capture of the vessels. She separated his long light tresses to see if he spoke true—if the bullets which had passed over his head had not wounded him. She pressed his hands; hers; she was so happy! But Augustus was abruptly called away from this interview. It was Scipio who sought him. What was the result of their interview will be immediately seen. Suffice it to say, that the frigate had not been many hours in the harbour ere she again stood at sea.

On the ensuing morning, the people of the town beheld a stirring sight. At a short distance along the coast, the frigate was seen heaving the well-known smuggler close in to the land. After an attempt to escape on several tacks, the smuggler ran almost upon the rocks. The frigate could not follow it without danger, but a boat full of armed men soon left the frigate to board the contraband vessel. There was yet one chance of escape for the smuggler. To seaward was the frigate, and on one side was the fort of the town, shutting out all chance on these quarters, but on the other side was a narrow passage between a large sunken rock and the shore, which might yet permit an escape, for through that passage the frigate could not have attempted to follow. But the question was, whether or not the smuggler knew of this passage? Apparently it did not, for it seemed to wait the approach of the boat's party, of the head of whom was Augustus, with his trumpet in his hand. Scipio too was in that boat, for the veteran had pressed to be taken on the service. The boat was nearing the smuggler, and it was the hope of all that the contrabandists were ignorant of the passage, when suddenly a girl, dressed in blue, appeared on the rocks, and gave a signal to the smuggler to throw himself into the pass. The signal was noticed by those in the boat, and indeed by all. The trumpet fell from the hand of Augustus as he beheld that girl's figure. But some of the men, in the irritation of the moment, raising their guns to their shoulders. "Fire," cried Scipio. "No, no! it is in sport," cried Augustus. But his words came too late. One of men fired, and the upraised hand of the girl fell to her side. In a moment after, her body was seen to fall prostrate behind the rock where she had appeared. The signal was not in time to save the smuggler, if indeed it was fully understood. There is no necessity for detailing the particulars of the capture which followed. It is enough to say that the smuggler was taken, brought into the harbour, and its cargo publicly burnt on the streets of the town, amid the acclamations of the multitude. The commissary of the marine officiated as the regulator of the burning, and threw the first article into the fire with his own hands. The commissary was somewhat pale at the moment, but by his side stood a young officer, whose colour was that of a corpse.

Some weeks after this affair, a letter reached Augustus. It was written from a convent. Part of it ran thus:—*Ere I knew what purposes I was furthering in so doing, I was ordered often, often, by my cruel father, whose strongest passion was avarice, to appear on these unhappy rocks; and when I did become aware of all that lay under the proceeding, I sought to free myself from the task but could not. Suspicion was more unlikely to fall on me than others. My stern parent's influence over me was beyond my power to escape from and at the last, on the day of the smuggler's capture, he compelled me to make an attempt to save the vessel. I longed for our union, Augustus, because I loved you; but I also longed for it to rid me of this most unnatural servitude. . . . I know you will pardon me, beloved, and the thought will sustain me under our endless separation. Earlier would I have written; but for my wounded hand, it is now almost well.—Adieu.*

Some years after this period, Augustus de Bussy was a married man. His wife was a beautiful woman, but it used to be remarked by all her friends as a very odd circumstance, that she always wore a glove on one of her hands. The reader, however, will not wonder much at this circumstance, for he will conjecture, and rightly, that Cecile was the person in question. As long as the commissary lived, Augustus, though he kept the strange old man's secret, never could bring his mind to think of connecting himself with such being; but when the commissary died, which took place within two years of the affairs related, the young officer took Cecile from the convent where she had

found a refuge although she had not become a member of its sisterhood, and made her the mistress of his home. Old Scipio notwithstanding the thoughts he had once entertained of her, was happy in being allowed to teach the mysteries of ship-building and ship-sailing to the little ones who had her blood in their veins.

Thus closes our episode of the Continental Blockade.

SKETCH OF TRAVEL.

RECOLLECTIONS OF CALCUTTA, BY AN OFFICER.

The Fort of Calcutta is one of the most splendid and convenient military establishments to be found in any quarter of the globe. It is very spacious, and, like the Tower of London, resembles a small town rather than a mere citadel, consisting of various streets and squares adapted for different purposes. On all sides it is guarded by a high and strongly built rampart, which is surrounded by a broad fosse, over which are placed drawbridges, leading to the principal gateways. On our first arrival here, after due admiration of the noble fortress itself, I was particularly amused by observing a tribe of extraordinary looking birds of the crane species, called Adjutants, which are quite domestic, but of a strange unsightly appearance, and which stand erect, like the penguin, in military fashion, rank and file, remaining as silent, motionless, and orderly, as a regiment drawn up on parade. These curious creatures are so well drilled, and so well practised in soldierly habits, that they never move the body, nor even the head, to the left or right as you pass by them, but seem fixed as statues, and are generally to be seen surrounding the green square enclosure in front of the barracks where they remain in a state of ruminative apathy under the full blaze of the mid day sun, until the soldier's dinner-drum begins to beat. Then are they all in motion in an instant, scampering off in double-quick time to the men's barracks, where a scene of great drollery usually ensues. They are most ravenous creatures, and provided with an enormously long and formidable bill, as well as with a large capacious bag, which hangs down from their throat to their long lanky legs. These curious birds, after all, though by no means an ornament to the fort, are as useful as they are amusing being literally and truly its scavengers. They carry off all the offal and refuse thrown out about its precincts, and to them, and a host of assistant crows, who also frequent the locality, the inmates are indebted for the admirable cleanliness, and consequently much of the healthiness, of the place. These crows live on good terms, for the most part, with the Adjutants, but sometimes one of the latter species is provoked out of its apathy by some mischievous encroachment on the part of the lesser birds, and gulps down the offending crow in an instant, feathers, bone, beak, claws, and all. This is a feat which the adjutant can execute with the greatest ease.

The fort is often the scene of animated festivity, from the presence of native jugglers, renowned for their surprising skill and dexterity. The performances of these people have been so often described, that I shall only advert to one piece of jugglery which was practised upon myself, and which is curious from bearing a strong resemblance to the feats recorded in sacred history as having been performed by the Egyptian magicians. Indeed, as it is well known that the Hindoo tricks have been handed down from the most distant ages, from father to son, there is little wonder that such a similarity should exist. The particular trick alluded to consisted in the apparent conversion of a small brass coin into a snake. The juggler gave me the coin to hold, and then seated himself, about five yards from me, on a small rug, from which he never attempted to move during the whole performance. I showed the coin to several persons who were close beside me on a form in front of the juggler. At a sign from him, I not only grasped the coin firmly in my right hand, but, covering that hand with a equal firmness with my left, I enclosed them both as firmly as I could between my knees. Of course I was positively certain that the small coin was within my fists. The juggler then began a sort of incantation—accompanied by a monotonous and discordant kind of recitative, and repeating the words "Ram Samree" during some minutes. He then suddenly stopped, and, still keep-

ing his seat, made a quick motion with his right hand, as if throwing something at me, and giving at the same time a puff with his mouth. At that instant I felt my hands suddenly distend, and become partly open, while I experienced a sensation as if a cold ball of dough, or some such soft substance, was now between my palms. I started to my feet in astonishment, and also to the astonishment of others, and unclenching my fists, found there no coin, but, to my horror, a young living snake a cabra-di-capello—folded roundly up. I threw it instantly to the ground, as if already bit by the deadly reptile, which began immediately to crawl along the ground, to the amazement and alarm of all present. But the juggler now got up, caught hold of the snake, and displayed its length, which was nearly two feet. He then took it cautiously by the tail, and opening his own mouth to its utmost width, let the head of the snake drop into it, and commenced deliberately to swallow the animal, till the end of the tail only was visible, then, making a sudden gulp, the whole of the snake was apparently swallowed. After this the juggler came up to the spectators, and opening his mouth wide, permitted us to look into his throat; but no snake or snake-tail was to be seen. It was seemingly down his throat altogether.

During the remainder of the performances, we never saw this snake again, nor did the juggler profess his ability to make it re-appear. But he performed another snake-trick which surprised us much. He took from a bag another living cobra-di-capello, and walking into the centre of the room, enclosed it in his hands, in a folded state. He waved or shook them for some time in this condition, and then opened his fists, when, behold! the large cobra was gone, and in its place were several small ones, which fell on the floor, and began to move about.

THE HOUSEWIFE,

The following article, from the *New York Express*, contains so much good sense, and propriety too, that we are induced to copy it, for the especial benefit of some "lords of creation," that we wot of. If the boot pinches any one's foot, we shall call on our female readers, to stand between us and harm.

TO MAKE WIVES LOVE THEIR HOMES AND DAUGHTERS TOO.

A great deal has been said, here and elsewhere, about the stay-at-home duty of wives, and the obligation under which they live, to make home pleasant and comfortable, attractive and all that. The inference from this one-sided preaching and caution is, that men have nothing to do in the matter, and that nothing depends upon them, in relation to the comforts of what is intended to be the pleasantest place upon earth. Women are soundly rated for gadding, as if they had no right to be seen out of doors: while men may treat their houses as mere cook-shops and places where lodgings are provided for them—coming in only to their food and to their beds, and nobody questions either their right thus to neglect their families, or the propriety and policy of such neglect.

When a man thus contemptuously treats his home, and evinces in every action his preference for any place except his own fireside, what are we to expect of the rest of the folks? but that they should emulate the father of the family, and despise home, too! If they make it comfortable, it must be from some selfish consideration entirely; for nobody cares any thing about it for more than an hour at a time. All the efforts of the wife to call attention to improvements and alterations in the household being lost, or, at most, responded to in the language and tone of indifference, she becomes dispirited, and naturally learns to put a small estimate upon what receives but small consideration from others. Of course she must "gad" or be miserable.

Wives and religion are treated very much alike in this world. Both, to use an Hibernicism, are conceded to be the one thing needful: and both are neglected. To both a great deal of lip worship is paid—and toward both, to do human nature justice, there is a great deal of warmth of heart. It is, however, but an abstract feeling—sentiment by fits and starts, which comes over one when he is melted by adversity, or cheered by ex-

traordinary good fortune. It comes out upon occasions, but in the daily walks of life where its influence should be seen and felt it is a hidden thing. If a man is dying himself, he calls upon his Maker with as much fervor, as if he had never forgotten him; and if his wife is at the point of death he makes himself as busy and as anxious as if he had never forgotten her. The same feeling, equalised through his life, would prevent a man's terrible anxiety at the hour of death; and proper and attentive care of his wife at all times, and under all circumstances, would leave him no necessity to be over anxious to atone for usual remissness when she is in danger or distress.

Every married man who does not know that his wife's whole soul is in her house ought to learn it. If such be not her disposition, he will stand a fair chance to be unhappy, unless, indeed, he can find some means to alter her tastes, or to conform his household and his pursuits to her peculiar mental conformation. Waiting such, as extraordinary cases, and taking a woman as we usually find them, the married man should consider his house as his wife's empire, and if he would obtain and keep a hold upon her sincere affections, he must learn to feel an interest in all that she does within her proper sphere. The veriest trifle that takes place at home by her direction, is conducted with a view to his comfort and his wishes. Men do not think of this sufficiently. Their cares and intercourse are divided to so many different points and among so many different people, that they cannot without schooling their minds to the subject, comprehend a woman's single attachment to one person, and care for him. He cannot realize that it is his duty to meet this by a corresponding feeling; to be shown always at home. Engrossed in the weighty cares of business, he forgets that what appear as trifles to him, employ as much the attention of his wife, as his negotiations upon 'change, or his business transaction affairs occupy him. He would feel sadly annoyed if what he chooses to tell his wife of his business did not interest her, or if she made no inquiries relative to his business—and prospects.

On the same ground, he should reflect that his wife has a right to be nettled, and may naturally become habitually dependent, if he passes over her budget of domestic news without the expression of any interest. He ought to see the whole advantages of any removal of the furniture, any change of a carpet, or indeed any movement within doors which she may resolve upon in her cabinet councils. He may even assume a right to a voice in those discussions, and she will like it all the better, if he does not attempt too often the exercise of the veto power. She is queen of the realm: he should be, in a manner, a Prince Albert—a sort of subject consort: never disputing her authority, but making suggestions as Prince Albert must certainly will. He may be sure that if he attempts no dictation, and merely expresses wishes, or acknowledges gratification, that the bare expression of interest in household matters will put him in the attitude of "a power behind the throne, greater than the throne itself."

This participation of the husband in affairs at home will necessarily keep him more in the house. He will never find a chance to complain of his wife's "gadling" because, having no inducement to seek sympathy and society abroad, she will become domestic from choice and habit. The participant in all her plans and pursuits, he will know better than to be in a pet at her trips abroad, because he will understand her motive and her reason for all such excursions. In a word, being a reasonable wife, for there are few, if any faults of husbands and wives that are not mutual.

So much for a discussion, which is not malapropos at any time, but is particularly adapted to this season. The reproach of another husband's year is making an unusual bustle in many households: and now is a first rate time for husbands to begin to cure their wives of gadding, as they talk about taking new tenements or refurbishing the old. Let them follow up, as their good sense will dictate, the crude suggestions made in this hastily written article, and a new day in the life matrimonial will dawn upon them; if they have not lived and practised upon correct principles long ago.

A drowned man was taken out of the canal at Boston, on Thursday morning, with the neck of a bottle containing New England rum sticking out of his pocket.

AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER.

ALBANY, SATURDAY, MARCH, 14 1840.

MASONIC.—We would feel obliged to our Masonic friends, throughout the country, if they would from time to time, send us such articles on masonry, as they may be in possession of, either original or otherwise, in the shape of Sermons, Addresses, or Essays. Many of the brethren may have masonic matter, which although not new in one section of country, would still be of interest in another. We would also again remind our brethren throughout the land, we shall at all times be happy to receive an account of the various elections, of officers, in Lodges, Chapters and Encampments.—Ours being the only masonic paper in the U. S. an interchange of communication in this form, will enable the fraternity of one section of country to see what the other is doing, and enable us to establish that fraternal communication, throughout the land, which it is the object of the Register to promote, and which it is essential for the prosperity of the fraternity should be kept up. It is also desirable, to publish the regular communications of each lodge, as will be found in another column, under the head of "Calendar of Communications." Where several papers are taken in a neighborhood, it will assist the memory. All communications sent to us through the post office, it is expected will be free of postage.

Although the following letter contains some very flattering encomiums, in relation to ourselves which modestly, perhaps, should confine to our "sanctorum," yet we are induced to publish the whole of it as containing some very useful hints to the craft in general.—Had the Masons of our own State, been governed by the prudent suggestions here laid down as "our rule of conduct," we should not at this time been compelled to mourn over our desecrated Temple. However, a brighter day is dawning; and we trust that our future efforts, will be governed by the salutary monitions of past experience. We should ever bear in mind the admirable sentiment, of our Grand Chaplain, that "personal conduct, affords the most indubitable evidence and furnishes the best exemplification, of the moral nature of our governing principles of action." "By their fruit shall ye know them," is a maxim of sound wisdom. By this criterion, we judge of other men, and they, especially judge of us, as masons. A simple profession, under any circumstances, is of little or no avail in the view of the world, without a corresponding course of life and conduct. Hereby, are we to show forth the excellency of our institution, before a gain-saying world, being ourselves, living Epistles, known and read of all men."

Mumphis, Tenn. Feb'y. 28th 1840.

Dear Sir,

By the last mail I received a copy of your "American Masonic Register," and hasten to thank you for your kind attention. It is precisely such a work as I have for some time desired to see; and have anxiously sought for. Until, however, the reception of your 17th No. I was not aware that such a publication existed in the Union.—So far as my information extends, it is at this time the only one.

I mean no idle compliment, when I say that a careful perusal of the No. before me, has inspired a warm degree of interest for the success of a work possessing so much intrinsic value to the Craft; and as some earnest of that interest, herewith desire you to forward to my address at this place, ten copies of the "Register," commencing with the first of the volume.

I am truly rejoiced to find from various sources of information, that our time-honored; though much abused Institution, is again recovering from the heartless and ferocious attacks which have been made upon it. The night-time of successful misrepresentation and abuse, is passing away in every quarter of our Republic; and, in this portion of it, the morning, which is about to succeed it, gives tokens of a brighter and better day for true Freemasonry, than has ever yet dawned upon it. I trust that we may come out of the ordeal of persecution to which we have been subjected, like pure gold—purified from the dross which, we, must in candor acknowledge, had begun to gather around and incorporate itself with the pure metal.—In Tennessee, the Lodges are again resuming their labors, and many fine materials are being proposed for our Masonic Temple—materials which have been, and are, accepted because of their intrinsic worth and qualifications. Ten years ago this was not universally the case—favor, affection, interest too often accomplished the admission of persons into the highest seats of the Temple, who ought never to have profaned the checkered pavement with their footsteps. The consequence is written in the history of Freemasonry during the period referred to, and is, I trust deeply impressed upon the minds of the true and faithful, who have stood by the good old cause, through good and through evil report. If this experiment should induce universally a rigid and searching scrutiny into the internal qualifications of those presenting themselves at our doors and a firm unwavering determination to refuse all admission who cannot exhibit the proper masonic recommendations, it will be well that our Cause has suffered persecution. Where such are the consequences, we may rejoice in the endurance of a temporary evil."

ELOCUTION—MR. WHITNEY.—This gentleman gave his second lecture on elocution, on Wednesday evening last, to a respectable and attentive auditory. His conceptions of the various characters he represents are fine, and rivets the attention of his hearers. His voice is finely cultivated, exhibiting an extraordinary compass. If his imitation of M'Duffie, is any thing to nature, we would cheerfully go twenty miles to hear the original. Those of our readers who are desirous of spending an evening in intellectual enjoyment, at a trifling cost, can now have an opportunity. For particulars see his card in another column.

At Raleigh, N. C., the season is so far advanced that the farmers are ploughing and the gardeners busy at work, while the peach and other fruit trees are much advanced in vegetation.

Singular Death.—Miss Janette White, a young lady of 17 years, died at Millersburgh, Ohio, 25th ult., from inflammation caused by a slight puncture in the back, with a pin, used in the fastening of her clothes.

As we published last week, the expulsion of Mr. Arnold, from the privileges of I. O. O. F., a seeming sense of propriety, renders it but fair, that we should give his communication a place. As both parties have now had a hearing we hope we shall be excused from participating in a controversy, which the discipline of the Order, can undoubtedly settle.

Mr. Editor,

I noticed in your last week's paper, that the Washington Lodge No 12, of I. O. O. F., one of the Expelled Lodges in the city of Albany, has published their regular quarterly election of officers which took place last January; now I perceive that they came out

P. J ARNAULD.

I am informed by the said be secretary that there were but six members present at the meeting they say Expelled me neither him nor the other member voted on it.

DISGRACEFUL.—We learn that Lieut. Whitten of the volunteers was killed by the Indians, near the Oc't'a, a few days since. He was out on a scout with twelve men, and was somewhat in advance of his company when fired on, killed and mutilated in a most horrid manner; his men in the meantime, leaving him to his wretched fate. Such cowardice and treachery deserve the severest rebuke, and we learn that their names will be stricken from the roll, as they must be from the respect of society. The force of the enemy was said to be only eight or nine.

By reference to our columns, it will be seen, that murders are being daily committed in every part of the territory. Small bodies of the enemy are lurking about committing ravages of various kinds, and then concealing themselves from view, and eluding the vigilance of the military.—*Quincy Sentinel.*

ASYLUM FOR INEBRIATES.—We perceive that some of the journals at the South, are engaged in discussing the propriety of establishing an Asylum for Inebriates. The Philadelphia and Baltimore papers have both expressed views in favor of such a measure. We copy the following.

"Drunkenness may almost be called a species of insanity, and it produces, when habitual, a diseased state of body which renders the unhappy victim a fit subject of medical treatment. It strikes us that the project of establishing an asylum for such as have contracted this unfortunate habit is a very good one, and likely to be productive of happy results. There are hundreds in every large community, slaves to intemperance, who would be glad to escape from the chains of tyrants whose sway they have brought upon themselves, and who do make efforts for their own deliverance. But the habit has become a disease: it is settled in the system; the nervous organization is shattered, and the will is impotent; having such feeble instrument. Persons of this class are entitled to sympathy and assistance. They bewail their condition, and are only sensible of its degrading nature. The inference is highly probable that they would rejoice at the opportunity of placing themselves under wholesome restraint, where kindness and medical aid would come to the help of their own well-meant though inefficient resolution. The experiment is well worth trying.

SHOCKING ACCIDENT.—A man named Perry, aged about 60, an old resident of the village of Mahus, was suddenly deprived of life on the morning of the 18th inst. He had been engaged in getting an axe, in the mill owned by Jonathan Rowley, on the floor over the water-wheel. On stepping upon a loose board, he fell through the floor, and was precipitated about 25 feet to the water-wheel, which was revolving, and immediately stripped him of every vestige of clothing, and cut off entirely the upper part of his head. — *Oswego Standard.*

TAKE CARE OF YOUR TREES.—A venerable citizen has called upon us to say, that it is high times for all those who have fruit or shade trees worth preserving, to be looking out for the ravages of the cankerworm. Early last week he had precaution to tar his trees, and found, on subsequent examination, that he had entrapped a large number of the grub and fly which generate the worm, and that it was necessary again to renew his tar. A second tarring produced the same result. It is, therefore, evident that no time is to be lost in pursuing every precaution to preserve our trees for the coming summer. It is apprehended that the tinning and stocking process adopted for many of our shade trees, will not be effectual, since it is not found sufficient to avoid the effect of wind and weather.

SUICIDE.—We learn from the Lincoln Patriot, that Mr. Alexander Spear, of Warren, who had taught a school in Cushing, Maine, during the winter, committed suicide in his school house, recently, by cutting his throat with a penknife. He was found, when his scholars arrived, nearly divested of clothing, in a dark closet in the building, having just expired from his wounds. The whetstone was still wet on which he had sharpened his knife; and his clothing was as carefully folded as if he had been preparing to pack it in a trunk.

A Regular Caution.—In the Baltimore county court on Wednesday, Mrs. Susan E. Griffith obtained a verdict for \$300 damages, in an action for slander, brought under the following circumstances: The evidence shows that Mrs. Griffith and another lady went into defendant's store on a Saturday night about 7 or 8 o'clock, and asked to look at some stockings. Defendant put on the counter 3 pair, as he supposed, and when they declined to buy any, he discovered that there were only two. The plaintiff then started out, was stopped by defendant, brought back and partially searched. The declaration stated that defendant said, "Madam, you have my stockings, walk back and give them up; it's of no use to deny it, you have them."

Dreadful Death.—An old man of the name of Bushy, a corporal in the 1st incorporate Light Infantry, was burnt in such a shocking manner as to cause his death in a few hours. It appears that Bushy was a man of very intemperate habits, and had gone to bed drunk in the afternoon, and his wife left the house to attend a sick person. When she returned, about dark she found the wretched victim of intemperance lying on the hearth, literally roasted alive. He died about 4 o'clock next morning. —*Hun. Express.*

Destructive Fire and Loss of Life.—Two cotton boats, with \$3 000 worth of cotton, were destroyed by fire at Pulaski (Tenn.) on the 19th ult., and two men, John Kelly and John C. Browning, who were in them, were burnt to death. It is not known how the fire originated.

A Reverend gentleman, by the name of Miller, is creating some excitement in Boston and its vicinity, by his preaching and prophecies. He alleges that he has discovered, from a careful perusal of the Scriptures, and particularly the book of Revelations, that the world will be destroyed in 1843.

A Hint to the Girls.—Rev. Mr. Morison, of New Bedford, in his Peterborough centennial sermon, says:—“Early in our history, the hand card, the little wheel and the loom with the hand shuttle, were almost the only instrument of manufacture in the place.” The grandmother of Governor Miller paid for four hundred acres of land in fine linen, in its entirety (except getting over the flax) by her own hands.

On Saturday morning, Esther Robison, youngest daughter of Sanford Cobb, aged 16 years, at Lonsburg, in the house of her father, Mr. Frederick A. Wait, aged about 23 or 24 years, late of this city.

W A R R E N D.

On the 4th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Fraser, Mr. Dighton Q. Mosher, of Sharon, to Miss Sarah Ann Duckstadter, of the same place.

CHARLES WHITNEY.—Professor of Elocution respectfully announces to the citizens of Albany, that he will give his third Lecture at the Apollo Saloon, No 1 Green Street, South-west corner of State, at 7 o'clock, on Wednesday Evening March 18, upon the art of Speaking and Elucidate delivery *by new and original diagrams.*

PART I-

Third act of the Merchant of Venice.--*Solanis, Salarino, Shylock and Tubal,*
 Clarence and Brakenbury - - - *Shakespeare.*
 King Lear's Personification of the Tempest- *Shakespeare.*

Richard 3d Dream and Address to his Army, (as
originally written) - - - Shakespeare

PART II.

Alexander's Feast	-	-	-	-	<i>Dryden</i>
Eve's Supplication to Adam	-	-	-	-	<i>Milton</i>
Exile of Erin	-	-	-	-	<i>Campbell</i>
Moore's Bozzaris	-	-	-	-	<i>Hall's</i>
Maniac Maid	-	-	-	-	<i>Southey</i>
Joan Unfortunate Lady	-	-	-	-	<i>Pope</i>

PART III.

Reply to Mr. Webster, in Senate, 1830
 Rejoinder to Mr. Hayne, in Senate, 1830
 Vindication of South Carolina, 1830
 Eloquent Appeal, in behalf of Greece,
 Speech, of the Elder Brutus,
 Simplicity Characteristic of Truth

Hayne
Webster
M. Duffie
Clay
J. H. Payne
Edwin Forrest

PART IV.

Lodgings for Single Gentleman	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Coleman</i>
The Whiskers	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Philpotts</i>
Tohy Fossopot	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Coleman</i>
Razor Seller	-	-	-	-	-	<i>P. Pindar</i>

Tickets 25 Cents, which will admit a Gentleman and Lady. Tickets, admitting a family \$1. to be had at the City Hotel, at W. C. Little's Book Store, and at the door on the evening of the performance.

CALENDAR OF COMMUNICATIONS.

EACH MONTH.		
Temple Encampment	Albany	2d Friday.
Temple R. A. Chapter.	Albany	2d & 4th Tuesday.
Mount Vernon Lodge.	Albany	1st & 3d Thursday.
Temple Lodge.	Albany	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Apollu Lodge.	Troy	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Apollu Chapter	Troy	Tuesday.
Apollu Encampment.	Troy	31st Dec.
Phoenix Lodge.	Lansingburg	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Ohio Branch	Bethany Sic	1st Wednesday v. p. c.
Genevieve Encampment.	Lockport N.Y.	
Mount Moriah.	Louisville K.	1st & 3d Saturday.

NEW B. K.—W. C. LITTLE has received
Goodrich's Pictorial Geography of the World, parts 7 and
8, price 5s. only.

Due's Illustrations of Shakespeare and of ancient manners.
The Northern in England. Dis. ov. 10s. &c.
Hayward's New-England Gazetteer.
The American Flower-Garden Directory.
The Spirit of the Woods, numerous plates.
The complete Practical Farmer.
Blake's Biographical Dictionary.
Sage's Temperance Tales, &c. &c.
The R. joined Addresses, by H. Smiths.
Whealey on the Book of Common Prayer.
The Comm. La. in Gauthier, plates.
The R. g. & C. M. A. Manual, 1840.
Horne Cooke's Descriptions of Purley.
Extra Tracts for the Tanager.
P. & W. on the French by themselves
Lyon on the Slave Trade.
Hunt's Merchant's Magazine for March.
The Lady's Book and Ladies' Companion, and the Philadelphia
Casket for March.
Land & Imaginary Conquistador \$4. vols.
Napier's History of the Peninsular War, 4 vols.
Mantel's Wanderers of Gloga by, plates.
The Atlantic Library, numerous plates.
French Letter Paper, Family Note Papers, Writing, Medallions
Wax &

THE AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER.

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OPPOSITE THE EAGLE TAVERN, ALBANY.

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 PUBLISHED BY
 P. MASON, GENERAL.

POETRY.

For the American Masonic Register and Literary Companion.

MEMORY.

"The memory of past joys, pleasant yet mournful to the soul."
OSIAN.

A wondrous link there is to bind
The heart to heart, the mind to mind;
Who shall investigate its laws,
Or tell us of the mighty cause,
That sets our sense and will at naught,
And cuts a channel for our thought.

Myron, for many years has lain
Beneath the surges of the main.
When last I saw his placid face,
His look of love and meek of grace,
No care had crossed my infant brow,
Yet fancy sees him plainly now.

I see him bending o'er the page
That makes the simplest student sage.
The page that Israel's Psalmist knew,
And wiser than his teachers grew.
The page, though still despised by man,
That Angel eyes have wished to scan.

I see him with a look of love,
The stubborn scorner's pride reprove,
I see his polished shaft of wit
The follies of the thousand hit;
And now in language true and terse
I see him weave the classic verse.

Now when disease has paled his cheek,
A milder clime I see him seek.
And now, amid the foaming spray
And frantic waves of Onslow Bay,
His helmless bark is roaming free,
And—flesh and blood no more may see.

The sea can keep its secret well,
But Faith the sequel yet may tell,
For love like his no floods can drown.
He bore the Cross and wears the Crown.
The pearly gates to him unfold,
He treads the streets of glassy gold.

Faith sees the walls of Jasper stand
Around that glorious spirit land.
Faith hears the chorus of the sky
Like Ocean's voice when winds are high;
And while they one by one rejoice,
She hears the sound of Myron's voice.

P. Jr.

Albany, March, 1840.

ROYAL ARCH SONG.

When orient Wisdom beam'd serene,
And pillar'd Strength arose;
When beauty ting'd the glowing scene,
And faith her mansion chose:
Exalting hands the fabric view'd,
Mysterious powers ador'd;
And high the Triple union stood,
That gave the mystic word.

Pale envy wither'd at the sight,
And frowning at the pile,
Call'd murther from the realms of Night,
To blast the glorious toil.
With ruffian outrage, join'd in woe,
They form the league abhor'd
And wounded Science felt the blow,
That crush'd the mystic word.

Concealment, from sequester'd cave,
On subtle pinions flew,
And o'er the sacrilegious grave,
Her veil impervious threw;
Th' associate band in solemn state
The awful loss deplo'd,
And Wisdom mourn'd the ruthless fate,
That whelmed the mystic word.

At length, through Time's expanded sphere

Fair Science spreads her way,
And warm'd by Truth's refulgence clear,
Reflects the kindred ray;
A second fabric's tow'ring height
Proclaims the sign restor'd,
From whose foundation, brought to light,
Is drawn the mystic word.

To depths obscure, the favor'd Trine
A dreary course engage.
'Till through the Arch the ray divine
Illumes the sacred page!
From the wide wonders of this blaze,
Our ancient sign's restored,
The Royal Arch alone displays
The long lost mystic word.

There is a great deal of beautiful, tender simplicity in the following verses, as well as true patriotism and a firm manly feeling. In short it is an effluence from the heart of an Irishman, thinking aloud.

THE LAMENT OF THE IRISH EMIGRANT.

I'm sitting on the stile, Mary,
Where we sat side by side,
On a bright May mornin', long ago,
When first you were my bride;
The corn was springin' fresh and green,
And the lark sang loud and high,
And the red was on thy lip, Mary,
And the loe light in your eye.

The place is little changed, Mary,
The day is bright as then;
The lark's loud song is in my ear,
And the corn is green again:
But I miss the soft clasp of your hand,
And your breath, soft on my cheek,
And I still keep listnin', for the words
You never more may speak.

'Tis but a step down yonder lane,
And the little church stands near—
The church where we were wed, Mary—
'I see the spire from here;
But the grave-yard lies between, Mary,
And my step might break your rest,
For I've laid you, darlin', down to sleep,
With your baby on your breast.

I'm very lonely now, Mary,
For the poor make no new friends,
But, oh! they love the better,
The few our Father sends!
And you were all I had, Mary—
'My blessin' and my pride;
There's nothing left to care for now,
Since my poor Mary died!

Yours was the brave good heart, Mary,
That still kept hopin' on,
When the trust in God had left my soul,
And my arms' young strength had gone.
There was comfort ever on your lip,
And the kind look on your brow;
I bless you, Mary, for that same,
Though you can't hear me now.

I thank you for the patient smile,
When your heart was fit to break,
When the hunger-pain was gnawin' there,
And you hid it for my sake!
I bless you for the pleasant word,
When your heart was sad and sore;
Oh! I'm thankful you are gone, Mary,
Where grief can't reach you more.

I'm hidin' you a long farewell,
O my Mary—kind and true!
But I'll not forget you, darlin'!
In the land I'm goin' to;
They say there's bread and work for all,
And the sun shines always there;
But I'll not forget old Ireland,
Were it fifty times as fair!

And often in those grand old woods
I'll sit, and shut my eyes,
And my heart will travel back again
To the place where Mary lies;
And I'll think I see the little stile
Where we sat side by side,
And the springing corn, and the bright Maymorn,
When first you were my bride!

THE NIGHT-FOUNDERED BARK.

The day passed sadly, and the evening fell,
The light wind to the last beam sighed farewell,
Then calmly o'er the quiet waters crept,
And o'er their pure and placid bosom slept;
The flag drooped heavily against the mast,
And all was deadly calm, too calm to last;
Dark clouds were spread along the western sky,
Like heavy folds of funeral drapery,
As if they waited for the daylight's close,
To drop their curtain o'er the sun's repose:
Yet e'en their ragged edge the last ray tinged,
And with a deep and golden border fringed;
And o'er their bosoms lighter clouds careered,
That, deeply red, surcharged with fire appeared;
A distant, indistinct, and murmuring sound,
Was all that broke the calm which reigned around;
While something like a weight, so sultry-warm,
Hung o'er, sure token of the coming storm.

Slowly those dark clouds soon began to spread
Their pall-like, sable curtains overhead;
And distant thunder, like a signa drum,
Bade heaven's artillery to battle come;
Then the hoarse thunde muttered o'er the waves,
And roused them from their sleep in coral caves;
Each rolling billow shook its foamy crest,
And danced and leaped for joy on ocean's breast.
Fierce darting onward, with a wild delight,
Like white-plumed warriors rushing to the fight;
While the red sky its vivid lightnings sent,
To mingle in the roaring element;
And the long whistle of th' awakened wind,
Seemed calling to the clouds that lagged behind!

Where was the vessel, mid that wild uproar?
And where, oh! where, the fearful hearts it bore?
Where was the ship!—'twas indistinctly seen,
The darksome seas the watery cliffs, between,
Now hidden, as the waves swept o'er the deck,
Now rising for an instant, a black speck!
'Tis gone at last—I cannot see it more:
And where it was, the waves are battling o'er:
While high above the boiling of the surge,
The sea-bird screams the vessel's funeral dirge;
And the loud shriek of death and agony,
Is lost amid the howling of the sea!

PARTING FROM A HOUSEHOLD.

BY MARY E. HEWITT.

We are parting, as with shadows,
From the friends of happy hours;
From the eyes whose kindly glances
Were as sunbeams unto flowers;
From the sound of gentle voices,
Whose tones have thrown a spell
Of gladness o'er every word,
Save the dread word, "Farewell!"

Do we pass, to be forgotten,
From the fireside, and the board?
With our parting footsteps, lightly forth,
Like a jest, an idle word?
The sea lamenteth not the foam
Flung from its dashing crest,
Nor the eagle the loosed feather
That is falling from his breast!

Oh, friends! we would be treasured still!
Though Time's cold hand should cast
His misty veil, in after years,
Over the idol past,
Yet send to us some offering thought,
O'er memory a ocean wide,
Bright as the Hindoo's votive lamp,
On Ganga's sacred tide.

AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER AND LITERARY COMPANION.

BY L. G. HOFFMAN.]

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[VOL. I.—NO. 29.]

MASONIC.

ADDRESS.

BY JAMES G. BROOKS.

It is now nearly three thousand years since the foundation of Masonry; as yet it has resisted the destroying hand of Time. Kingdoms have arisen, flourished, and fallen—the rock of power, the adamant of genius have crumbled—moral earthquakes have dashed in ruin the strongest, the fairest fabrics of human enterprise and of human wisdom; Masonry has remained unbroken—it hath not bent to the storm, nor hath it died in the sluggish calm. If we examine the nature and progress of man's institutions, we shall find them all partaking of that mutability which characterizes his own strange, and fitful, and feverish existence: perishable himself, how can he confer eternity upon his works? He erects his statue of brass, the colossus of ages—triumphant Time! thou hurlest it to the dust! True, he can ascend the ever-during arch of Fame, and inscribe there the letters of his immortality—he can kindle the fire of his renown which blazes for ages, a beacon to the universe, but he cannot recall the last faint sigh of existence, nor protect his trophies against the scythe of destruction. Go, and learn this truth from the melancholy picture of History! Go, and moralize amidst the ruins of Thebes, and ask where are her hundred gates, her thousands of chariots, and her millions of warriors?

"And there in desolation cold
The desert serpent dwells alone,
Whose gaze pierces each mould'ring stone,
And stuns themselves to ruin grown
Are gray and death-like old."

Go, and learn wisdom from solitary Tyre; and ask where are her golden palaces and her numberless navies? Go, and ask of Egypt, where are her twenty thousand cities, her temple of the sun, her oracle of Ammon, and her sacred fountain; there, the sun now shines on a bleak waste, the voice of the oracle hath been silent for ages; and the wild weed hath long waved in the bed of its fountain! Let Macedon produce the trophies of her conquering son.—Let Persia shew the diadem of Cyrus and the spear of Cambyse, they are enveloped by the oblivious pall, and the mournful voice of History tells only that they *have been*. So it is with man, and with the works of man—child of doubt and danger—the spectre of uncertainty bends over his cradled slumber, darkens the warm noon of his manhood, and extends his dusky arm over the evening of his decline. He walks forth in his majesty, the image of God, and the lord of creation—his path is on the mighty deep—his footsteps are on the lofty mountain—he stands on his proud eminence and looks down on a subject world. Look once again, and where is he? The mysterious fire of his existence is extinguished—the cold clod presses on his colder bosom—the dull worm banquets on that brow where once sparkled genius and beauty—and the charnel shroud envelops that form where once glowed the star of honor and the purple of dominion!

Since then instability is inherent in the very nature of man, and spreads itself over all his works, we can best judge of the value of all institutions by their longer or shorter resistance to subduing Time. We are safe in the assertion, that no society can compete

with ours in duration—it hath resisted every change and braved every tempest—it hath stood firm and beheld the wide-spreading pine of Assyria strewing the earth with its branches, in vast and gigantic ruin—it hath seen the rising flood of mighty hosts desolate imperial Babylon—it hath seen the starry throne of the just Haroun broken down—it hath seen the majestic eagle of the Roman extending his dark form over the battle fields.

"Where death's brief pang was passed
And the battle's wreck lay thickest
Swept beneath the advancing banner
Of the eagle's burning crest;
There with hunder-thounds to fan her,
Who could then her wing arrest,
Victory beaming from her brow?"

Ah, that wing was arrested and the proud bird struck down, a prey to the vultures of the northern forests.—So it hath been—the pomp, the pageantry, the mightiness of nations have been humbled: the hand of obscurity hath spread his folds over palace, and temple, and tower. The fierce storm of war and the lazy moth of luxury have united in this work of destruction; and the impetuous wave of Time hath ever been chequered by the fragments of glory and the wrecks of magnificence, floating along in fearful—and melancholy ruin.

Let it not be said that our boast in the antiquity of our order is a vain and empty conceit. There is a nobleness in that lofty, yet much abused pride of ancestry which builds its fabric on the hallowed grave of valor and virtue, and sheds a melancholy grandeur on the descendents of illustrious men. What can be more grateful to the aspiring mind of man, what better safeguard can that mind possess against dishonorable and degrading actions, than the consciousness that his forefathers were noble in their day? With what a swelling bosom does he look over a long line of distinguished names, and feel that from them he sprung, and that the lamp of glory still burns in the sepulchre of their repose! With what sublime feelings did the son of Morven stand by the gray stones which marked the graves of his fathers, and behold their spirits bending from the mist, and hovering in the wind! How high beat the heart of the ancient Scandinavian, when he saw the forms of his warrior sires riding on the storm of night—when he heard their voices mingling with its murmurs, and deemed that they had left for a while the feast of their Valhalla to revisit the lakes where they once unfurled the white sail, and the mountains which once re-echoed the blast of their battle horn!

And thus should it be with the memory of the gallant, the gifted, and the brave, and thus should we feel when that memory is awakened in our hearts—when we have poured our last low dirge over the bier of worth, when the fair brow and white bosom of beautiful love are cold in the urn, their image should be cherished ever green in our affections. Worthless indeed would be our destiny, where our actions to sleep with the clay. Were the fame of man limited to his wild and tumultuous career,—were his name to pass away with the sound of the heavy clod that rattles on his coffin—where his memory to end with the shrill and broken hearted wail that sorrow utters over his new made grave, where then would be the laud of honor and the bay of genius? Where then would be that proud spirit in which now springs triumphant over adversity—which tramples on the iron arrows of danger, and embraces with enthusiasm the dark and awful form of Death

himself? Earth would be a listless hermitage, and life a valueless toy. This veneration for the glory of the past is the great incentive to our aspirations for the future, they depend upon each other, and cannot exist separately. Before we look forward through the eternity of years to decide what *we shall be*, we survey the past to see what *others have been*. By this means alone can our emulation be excited, and our spirits be confirmed in.

—"that strong divinity of soul
Which conquers chance and fate."

If these reasons be not enough to justify the pride of antiquity; let your own experience in objects that are before you, be a convincing proof. Is there not a spirit of mournful grandeur that inhabits a pile once mighty and now desolate—is there not an affecting sublimity in the gray hairs and furrowed brow of majestic man—and is decay ever more interesting than when we behold his shadowy form bending over the ruins of ancient empires?

There is a period in the history of mankind, where some of the branches of our order act a conspicuous part—the era of the crusades. In those romantic days, when the infant was nursed amid clangour of arms, and his young eye was caught by the banner of his house waving over his paternal domain—when he was taught to idolize glory and honor, and to prepare himself for a life of adventurous danger, arose the orders of knighthood. Amongst these our companions of Malta were distinguished. They were established by the illustrious Godfrey, in the 11th century, and the gallant Raymond of Thoulouse was the first Grand Master. A part of their oath was "never to reckon the number of an enemy, and to die at their posts rather than yield." After the loss of Jerusalem, they took the island of Rhodes from the Saracens, and kept it for two hundred years in defiance of the whole Mahometan power. In the 16th century, the Emperor Charles V. gave them the isle of Malta, where under their Grand Master, the gray-headed Valeta, they resisted the angry Solymán, until he withdrew his baffled navies. For seven hundred years this noble order was the terror of Infidels, the defender of Christianity, and the safe-guard of Europe. In our own time, we have seen them firmly resist the powerful Napoleon; and had not the accursed spirit of treachery sprung up in their fortress, this masterly soldier would have retired from the rock of Malta confounded and defeated. It is needless to enlarge on the merits of these our companions, their actions from is noblest eulogy.

I have said that one of the objects of Masonry is to unite the world in a bond of love. But this is not all—she not only extends the friendly hand—she hath also her banner and her sword. The storm of war hath shaken that banner, blood hath crimsoned that sword. But never has her cross been upreared in the cause of injustice. It was for the pure faith that her warriors bled—it was against the shield of oppression that her spear rattled. In the 11th century, fierce convulsions agitated the eastern world. A destroying lion rushed down from the mountains of Imans, and shook his mane in red triumph. The victorious Saladin reared his crescent on the towers of the holy city, and stretched his subduing arm ar over hill and valley.—But a cloud was gathering in the west, whose shadows threatened to veil that crescent. The dark-browed Iberian left the fair banks of his golden river—and the impetuous Gaul poured down from the blue Pyrenees

the white sails of Albion were set on the main, and the shrill horn of the blue-eyed German was heard afar from his native vales amidst the sands of Syria. Then the sword of Masonry was unsheathed, and powerful was its blow. Bear witness, ye wasted fields of Samaria, ye broken battlements of Askalon, and ye tenantless walls of Jerusalem!—Jerusalem! beneath thy bulwarks sleep our valiant of yore—century after century hast thou seen the bones of heroes bleaching in decay, while from thy ruined towers the owl hath hooted to her dusky, paramour, and the forest lion hath made his lair in the sepulchre of Christ. When the fiery crescent floated in proud and martial defiance—when the temple was broken down—the altar profaned—and the incense extinguished—when.

"From Naphtali's forest to Galilee's wave
The sands of Sam' nar drank the blood of the brave"—

then, the champions of Masonry were the champions of faith—then the cloud of their numbers rolled, and their shout of vengeance rung through the woods of Palestine. Nor rolled that cloud, nor rose that shout in vain: our gallant Templars and our knights of St. John marched to the triumph, and the red-cross of our order waved victorious on Mount Calvary.

Brethren, and Companions, we should feel in a peculiar degree our duty and our obligations as Masons—the high responsibility we bear, and the grand object of our union. We are called upon by the mystery of that mountain whence came the cry, bow down, bow down your heads, for the everlasting fire of the Almighty is upon you,—by that awful sign which, like the incantation of the sorceress, forced the relentless grave to yield its prey—by that word which has broken upon the iron sound of battle, upon the waves of the troubled sea, and upon the solitude of midnight—that word which never yet was uttered in vain:—We are called upon by these and by the voice of our sacred mysteries, to persevere in the grand design—to govern our lives by the great and sublime principles of our order,—and to hand down to our posterity the faith of Masonry, unaltered, unviolated, and unshaken.

BIOGRAPHY.

ST. PATRICK.

There are so many absurd legends of the Irish Apostle, that his name has been brought into contempt, particularly among Protestants. But an examination of his true history, will lead every fair-minded person to a very different estimate of his character.

St. Patrick appears to have been a native of Boulogne in France, and to have been born about the year 397 A. D. In his sixteenth year he was made captive in a marauding expedition by an Irish king, Nial of the nine Hostages. Being carried to Ireland and sold as a slave to a man named Milcho, living in what is now called the county of Antrim. The occupation assigned him was the tending of sheep. His lonely rambles over the mountains and the forests are described by himself as having been devoted to constant prayer and thought, and the nursing of those deep devotional feelings, which, even at that time, he felt strongly stirring within him.

At length, after six years of servitude, the desire of escaping from bondage arose in his heart. "A voice in his dreams," he says, "told him, that he was soon to go to his own country, and that a ship was ready to convey him thither." Accordingly in the seventh year of his slavery, he betook himself to flight, and making his way to the southwestern coast of Ireland, was there received on board a merchant vessel, which after a voyage of three days, landed him on the coast of Gaul.

He now returned to his parents, and after spending some time with them, devoted himself to study, in the celebrated monastery of St. Martin, at Tours. During this period it would appear that his mind still dwelt with fond recollection upon Ireland; for he had a remarkable dream, which, in those superstitious ages, was regarded as a vision from heaven. In this, he seemed to receive innumerable letters from Ireland, in one of which was written, "The voice of the Irish."

In these natural workings of a warm and pious imagination, so unlike the prodigies and miracles with which most of the legends of his life abound, we see

what a hold the remembrance of Ireland had taken of his youthful fancy, and how fondly he already contemplated some holy work in her service.

Having left the seminary at Tours, he spent several years in travelling, study, and meditation; but, at length being constituted a bishop, and having at his own request been appointed by the See of Rome, to that service he proceeded on his long contemplated mission to Ireland.

Let us pause a moment to consider the state of Ireland at this period, that we may duly estimate the task which lay before this apostle, and which we shall find he gloriously accomplished. The neighboring Island of Britain, it will be remembered, was still under the Roman yoke; but no Roman soldier had ventured to cross the narrow channel between Britain and Ireland, and set his foot upon Irish soil. To Ireland then Rome had imparted none of her civilization.

The country was, in fact, in a state of barbarism: the government was the same as that which had been handed down for centuries, and which continued for ages after. The territory was divided among a great number of petty chiefs, who assumed the title and claimed the sovereignty of kings, but who yet acknowledged a sort of nominal allegiance to the monarch of the realm. The disputes between these sovereigns were incessant, and the people were engaged in almost constant war. Among the rapid succession of princes, history tells us of but few that did not die by violence.

In such a state of things, it is obvious that there could be little progress in the arts of peace, or in that culture which proceeded from the diffusion of intellectual light. A limited knowledge of letters existed in the country, and there was, no doubt, much mystical lore among the druid priesthood, who at this dark period of society, appear to have led both prince and people as they cheated and deluded captives, whithersoever they pleased.

The dominion, indeed, of these artful priests over the mind of the nation, seems to have been absolute, and they exercised it with unsparing rigor. The whole people were subjected to an oppressive routine of rites and ceremonies, among which the sacrifice of human victims, men, women, and children, was common. The details of these shocking superstitions, are indeed, too frightful to be repeated here. It is sufficient to say, that this mission of St. Patrick contemplated the conversion of a nation, wedded to these unholy rites, to the pure doctrine of the gospel.

He came alone, armed with no earthly power arrayed in no visible pomp, to overturn the cherished dynasty of ages; to beat down a formidable priesthood; to slay the many-headed monster, prejudice; to draw aside the thick cloud which overpread a nation, and to permit the light of heaven to shine upon it.

There was something in the very conception of this noble enterprise, which marks St. Patrick as endowed with the true spirit of an apostle. It is sufficient to say, that exercising no power but persuasion, and using no weapon but truth, he proceeded from place to place and in the brief space of thirty years introduced christianity into every province in this land, without one drop of bloodshed. Every where, the frowning altars of the Druids fell before him, the superstitious prince did homage to the cross, and the proud priest of the Sun bent his knee to the true God. Christianity was thus introduced and spread over Ireland, without violence, and by the agency of a single individual.

Where is there a brighter page in history than this. Where is there a life more ennobled by lofty purpose more illustrious from its glorious results than this of St. Patrick? Surely, such an individual is no proper theme for ridicule or contempt. If we Americans do homage to the memory of Washington who aided in delivering our country from tyranny, the Irishman may as justly hold dear the recollection of him who redeemed his country from paganism.

Aside from the immediate benefits which St. Patrick secured to Ireland, he has left to all mankind the heritage of a glorious truth, that is, that in contending with human passions, and human weakness and human depravity, the ministers of Jesus Christ needs no other weapon than, enforced by holy example. He has left us an imperishable lesson of wisdom, that a usurper can overturn that dominion of ignorance and prejudice which might for ever hold the sword at bay.

He has also taught us another truth, worthy of universal remembrance, which is, that the Irish people, wedded as they may be to ancient customs, are still accessible to the gentle appeals of truth and reason. Would to Heaven that those, who attempt to deal with what they consider the superstitions of the Irish, would follow the example of St. Patrick and treat them as rational beings.—Goodrich.

SKETCH OF TRAVEL.

THE FIRE JUMP.

When crossing the mountains from Toas into Santa Fe, we passed along the brink of a frightful precipice called the 'Fire Jump,' about which our guide told us the following story: Col. Tom was a half-breed, well known a few years ago through all the villages in Toas—living at times with the Indians—a shrewd, cunning fellow, not brave, but exceedingly wicked. He was the son of an American trapper, who perished in the snow one winter night, in the mountains, while Tom was yet an infant. Tom obtained the title of Colonel from the Americans, on account of a martial and commanding manner which he was fond of assuming. He spoke Spanish fluently, and knew enough of English to mingle with the traders, and be useful to them as an interpreter, being also conversant with the language of his Indian mother. Though known to be a great rascal, he was tolerated by Americans and Spaniards on account, partly of his usefulness when he chose to make himself serviceable, and partly for his reckless and humorous disposition; but the Indians hated him with deadly hostility. His superior intelligence made him feared among them, and they were jealous of the white blood that ran in his veins. Living under the rule of the Spanish government, they could not kill him without being punished for it, and this made their hatred the more bitter. He knew well the hostile feelings of the Indians with whom he mingled and the delight of his existence seemed to consist in paning schemes of devilry and rascality to aggravate them. He would steal from the whites whiskey enough to make a whole Indian town drunk, and in the midst of the carnival he would drive off the horses and sell them to the Spaniards. He would interpret for the Indians when selling their skins to the traders, and invariably contrived to make himself half the advantages of the trade.

At length his depredations became so notorious and of so villainous a nature, that the Spaniards would no longer protect him, and the Indians commenced hunting him for his life. He had been chased a whole day through the valley and up the mountain side, by a band of the Apachus Indians, when his horse gave out just at this spot, now known as 'The Fire Jump.' The animal fell near the edge of the precipice and to prevent the Indians discovering him by the fallen steed, he exerted his strength, and actually pushed the poor dying horse over the rock into the abyss below. A hollow log lay near the spot; he heard the approach of his pursuers; and jumping into the log, he turned it over and lay concealed, as he thought, beneath it.

But the Indians had seen the action, and a fiendish revenge entered into their heads. They came to the spot pretending to believe that their prey had escaped them, and manifesting great vexation and disappointment. They dismounted, and seating themselves upon the log, rehearsed what they would do had they caught him. Thus the cunning savages sat till night was dark around them, when they gathered dry branches and leaves, and commenced building their fire close against the hollow log where their enemy was hidden. The wretched victim then knew but too well that his concealment was discovered, and a horrid death was designed for him. He peeped from beneath the log, and saw that each man had his bow in hand, and his arrows ready for use.

The fire kindled, rapidly, and the Indians laughed aloud as the flames curled around the rotten log. Tom was not brave, but it would seem as if the miserable wretch formed the desperate resolution of dying by the fire, rather than give the Indians the delight of killing him with their arrows. This, however, was a feat not in human nature to perform, and after enduring the torture to the last moment, the doomed wretch dashed off the burning log, and sprang to his feet with his deer skin dress wrapt in a sheet of flame. He threw himself upon the ground and rolled, but the

fire still clung to him. The Indians yelled and danced with delight. He rose to his feet again, and rushing to the precipice, sprang over the brink; a dozen arrows pierced him at the moment, and with a frantic scream of agony, he sped like a lightning flash into the dark gulf below. The Indians threw themselves upon their faces and peeped over the brink to see the burning body dash from rock to rock, until it disappeared beneath a projecting crag, hundreds of feet down in the frightful ravine; after which, they calmly smoked their pipes around the still blazing log; and the terrible precipice, whose brink is almost the very summit of the mountain, has ever since been pointed out to travellers as 'The Fire Jump.'

MISCELLANY,

MAHOMET.

The following curious particulars of the personal and character celebrated impostor are derived from a Description of Mussulman Records in the Cabinet of the Duc de Blacas; recently published by M. Reinaud, of the King's Library at Paris.

Mahomet was naturally gay, affable, and of an even disposition. He listened patiently to every body; and, to use the expression of his historians, when he was in company he was never the first to rise.

His domestic establishment was simple, modest; in short, like that of a private individual. Dates and water were the food most frequently used; and sometimes two months would elapse without the lighting of a fire. Mahomet darned his own stockings, mended his own clothes, swept his own room, and waited on himself.

He constantly maintained forty persons at his own expense. Whatever they asked, he never refused; so that more than once it happened to him to be in want of the necessaries of life. God,—again to use the words of his historians,—offered him the keys of all the treasures of the earth; but he declined them.

The feeling which Mahomet was the least able to control, especially towards the latter part of his life, was the love of woman. The taste, and a liking for perfumes, were, after ambition, his two ruling passions. "Two things," he himself said, "attract and excite me—woman and perfumes; these two things recreate me, and render me more disposed to pray."

Mahomet married about a dozen women, not reckoning slaves. At his death he left nine of them. This was evident violation of the precept which fixed the number of wives at four. But in his character of a prophet he pretended to be exempted from the common law. He affected to say, that all the prophets who had preceded him and acted in the same manner. The truth is, that whether we regard his own life, or certain passages in the Alcoran, it is manifest that he placed sovereign happiness in sensual pleasures.

Mahomet was very zealous for his friends. He loved to serve them with the same ardour with which they served him; which was in his eyes the surest method of attaching them to his cause. But in proportion as he was disposed to serve his friends, was he implacable towards his enemies. If any one interposed an obstacle to his designs, he gave himself up to excessive resentment; fire, poison,—he stuck at nothing. In this respect he shared the vindictive feelings of his countrymen; and he did not begin to manifest any greatness of soul, until the firm establishment of his power had placed him above these horrible atrocities.

Mahomet treated religion as a political means of arriving at his ends. On every occasion he made Heaven speak. Thus, by the assistance of the Alcoran alone, we may form a notion of the most important epochs of his life. He never failed to give to all his proceedings a religious character. The Mussulmans, in order to express the extreme attention of Mahomet to every thing which related to the Deity, say that even when he looked down on the earth, his reflections were on heaven.

By such devices he inspired an enthusiasm among his companions, of which it is difficult to find a second instance. When he cleansed himself, his disciples took the water which had washed away his filth, and

respectfully drank it; when he expectorated, they swallowed his saliva; when he cut his hair, they eagerly collected the fragments. In speaking of this subject, an idolator of Mecca, who had witnessed the splendor of the Caesars of Constantinople, and that of the Cosroes of Persia, declared that no king had ever been so respected, that no prince had ever enjoyed such an empire, as Mahomet.

THE LATE STEPHEN BURROUGHS.—The New York Signal, after chronicling the death of this notorious individual, remarks that he "had been in numerous prisons, for various crimes, and made many surprising escapes from them; and, finally, took up the business of being a respectable man."

Take him for all in all, Stephen Burroughs was probably one of the most singular men whose virtues and crimes were ever a blessing and a curse to himself in particular and society in general. Though guilty, during the spring, summer, and the largest portion of the autumn of his life, of crimes and follies, equalled in number and variety only by their enormity and atrocity, he yet really possessed a soul overflowing with benevolence and a heart easily melted by the voice of suffering. In him the principles of good and evil were so strangely mixed up that it was difficult to decide whether he was doing a criminal or a charitable deed gave him the most satisfaction. One who knew him well, in the *palmy* days of his iniquity, and could not, at that time, but admire him for his great intelligence and good humor, has often remarked to the writer of this notice, that he could never tell whether Steve—used familiarly to call him—most delighted in recounting his iniquitous or his benevolent acts.

But, after a long course of licentiousness, lasciviousness, and goodness, a change, somehow or other came over the spirit of Stephen's disposition. He "took up the business of being a respectable man," and well and honorably did he follow that business, as the many friends—enemies he had none—who were long his neighbors, will all cheerfully testify. He resided, for many years in Shipton, Lower Canada, on the banks of the noble river St. Francis, where he married, at the age of about sixty, a charming black-eyed girl of nineteen, who, in about twelvemonth after the knot was tied, presented her aged but loved and loving lord with as fine and healthy a female baby as ever filled a father's heart with joy. He supported himself and little family for several years, by receiving and educating, at his residence, young lads, the sons of wealthy gentlemen of Montreal, Three Rivers, Quebec, and other places. These young lads looked up to their aged tutor—who had an exceedingly happy tact of imparting knowledge to his pupils—as to a kind father, and, at the expiration of their studies, quitted his pleasant dwelling with the utmost regret. Although the morning and noon of his life was chudy and forbidding, the evening was blameless and peaceful. Reformation never got hold of a harder customer than when she took Stephen Burroughs in hand, and never did she perform her work more completely and effectually. His many virtues will ever be remembered with feelings of pleasure by those who knew him well, during the best, though far too small portion, of his long life.—*Boston Transcript*.

A SISTER'S LOVE.

There is no prarer feeling kindled upon the altar of human affections, than a sister's pure, uncontaminated love for her brother. It is unlike all other affections so disconnected with selfish sensuality; so feminine in its development; so dignified, and yet with all, so fond, so devoted. Nothing can alter it—nothing can suppress it. The world may revolve, and its revolutions effect changes in the fortunes, in the character, and in the disposition of the brother, yet if he wants, whose hand will so speedily stretch out as that of his sister? and if his character is so maligned, whose voice will so readily swell as his advocate? Next to a mother's unquenchable love, a sister's is pre-eminent. It rests so exclusively on the ties of consanguinity for its sustenance, it is wholly divested of passion, and springs from such a deep recess in the human bosom, that when a sister once fondly and deeply regards her brother, that affection is blended with her existence. In all the annals of crime, it is considered something anomalous to find the hand of a sister raised in anger against her brother, or her heart nurturing the seeds of hatred, en-

vy, or revenge, in regard to that brother. In all affections of woman there is a devotedness which cannot be properly appreciated by man. In those regards where the passions are not all necessary in increasing the strength of the affections, more sincere truth and pure feeling may be expected, than in such as are dependent upon each other for their duration as well as their felicities. A sister's love in this respect is peculiarly remarkable. There is no selfish gratification in its outpourings, it lives from the natural impulse, and personal charms are not in the slightest degree necessary to its birth or duration.

Advantage of Scandal.—If a man wants popularity and friends they can most readily be obtained in this country by suffering himself to be scandalized. Caleb Clambake gives the following humorous and natural account of the popularity of Deacon Jones:

As for the abusin', it does a man nation sight o' good. It fixes his flint the right way. The more you abuse a man providin' he dont turn right around and abuse you, the better it is for him. People are apt to examine, and if a man's bad, and you say he's a little worse, their sympathy gets riz, and they vote for him. Why when deacon Jones wanted to go to the legislatur', he giv Sal Slocum (and she was a whole team in the slanderin' line,) ten dollars to go around and call him names. She arned her money tew, mind I tell you. Well, people had never heard about him. Some folks said it was tarnal shame that sich an old git-out should abuse an honest man, and he oughter be sustained—and they voted for him. Others sed he must be a man of consequence, or his enemies wouldnt find out sich means to blaggard him, and they voted for him. And the Deacon's private friends, without distinction of party, got riled at hearin' him slandered about in this way, and they voted for him Atwit'em all, he got an amazin' lot o' votes, and was elected jest as slick as a whistle. After the 'lection some people come to him and said he hadn't oughter stand old Sal's lies, and he'd better—no he was elected, have her up before the court for libellin'. The Deacon had like to snicker rite out, but he put on a long face, and talked away a spell about his impervable honesty, that only shone brighter for such rubbin', and talked of that kind until every body left him, convinced he was the most sufferin' patriot in all natur'."

ODDS AND ENDS.

Women of fashion starve their happiness to feed their vanity, and their love to feed their pride.

Among the addresses presented upon the accession of James the First, was one from the ancient town of Shrewsbury, wishing His Majesty might reign as long as the sun, moon and stars endured. "Faith, mon," said the king to the person who presented it, "if I do, my son must reign by candle light."

There is nothing which so keenly wounds a little mind, as to witness the objects of its jealousy calmly pursuing their own concerns, without the least notice of its puny vapors.

Forty weddings were recently consummated in one week, in one of the counties of north Mississippi.—Heavy pecuniary embarrassments it is believed drove them to this last act of desperation.

Too bad. The editor of the Centerville (Pa.) Times is an unfortunate fellow, and deserves the sympathy of the editorial brotherhood of the country. Some unfeeling wretch entered his cellar a short time since, drank up all his cider, and pocketed all his pigs' heads and feet.

Gammon.—An exchange paper says a pedlar sold to a pious old woman, for four round silver dollars, a large quarto labelled "Scott's family bible, ornamented with cuts, or no sale." The next morning the good old soul carefully rubbed her spectacles, and opened a back-gammon board.

A Gentleman was inquiring for a young lady of his acquaintance. "She is dead," very gravely replied the person to whom he addressed his inquiries. "Good God!" I never heard of it—what was her disease?" "Vanity," returned the other; "she buried herself alive in the arms of an old fellow of seenty, with a fortune, in order to have the satisfaction of a gilded tomb."

POPULAR TALES.

STORIES OF IRISH PEASANTRY.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

"Mind not high things: but condescend to men of low state."
ST. PAUL.

"IT'S ONLY A DROP."

It was a cold winter's night, and though the cottage where Ellen and Michael, the two surviving children of old Ben Murphy, lived, was always neat and comfortable, still, there was a cloud over the brow of both brother and sister, as they sat before the cheerful fire; it had obviously been spread not by anger, but by sorrow. The silence had continued long, though it was not bitter. At last Michael drew away from his sister's eyes the checked apron she had applied to them, and taking her hand affectionately within his own, said, "It isn't for my own sake, though the Lord knows I shall be lonesome enough the long winter nights and the long summer days without your wise saying, and your sweet song, and your merry laugh, that I can so well remember—ay, since the time when our poor mother used to seat us on the new rick, and then, in the innocent pride of her heart, call our father to look at us, and preach to us against being conceited at the very time she was making us proud as peacocks by calling us her blossoms of beauty, and her heart's blood, and her king and queen."

"God and the blessed virgin make her bed in heaven now and for ever more, amen," said Ellen, at the same time drawing out her beads, and repeating an ave with inconceivable rapidity. "Ah, Mike," she added "that was the mother and the father too, full of grace and godliness."

"True for ye, Ellen; but that's not what I'm after now, as you well know, you blushing little rogue of the world; andorra a word I'll say against it in the end, though it's lonesome I'll be on my own hearthstone, with no one to keep me company but the ould black cat, that can't see, let alone hear the craythur!"

"Now," said Ellen, wiping her eyes, and smiling her own bright smile, "lave off; ye're just like all the men, partending to one thing, whin ye mane another; there's a dale of desate about them—all—every one of them—and so my mother often said. Now you'd better have done, or maybe I'll say something that will bring, if not the color to your brown cheek, a dale more warmth to yer warm heart, than would be convenient, just by the mention of one Mary—Mary! what a purty name Mary it is, isn't it?—it's a common name too, and yet you like it none the worse for that. Do you mind the ould rhyme?"

"Mary, Mary quite contrary."

"Well, I'm not going to say she is contrary—I'm sure she's any thing but that to you, any way, brother Mike. Can't you sit still and don't be pulling the hairs out of Pusheen cat's tail, it isn't many there's in it: and I'd thank you not to unravel the beautiful English cotton stocking I'm knitting; leave off your tricks, or I'll make common talk of it, I will, and be more than even with you, my fine fellow! Indeed, poor ould Pusheen, she continued, addressing the cat with great gravity, "never heed what he says to you; he has no notion to make you either head or tail to the house, not he; he wont let you be without a mistress to give you yer sup of milk, or yer bit of sop; He wont let you be lonesome my poor puss; he's glad enough to swop an Ellen for a Mary, so he is: but that's a secret, avourneen; don't tell it to any one."

"Any thing for your happiness," replied the brother, somewhat unklily; "but your bachelor has a worse fault than ever I had, notwithstanding all the lecturing you kept on to me; he has turned for the drop, Ellen; you know he has."

"How spitefully you said that!" replied Ellen; and it isn't generous to spake of it when he's not here to defend himself."

"You'll not let a word go against him," said Michael.

"No," she said, "I will never let ill be spoken of an absent friend. I know he has a turn for the drop, but I'll cure him."

"After he's married," observed Michael not very good naturedly.

"No," she answered "before. I think a girl's chance of happiness is not worth much who trusts to after marriage reformation. I want. Didn't I reform you, Mike, of the shockin' habit you had of putting every thing off to the last? and after reforming a brother, who knows what I may do with a lover! Do you think that Larry's heart is harder than yours Mike? Look what fine vegetables we have in our garden now, all planted by your own hands when you come home from work—planted during the very time which you used to spend in leaning against the door cheek, or smoking your pipe, or sleeping over the fire; look at the money you got from the Agricultural Society."

"That's yours, Ellen," said the generous-hearted Mike; "I'll never touch a penny of; but for you I never should have had it; I'll never touch it."

"You never shall," she answered; "I've laid it every penny out, so that when the young bride comes home, she'll have such a house of comforts as are not to be found in the parish—white table-cloths for Sunday, a little store of tay and sugar, soap, candles, starch, everything good, and plenty of it."

"My own dear generous sister," exclaimed the young man.

"I shall ever be your sister," she replied, "and hers too. She's a good colleen, and worthy my own Mike, and that's more than I would say to 'ere another in the parish. I wasn't in earnest when I said you'd be glad to get rid of me; so put the pouch, every bit of it off yer hands this mornin'."

And hush!—whist! will ye! there's the sound of Larry's footsteps in the bawn—hand me the needles, Mike." She braided back her hair with both hands, arranged the red ribbon, that concealed its luxuriance, in the little glass that hung upon a nail on the dresser, and then composing her arch laughing features into an expression of great gravity, sat down, and applied herself with singular industry to take up the stitches her brother had dropped, and put on a look of right maidenly astonishment when the door opened, and Larry's good-humored face entered the parlour.

"Salutation of 'God save all here!'" He popped his head in first, and, after gazing round, presented his goodly person to their view; and a pleasant view it was, for he was of genuine Irish bearing and beauty—frank, and manly, and fearless-looking. Ellen, the wicked one, looked up with well-feigned astonishment, and exclaimed, "Oh Larry, is it you, and who would have thought of seeing you this blessed night!—ye're lucky—just in time for a bit of supper after your walk across the moor. I cannot think what in the world makes you walk over that moor so often: you'll get wet feet, and yer mother 'ill be forced to nurse you. Of all the walks in the county, the walk across the moor's the driest, and yet ye're always gnying it! I wonder you havn't better sense; ye're no such a chicken now."

"Well," interrupted Mike, "it's the women that hates the world for desaving. Sure she heard yer step when nobody else could; its echo struck on her heart Larry—let her deny it; she'll make a shove off if she can; she'll twist you, and twirl you, and turn you about, so that you wont know whether it's on your head or your heels ye're standing. She'll tossicate yer brains in no time, and be as composed herself as a dove on her nest in a storm. But ask her, Larry, the straightforward question whether she heard you or not. She'll tell no lie—she never does."

Ellen shook her head at her brother and laughed.—And immediately after the happy trio sat down to a cheerful supper.

Larry was a good tradesman, blythe and "well to do," in the world; and had it not been for the one great fault—an inclination to take the "least taste in life more" when he had already taken quite enough—there could not have been found a better match for good excellent Ellen Murphy, in the whole kingdom of Ireland. When supper was finished, the everlasting whisky bottle was produced, and Ellen resumed her knitting. After a time, Larry pressed his suit to Michael for the industrious hand of his sister, thinking doubtless, with the natural self conceit of all mankind, that he was perfectly secure with Ellen; but though Ellen loved, like all my fair country women, well, she loved, I am sorry to say, unlike the generality of my fair country women, wisely, and reminded her lover that she had seen him intoxicated at the last fair of Rathcoolia.

"Dear Ellen!" he exclaimed, "it was 'only a drop,' the least taste in life that overcame me. It overtook me unknowst, quite against my will."

"Who poured it down yer throat?"

"Who poured it down my throat is it? why myself, to be sure; but are you going to put me to a three months' penance for that?"

"Larry, will you listen to me, and remember that the man I marry must be converted before we stand before the priest. I have no faith whatever in conversions after!"

"Oh Ellen!" interrupted her lover.

"It's no use oh Ellening me," she answered quickly; "I've made my resolution and I'll stick to it."

"She's as obstinate as ten women!" said her brother "There's no use in attempting to contradict her; she always has had her own way."

"It's very cruel of you, Ellen, not to listen to reason. I tell you a tablespoonful will often upset me."

"If you know that Larry, why do you take the table spoonful?"

Larry could not reply to this question. He could only plead that the drop got the better of him; and the temptation, and the overcomingness of the thing, and it was very hard to be at him so about a trifle.

"I can never think a thing a trifle," she observed, "that makes you so unlike yourself; I should wish to respect you always, Larry, and in my heart I believe no woman ever could respect a drunkard. I don't want to make you angry; God forbid you should ever be one, and I know you are not one yet; but sin grows mighty strong upon us without our knowledge. And no matter what indulgence leads to had; we've a right to think any thing that does lead to it sinful in the prospect, if not at the present."

"You'd have made a fine priest, Ellen," said the young man, determined if he could not reason, to laugh her out of her resolve.

"I don't think," she replied, archly, "If I was a priest that either of you would have liked to come to me to confession."

"But Ellen, dear Ellen, sure it's not in positive downright earnest you are; you can't think of putting me off on account of that unlucky drop the least taste in life I took at the fair. You could not find it in your heart. Speak for me, Michael, speak for me. But I see it's joking you are. Why, Lent 'll be on us in no time, and then we must wait Easter—it's easy talking."

"Larry interrupted Ellen, do not talk yourself into a passion: it will do no good; none in the world.—I am sure you love, and I confess before my brother, it will be the delight of my heart to return that love, and make myself worthy of you, if you will only break yourself off that one habit, which you qualify to your own undoing, by fancying, because the least taste in life makes you what you ought not to be, that you may still take it."

"I'll take an oath against the whisky, if that will please ye, till Christmas."

"And when Christmas comes, get twice as tipsy as ever, with joy to think yer oath is out—no!"

"I'll swear any thing you please."

"I don't want you to swear at all; there is no use in a man taking an oath he is anxious to have a chance of breaking. I want your reason to be convinced."

"My darling Ellen, all the reason I ever had in my life is convinced."

"Prove it by abstaining from taking even a drop, even the least drop in life, if that drop can make you ashamed to look your poor Ellen in the face."

"I'll give it up altogether."

"I hope you will one of these days, from a conviction that it is really bad in every way; but not from cowardice, not because you darn't trust yourself."

"Ellen, I'm sure ye've some English blood in yer veins, ye're such a reasoner. Irish women don't often throw a boy off because of a drop, if they do it's not many marriages does his Reverence would have winter or summer."

"Listen to me Larry, and believe that though I spake this way, I regard you truly; and if I did not, I'd not take the trouble to tell you my mind."

"Like Mick Brady's wife, who, whenever she thrashed him, cried over the blows, and said they were all for his good," observed her brother silly

"Nonsense!—listen to me, I say, and I'll tell you why I am so resolute. • It's many a long day since, going to school, I used to meet—Michael minds her, too, I'm sure—an old bent woman; they used to call her the Witch of Ballaghton. Stacy was, as I have said, very old entirely, withered and white headed, bent nearly double, with age, and she used to be ever and always muddling about the streams and ditches, gathering herbs and plants. The girls said to work charms with; and at first they used to watch, rather far off, and if they thought they had a good chance of escaping her tongue and the stones she flung at them, they'd call her an ill name or two, and some times, old as she was, she'd make a spring at them sideways like a crab, and howl and hoot, and scream, and then they'd be off like a flock of pigeons from a hawk, and she'd go on disturbing the green-coated waters with her crooked stick, and muttering words which none, if they heard, could understand. Stacy had been a well-tared woman, and knew a dale more than any of us; when not tormented by the children, she was mighty well spoken, and the gentry thought a dale about her more than she did about them; for she'd say there wasn't one in the country fit to tie her shoe, and tell them so, too, if they'd call her any thing but Lady Stacy, which the *rare* gentry of the place ill humoured her in; but the upstarts, who think every civil word to an inferior is a pulling down of their own dignity, would turn up their noses as they passed her, and maybe she didn't bless them for it.

One day Mike had gone home before me, and coming down the back bohren, who should I see moving along it but Lady Stacy; and on she came muttering and mumbling to herself till she got near me, and as she did, I heard Master Nixon (the dog man*)'s hound in full cry, and seen him at her heels, and he over the hedge encouraging the baste to tear her to pieces. The dog soon was up with her, and then she kept him off as well as she could with her crutch, cursing the entire time, and I was very frightened, but I darted to her side, and with a wattle I pulled out of the hedge did my best to keep him off her.

Master Nixon cursed at me with all his heart, but I wasn't to be turned off that way. Stacy herself, hid about with her staff, but the ugly brute would have finished her, only for me. I don't suppose Nixon meant that, but the dog was savage, and some men, like him, delight in cruelty. Well, I beat the dog off; and then I had to help the poor fainting woman, for she was both faint and hurt. I didn't much like bringing her here, for the people said she wasn't lucky; however, she wanted help, and I gave it. When I got her on the floor, I thought a drop of whisky would revive her, and, accordingly I offered her a glass. I shall never forget the venom with which she dashed it on the ground.

"Do you want to poison me," she shouted, "after saving my life?" When she came to herself a little, she made me sit down by her side, and fixing her large grey eyes upon my face, she kept rocking her body backwards and forwards while she spoke, as well as I can remember—what I'll try to tell you—but I can't tell it as she did—that wouldn't be in nature.—"Ellen," she said, and her eyes fixed in my face, "I wasn't always a poor lone creature, that every ruffian who walks the country dare set his cur at. There was full and plenty in my father's house when I was young, but before I grew to womanly estate, its walls were bare and roofless. What made them so?—drink—whisky! My father was in debt; to kill thought, he tried to keep himself so that he could not think; he wanted the courage of a man to look his danger and difficulty in the face, and overcome it; for, Ellen mind my words, the man that will look debt and danger steadily in the face, and resolve to overcome them, *can do so*. He had not means, he said, to educate his children as became them; he grew not to have means to find them or their poor patient mother the proper necessities of life, yet he found the means to keep the whisky cask flowing, and to answer the bailiffs' knocks for admission by the loud roar of drunkenness, mad, as it was wicked. They got in at last, in spite of the care taken to keep them out, and there was much fighting, ay, and blood spilt, but not to death; and while the riot was a-foot, and we were crying round the death-

bed of a dying mother, where was he?—they had raised a ten gallon cask of whisky on the table in the parlor, and astride on it sat my father, flourishing the huge pewter funnel in one hand, and the black jack streaming with whisky in the other; and amid the fumes of hot punch that flowed over the room, and the cries and oaths of the fighting drunken company, his voice was heard swearing "he had lived like a king, and would die like a king!"

"And your poor mother?" I asked.

"Thank God, she died that night—she died before worse came; she died on the bed that before her corpse was cold, was dragged from under her—through the strong drink—through the badness of him who ought to have saved her; not that he was a bad man either, when the whisky had no power over him, but he could not bear his own reflections. And his end soon came. He didn't die like a king; he got smothered in a ditch, where he fell; he died, and was in the presence of God—how? Oh, there are things that have had whisky as their beginning and their end, that make me as mad as ever it made him! The man takes a drop, and forgets his starving family; the woman takes it, and forgets she is a mother and a wife. It's the curse of Ireland—a bitterer, blacker, deeper curse than ever was put on it by foreign power or hard-made laws!"

"God bless us!" was Larry's half-breathed ejaculation.

"I only repeat old Stacy's words," said Ellen "you see I never forget them. 'You might think,' she continued, 'that I had had warning enough to keep me from having any thing to say to those who war too fond of drink, and I thought I had; but, somehow, Edward Lambert got round me with his sweet words and I was lone and unprotected. I knew he had a little fondness for the drop; but in him, young, handsome, and gay-hearted, with bright eyes and sunny hair, it did not seem like the horrid thing which *had made me shed no tears over my father's grave*. Think of that, young girl: the drink doesn't make a man a beast at first, but it will do so before it's done with him—it will do so before it's done with him. I had enough power over Edward, and enough memory of the past, to make him swear against it except so much at such and at such time, and for a while he was very particular; but one used to entice him, and another used to entice him, and I am not going to say but I might have managed him differently; I might have got him off it—gently, maybe; but the pride got the better of me, and I thought of the line I came of, and how I had married him who wasn't my equal, and such nonsense, which always breeds disturbance between married people; and I used to rave, when maybe he, it would have been wiser if I had reasoned. Any way things didn't go smooth, not that he neglected his employment: he was industrious, and sorry enough when the fault was done; still he would come home often the worse for drink, and now that he's dead and gone, and no finger is stretched to me but in scorn or hatred, I think maybe I might have done better; but, God defend me, the last was hard to bear."

"Oh, boys!" said Ellen, "if you had only heard her voice when she said *that*, and seen her face, poor old Lady Stacy, no wonder she hated the drop, no wonder she dashed down the whisky."

"You kept this mighty close, Ellen," said Mike; "I never heard it before."

"I did not like coming over it," she replied; "the last is hard to tell." The girl turned pale while she spoke, and Lawrence gave her a cup of water. "It must be told," she said; "the death of her father proved the effects of deliberate drunkenness. What I have to say, shows what may happen from being even once unable to think or act."

"I had one child," said Stacy, "one, a darlint, blue-eyed, laughing child. I never saw any so handsome, never knew any so good. She was almost three years old, and he was fond of her—he said he was, but it's a queer fondness that destroys what it ought to save. It was the Pattern of Lady-day, and well I knew that Edward would not return as he went; he said he would, he almost swore he would, but the promise of a man given to drink has no more strength in it than a rope of sand. I took sulky, and would not go; if I had, my bet it would not have ended so. The evening came on, and I thought my baby breathed hard in her cradle, I took the candle and went over to look at her; her little

face was red; and when I laid my cheek close to her lips so as not to touch them, but to feel her breath, it was hot—very hot; she tossed her arms, and they were dry and burning. The measles were about the country, and I was frightened for my child. It was only half a mile to the doctor's; I knew every foot of the road; and so leaving the door on the latch I resolved to tell him how my darlint was, and thought I should be back before my husband's return. Grass, you may be sure, didn't grow under my feet, I ran with all speed, and wasn't kept long, the Doctor said—though it seemed long to me. The moon was down when I came home, though the night was fine. The cabin we lived in was in a hollow; but when I was on the hill, and looked down where I knew it stood a dark mass, I thought I saw a white light fog coming out of it; I rubbed my eyes and darted forward as a wild bird flies to its nest when it hears the screams of the hawk in the heavens. When I reached the door, I saw it was open; The fume cloud came out of it, sure enough, white and thick; blind with that and terror together, I rushed to my child's cradle. I found my way to *that*, in spite of the burning and the smothering. But Ellen, Ellen Murphy, my child, the rosy child whose breath had been hot on my cheek only a little while before, she was nothing but a cinder. Mad as I felt I saw how it was in a minute. The father had come home, as I expected, he had gone to the cradle to look at his child, and dropped the cradle into the straw, and, unable to speak or stand, had fallen down and asleep on the floor not two yards from my child. Oh, how I flew to the doctor's with what had been my baby; I tore across the country like a banshee; I laid it in his arms; I told him if he didn't put life in it, I'd destroy him and his house. He thought me mad; for there was no breath, either cold or hot coming from its lips then. I couldn't kiss it in death: *there was nothing left of my child to kiss*—think of that! I snatched it from where the doctor had laid it; I cursed him, for he looked with disgust at my child. The whole night long I wandered in the woods of Newtownbarry with that burden at my heart."

"But her husband, her husband! inquired Larry in accents of horror; "what become of him?—did she leave him in the burning without calling him to himself?"

"No, answered Ellen; "I asked her, and she told me that her shrieks she supposed roused him from the suffocation in which he must but for them have perished. He staggered out of the place, and was found soon after by the neighbors, and lived long after, but only to be a poor heart-broken man, for she was mad for years through the country, and many a day after she told me that story, my heart trembled like a willow leaf. And now Ellen Murphy, she added, when the end was come, do ye wonder I threw from yer hand as poison the glass ye offered me? And do you know why I have told you what tares my heart to come over!—because I wish to save you who showed me kindness, from what I have gone through. Its the only good I can do ye, and, indeed, its long since I cared to do good. Never trust a drinking man; he has no guard on his words, and will say that of his nearest friend, that would destroy him soul and body. His breast is hot as the breath of the plague; his tongue is a foolish, as well as a fiery serpent. Ellen, let no drunkard become your lover, and don't trust to promises; try them, prove them all, before you marry."

"Ellen, that's enough, interrupted Larry, "I have heard enough—the two proofs are enough without words. Now, hear me. What length of punishment am I to have? I won't say that, for Nell, there's a tear in your eye that says more than words. Look—I'll make no promise—but you shall see; I'll wait yer time name it; I'll stand the trial."

And I'm happy to say, for the honour and credit of the country; that Larry did stand the trial—his resolve was fixed; he never so much as tasted whiskey from that time, and Ellen had the proud satisfaction of knowing she had saved him from destruction. They were not, however, married till after Easter. I wish all Irish maidens would follow Ellen's example. Woman could do a great deal to prove that "*the best taste in life*" is a great taste too much!—that "*ONLY A DROP*" is a temptation fatal if unresisted.

You may win a friend by doing him a service, but, in nine cases out of ten, you will probably lose him again if you require him to do you one.

*T x-gatherers were so called some time ago in Ireland, because they collected the duty on dogs.

†In the house.

AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER.

ALBANY, SATURDAY, MARCH, 21 1840.

ST. JOHN'S DAY—THE 24th JUNE.—We are requested to say, that it is the intention of the Brethren of Troy, to celebrate with becoming solemnity, the natal day of our patron saint. While noticing this subject, we would suggest to the various Lodges of the land, whether the appropriate observance of this day, would not be attended with beneficial effects. Notwithstanding the persecution we have gone through, from our enemies, and the almost culpable apathy of our friends, we have every reason to believe, that there is a large number of our brethren, who are not only willing, but extremely desirous of resuscitating their various Lodges, and again resuming their labors, and it appears to us, that no better opportunity can offer, than in the observance of the 24th. If one town has not strength enough to do honor to the day, let other unite with them, and thus united, the number can be made respectable. Brethren in this way, may be brought back to renew their fellowship; and thus the incipient steps will be taken to our re-organization.—Some of our most respected brethren appear to entertain the opinion, that on a resumption of labor, opposition and persecution will again ensue. This, we think a mistake. The opposition and persecution of former years, with some little exception in the first stages of it, was entirely POLITICAL, and the leaders of that warfare found to their cost, that although they were instrumental in inflicting serious injury to the Order, yet it proved a deadly upas to their schemes in that shape. Political Anti-masonry, therefore may be considered as dead, and no petty demagogue, would think of making capital out of it at the present time, unless he was insane. To those who are opposed to the Order from principle, it is our duty to convince them by "our walk and conduct," of their error, and in the neighborhood of such, the proper observance of the day, could not, and would not, give any cause of offence. Lockport, which was a prominent place in the "infected district," fully warrants us in the premises we have assumed. Masonry never stood higher in the public estimation, both as regards respectability and numbers, than in that and other places we might name.

We throw out these suggestions to our brethren, and we hope they will meet with their approbation by EFFORT. If the principles of our time-honored Order, are worth cherishing, let it not be said, that we are either afraid or ashamed to proclaim them. Let the 24th of June, 1840, be a Masonic Jubilee—an era from which, as masons, in this State, particularly, we may have the same reason to rejoice, as did the captives of ancient times, when the cry was—"who among you will go up to the building of the temple of the house of the Lord."

STEAM BOAT ROCHESTER.—This elegant and popular boat has again commenced her regular trips, between this place and New-York. During the past season, the Rochester has been thoroughly overhauled, painted anew, and her cabins are furnished with furniture of the most costly kind. In addition to her accommodations of the past season, she has been furnished with a large number of state rooms on her promenade deck. The Rochester, may now be considered the crack boat of the river, both as regards speed and elegance, and while she continues under the command of her gentlemanly and experienced commander, Capt. ST. JOHN, and his assistant Mr. HOUGHTON, cannot fail of winning the "golden opinions," of the public at large.

On Wednesday last the Rochester visited Troy, with a large party of gentlemen and ladies, with an excellent band of music. The party, after enjoying themselves for an hour or two with their Trojan friends, returned highly delighted with their visit, and the courteous attention paid to them by the Officers of the boat.

"IMPROVING THE BREED OF HORSES."—For the first time in life, we followed some 20,000 people on Saturday last to see an 'improvement' in the breed of horses, by two men running two noble animals for two hundred dollars a side on the Troy road. This match was made between Gen. Dunham on one side, and Mr. I. B. Briggs, on the other. The Horses were to trot 18 miles without stopping, the best out, winning: Gen. D's horse to go in a sulkey; Mr. B's horse, with a waggon, and to carry two men, to weigh 365 pounds, or its equivalent. Much betting took place (the usual accompaniment in "improving the breed of horses," at the expense of the "breed" of men) on Mr. B's horse, who appeared to be the favorite. However, the *knowing ones* were at fault, this time. Gen. D's horse, won the race, by several rods. The time was 58 minutes 10 seconds, quicker time than probably can be found on record, for such a distance. Some estimate may be formed of the number of people present, from the fact, that from the Patroon's to the turning point, four miles, either side of road presented one mass of heads.

To our fair readers we particularly recommend for their perusal, the excellent tale, under the usual head. It affords a moral, that may afford a useful hint for after life.

LAW REFORM MEETING.—A meeting of citizens has been held recently at Lockport, for the purpose of trying to make some reformation, not among the lawyers, but the law. The proceedings of the meeting embody a great deal of good sense; but it went all do. The lawyers get into the legislature, and then they make the laws to suit themselves, and they would be great dunces if they didn't.

Legislature.—On Monday, in the SENATE, the Hon. Luther Bradish, President of the Senate having recovered from his indisposition resumed his seat. Col Young, from the Select Committee to which was referred the petitions on the subject of the repeal of the excise law presented a written report on that subject, which he read. The report states that the conclusion the committee has come to is, that statutory provisions would not further the cause of temperance. Twenty times the usual number of this report were ordered printed.

A Soldier in Trouble.—In the Boston Municipal Court, on Saturday last, Ransom Clark who so wonderfully escaped, after being shot through the body in different parts, and left for dead by the Indians, at the massacre of Major Dade's detachment in Florida, in 1836, was tried and convicted for passing a counterfeit three dollar bill, purporting to be on the Fulton Bank of this city. The jury, however, accompanied their verdict with a recommendation to mercy.

Madame D'ALBAY, (better known to the literary world as Miss BURNER) the authoress of "Evelina" and Cecilia, died in London on the 5th of January, in the 88th year of her age.

Female Heroism.—While two small children, a son and daughter of Paul Ellis jr. of South Dedham Mass. were picking cranberries together on Tuesday last, both fell into the water. A woman in the neighborhood seeing or hearing them, hastened to the spot by wading into the water up to her neck, succeeded in rescuing the boy, but the girl was drowned before she could be rescued.

White Slavery.—The editor of the St. Louis Republican says, that a few days ago he saw a white man in that city taken away as a vagrant and publicly sold to the keeper of a livery stable for the sum of one dollar. This sale took place under a law passed by the Missouri legislature of 1835.

Mr. Whitney gives his fourth evening's entertainment, on Wednesday evening next. Our readers can not spend a little money to a more profitable account, than in hearing him.

INTELLIGENCE.

A Juvenile Monster.—The following are some particulars relating to the boy Herve, who has been arrested in Paris for the murder of his infant sister, last August. The little monster is nine years old:—The commissary of police, on a second interrogatory, elicited from the boy this confession:—My mother-in-law beat me, and had no love for any one but my sister. When she had another little girl, I saw that I should be still more hated by her, and I determined to kill my sister. I knew that alkali was a poison, but was sure that the apothecary would not sell much of it to a little boy like me. I went to the pharmacy at No. 22 Rue Richeheu, where they gave me a small quantity. I returned six successive days, and procured each time as much more. Thinking I had enough, I took an opportunity when alone with my little sister, to make her swallow it by opening her mouth. I don't know whether she swallowed it all, or whether she threw some of it up in crying. I then took a large pin and forced it into her ear, which I covered with her cap. She died almost immediately afterwards. The commissary, horror-struck by the cool and unconcerned manner in which this frightful recital was made, represented that he had not bettered his condition by the act. He replied with great quickness—"Oh I did not intend to kill only my youngest sister; I should have easily got rid of the eldest and would have poisoned my mother-in-law if I could have obtained poison enough." The boy has been transferred to the hands of Procureur du Roi, and the body of the infant is ordered to be taken up and examined.

One's Mother.—Around the idea of one's mother the mind of man clings with fond affection. It is the first dear thought stamped upon our infant hearts, when yet soft, capable of receiving the most profound impressions, and all after feelings are more or less high in comparison. Our passions and our wilfulness may lead us far from the object of our filial love we may become wild, headstrong, and angry at her councils or opposition: but when death has stilled her monitory voice, and nothing but calm memory remains to recapitulate her virtues and good deeds: affection, like a flower beaten to the ground by a rude storm raises up her head and smiles amidst her tears. Round that idea, as we have said, the mind clings with fond affection; and even when the earlier period of our loss forces memory to be silent, fancy takes the place of remembrance, and twines the image of our departed parent with a garland of graces, and beauties, and virtues, which we doubt not that she possessed.

An item of Wall street brokerage.—A countryman brought \$150 uncurrent money to the city, ninety days since, and had it discounted; an agent of the transaction has watched the operation; the same money has passed through seventeen hands since, and the brokerage and discount has cost exactly \$200—thus a loss of \$50 more than the principal has been sustained.

A shocking result of carelessness in the use of fire arms occurred in St. Louis on the 29th ult. A Mrs. McGilney had a pistol, which she supposed unloaded, and snapped it at a Mrs. Emnis without producing any effect. She then snapped it at Richard Russel; the charge—for it was loaded—exploded the ball entering Russel's left eye, penetrating through the socket into the brain, proceeding through that organ and making its exit at the backpart of the skull. Death necessarily soon ensued. The unhappy woman became frantic.

Death from eating poisonous roots.—We regret to state that on the 29th ult. a daughter of Mr. Kinne, aged 14 years, of Barrington in this county, died from eating poisonous roots. The circumstances of the case, as near as we can glean them from many flying rumors in circulation, are these. During the intermission of school hours, a number of the scholars went into a neighboring wood to procure gentian and sweet Sicily roots to eat. Not being sufficiently acquainted with that kind of root, they mistook cicuta or poison hemlock for it, of which they all eat freely. Near the close of the school in the afternoon, the one mentioned above sickened and died in a short time. Soon after 8 or 10 more of both sexes were thrown into horrible convulsions; but we are happy to learn that strong hopes are entertained of the recovery of them all.

[Penn Yan Democrat.]

We understand that Mr. Wm. Odell, of the town of Clinton who threw his little son on the floor two or three weeks since, with such violence as to cause his death, died himself on Sunday the 1st inst. He had been partially deranged for some days, the effect it was supposed of religious excitement, imbibed at a protracted meeting in his neighborhood.—*Poughkeepsie Telegraph.*

Miscable Villians.—To young men in Illinois have been arrested for the murder of their cousin, waylaying and killing him in cold blood, while he was on his way to Indiana, for the purpose of robbing him. The sum total of their plunder was thirty dollars! They have confessed all.

St. Augustine, March 6.—Indians.—The bloodhounds seem to be doing a good business. Information from Middle Florida states that two of the dogs followed up an Indian trail recently, and caught one Indian. They throttled him, threw him down, and secured him. The Indian, on being relieved from his perilous situation, told the man who had charge of the dogs to keep on and they would find more Indians—which it is said they did, and captured four more. This latter is not certain. That one Indian has been caught by means of dogs, is certain.

Great Robbery.—The jewelry store of S. C. Keyes, at Grand Gulf, was broken open a few weeks since and robbed of watches and jewelry to the value of \$10,000. Two men, Clinton Clark and Gould Murry, are suspected of being the perpetrators.

A Giant of Giants.—The Proprietor of Peale's Museum in New-York, has procured an engagement with a giant subject of King Leopold. The man is between 8½ and 9 feet high, well proportioned; and of enormous strength. It is said that he can raise from the floor three men of ordinary size hanging to each arm at the same time; and on one occasion he threw a man weighing 170 pounds upon the roof of a two story house.

Lynch Law.—On Saturday evening a couple of men were caught stealing a ham from the grocery of Mr. Udell, corner of Church and Walker streets. They were brought back and taken into the store, relieved of their plunder, and the choice given them of being taken to prison, or of settling the matter on the spot by taking twenty-five lashes with a cow skin. They preferred the latter to an incarceration in the toms and afterwards at Blackwell's Island, and stripping off their coats each received their stipulated quota of stripes, with which were laid on with a strong arm and good appetite, and they were then turned into the street to "go their way."—*N. Y. Sun*

DAYS OF OLD.—Forty years ago—Literature ment learning and was supported by common sense. Relined nonsense had no advocate, and was pretty generally kicked out of doors.

Forty years ago—there were but few merchants in the country—few insolvent debtors, and they rarely imprisoned for debt.

Forty years ago—young ladies of the first respectability learned music, but it was the humming of the spinning wheel, and learned the necessary steps of dancing in following it. Their piano forte was a loom, their parasol a broom, and their novels the Bible.

Forty years ago—the young gentlemen hoed corn, chopped wood at the door, and went to school in the winter to learn reading, and writing,—and arithmetic.

Forty years ago—there was no such thing as balls in the summer, and but few in the winter, except snow balls.

Forty years ago—If a mechanic promised to do your work, you might depend on his word, it would be done.

Forty years ago—when a mechanic finished his work, he was paid for it.

Forty years ago—printers were paid, and therefore enabled to pay their debts. What a falling off.

MARRIED.

On Thursday, 12th inst., by the Rev. Dr. Campbell, Mr. Chas. Gay, merchant, to Miss Elizabeth A. daughter of Green Hall, esq. all of this city.

On Thursday evening, by the Rev. T. Seymour, Mr. George Topping, to Miss Maria Golden, all of this city.

In Catskill, on the 8th inst., by the Rev. Joseph P. Philips, Caleb Crosswell, editor of the Catskill Recorder, to Elizabeth Jane, only daughter of Horace Willard esq. all of that village.

On the 11th inst., in Charlton, Saratoga co. by the Rev. John Clancey, Nathan H. Brown, esq. of Charlton, to Miss Amanda, youngest daughter of N. Hall, late of Southeast, Putnam co.

DIED.

In Penn Yan, on Friday morning last, Stephen Rice, Esq. aged 28 years.

In Boston, on Sunday morning, 8th inst. of typhus fever, Mr. Edward Noyes, of the firm of Maynard & Noyes, in the 32d year of his age.

On Sunday, 15th inst. Frances Lucinda, youngest daughter of Daniel Adams.

At Cairo, on the 1st inst., of the scarlet fever, Pinkney, youngest son of the Hon. Joseph Blanchard, in the 5th year of his age.

In this city on Sunday, the 15th inst., Mrs. Ann Elizabeth, wife of William Todd, in the 29th year of her age.

On the 27th of January last, at her residence in the Champs Elysees, Paris, Mrs. Elizabeth K. M. Hay, relict of the late George Hay, of Virginia, and daughter of the late James Monroe, Ex-President of the United States.

In New Yew York, Sarah Benedict, wife of Martin Benedict, 40. Bernard Lamb, 40. James Smith, printer, 54. Catharine wife of Joseph G. Stanton, 38. John Fash, 65. Clarissa, daughter of D. C. Higgins, 13 months. Caroline, daughter of Aaron Smith, 25. Martin Ward, 80. Charlotte Coeymans, 38. Susan, wife of Wm. Linthwaite, 31. Maria Matilda, daughter of Samuel Coles, 1 year. Ann O'Neil, 22. Sarah, wife of James Monilaws, 23. John F. Daniel Lobstein, M. D. 59. Charlotte, wife of William Fogal, 23.

CALENDAR OF COMMUNICATIONS.

EACH MONTH.

Temple Encampment	Albany	2d Friday.
Temple R. A. Chapter,	Albany	2d & 4th Tuesday.
Mount Vernon Lodge,	Albany	1st & 3d Thursday.
Temple Lodge,	Albany	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Apollo Lodge,	Troy	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Apollo Chapter,	Troy	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Apollo Encampment,	Troy	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Phoenix Lodge,	Lansingburg	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Olive Branch	Bethany Co.	1st Wednesday p. m.
Genesee Encampment,	Lockport N.Y.	1st & 3d Saturday.
Mount Moriah,	Louisville, Ky.	

ORATORY.

Fourth evening's entertainment.—New Selections.—CHARLES WHITNEY, Professor of elocution, respectfully announces to the citizens, of Albany, his fourth Lecture, with new recitations. On Wednesday evening, March 25th, at 8 o'clock, at the Appollo saloon, No. 2 Greene, cor. State-st. Mr. Whitney will elucidate his delivery by new and original Diagrams.

PART I.

Fourth act of the Merchant of Venice—Duke, Shylock, Bassanio, Antonio, Gratiano and Portia,

Shakespeare

Ode on the Power of Eloquence, Clary.

King Lear's Personification of the Tempest, Shakespeare.

Grator Puff, Moore.

Alexander's Feast, Dryden.

The Passions, Collins.

The Power of Fashion, Philips.

Greece, Byron.

PART II.

Eulogium on Antoinette, Burke.

Hoosier Hyperbole, Prentiss.

PART III.

THE MANNER OF THE FOLLOWING ORATORS.

National Glory, Clay.

Burr and Blannerherst, Wirt.

Supposed Speech of John Adams, Webster.

Base attack on Eloquence, Walpole.

Replication, Pitt.

The dying Speech of Robert Emmett, Freedom's last Champion in Ireland.

SINGLE TICKETS.

Admitting a Lady and Gentleman, 25 cents. Triple for two Ladies and a Gentleman, 50 cents. Family \$1. Front seats cushioned and reserved for those who escort Ladies.

NEW BOOKS.—W. C. LITTLE has received Goodrich's Pictorial Geography of the World, parts 7 and 8, price 5s only.

Douce's Illustrations of Shakespeare and of ancient manners.

The Northernmen in England, Discoveries, &c.

Hayward's New England Gazetteer.

The American Flower Garden Directory.

The Spirit of the Woods, numerous plates.

The complete Practical Farmer.

Blake's Biographical Dictionary.

Sargent's Temperance Tales, 6 vols.

The Rejected Addresses, by the Smiths.

Wheatley on the Book of Common Prayer.

The Comic Latin Grammar, plates.

The English Comic Almanac, 1840.

Horne Tooke's Diversions of Purley.

Oxford Tracts for the Times.

Pictures of the French by themselves.

Buxton on the Slave Trade.

Hunt's Merchant's Magazine for March.

The Lady's Book and Ladies' Companion, and the Philadelphia.

Ca. ket for March.

Lauder's Imaginary Conversations, 4 vols.

Napier's History of the Peninsular War, 4 vols.

Mantell's Wonders of Geography, plates.

The Naturalist's Library, numerous plates.

French Letter Paper, Fancy Note Papers, Wafers, Medallions Wax, &c

AUTHORISED AGENTS.

The following Brethren have kindly offered to act as Agents for the American Masonic Register. They are duly authorized to receive subscriptions and monies on its account.

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POETRY.

For the American Masonic Register and Literary Companion.

LINES,

*Suggested on hearing a lady quote the words
"And what is love—an empty sound."*

Lady, upon its mother's knee
Seest thou that infant fair,
Enwreathing round its dimpled hands
Her locks of raven hair.

Its soft blue eye so sweetly raised
To the fond mother's face,
As though 'twere all the heaven it craved
To rest in her embrace.

And as its lips of coral hue
To hers are warily prest,
And she feels the gentle throbbings
Of its pure and guileless heart.

Then lady ask the mother fond,
And the one with flaxen hair,
Whose lily arms entwine her neck,
If love has lingered there.

List! the mother's lips have parted,—
What is it she would say
Her eyes are filled—on her quivering lip
The words have died away

And the sweet infant heeds thee not,
Save to turn its bright face to thee
And give thee a look with its dovelike eye,
That would bid all doubting flee.

And lady look again, dost see
That youth in beauty's pride,
Whispering words of tenderness
To the bright one at his side.

What is't that calls the rosy blush
To the fair maiden's cheek,
And bids the flash of her dark eye
A softened joy bespeak.

And, tell me why the faithful wife
O'er the wide world will roam,
Unmurmuring bear the ills of life
Whilst pleasures wait at home.

To cross the dark and stormy deep,
Her friends of childhood leave,
And place her fate confidently
With one who may deceive.

'Tis love—'tis holy love and ne'er
Has been a holier known,
Save when the saviour of mankind
Left his loved father's throne.

But gentle lady his dear love,
By thee has ne'er been found,
Else I would not have heard thee say
That love's an empty sound.

Albany, March, 1840.

FLORA.

For the American Masonic Register and Literary Companion.

KARKER'S MOUNTAIN.

Carlisle, Schenango County.

Bleak Hill! Stern watcher o'er the way
That weary western traveller treads,
Thy form of state and forbidding grey,
Which the dark hemlocks shade o'er spreads,
Surmounts the hills that round thee lie,
And seem a plain beneath thine eye.

They seem a plain, while far below
The real plain, half veiled in mist,
Which creeps along its surface slow,
Seems as a mighty lake, I wist,
Bounded by the Mohawk's silver thread
And Hudson sleeping in his bed.

They know thee not, who only view
Thy shapeless summit far above,
Ah! who can know thee as I knew

When thy rich coppice was thy roof—
When like thy rabbits, wild and free
I joined thy squirrels in their glee.

They know thee not; for an elysian mead,
Lies in thy bosom like a laughing girl,
Where happy herds in sacred shelter feed,
And grape vines gracefully their tendrils curl,
Thy forests and thy fields, are full of bliss,
Thou art a giant full of gentleness.

P. Jr.

MORN.

By Mrs. J. L. Gray, Easton, Pa.

Morn is the time to wake,
The eyelids to unclose—
Spring from the arms of sleep, and break
The fetters of repose:
Walk in the dewy dawn abroad,
And hold sweet fellowship with God.

Morn is the time to pray—
How lovely and how meet
To send our earliest thoughts away,
Up to the mercy-seat!
Ambassadors for us, to claim
A blessing in our Master's name.

Morn is the time to sing—
How charming 'tis to hear
The mingling notes of nature ring
In the delighted ear!
And with that swelling anthem raise
The soul's fresh matin song of praise!

Morn is the time to sow
The seeds of heavenly truth,
While balmy breezes softly blow
Upon the soil of youth!
And look to Thee, nor look in vain,
Our God, for sunshine and for rain.

Morn is the time to love—
As tendrils of the vine,
The young affections fondly rove,
And seek them where to twine!
Around thyself, in thine embrace,
Lord, let them find their resting place.

Morn is the time to shine,
When skies are clear and blue—
Reflect the rays of light divine,
As morning dew-drops do:
Like early stars, be early bright,
And melt away like them in light.

Morn is the time to weep
O'er morning hours mispent—
Alas! how oft from peaceful sleep,
On folly madly bent,
We've left the strait and narrow road,
And wandered from our guardian God.

Morn is the time to think,
While thoughts are fresh and free,
Of life, just balanced on the brink
Of dark eternity!
And ask our souls if they are meet
To stand before the judgment-seat?

Morn is the time to die,
Just at the dawn of day,
When stars are fading in the sky,
To fade like them away—
But lost in light more brilliant far
Than ever merged the morning star.

Morn is the time to rise!
The resurrection morn—
Upstaring to the glorious skies,
On new-found pinions borne,
To meet a Saviour's smile divine—
Be such ecstatic rising mine.

From the Picaresque

A WERRY GRAVE EXHORTATION.

I believe you is't married, Ned?
You dosen't know the sweets,
Vich waits upon the appy state,
Vich one in Marriage meets?
The bussum's varm emotions, Ned,
And the drops vithin the eyes,
And the nice vashed things; and the darned
stockins,
And all them tender ties?

You don't know var it is, Ned,
Vhile lying in your bed:
To gaze on careful woman's form,
Vhile the breakfast things is spread?
Ven you don't vant to get up, Ned,
'Cos the kiver feels so nice:
And she says "won't you av another cup,
And this ere other slice?"

Vhile the fire is burnin bright, Ned,
And all upon the chair
Your linen and ver draw'rs, Ned,
Is a hanging up "to air?"
I axes every hear! Ned,
Vot is't made of steel,
If you can sit before that fire,
And not a varming feel?

Oh, werry few indeed, Ned,
Knows ven they're truly appy,
Vhen the baby is fetched in, Ned,
"To kiss its lazy pappy!"
"You little, dincey, pincey, ting,
Its mammy tum and eather:
You besseh babe, it was so thweet,
It toodn't be no thweeter!"

You dod a blessed angel you,
It pulls its pappy's hair:
Take fingers out of pappy's cup,
Don't cry den, thweetest—there!
Oh fie! to spill all pappy's tea,
You naughty, ducky, dincey,
You oney, doney, roguey poguey,
Thweetest, thugar, thincey!"

Oh, Ned, there is some minits, ven
The sternest hearts vill quiver;
Just let a baby spill ver tea,
Vhile you're beneath the kiver!
Von little hand vithin ver hair,
The totter in your cup:
Don't v'ntler if ve some'times feels,
As ve could "eat 'em up."

A SCOT'S LUVE SANG.

By the Eltrick Shepherd.

Could this ill world hae been contrived
To stand without mischievous woman,
How peacefu' bodies wad hae lived,
Released frae a'the ills sae common!
But since it is the waeifu' case
That man mann hae this teazing mony
Why see a bewitching face?
—O had they no been made so bonny!

I might hae wandered dale and wood,
Brisk as the breeze that whistles o'er me,
As careless as the roe-dur's brood,
As happy as the lands before me;
I hae screwed my tunefu' pegs,
And carolled mountain streams so gaily,
Had we but wantit a'the Megs
Wi' glossy e'en sae dark an' wily.

I saw the danger feared the dart,
The smile, the air, an' a'sae taking,
Yet open laid my wareless heart,
An' gat the wound that keeps me waking,
My harp waves on the willow green;
O' willow wach notes it hae nae ony,
Sin' e'er I saw that rowky queen,
Sae sweet, sae wicked, an' sae bonny!

AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER AND LITERARY COMPANION.

BY L. G. HOFFMAN.]

ALBANY SATURDAY MARCH, 28, 1840.

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MASONIC.

For the American Masonic Register.

The main design of all good associations, is the melioration of the condition of men. Masonry claims this, and acknowledges no other purpose. Different institutions will of course have their particular minor objects, and their peculiar means of obtaining them; but they are fellow-laborers in the same wide field, and have all in view the same great purpose. And it is one, which affords ample scope for the exercise of all the benevolence that can be excited by associations. The scenes of distress are so various, that all our resources cannot relieve them. The causes are so numerous and so latent, that all the sagacity and power of man cannot search them out and remove them. It seems to be a law of nature, that when humanity has done what can be done, some tears must still flow; some sorrows must wring the heart; some evil must rankle in society, and poison its enjoyments. Yet it is most encouraging to the philanthropist that much may be done; that many sorrows may be soothed; and that much evil may be foreseen and prevented.

The genius of masonry is peaceful. It enters not into the great series and commotions, which disturb the world and chastise mankind. It goes not in the van to battle, but it follows, with its kind sympathies, the desolations of the conflict, to administer consolation and relief. Or it lingers around our homes to mitigate the anguish of the widow and the orphan.—These masonry regards with peculiar tenderness. And who would not leave them an inheritance in the kindness and protection of the institution? How grateful to them is the little charity, which draws not after it the eyes of the world! How reviving the little stream which flows secretly in, to the relief of the heart, that is sinking in despondency. Here if any where, we learn the luxury of doing good.

We are associated upon the broadest principles of philanthropy. We are bound to no dogmas, and linked to no parties, in philosophy or religion. We are neither of Plato or Aristotle or Apolos. But he knows nothing of masonry, who has not acknowledged the existence of, and offered his devotions to God. This is the basis and sustaining power of all society. As well might a city be built, without ground to hold and support it as society be made to unite and subsist, without the acknowledgement of a God and a Providence. Neither religion, nor the state has any thing to fear, but much to hope from us. We inculcate loyalty to the state, as well as piety to God; justice to our neighbor, as well as peace and charity, and good will, to mankind. Although masonry has much, that is peculiar to itself, it has also much, that is common with other institutions. It differs from other benevolent associations, less in the objects, it has in view, than in the means of obtaining them, less in the subjects of instructions, than in the manner of instructing. Our ceremonies, which may seem to others little more than idle, have with us solemn and pertinent allusions. Our symbols and badges serve not merely to distinguish us as brethren of the same family, but also to force home upon our hearts the most salutary moral instruction.

We need not however, wound our institution by extravagant praises of it. Though we are not insensible to the favorable regards of men, and would be far from leaving public opinion, we have other and higher mo-

tives for our efforts. Nor need we proclaim on the 'house top' our own attachment to the principles of masonry. That is sufficiently demonstrated by the zeal with which its interests are prompted, by our voluntary attendance on its calls and its duties, and by the increasing respectability and flourishing prospects of the order in our country. The world are incredulous and will never take our assertions for proofs. We must convince them by our deportment, of the utility of our institution; the character of which will always rise or fall, with the character of professing masons. Although much of our exertion must remain forever unseen and unacknowledged, though not unfelt in the world, and we must be content to do good for goodness sake; yet we can show 'our minds and consciences divested of some of the vices and superfluities of life.' We can, 'in truth,' show some 'brotherly love' promoted, and some relief afforded. We can practice prudence, temperance, fortitude, and justice. We can always have faith in God, hope in immortality, and charity for all mankind. We can always remember the plumb of moral rectitude, the square of virtue and the level of equality. We need never forget the sprig of cassia, that reminds us of our better and immortal part, which shall survive the grave.

There is this institution left, into which the petty and fierce spirit of party in politics and religion can never enter. Though we differ in opinion on all these subjects; yea, though we be arrayed in the opposite ranks of conflicting armies; when the passions have done their worst, and the conflict is over; when our duty is done to our neighbor, and to our country; we have then one to perform to a distressed worthy brother Surely, if there be a balm in Gilead; there is that in us which can thus make good to triumph over evil.—And we put it to you to say, whether your condition be high or low, rich or poor, if you feel the joy of your existence more, than in the overflowing of your hearts with brotherly love; when you repair to that sacred retreat, where the poor man may for a time forget his poverty and dependence, the rich one must leave behind him his purse and his pride, the prince must throw off his stars and his diadem, and all unite to promote objects of the most exalted Philanthropy.

March, 17th 1840.

SIR.

I have received and read several numbers of the "Masonic Register," and I am very much pleased with it. The dark clouds of prejudice and persecution are fading rapidly away, and the sun of Masonry is rising more glorious than before. It's first beams gild the ruins of the fallen Temple; and Masons, aroused from their sleep by its cheerful light seize their long neglected implements and begin the work of rebuilding.—The stones of Unity and Peace are brought; the cement of brotherly love is prepared and used; the trumpet of perseverance is at work; and the fabric gradually rises higher and higher, standing firm on the foundation of Antiquity.

The Editorial article in No. 28, under the head "Masonic," is most excellent. Let every brother read it over twice. The fact is, the Register is the very thing that is wanted; and if properly supported and circulated throughout the United States will be the means of restoring our ancient Institution to its former standing. The enemies of Masonry have raved

and stormed till they have blown themselves to pieces by their own fury, and men once more suffer Reason to become their guide. We only want more Masonic articles, and if the readers of your paper, follow the advice given in the article alluded to, above, there will be no want of them. You have have my best wishes for your success.

T. R. M.

THE GREAT SECRET OF MASONRY.—A Lady, whose curiosity like the rest of her sex, was very great; was one day importuning her lover, (who was a mason,) to tell her the greatest secret of Masonry that he was acquainted with. "Will you promise not to ask me another question if I tell you?" "yes that I will," replied the fair one glad to purchase it so. "Well, you have promised, now listen," the Lady bent forward to catch every word, "the great secret of Masonry is, to know how to keep a secret!" The Lady questioned him no more.

THE PRINTER'S DEVIL.

The name of this mysterious personage has long been much bandied about by Printers, greatly to their own amusement, but frequently to the wonder of sundry uninitiated readers. At the request of a correspondent who has desired an explanation of the term, we have looked into the fact with some care and the following is the result of our research:—

"In the tenth year of this reign (1470) the first book printed in France, was executed at Paris by Ubrich Gering. The art of printing, which has had so powerful an influence on the improvement of the human mind, and in the reformation of government, known to the Chinese in a rude though efficient mode upwards of a thousand years before, was re-discovered, it is generally agreed, by Laurentius Koster, a wealthy citizen of Harlem, in Holland, about the year 1480. Laurentius, it is stated by an early writer on the discovery of printing, when walking in a wood, picked up a small bough or a tree which had been broken off by the wind. He then sat down and amused himself by cutting upon it some letters, and wrapped up in a piece of paper the part which he had thus engraved. He afterwards fell asleep, and when he awoke he perceived that the paper, having been moistened by a shower of rain, had received an impression from the letters—which induced him to pursue the accidental discovery, until he applied it to printing. Laurentius however, proceeded no further than the use of wooden blocks, in the manner of stereotype. To this incipient mode an improvement was made by two brothers, named Genisfleiche, or Gertumburg, who had been in the employment of Laurentius, and after his death carried off part of his printing blocks to Meuta, in Germany, where they succeeded in forming separate metal types, with engraved faces. But the art was yet far from being completed. It seems to have been brought nearly to its present state of perfection by Peter Schoeffer, of the latter city; who, in the year 1456, cast a fount of types from matrices or moulds previously cut with the several letters. With this invention, John Faustus, now his partner, but formerly his employer, was so much pleased, that he gave the ingenious artist his only daughter in marriage.

In the year 1460, Faustus (or Faust, as he is sometimes called) and his partner Schoeffer, printed an edition of the Bible. This was a very expensive work, and

was five years in the press. It was this edition, as some authors relate, of which Faustus carried a number of copies to Paris; where he sold them, first for six hundred, then for five hundred crowns each: which where the prices commonly given to the scribes, for very elegant copies of the scriptures. He afterwards, by degrees, reduced the price to thirty crowns. It is said that the purchasers were ignorant that these copies were printed; and that it was the policy of Faustus to make them believe that they were written. They were an exact imitation of the best manuscripts. As he lowered his price, his sales increased, and people were astonished at his producing copies as fast as they were wanted. When he reduced the price to thirty crowns, all Paris was amazed, both on account of the uniformity and the quantity produced, it was believed that he had made a league with the devil, and he was accused of being a magician. His lodgings were searched by the police, several Bibles were found, and the red ink with which illuminators had made the great capitals at the beginning of each chapter, was pronounced to be his blood. Faustus fled, and escaped death, and from this circumstance originated the story of the 'Devil and Dr. Faustus.'—*English Psper.*

SKETCH OF TRAVEL.

From the New York Mirror
THE MODEL.

BY J. EDWARD FREEMAN.

A bright morning found me ascending the Scala from the Piazza di Spagna, for the purpose of breathing the fresh air and making an early call at the studio of my friend. At the summit of the grand stairs, and on the south side of the Piazza della Trinità del Monte, stands the house of Claude Lorraine. Here that great artist resided when he produced those works which have made his name immortal. Under the simple portico of this *casa famosa* I sat down to rest. From this spot the painter might see the sun go down behind the dome of St Peter's and from here he could look upon the eternal city with its fountains, obelisks, palaces and churches, almost at his feet; while beyond the walls, the campagna stretched away until the blue skies, and darker blue of the village capped peaks, traced the boundary line of the plain. How much may we owe to this happy location for the classical, rich compositions, so full of living light and warmth, of this extraordinary landscape painter.

I looked upon St. Angelo, and my recollection told me I had seen its picturesque reflection changed in some small points in more than one of Claude's pictures. Many a palace, church and monument looked familiar to me, yet bearing different relation to the scenery. I had seen them somewhere, in such add such a composition. Immediately in the foreground, adorning the tops of buildings, statuary and beautiful vases came to the level of his studio; while gardens made upon the flat roofs enriched his view with flowers and the liveliest foliage. Broken columns, car reliefs, remnants of antiquity, were about him on all sides. Observe his glorious creations, and you see how genius has wrought those materials into books of poetry, and ravishing combinations of nature and art. My attention was fastened upon the Pantheon, and my mind was wandering from pictorial thoughts to still earlier associations than those belonging to Claude's dwelling, and I know not how long I might have lived among the events of Roman history, had not my course of thought been disturbed by a mendicant who demanded, "something for the love of the Madonna." Starting up, I threw a few coins into the cappeluccio of the eyesless povera, and continued my way towards the old palace of the De Medici, reflecting upon the incident which forced my mind from the contemplation of a nation's glory to its degradation.

I entered the gardens belonging to the French Academy. An institution supported by the French government, and where she sends her most promising young artists to further their studies at the shrine of art. The grounds appertaining to this palace furnish one of the most agreeable retreats at Rome. You ramble between "walls of flowers," parterres of trimmed foliage, with fountains and vestiges of antiquity—here a mouldering capital, there a part of a fluted shaft. Now a torso nearly buried in shrubbery is discovered in your path;

now a vase rises from among clustering leaves, which embrace its peaceful form, and harmonizes with the golden moss, with which time has mellowed all things exposed to the air in this delicious clime.

From the rear of the *Accademia Franchese*, is seen the villa Raffello, once the residence of the divine painter. The cypress trees and the pines which tower in the neighborhood enrich many a back ground of his pictures. They are consonant with lofty, pure composition, but belong not to the familiar and ornamental. From the same spot that commands this view a picture presents itself, the foreground of which is the fine edifice with its Claudean carvings. Beyond, across the Tiber swells the Pantheon dome looking like some immense balloon ready to burst from the great church to that vault of ultramarine above—the theme of poets and of travellers innumerable. Mounting to the roof of the academy, the eye sweeps over the campagna, resting upon the misty hills, where sit shrouded in azure vapour, Albania, Tivoli and Frascati. Gazing upon the sea-like amphitheatre, with more minute research the wrecks of tombs, temples, and all that remains of the monuments born of the mother of empires, are seen, desolate features, scattered upon a sublime waste.

But, in my landscape sketching, I find I am making a late morning call at the studio of S—. Descending from the panoramic view that promises again to imprison my thoughts with the past, suppose me at the door of one of those many studios, which are in the vicinity of the Piazza del Popolo.

Fortune favoured me for once; I found my sensitive friend absent and the door unlocked. I never could prevail upon him to show me certain pictures and sketches the backs of which excited my strongest curiosity.—I was quick to profit by this favourable opportunity. Upon a small table stood the pallet and pencils ready for painting. Upon the easel stood a cabinet-sized canvass. I was destined to get no farther in my search than this. My attention was seized by the commencement before me. From a mass of chalk outlines and dubious things, which might be taken for clouds, smoke or angels, beamed forth a head beautifully painted, fresh, vigorous, and as lovely as *Italia* herself. All was too indefinite to make out the story or subject; but that face, the deep, deep black eyes, exquisite mouth, chin, nobly-defined nose, that teint so warm yet transparent. I gazed upon this reality among shadows, as it seemed, until, the Fornarina of Raphael I fancied it ready to speak. I was less surprised than annoyed as I saw the bewitching vision move before my eyes, in its pace, looking from between the legs of the easel, stood the disconcerted artist. "*Mio caro*, I am sorry," exclaimed he, "you have seen the sketch; I am heartily ashamed you should see how little I can do without nature before me. I despair ever getting through with this composition, or doing justice to the head alone."

"Is that face a dream of yours?" I demanded, "or is there within the walls of Rome a living Venus like that?"

"Turning round as I spoke, the door opened, and the original entered. The resemblance could not be mistaken. She advanced into the room with a soft *Buono giorno signori*. And thus I saw for the first time, "Annina," or, as she was familiarly called, "*La bella Modella*."

The history of Annina is soon told. She was a Contadina, or peasant girl. Her parents were poor, and rather than beg, they were forced to avail themselves of the surpassing beauty of their child as a model.—While yet an infant, Annina's features found a reflection upon canvass in figures of angels, cherubs and seraphs. As she became older she would sit for Hebes, Venuses, sibyls, and Madonnas. She has escaped miraculously the common fate of models, and could never be induced for any consideration to sit for more than the head, although her figure was one that a sculptor might have envied, surpassing, as it did in symmetry, the antique statues.

Annina was famed throughout the city, but she was a model; and in this light few, above a certain grade, would make honest advances to her; and those who presumed, she met with a repulsive dignity that won for her the highest respect and esteem. In short, in another walk in life, this Roman girl would have been a model for the proudest to envy, and the best to emulate.

In a young Roman she had a desperate lover. His passion was not responded to, yet he continued to haunt her, to follow her from studio, to studio even to the sacred shrines at her prayers. Her constant companion was an old woman, who counted her beads during the hour or hours that she sat. In this employment had Annina seen eighteen summers, maintaining by her efforts, her sinking helpless parents.

Upon the occasion of my present visit, she took her seat, and C— proceeded with his picture. His pencil was the most glowing of any at Rome; it was a pleasure, difficult to describe, to see him, with each touch, add to a copy of nature, already so perfect, still more expression and sweetness of effect. The hour was magically short as I stood watching, by turns, the artist and his model. At length Annina glanced at the picture with an expression of approbation, and curtsying to us gracefully, darted out of the studio. Her jealous admirer stood waiting at the door; and no doubt the poor girl was obliged to listen to his triendied *amore*, even to the protecting roof of some holy sanctuary, or the atelier of some other artist, where she was engaged to personate some other beautiful character.

"Come," said C—, throwing down his pencils, "let us hurry to see the Vatican; it is open to-day, and the lights will be favorable; for look you how clear we have it." C— had resided several years at Rome pursuing his art with ardour that absorbed nearly all other reflections, except those which grow out of a sojourn among scenes so deeply fraught with matter for the reflection of philosopher, poet, and painter. An artist takes few steps here without contributing to advancement in his profession. In truth, his life might be consumed in one dream of genial devotion, and undisturbed by the trading world, that almost everywhere else mingles itself with his reveries. The day being brilliant the streets were full of carriages, and everybody was abroad. Barefooted monks, "pale and grave," glided by. Silks rustled against rage, as we threaded our way towards the Ponte St. Angelo, entering in our route several of the most distinguished churches. How strange to break from the stirring multitude, whose every expression, and motion speak of the world's ambition and dissipation, and find one's self within the walls of one of those solemn cathedrals.

Approaching one of the obscure chapels, the better to see a picture over the altar, within, we saw kneeling before the Madonna, a figure, the eye fixed upon the holy mother, while her hands crossed upon her bosom pressed there, as if to leave its impression upon her heart, the sacred emblem of her faith: the holy cross never absent from the heart of a good catholic. Passing on, I caught a look at the profile. It was Annina! we hurried softly away, afraid to breathe too loud, lest we might disturb the beautiful petitioner. As we stole towards the door we observed the desperate *amato*, haggard and wild, leaning against a baptismal font, dipping his finger now and then into the vessel, and crossing his low curlish brow, while his eyes seemed trying to penetrate the hallowed air, which enveloped the humble model. We left the church, and were again mingling with the apparent masquerade, which is presented in the streets on a festival day. The costumes of the contadini, noted for being picturesque, students with their long hair, mustachios, velvet coats and cap-pali, together with the many-fashioned strangers, who linger but a day in the eternal city to exhaust its sights and to produce a mixture singularly striking.

We lingered long at the Vatican, and, without visiting half of its thousands rooms, I found my senses wearied from excess of seeing, and reeling under the excitement consequent upon ranging through this museum of art: that accumulation of antiquities linking centuries together with rescued tablets and time-crumbled vestiges. Stealing into the *Capella Sistina* to see the grand picture of Michael Angelo, as it caught the rays of the setting sun. We finished our day at St. Peter's.

It was Ave Maria, deepening into the most solemn shade of twilight, as we turned from the *Via Candoli* into the Piazza di Spagna. Proceeding towards the Scala, we encountered a crowd, which silent as the hour, encircled something upon which all eyes seemed to dwell with expressions of awe and pity. We entered the circle. Upon a chair reposed a female figure,

which, at first sight, might have been mistaken for some lovely statue, were it not for the stains of blood which were visible upon the light dress. The head was supported by a person standing behind the seat, while the arms fell upon the lap in graceful but marble repose. The softened, doubtful light, presented but the general effect, leaving the imagination to guess the rest. The dress, modestly disposed, might seem to have been arranged in its folds for some fastidious artist to copy. In short, the whole was statue-like—apparently the dream of some Flaxman or Donnetello.

I stood transfixed for some minutes, making part of that riveted crowd; anxious to know the meaning of so strange a spectacle and the circumstances, I demanded *sotto voce* of one near me. He replied—"It is *La bella Modella*—she is dead." Stepping forward to get a nearer view, it proved sadly true! It was indeed the beautiful creature whom I had seen in the morning, so full of life and elegance. Her jealous lover, repulsed in his advances, had, as she descended the grand Scale stabbed her in the neck. Staggering to this spot she sat down and bled to death. Night wrapped the cold clay in its mantle of black, and leaving the silent watchers still surrounding the hapless model, we found our way home, our thoughts still coloured with this tragic event.

PRACTICAL.

From the Philadelphia Gazette. THE RIGHTS OF WOMEN.

As the whole community is agitated with measures adopted to assert the rights and advance the interests of the laboring Men, it would be well to consider for a moment the claims of industrious women.

There is a strange and cruel mockery in the conduct of lords of creation to the weaker sex.—They are fond of speaking in extravagant terms of the excellence of woman, they delight in manifesting their refinement by unmeaning compliments and exhibit their gallantry in a thousand superfluous attentions. Here their justice ends. They call themselves the defenders of woman—do they protect her? they praise her virtues—does their conduct manifest a real respect? they compassionate her weakness, do they sustain her in poverty, cheer her loneliness with the voice of encouragement, or do aught, in any shape, to supply her wants, or alleviate her afflictions? The world is a scene of violence, where every man scrambles for his share of the plunder, but weak woman is constrained by her physical inferiority to stand apart and gaze hopelessly upon the struggle, with little to sustain her or her little ones but the stray fragments which may fall in her way. She is still, as in the olden time, a gleaner in the harvest of life; and though her responsibilities are equal to those of man, she is expected to supply her wants and perform all her duties upon the miserable pittance which the reaper leaves behind him as unworthy to be gathered. Such is the justice, such the kindness of man to woman.

It may be admitted that man is gentle and affectionate to those of the other sex who may be related to him. Strange if it were not. How unnatural would be the ingratitude that would requite a mother's pains, and a wife's solicitude, a sister's tenderness, with harshness. How strangely cold and heartless must be the hosem which, not only insensible to the loveliness, gentleness and purity of woman, should also prove alien even to the ties of nature. Man has not been thus unnatural, for the necessities of his being forbid it. But what has he done for that portion of the sex disconnected with himself, the lone, the friendless? What support or encouragement does the widow with her flock of little ones, or the unprotected orphan, or the aged and friendless female, receive from man? How is her labor requited, how are her rights maintained? What encouragement do the laws extend to her—what support is offered by society—what champions spring forth in her cause?

The sturdy laborer complains that his wages are low, and thousands in a moment unite and procure for him redress; but the widow may toil with superior assiduity and receive less than the tithe of the wages of the man—and who strikes for her? Is her labor less useful or necessary? By no means. Are her orphans

more readily or cheaply sustained than the children of the laborer? Of course they are not. Yet she is allowed to toil unceasingly, and receives a paltry pittance which if quadrupled, would be spurned by a man laborer with corn.

Again, the man complains, justly perhaps, that twelve hours labor is too much for his herculean frame and he strikes for an amelioration of his condition.—The press is clamorous in support of the poor laborer: orators and politicians espouse his cause; and he triumphs. But the lone widow sits at her solitary labor, plying the needle with her hands, and rocking the cradle with her foot. The sun rises and sets upon her and the stars almost fade from the sky, before, with a fevered and exhausted frame, she sinks upon the couch. But who, we ask again, strikes for the lone widow? Who compassionates her wrongs, and asserts her rights? Perhaps it will be asserted that woman has no rights. Men are entitled to high wages—but woman should not expect it; men must not labor more than ten hours but woman may toil day and night. Might makes right; and woman being weak and unable to demand her fair share of the advantages that result from labor must consent to as she has been the drudge and slave of those who prate about her beauty and their chivalry.

TEMPERANO.

For the American Masonic Register. TEMPERANCE MEETING

Pursuant to public notice, a meeting of Irishmen, friendly to the cause of Temperance was held at the corner of South Market and Hamilton streets, on Wednesday evening the 25th inst., to take into consideration the propriety of forming an association for the promotion of that cause in this city, which was organized by appointing Mr. James Galligan Ch'n. and Mr. John Hurdis, Sec'y.

The call for the meeting was read and its objects briefly explained by the secretary; after which the following preamble and resolutions were submitted and unanimously adopted.

Whereas—The united voice of the wise and good of all nations, as well as our own experience, bear testimony, not only to the utter uselessness of intoxicating drinks in enabling men to sustain fatigue, but also to its being a fruitful source of the moral, social, and political degradation with which the great mass of mankind are afflicted: And *Whereas* the Irish portion of our population not so much perhaps from any peculiarity of temperament as from their laborious employment and their exposed situation furnishes large accessions to the ranks of Intemperance in so much that the very name of an Irishman almost carries with it the idea of intemperance, it behooves us as Irishmen, as citizens of this republic—and as moral and accountable beings to put forth our utmost energies, to remove this stigma from our national character—therefore be it

Resolved, That we unite in forming an association in furtherance of that object and for the advancement of the cause of temperance generally.

Resolved, That we hail with unmingled satisfaction the efforts now making in our native land to rid it of the vice of Intemperance, as the bright harbinger of her prosperity and happiness and look forward with hope, ere long to witness her complete moral and political regeneration.

Resolved, That we cheerfully accord to those who use and traffic in those articles the right to pursue happiness in their own way, but hope soon to see them convinced that there is no happiness so permanent as that derived from the consciousness of doing good to our fellow men.

Resolved, That we wholly disclaim any intention of mingling, as a body, in the sectarian or political contentions of the day; and that we will scrupulously exclude from our meetings all extraneous and irrelevant topics, and with a single eye to the great cause in which we are engaged, push forward in the work of reformation.

Resolved, That a committee of seven be appointed to draft a Constitution and By-laws for the government of this Society and a form of pledge to be subscribed to by its members.

The meeting was well attended and was addressed by Mr. Craig, recently from Ireland, who gave a sketch

of the rise and progress of temperance societies in that Country; and otherwise edified the meeting by appropriate remarks and suggestions, relative to their organization and government.

On motion it was—Resolved that the proceedings of this meeting be signed by the Ch'n. and Sec'y. and published in all the papers in this city, friendly to its object.

The meeting then adjourned till Monday evening the 30th inst., at 7 o'clock.

JAMES GALLIGAN, *Chairman*.

JOHN HURDIS, *Secretary*.

THE GATHERER.

Editorial Dilemma.—During the dead season, the editor of a country paper being much distressed for matter, ransacked every hole and corner for intelligence; and after having as he thought, completed his task, sat down to dinner with what appetite he might. In the middle of it he was interrupted by the entrance of his familiar, alias "the devil," demanding "more copy!" "Blast the fellow." "More copy!" said he, "Why, have you put in the story of the tremendous mushroom found in Mr Jones's field?" "Yes sir." And the account of the prodigious crop of apples gathered from Mr. Timm's trees?" "Yes sir." "And about Mr. Thompson's kitten being sucked by a hedgehog?" "Yes, sir." "And Mr. Smith's dreadful accident with his one horse chaise as he passed down Holborn Hill?" "Yes, sir." "About the man who stole the corn out of the sack in the farm-yard?" "Yes, sir, it's all up; but there is still a line and a half wanting." "Then add," said he, with great dignity, "that they most au-da-ci-ous-ly threshed it out on the premises!"

Singular Lawsuit.—An English paper says that a curious lawsuit is now going on in Perth in Hungary, between a butcher and a cattle dealer. The butcher had lent 1000 florins to the dealer, who sometime afterwards, called on him as he was at dinner and laid down a note for 1000 florins, thanking him at the same time for the loan. The window being open the note was blown by a gust of wind into the soup tureen.—The butcher took it out, and holding it by the corners to allow the grease to drain off, it was seized by his dog and swallowed. Perceiving that he had done wrong the dog absented himself, and did not return until the evening, when he was killed and opened, but the note was, of course, by this time wholly digested. The butcher has brought an action for the 1000 florins, which the dealer refuses to pay twice over, considering that, the note having gone into the hands of the butcher, he alone ought to bear the loss.

A Valuable Meal.—A Marseilles paper states that a gentleman, not long since, paid a visit to the Zoological collection in that city, and, approaching rather too near an ostrich, the bird snatched at his chain and seals, drawn a gold watch out of his fob and instantly swallowed the whole lot!

BRIBERY AND CORRUPTION.—The following was endorsed on a letter lately received at the Natchez Post office: The Postmaster will confer a favor by informing Mr. Wallace of this letter, or sending it to him by the first opportunity, as he moved into your county about the first of December last, and I think lives at a distance from your post office. If you are a single man it will be worth your trouble to go, as he has a very pretty daughter.

A Contrast.—The advantage arising from the destruction of the beef monopoly was shown a day or two since, in Baltimore. On Monday, the regular day for the cattle market in that city, a butcher bought a lot for which he paid \$6 per hundred. Rather gratified at his bargain, he had the curiosity to examine his bill, and find out what he gave this time last year, and he found that on the 11th of March, 1839, he had bought sixteen head of cattle of inferior quality, for which he gave \$11.50 per hundred.

POPULAR TALES.

From the Edinburgh Journal.

ADVENTURES OF A HIGHLAND OFFICER
IN THE AMERICAN WAR.

In a late visit to the Highlands, and while residing with a friend in a secluded situation, near the shores of Loch Ness, the following little narrative, descriptive of the adventures of an officer in the American war, was related to me by one of the young persons of the family. It appeared so interesting that I immediately wrote it down, and now present it to the world, almost word for word as it was narrated:—

"Uncle Charles was a fine, tall, handsome-looking youth, about nineteen, when he decided upon going into the army; and a commission having been procured for him in the gallant 42d, he left home to join the regiment, which in the course of a few months embarked at a very short notice for the American provinces, betwixt which and Great Britain a regular war had commenced. Mrs. Grant, whose favorite son Charles was, parted from him with great regret; but having fortified his mind by good principles, and the best example, she committed him to the care of Providence. Charles had lost his father when he was quite a child, so that he was left entirely to the instruction of his mother; and it was fortunate, that she had such a soil whereon to sow the good seed, that produced the fruits that will be seen in his adventurous life.

The regiment arrived safe at New-York; and as soon as they had recovered from the voyage, it was ordered to march into the interior to join their brethren in arms, as the officer commanding the troops in that part of the country understood that the Americans had prevailed upon a tribe of Indians, from Lake Michigan, to aid them against the British. The chief of this tribe had become well known to the Americans, as he and his followers were in the habit of visiting the frontiers yearly, to exchange their furs, fish, and other products of their country, for fire-arms, powder and shot, which were most useful to them; so that the Americans found it no difficult matter to engage Michigan John and his tribe as an ally in the war; and John, who was a man of no common mind; not only picked up sufficient of the English language to make himself intelligible, but he had a powerful mind, and ruled over his tribe with despotic sway. The Indians, who were well acquainted with every foot of the country, were found by the Americans to be invaluable; and an ambuscade was planned to entrap the 42d ere it could reach its destination. They were on the point of success; for, in marching through a wood, they were attacked suddenly, and taken at a great disadvantage. From behind the trees the deadly rifle laid low many a brave fellow; and, fearing to be cut off to a man, a retreat was sounded, with the hope of returning to more open ground; and the dreadful war-whoop of the savages could hardly fail to strike terror into the ranks of soldiers who had never encountered such a ferocious-looking enemy.

The Americans being aware that the loss of their officers would render the men a more easy conquest, took aim accordingly: and Charles, who nobly stood his ground, was singled out by the Indian chief, and he fell severely wounded; and the Indians rushing to the bodies, began to strip the dead and scalp the dying. Michigan John, who had perceived that Charles was an officer, from his dress, advanced to where he lay, and raising his head by the long hair, he lifted the deadly tomahawk, and whirling it round, he was on the point of scalping his victim, when my uncle snatched one of his arms, as if to put his hand upon the wound, and Indian John, finding he still breathed, spared his life. Summoning four of his tribe they hastily cut down some branches from the trees and making a sort of litter, my uncle having had a bandage tied over his wound, he was placed in the litter, and by nightfall the party were on their way to Lake Michigan, laden with the booty which the Americans said they had divided. Some days elapsed ere they reached their home; the poor captive so weak and exhausted by the loss of blood, that he could hardly make the smallest exertion, and it required all the care of the eldest chief to keep him alive.

The warriors were received with shouts of triumph

by their wives and companions, who had remained to guard their encampment, mingled with cries and lamentations for those who had fallen in battle. My uncle, upon the arrival of the Indians in the Michigan territory, was taken to the wigwam of their chief, and herbs were gathered and applied to his wound, so that he gradually recovered; and in the midst of such kind-hearted savages he felt exceedingly grateful, but above all to the chief. But one may imagine his horror and dismay, when John informed him that his life was only preserved that he might be offered up as a sacrifice to the manes of those who had been killed on the day of the battle. To have met with death in the face would have been little compared with the fate that awaited him, and his entreaties that the chief would at once put an end to his life were not listened to. John replied it was the custom of the tribe, and that he ought not to have invaded the land of the Red men; and my uncle perceiving that there existed not the smallest chance of escape for him, endeavored to prepare his mind for the trial that awaited him; and he employed many hours of the day and in the silent watches of the night, in praying for fortitude and strength to die as a Christian, from the only source at which it can be found.

With a composure of manner and appearance which even to himself appeared somewhat unnatural, my uncle saw the preparations that were taking place, and was relieved in a great measure by learning that he was not to be put to the torture, but that he was to be shot—a favor that he did not expect. His manly bearing and amiable manners had softened the heart in some degree of old John, and he would gaze with a steadfast and thoughtful look, when in a corner of the wigwam he saw the young white-skin speaking to the Great Spirit, and heard the earnest petitions of the young soldier for his mother, and for forgiveness of his own sins; and old John felt how proud he would have been of such a son to succeed him as chief of the Michigans.

At length my uncle having recovered, a day was fixed, and the whole tribe were assembled in their war-dresses, the women and children shouting and singing the death-song, as John, accompanied by his captive, appeared; and the chief making a short palaver to his followers, they all followed their leader to the wood that adjoined their encampment; and a tree being selected for the purpose, my uncle was placed against it, John having granted him the favour that he should not be bound nor his eyes covered, saying he was not afraid to look death in the face, and hoping that the Indian would take so sure an aim as to be fatal at the moment. John loaded his rifle; and when the signal was given, he presented it at his victim. The trigger was pulled, but the powder flashed in the pan. With an impatient air John examined his rifle, put in fresh powder, and again presented. Again was the attempt unsuccessful. A third time would surely finish the affair, for the flint was sharpened and fresh priming put in the pan. The rifle again missed fire. Anxiety, doubt, and consternation, sat upon every face as the chief looked round upon his tribe. As if struck by the thought of the moment, he raised the gun in his hand, and fired in the air, when it exploded with a tremendous noise, as the Indians gave out cries and shouts of surprise.

After a pause of a few minutes, and silence had been restored, the chief addressed them. 'My children it's of no use to kill this white-skin; he is protected by the Great Spirit. When did you see the gun of Michigan John miss fire? The Great Spirit says No. Listen, my children:—I have no son, and this young white-skin shall become as one to your father. When I am old, and go to the land of my fathers, he shall be your chief. We shall teach him to hunt and to fish, and he will be as the son of the Red man.'

This address was received with joyful acclamations, and my uncle, like one in a dream, was carried back to the wigwam upon the shoulders of the Indians, who, leaving him to the care of his adopted father, spent the day in mirth and dancing. My uncle, whose life was thus wonderfully spared, never for a moment doubted that it was solely by the interposition of Providence, and gave thanks where it was due. A day was soon after appointed to adopt my uncle as the chief who was to rule the tribe after his father's death, and he underwent the ceremonies observed amongst the savage tribes of North America. His

body was handsomely tattooed, his ears pierced, and also his nose, to all of which were appended ornaments; and his skin being stained, and attired in the full war-dress of an Indian chief, with the rifle, the deadly towahawk, and scalping-knife, he was, I am told a very handsome-looking person. The ceremony concluded by his having the name of John bestowed upon him.

Only too grateful to have his life spared, young John soon fell into all the customs of his new friends. He accompanied his father in the chase, and became an expert huntsman; and this roving and exciting occupation became delightful to him. If he had any ambition, here it might be gratified; he would at some future period, preside over a numerous body of Indians who felt some degree of awe for one who was guarded by the Great Spirit. Youth soon reconciles itself to the whole; and young John, who was particularly attached to the chief, seemed to forget that he was not a red skin from the first. His promotion, although approved of by the greater number of the tribe, had raised some envy and jealousy amongst those who were related to John, and they only waited an opportunity to do him an injury. And so it chanced.—When some of the tribe, accompanied by my uncle, were out hunting, a huge panther was tracked and fired at; and as the Indians pursued the animal close, he took refuge in a cave, and every attempt to dislodge him was found to be vain. It was now the time for the discontented to endeavour to get rid of a rival and with furious threats they insisted that he should enter the cave, and drive out the panther. This attempt he looked upon as certain death, as the cave was so low that he must have gone in on his hands and knees.—But expostulation and remarks upon the injustice of their conduct, were only answered by a blow of the tomahawk; and seeing there was no alternative, he crept in upon his hands, holding his scalping knife between his teeth. The cave was so dark that some minutes elapsed before he could distinguish the animal, which had retreated into a corner of the den, in the agonies of death having been mortally wounded by one of the Indians. My uncle having advanced cautiously, drew his knife across the throat of the panther, and seizing him by the tail dragged him out of the den, and with an air of indignation threw him down before the astonished savages, who, humbled and crest-fallen, were convinced that he bore a charmed life, and that it was fruitless to endeavor to injure him.

Three years were passed away by my uncle amongst the Indians; and having accumulated a considerable number of skins, and other products of their country, John proposed that a party of the tribe should proceed to the United States, to exchange them for powder and shot, which they now stood much in need of. Accordingly, he with his adopted son, and seven of their followers proceeded to Charleston.—Here it was that my uncle recognised one of the officers of the 42d. Home and all its sweet associations rushed into his heart, and he went up directly and addressed his old companion in arms, who, if possible, was more astonished at hearing a young Indian speak in his own language. It was some time before he could be brought to acknowledge his identity. His adopted father was all this while beside them, his anxious piercing looks full of anxiety, which was increased when he found that my uncle intended accompanying the officer to his quarters, where he followed them.

A long and interesting conversation took place, and his friend represented in the strongest terms the folly of spending his life amidst a tribe of savages, and recalled to my uncle the duty he owed to his parent, his king, and his country; in return, my uncle pleaded all he owed to his adopted father. His friend did not press the subject too keenly at the moment; but having written to the commanding officer the history of Charles's captivity, an order was dispatched to Charles, claiming him as a British officer, and commanding him to join his regiment with as little delay as possible.

There was no disputing this order, as he would be considered a deserter; and he had the painful duty of explaining this to Michigan John, who was overwhelmed with grief. He endeavored by every means in his power to prevail on my uncle to go home with him. 'Return, return, my son John, with your old

father. Why should you seek again to become a white-skin? Oh, my son John, break not the heart of your Indian father. Every thing was done to comfort and console him, but with little success, until the old chief made up his mind, that the Good Spirit called his son away to his own people; and after choosing the best of the furs, and every thing that he thought would be valued, he took a last parting farewell, and turned his face towards the Lake Michigan. My uncle proceeded to New-York, where his extraordinary adventures had travelled before him, and every one was anxious to see the handsome Indian chief. This desire was most strongly felt by the ladies, and a fair American girl, who heard him relate his romantic tale with modesty and ingenuousness, showed that she loved him for the dangers he had passed; and he was too gallant a soldier not to be flattered by the interest she expressed. And while he gained a step in the 42d, he lost his heart in New York; and fearing to be called a heartless man, he had nothing for it but to agree to an exchange or barter. The regiment was ordered to England, and Charles along with it. If his adventures had made a sensation in New York, he was still a greater lion in London. And one of his majesty's ministers wrote my uncle, that it would be agreeable that he should spend an evening at his house, and that a certain member of the royal family would honor the company with his presence, having a desire to see him in the Indian costume, dance the celebrated war dance. All of these requests my uncle did not consider himself at liberty to refuse, and acquitted himself so well, that his dance and tremendous war-whoop electrified the whole assembly.

After remaining a short time in London, he returned home to his native glen, to visit his relations; and recollecting after a reasonable time that his heart was on the other side of the Atlantic, and finding himself uncomfortable without it, he set out again for New York, to unite himself to his lady love; leaving as parting gifts his Indian dress, tomahawk, and scalping-knife, which are hung up in the hall as memorials of the true tale of Michigan John, alias Charles Grant of Glen."

MISCELLANY,

The following amusing article, we copy from Chambers Edinburgh Journal. We guess that the writer, who is of the Basil Hall or Madam Trollope school, has made a large garment out of a very small piece of cloth.

ANNOYANCES OF OFFICIAL PERSONS IN AMERICA.

To the people of this country, who are accustomed to regard high official men with a sort of distant awe, the familiarity with which the same class of men are treated in America must appear extremely strange. We have been assured by an American gentleman of the highest intelligence and respectability, that there is not a state official of popular appointment in "the States," who is not under the necessity of holding himself ready to receive familiar calls at every hour from persons who in this country would not be allowed entrance even into the lobby of a respectable house.—And the privilege is taken advantage of in no sparing manner. In a late clever work, entitled "Aristocracy in America," a curious account is given of the shoals of people who come to Washington to bore the President and other officers for posts. We extract the passage:—

"And then what a continual influx of paupers!" interrupted the bar-keeper; "all coming here to seek office, to see the President, and to avail themselves of their acquaintance with one or the other member, to obtain a place for themselves or one of their relations. Would you believe that people come here from a distance of from six hundred to a thousand miles, to hunt an appointment of six hundred dollars a-year; and that, in order to enable them to get home again, after they have spent their last farthing, the President is often obliged to pay their passage out of his own pocket?" "I can testify to that," said one of the gentlemen; "General Jackson has done so more than once. When they first come here, they expect nothing less than an appointment of two thousand dollars a-year, but by degrees their expectations become more moderate; they

would then be satisfied with a clerkship; by and bye with a still more subordinate station; and at last they would be glad if any one would pay their bill; and enable them to get home again. I remember a most remarkable story, which was current here shortly after the election of General Jackson, and which is singularly characteristic of the notions of our people as respects the power of the executive.

One morning, scarcely a fortnight after the general's arrival at the White-house, a shabby-genteel looking man presented himself at his parlour, and, after the usual salutation and shaking of hands, expressed his joy at seeing the venerable old gentleman at last hold the situation of chief magistrate of the country, to which his bravery, his talents, and his unimpeachable rectitude, fully entitled him. "We have had a hard time of it," said he, "in our little place; but our exertions were unremitting; I myself went round to stimulate my neighbors, and at last the victory was ours. We beat them by a majority of ten votes, and I now behold the result of that glorious triumph!" The general thanked him in terms of studied politeness, assuring him that he would resign his office in an instant, if he did not think his election gave satisfaction to a vast majority of the people; and at last regretted his admirer's zeal for the public weal should have been so severely taxed on his account. "Oh, no matter for that, sir," said he, "I did it with pleasure—I did it for myself and for my country" (the general bowed); "and I now come to congratulate you on your success" (the general bowed again). "I thought, sir," continued he, "that as you are now President of the United States, I might perhaps be useful to you in some official capacity." The general looked somewhat embarrassed. "Pray, sir, have you already made a choice of your cabinet ministers?" "I have," was the reply of the general. "Well, no matter for that; I shall be satisfied with an embassy to Europe." "I am sorry to say there is no vacancy." "Then you will perhaps require a head-clerk in the department of state?" "These are generally appointed by the respective secretaries." "I am very sorry for that: then I must be satisfied with some inferior appointment." "I never interfere with these: you must address yourself to the heads of departments." "But could I not be postmaster in Washington? Only think, general how I worked for you!" "I am much obliged to you for the good opinion you entertain of me, and for your kind offices at the last election; but the postmaster for the city of Washington is already appointed." "Well, I don't particularly care for that; I should be satisfied with being his clerk." "This is a subject you must mention to the postmaster." "Why then, general," exclaimed the disappointed candidate for office, "haven't you an old black coat?" You must well imagine that the general gave him one.

Extravagant as this story appears, I can assure you that there are at any time in Washington hundreds of persons seeking employment of some sort or other, nine tenths of whom return home disappointed, cursing the ingratitude of those whom they have elevated by their suffrages, and who are now so monstrously ungrateful as to suffer them to gain a livelihood by common labour. All these men finish by joining the opposition, expecting to be treated with more consideration by the next administration."

THE BROTHERS CHEERYBLE.

It may be right to say, that there are two characters in this book which are drawn from life. It is remarkable, that what we call the world, which is so very credulous in what professes to be true, is most incredulous in what professes to be imaginary; and that while every day in real life it will allow in one man no blemishes, and in another no virtues; it will seldom admit a very strongly marked character, either good or bad, in a fictitious narrative, to be within the limits of probability. For this reason they have been very slightly and imperfectly sketched. Those who take an interest in this tale will be glad to learn that the Brothers Cheeryble live; that their liberal charity, their singleness of heart, their noble nature, and their unbounded benevolence, are no creations of the author's brain, but are promoting every day and oftentimes by stealth, some magnificent and generous deed in that town of which they are the pride and honour. Preface to *Nickelby*. The Messrs. Grant of Manchester are understood to be the gentlemen meant. Newspaper.—The individuals here alluded to are natives of Scotland.

They left Strathspey in their boyhood, without any advantages from fortune, and are now amongst the most affluent and respectable merchants in Manchester. As a trait of their character, justifying the view taken of it by Mr. Dickens it may be mentioned that a few years ago, observing one of their clerks to be in declining health, they sent him out to Madeira to recover it, after having first stuffed some hundred and fifty pounds into his pocket. The object was not accomplished, for the young man died; but the brothers are not the less to be prized for their good intention. It is not, perhaps, quite right in us to publish this anecdote; but somehow we never can bear of a generous human being without feeling an uncontrollable desire to make his merits known.

WILLIAM TELL OUTDONE.

We learn by the stage driver from Elkton, that on Christmas day, a party of whites and blacks assembled at a shop or store about two and a half miles from that place, where, as is customary on such occasions, after punishing the *ardent* for some time, they had a trial of skill at target shooting. After this was over, two of the best "shots" among them a white man and a black man declared that they could shoot the hats from each others head, without injury to their person. Accordingly they agreed to make the trial. It was settled that the black man shoot first, which he did shooting the hat from the white man's head without injuring his person. It was now the white man's turn to try his skill; and both having taken their stations, he levelled his gun, and blew the brains out of his more skillful but unfortunate rival. There appears to have been no malice between them to have prompted the deed, but may be regarded as one of the many excesses committed by men when under the influence of intoxicating liquors.—*Pa. Sentinel*.

To Make a Love Match.—The best Recipe.—Some wag of a following describes the following, as the best recipe for making a love-match:—"Catch a young gentleman and lady the best way you can, let the young gentleman be raw, and the young lady tender, set the young gentleman at the dinner table, put a good quantity of wine, and whilst he is soaking, stick in a word or two about Miss, this will help to make him boil.—When getting red in the gills, take him out into the drawing room, set him by the lady and sop them both with green tea, then set them at the piano, and blow the flame till the lady sings; when you hear the gentleman sing; it is time to take them off, and they are warm enough. Put them by themselves in the corner of the room on a sofa, and there let them simmer together the rest of the evening. Repeat this three or four times, taking care to place them side by side at dinner, and they will be ready for marriage who never you want them. After marriage great care must be taken, as they are very apt to turn sour.

A Rare Book.—M. Thilate, an amateur of scarce books, purchased, a few days since, for a trifle, an old Virgil, at a stall on one of the quais. Having carried his purchase home, he sat down to collate it, and, to his astonishment, found, as he imagined, several leaves torn out. He was on the point of throwing the book aside, but resolved to ascertain whether the leaves were actually gone, or whether the pages had been misnumbered. In doing this, he found that the leaves were there, but had been pasted together at the edges. On separating them with care, he was surprised at the appearance of three bank notes for 1000 francs each. Next day M. Thilate returned to the stall at which he made the purchase, and found that the book had been lying there only a short time before he bought it, having been sold by the son of a man who from being wealthy; had by improvidence, reduced himself to a state of abject distress, in which he had died, and whose little remnant of furniture and effects were sold by the son to defray the expenses of his father's funeral. M. Thilate having made himself acquainted by the young man's address, went to him and placed in his hands the 3000 francs found in the old Virgil.

Incredible.—One hundred and sixty thousand dead have been buried in the circumscribed space of Trinity Church Yard since 1702.

AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER.

ALBANY, SATURDAY, MARCH, 28 1840.

REMOVAL.—Before the issuing of another No. of the Register, we design removing our Printing-office, to the corner of South Market, and Division Streets, (entrance on Division) over the Hat-store of Mr. E. S. Herrick.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—J. B.'s favor has been received. S. T. shall have a place next week. We consider his correspondence desirable, and hope that he will not allow his "TAL-ENT" to lie buried.

We will insert the communication of J. S. S. as soon as we can find time to copy his article, for those who are to put it in type. Five minutes more in writing an article, often saves the printer three hours labor.

MORE INDIAN TROUBLES.—The Louisville Journal, says that in consequence of the refusal of the Winnebagoes to remove agreeably to the terms of their treaty, with the United States government, Gen. Atkinson has received orders from the War Department to remove them at all hazards. He will forthwith call into active service the necessary number of troops and repair to the present locality of the tribe. We have no doubt that he will execute with wisdom and energy the important trust confided to him. We know, that he will, if possible, spare the effusion of blood.

In reference to the above paragraph, we may add that Col. Worth, with his whole Regiment, (8th Infantry,) is under orders for the Winnebago country, and that a portion of the 4th Regiment of Artillery, is ordered to the same region.

A Thick Population. The "American Journal of Medical Sciences," speaking of Malta, states that the warmth of the climate and the double crops annually, enable this rocky island to support a vast population. The number of inhabitants is about one hundred thousand, or nearly six hundred to the square mile. Including Gozo, a very small island in the immediate vicinity, it is said the population equals six hundred and thirty-eight to the square mile. This is eight times as great as that of England, and more than twenty times as great as that of Massachusetts, the most densely populated state in the American Union.

John F. Bacon, Esq., of this city, for many years Clerk of the Senate of this State, has been appointed by the President and Senate, Consul for the port of Nassau, N. P.

Silk Culture.—The National Silk Society have offered numerous bounties, varying from \$100 to \$1,000 each, for the best specimens of raw silk, to be produced during the coming summer. The whole amount of the bounties is \$16,000.

The present Lion of New York—is Mons. Bibin, the celebrated Belgian giant, who is at present exhibiting at the Bowery Theatre. He is in height eight feet six inches, and well proportioned. His strength is commensurate with his astonishing stature—enabling him to raise three ordinary sized men, and hold them at arm's length without difficulty; his features are said to be regular and handsome, and his manners extremely prepossessing. Porter, the Kentucky giant, we believe is seven foot six inches, but Porter lacks the necessary proportions, to make him a legitimate child of Anak.

MYSTERIOUS.—There has been much speculation in New York, lately, in relation to the body of a man recently found in the river, tied up in a sack, with several wounds on his body. It has been supposed to be the body of one of the men, who recently attacked Dr. Vandenburg, in that city, an account of which we published a short time since. Dr. Stevens has given the body a critical post-mortem examination, and the result appears to be, that the subject died of delirium tremens, and after undergoing resurrection, by some body snatchers, for the purpose of dissection, was thrown in the water, as a discarded subject.

We would again invite the attention of the reader to the Card of Mr. Whitney, in another column. It is but necessary to see this gentleman once, to go again. A large number of Ladies attended on Wednesday evening last.

We are requested to state, that Mr. Whale's Masquerade ball, is unavoidably postponed, until Wednesday evening next, when it will take place, for the last time this season.

Just Reward.—The London Humane Society have presented Capt. Collins, of the Roscius, with a gold medal for his generous conduct in saving the crew of the Scotia.

Look out for him.—A Wisconsin editor cautions all maids, wives and widows at the west, of one Joseph (ominous name) Hendershot. He having already three wives in various parts of that prolific territory. Watch Josey, women do.

Horrible.—A daughter of Dr. Bushman, of Boothbay Malhe, was lately bitten in the foot by a green lizard, although she lingered 21 days she died in the greatest agony—the whole left side having become paralyzed. It has been supposed that the lizard was harmless.

An extensive Gang of Counterfeiters, who had established their posts throughout Iowa, has been discovered and broken up, and a number of them arrested. The balance fled from the territory. Two of them are a father and son.

A woman in New Orleans has been arrested on suspicion of having killed another woman by twisting a watch ribbon round her throat. The watch worn by the deceased was twisted off.

Caution to Rail Road Engineers.—Recorder Baldwin of New Orleans, has refused bail to Wm. Wetzel, engineer on the Caroline rail road, and caused him to be placed in custody for trial on the charge of wilful neglect in causing the death of a boy run over by the cars.

INTELLIGENCE.

Awful Disclosure of Five Murders in one Family!—The Frankford, Kentucky, Commonwealth of the 17th instant gives the following revolting particulars in a letter from Greensburgh, in that state, dated March 8. It appears there lived, in July, 1838, about seven miles from that town, an aged woman named Lucinda White, with her two sons, aged 14 and 13, and a daughter-in-law, whose husband lives in the southern states, with an infant about 20 months old. Intending to move south in the month of July, 1838, as above, a man named Carrington Simpson undertook to convey them, and on a certain night he set off with the younger Mrs. White, the infant and the younger boy, all on back horses. In about a mile, Simpson knocked them on

the head till they were dead, and buried them in a hole two feet deep, near an old out house. The next morning the elder boy was sent off from the home of his mother, and the same night the old woman was killed and buried in the same hole, and in a week after, the older boy returning, was also killed and buried in the same place—making five human beings murdered! Suspicious lately led to the arrest of Simpson, and sixty or seventy men turned out and found the bones, and an inquest, was held. Simpson has confessed, and implicates two others, whose names are concealed. The fiend killed them for their property, which consisted of a few beds and old furniture, also together not worth \$100. The two implicated by Simpson, and the family of the latter, have all been arrested. This deed of blood almost out herods all that has blackened the annals of our country.—N. Y. Star.

Later from China.—There were yesterday two rivals from China. One the Trenton, which sailed from Canton on the 29th November, and the other the Navigator, which sailed on the 30th.

Affairs were daily growing more critical, and it was becoming more and more certain that a most serious rupture between England and China was inevitable.—The Chinese authorities had issued peremptory orders forbidding British goods to be landed under the flag of any nation whatever. We are happy to find however, that there is no confirmation of the report that all foreign trade had been suspended. The American ships were still in favor, doing a profitable business, and placed under no new restrictions except being prohibited from landing British goods.

The Canton Register states that a number of the Chinese dealers in opium have been beheaded, and their heads exposed to public view.

The Register also contains a full account of the battle, if battle it can be called, between the British ships of war and the Chinese war-junks. The facts do not vary, however, from the accounts which we have before published. It was impossible to ascertain the exact number of killed, but it is supposed to have been four to five hundred. There were at least 3000 men and 300 guns on board the 29 junks. The Chinese are said to have displayed considerable courage, but showed themselves to be totally ignorant of the art of war. None of their shots told with any effect. The rigging of one of the British ships was slightly injured, and one man was slightly wounded. It is supposed that the war junks came out for the purpose of attacking the ships, and were sure of victory in consequence of their superiority of numbers. They have kept very quiet about the affair since its occurrence.—N. Y. Sun.

HORRID ACCIDENTAL SACRIFICE OF HUMAN LIFE.

We sincerely regret the painful necessity of recording the death of Mr. E. D. Stevens, Druggist, opposite the National Theatre, and son of Dr. John Stevens of this city, which happened yesterday P. M. under the most shocking circumstances. On Monday evening he complained of a severe tooth-ache, and during the night rose from his bed in the rear of his store, and put some kreosote into his tooth, which failing to ease the pain about 7 o'clock yesterday morning he again rose and as it is supposed, swallowed a portion of the Prussic Acid with which he imprudently attempted to destroy the nerve of his tooth, as the boy, who slept with him, saw him, apply something from a bottle which was found to contain that baneful poison. In about an hour after retiring, he was seized with intense pain and his father was immediately sent for, but ere his arrival the unhappy sufferer was speechless, and he continued in the same state till 1 o'clock, when he expired. His sufferings must have been horrible, as his head swelled to twice its usual size. He was a very fine young man, twenty years of age, and by his unaffected manners and his upright course of conduct had gained the respect of many friends, by whom his loss will be severely felt. It should serve as a melancholy warning to others, being the second victim in this city to an attempt to destroy the nerve of a tooth.—Baltimore Paper.

The extensive flowering mills and cotton factory of Mr. A. Caldwell, at Lexington, Ky. were set on fire by an incendiary and wholly consumed on the 13th ult. Loss \$30,000—insurance \$10,000.

Dr. Franklin's Wife.—Franklin, in a sketch of his life and habits, relates the following anecdote of his frugal wife. A wife could scarcely make a prettier apology for purchasing the first piece of luxury.

It was lucky for me that I had one as much disposed to industry and frugality as myself. She assisted me cheerfully in my business, folding and stitching pamphlets, and tending shop, purchasing old linen rags for making paper, &c. We kept no idle servants, our table was plain and simple, our furniture of the cheapest kind. For instance, my breakfast was for a long time bread and milk (no tea) and I eat it out of a two penny porringer, with a pewter spoon; but mark how luxury will enter families, and make a progress in spite of principle: being called one morning to breakfast, I found it in a china bowl, with a spoon of silver. They had been bought for me without my knowledge, by my wife, and had cost the enormous sum of three and twenty shillings—for which she had no other excuse or apology to make, but that she thought her husband deserved a silver spoon and a china bowl, as well as any of her neighbors. This was the first appearance of plate or china in our house, which afterwards in the course of years, as our wealth increased, augmented gradually to several hundred pounds in value.

Tuscaloosa, (Ala.) March 9th.—Fatal Occurrence.

—A difficulty between Washington Moody, Esq., and Maj. John Cantley, both of this city, led to a most tragical issue on Thursday last, 5th inst. It is said that Maj. Cantley had threatened the life of Mr. Moody, and was near the door of the latter when Mr. M. presented a double-barrelled gun and lodged the contents of one barrel in the stomach of his adversary; and as Maj. C. turned to make his escape, the other barrel was discharged which took effect in the back of his head, when he instantly fell to the ground.

Mr. Moody delivered himself to the civil authorities, and without a prosecution of warrant against him, entered into a recognizance before Judge Williams and A. B. Meek esq., in the sum of four thousand dollars for his appearance at the next Circuit Court of Tuscaloosa County.

Maj. Cantley died of his wounds in ten or twelve hours after receiving them. As the facts will soon undergo judicial investigation, it is proper that public opinion should remain unbiased, that the accused may, as he no doubt will, have a fair and impartial hearing. We shall, therefore, not enlarge on this melancholy affair.

Owing to his misfortunes in business, Maj. Cantley left his family, consisting of a wife and seven children, in a very destitute situation. Public sympathy is much enlisted in their behalf, and we have every reason to hope that all necessary kindness will be extended to them in their heavy afflictions.

Stop the Murderers.—About six weeks since a man was murdered on the Atchafalaya River, by three brothers, notorious desperadoes and the terror of the neighborhood. They were arrested, carried to Opelousas and imprisoned. A few days after their imprisonment they broke jail and escaped. They returned to the house of the man whom they had killed, where they found his wife and two daughters. They murdered his wife also, and then carried off the daughters, whom they compelled to live with them in their hiding place.

The circumstance created a very great excitement amongst the planters in the neighborhood, a number of whom, with the assistance of some Indians, went in pursuit of the murderers. There retreat was soon discovered, when one of them, the most desperate of the gang, was shot through the head with a rifle ball and killed. The other two were again taken to Opelousas and imprisoned. A few days ago, owing to carelessness or wilful neglect on the part of the jailor, the door of the prison was left unlocked, and the wretches again escaped.

We give the particulars as we have received them from a gentleman direct from Opelousas.—N. O. P. anyone.

Terrible Calamity.—About 2 o'clock on Tuesday morning, the house of Mr. John B. Austin about four miles from the village of Yonkers, was consumed, and six of his children—three sons and three daughters—

perished in the flames! The ages of the victims of this terrible calamity varied from 5 years to 20. The parents lodged on the 1st floor, the lost children above; and when the former were awakened by the heat and smoke, the building was so extensively on fire, that all access to the upper part was cut off. The eldest of the sons, however, succeeded in making his escape, but returning to rescue his brothers and sisters a second retreat was wholly cut off by the flames, and he perished with them. The whole of them were burned to ashes, and every particle of the house consumed, with nearly the whole furniture. We learn that Mr. Austin had fourteen children, one of them residing in this city.—N. Y. Paper.

A wild cat bank disturbed!—On Sunday last De Witt C. Peabody, an engraver in the employment of Stone & Clark map publishers, in this village, was arrested by the sheriff of Orleans county on a charge of being concerned in counterfeiting. An examination was had on Monday, after which he was committed for trial. A large amount of red back bills, on the Bank of Warsaw, a new institution under the General Banking Law, was found secreted in his room. Circumstances shown on the examination seemed to establish his connexion with others in this business. He had hitherto, during his residence here sustained a fair reputation.—Ithaca Journal.

Bad business for so old a Man.—Among the prisoners tried at the Boston Municipal Court, on Wednesday, was an aged man of 84 years, named Henry Hardy, who, as he said, performed a journey on foot from Indiana. He went into a lady's house begging for food, and was troublesome, and would not depart. In a favourable moment he stole a watch hanging over the fire place of the kitchen. He alleged he was destitute, and finding no work, he stole the article to raise money for his subsistence. He was sentenced for a year to the House of Correction.

Unfriendly friends.—The Philadelphia Ledger states that a contention is carried on between an Orthodox and Hixite association of Friends, relative to the ownership of a certain burying ground. The Orthodox sexton resides on the premises, and keeps the enclosure locked, so that when there is a funeral among the Hixites, the sexton of the latter forces the gate or breaks the lock. On the occasion of a late funeral, these friends created quite a row before either party yielded.

Attempt to Murder an Editor.—An attempt was lately made to murder William G. Brownlow, Esq., a clergyman of the Methodist church, and the editor of the Elizabethtown, Tenn., Whig. While he was sitting at his fireside writing, a gun was fired at him through the window, and one of the two balls with which it was loaded passed within a few inches of his breast. He pursued the ruffian with a pistol, and fired at him as he was about to mount the fence, but the fellow escaped.

Fortunate Rescue.—About 4 o'clock on Tuesday afternoon, as the Essex was crossing the Jersey city ferry, James Murray, one of the hands, discovered in the middle of the river, at a short distance, a boat keel upwards, and two men sustaining themselves from sinking by holding on to the keel. The Essex put for the spot and rescued the sufferers from their dangerous situation, though they were nearly exhausted and numb with the cold, and would have been able but a short time longer to preserve their hold on the boat. Their names were Henry Bradway and Robert Anderson; and they were in the small boat crossing the river when she upset from some cause which we did not learn.

Prison Statistics.—Between the 24th Feb. and 23d March there were discharged from the Sing Sing prison, by expiration of sentence 14, by pardon 1, by death 1. At the latter date there were remaining in prison 804 men and 64 women to 868, being 4 more than were in prison at the former date.

Death of the Rhinoceros.—We regret to learn that the rhinoceros belonging to the Zoological Institute died on Tuesday. The animal was valued at \$45,000.

MARRIED.

In New Scotland, on Sunday last, by the Rev. Mr. Kissam, Mr. John V. S. Rogers, of this city, to Mrs. Elizabeth Rogers, of the former place.

In Chatham, Columbia county, Jan. 20th, by Mr. J. P. Van Ness, Mr. James Holdsworth, of Rahway, N. J., to Miss Clara L. Wicker, of Castleton, Vt.

In Lansingburgh, on the 16th inst., by the Rev. Vileroy Reed, William B. Harkness, editor of the Lansingburgh Gazette, to Miss Caroline, daughter of Ketchel Reed, of that village.

DIED.

In Whitecreek, Wash. co., 3d of March, Mr. Amherst Dyer, a Revolutionary Pensioner, in the 81st year of his age.

In Coxsackie, Green co. on the 14th inst. Isaac B. Crippen, formerly of Worcester, Otsego co. in the 31st year of his age.

On the 24th inst., William Blackhall, in the 73d year of his age.

In this city, on the 24th inst., Ashbel Steele Webster M. D., second son of the late Charles R. Webster, in the 44th year of his age.

On Wednesday morning, Mary, daughter of Jeremiah Osburn, aged two years and five months.

On the 24th inst. Mrs. Mary O'Connor, aged 55 years.

At Dumfries, 14th Jan the Hon. and Rt. Rev. Dr. Alexander M'Donnell, Bishop of Kingston, Upper Canada, in the 80th year of his age.

ORATORY.

FIFTH EVENING—NEW SELECTIONS.

MR. WHITNEY, deeply grateful for the continued reception given to his efforts, announces his Fifth lecture, on Thursday evening, April, 2d at the Apollo Saloon, No. 2, Green-st. at 8 o'clock.

PART I.

Cato's Senate—Cato, Sempronius, Lucius, Marcus, and Decius	Shakespeare
Apostrophe to Light	Milton
Allegorical picture of Sin and Death	"
Lady Constance's Lamentation	Shakespeare
Eve's Lamentation	Milton
Johua's Address to the Sun and Moon	Van Schaick

PART II.

Third act of the Merchant of Venice, by request, Shylock, Salanio, Salario and Tubal	Shakespeare
Nature and Philosophy	Woodsworth
Illinois Oratory	Anon
Female Maniac—by request	Lewis
Razor Seller	Pindar

THE MANNER OF THE FOLLOWING ORATORS.

The Revolution	Hayne
The Impossibility of conquering America	Pitt
Nabob of Arcots Debts	Burke
Alamo Eloquence	Crocket

Tickets 25 cents, admits a Gentleman and Lady.—Family Tickets \$1. To be had at the Book-stores of Messrs Little and Henry, at the City Hotel, at the Mansion House and at the door on the evening of the Lecture. Front seats cushioned and reserved for those who escort Ladies.

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Is Published every Saturday by L. G. HOFFMAN

OPPOSITE THE EAGLE TAVERN, ALBANY.

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A post master may enclose money in a letter to the publisher of a newspaper, to pay the subscription of a third person, and FRANK the letter, if written by himself. Pos. MASTER GENERAL.

POETRY.

For the American Masonic Register and Literary Companion.

STANZAS.

Addressed to a Lady on the death of her husband.

I would not stay those tears from falling,
That speak of one who well-loved thee,
Nor hush that sigh, so vainly calling
On scenes which more may never be:
No, lady no—I have not power
To mar that sigh, nor chide those tears—
For thee, where sprung life's bud and flower,
The cypress leaf of death appears.

Ah, yes, those lips that fondly met thee
Are marble pale and silent now;
Those shrouded eyes, they, too, forget thee,
And chill remains his manly brow.
Yet, lady, yet, 'tis not thine only
To find no balm which brings relief—
Full many a breast is sad and lonely,
And many a cheek is blanched with grief.

'Twas mine to know the deep, strong, feeling,
That shone like light upon his gaze—
Around me look and scene are stealing
Which speak too well of better days.
Yes, lady, yes—that heart which never
In coldness answered to my own,
Lies pulseless now, and from me ever
Hath many a joy too sadly flown!

Oh! where's the rose-wreath which he twined thee,
When side thee at love's altar bent,
And where the hopes that then enshrined thee,
Where all that with their rapture blent—
Where, lady, where?—Alike wreaths wasted,
Fond hopes were but of transient bloom,
And fast upon that lone breeze basted
Which passed him to an early tomb.

Yet though the shaft received swift speeding
Which laid his form in cold decay,
And left thy heart in sorrow bleeding,
And life without one cheering ray;
Yet, lady, yet—his soul ascending
In freedom to its native height,
There, like a star, is on the bending
With love's intense and holy light.

And though I may not chide thy grieving,
And share in all thy tears reveal,
I join, too, in the bliss of believing,
That thy fond grief 'tis his to feel.
Yes, lady, yes,—he can but bless thee
For truth and love, confiding, deep,
And long unto his heart to press thee,
Mid scenes unknown to those who weep!

T. H. C.

Albany Dec. 1839.

MASONIC ODE.

1792, "Adieu a Heart," &c.

Oh! if there be a spot most sweet,
Most full of bliss, most free from care,
'Tis when we on the level meet.
And when we part upon the square.
Oh! if there be an hour of peace,
It is when the twilight's shadows fall,
When men their fretful labors cease,
And mingle in the MASON'S HALL.

Lodges possess a Mystic Chain
That fetters every earthly care;
And in a single human pain
Instructs us sure to perish there,
Not Horeb's rock, 'neath Aaron's rod,
And more refreshing comforts bring,
Than that abundant, sacred flood,
That from our fount the Lodge may spring.

Afflictions o'er the earth are shed
A cure "no trouble man is born."
For 'twas quick the human head,
Not a frozen locust adorn,
But 'twas storms, adverse and fierce,

May o'er the earth afflictions waft;
Why let them rage, they cannot pierce,
The curtain'd safety of the Craft.

Should harm approach in distant shape;
The Brother's eye will early scan
Its wrath, and if he can't escape,
He learns to bear it like a man.
Should Fraud and Jealousy conspire,
And man promote his brother's shame;
Like Judas, shall his lamp expire,
And darkness frown upon his name.

Should rust corrode one lengthen'd link,
And severing steal it from the chain,
That Magic Chain, 'tis sweet to think,
With potent art unites again,
And when the wither'd body lies
And crumbles, in the silent tomb,
Its germ like *Cassia's Sprig* shall rise,
And flourish in immortal bloom.

PATENT BROWN STOUT.

A Brewer in a country town
Had got a monstrous reputation;
No other beer but his went down,
The hosts of the surrounding station,
Carving his name upon their mugs,
And painting it on every shutter;
And though some envious folks would utter
Hints, that its flavour came from drugs,
Others maintained 'twas no such matter,
But owing to his monstrous vat,
At least as corpulent as that
At Heidelberg—and some said fatter.

His foremen was a lusty black,
An honest fellow;
But one who had an ugly knack
Of tasting samples as he brewed,
Till he was stupefied and mellow,
One day in this topheavy mood,
Having to cross the vat aforesaid,
(Just then with boiling beer supplied,)
O'ercome with giddiness and qualms he
Reel'd—feel in—and nothing more said,
But in his favourite liquor died:
Like Clarence in his butt of Malmsey.

In all directions round about
The negro absented was sought,
But as no human nodule thought
That our fat Black was now Brown Stout,
They settled that the rogue had left
The place for debt, or crime, or theft.

Meanwhile the beer was day by day
Drawn into casks and sent away,
Until the lees flowed thick and thicker,
When, lo! outstretched upon the ground,
Once more their missing friend they found,
As they had often done—in liquor.

See, cried his moralizing master,
I always knew the fellow drank hard;
And prophesied some sad disaster;
His fate should other tipplers strike,
Poor Mungo! there he welters, like—
A toast at bottom of a tankard!

Next morn a publican, whose tap
Had help'd to drain the vat so dry,
Not having heard of the mishap,
Came to demand a fresh supply,
Protesting loudly that the last
All previous specimens surpass'd,
Possessing a much richer *gusto*
Then formerly it ever used to,
And begging as a special favour,
Some more of the exact same flavour.

Zounds! cried the Brewer, that's a task
More difficult to grant than ask—
Most gladly would I give the smack
Of the last beer to the ensuing,
But where am I to find a Black,
And boil him down at every brewing?

THE TIME WAS—AND IS.

By W. Jordan.

Years, many years passed,
Since I sat beside this board;
Then, as now, the feast was spread,
And the ruby wine was poured.

And the cup and song went round,
And the mirth was loud and light;
The song and cup still circle—
But they're not the same to-night.

Ten sat round the board,—
What friends are but in youth,—
When we feel before we think,
And lips from hearts learn truth.

Yet some of them are here,
Links of a broken chain;
Only recalling ties
Never to join again.

Altered and cold our hearts—
There's shadow on each brow,
Of the glow of former years
There's not a vestige now.

Interests have jarr'd—the world,
Has its cold lessons taught;
And hope from memory's page
Its darkened likeness caught.

And the grave has had its prey—
Strangers are seated here;
And every stranger's face
Recalls a thought of fear.

It tells of those who sleep
Beneath the funeral stone;
And dark Death's record is
When it speaks of our own.

But away, let song burst forth—
The lighted goblet shine—
And deep, deep drain the flood
Of the crimson Lethe-wine.

Break, break the faithless cup;
No spell 't has to restore
Feelings, and friends of youth
When that youth is no more.

CALENDAR OF COMMUNICATIONS.

EACH MONTH.

Temple Encampment	Albany	2d Friday.
Temple R. A. Chapter	Albany	2d & 4th Tuesday.
Mount Vernon Lodge	Albany	1st & 3d Thursday.
Temple Lodge	Albany	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Apollo Lodge	Troy	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Apollo Chapter	Troy	2d Monday.
Apollo Encampment	Troy	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Phoenix Lodge	Lansingburg	1st Wednesday p. m.
Olive Branch	Bethany Ga.	1st & 3d Saturday.
Genesee Encampment	Lockport N.Y.	
Mount Moriah	Louisville, Ky.	

NEW BOOKS—W. C. LITTLE has received
Goodrich's Pictorial Geography of the World, parts 7 and 8, price 5s only.
Douce's Illustrations of Shakespeare and of ancient manners.
The Northernmen in England. Discoveries, &c.
Hayward's New England Gazetteer.
The American Flower Garden Directory.
The Spirit of the World, numerous plates.
The complete Practical Farmer.
Blake's Biographical Dictionary.
Sargent's Temperance Talk, 6 vols.
The Rejected Addresses, by the Smiths.
Wheatley on the Book of Common Prayer.
The Comic Latin Grammar, plates.
The English Comic Almanac, 1840.
Horne Locke's Diversions of Purley.
Oxford Tracts for the Times.
Pictures of the French by themselves.
Buxton on the Slave Trade.
Hunt's Merchant's Magazine for March.
The Lady's Book and Ladies' Companion and the Philadelphia Casket for March.
Lauder's Imaginary Conversations, 4 vols.
Napier's History of the Peninsular War, 4 vols.
Muntell's Wonders of Geography, plates.
The Naturalist's Library, numerous plates.
French Letter Paper, Fancy Note Papers, Papers, Medallions, Wax, &c.

AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER AND LITERARY COMPANION.

BY L. G. HOFFMAN.]

ALBANY SATURDAY APRIL 4. 1840.

[VOL. I.—NO. 31.]

MASONIC.

For the American Masonic Register and Literary Companion

THE BEAUTIES OF MASONRY.

It has oftentimes perplexed good men, to satisfy their own minds, how Masons of different Nations and different Religious creeds, could meet and harmonize so cordially in the Lodge.

Not one jarring atom, say they, is discoverable in their Masonic intercourse. With some few exceptions, arising from the admission of an unworthy Member, followed by strict and close discipline, that is literally true. But on this point the diversity of opinion, wholly arises, from the different aspect of the case, in the minds of the Members, and not from the principles of the Institution.

The peculiar union, which pervades the whole body of Masonic Brotherhood, is obvious to every man; and the reasons why it is thus, may be seen from the following brief considerations.

1. We meet, as Masons, and not as Religious Sectarians. We meet as Brethren, of the great Family of Man, having a community of interests. We meet for the express purpose of transacting such business as appropriately appertains to an Institution, having respect to the common good of ALL mankind.

Hence, we meet on a level, and part on the square.

2. The system of moral truths, adopted and embraced, covers each principle, and harmonizes on every point of common and universal interest, which is inseparably connected with the well-being of Man. All these principles are such, as every Man's conscience instinctively approves, and of course, utterly preclude all diversity of opinion, in respect to the personal interest of each Member concerned, the common good of the Brotherhood collectively, and the general well-being of the human Family. Hence, no Member can lay an objection, which does not contravene his own interest, and his own happiness, both as a rational man, and a social Being.

3. Masonry prescribes those relative duties, concerning which there can be but one uniform opinion, as to obligation, expediency and fitness, in as much as they grow out of those very relations, which are interwoven with our existence. All the connecting and binding links of social intercourse and civil Society, consist of relations and dependencies; and the Strength, the Security, the harmony, the happiness and the common interests of all men, are connected with the due observance of each. No rational man can overlook, disregard, or deny such duties, as from the nature of our existence, are necessarily involved in that entire circle of relations and dependencies, and of course, has neither cause to dissent, nor inclination to controvert them.

The same is true, in respect to those obligations of love, reverence and obedience, arising from the relation and dependence of all men on God, as their Creator. From an acknowledgement of this truth, each point of duty becomes self-evident, and every man, of an enlightened understanding, is conscious of the obligation. Hence, on this ground, no sundering difference of opinion, can find an entering place.

4. Masonry enjoins that humanity and benevolence towards all our Species, a conscientious sense of the fitness of which, is equally deep-rooted, and co-existent with the sympathies of every man's nature. Under

der the impress of his Maker's hand, the spontaneous feelings of commiseration, in view of suffering and distress, find a lodgment in every man's bosom.—These inwrought feelings are neither blunted, nor blotted out, but by ruthless violence to the native sensibilities of the heart, and the stifling of an admonitory conscience.

Principles and duties, so obviously involving universal obligation, embracing the common interests of all, both individually and collectively, and promoting mutual concord and general happiness, constitute a bond of Masonic union, which can never interfere, either with Sectarian peculiarities, or National distinctions. All meet on the broad foundation, laid by those great moral truths, concerning which there neither is nor can be the least ground for polemic controversy.

Hence, in the character of Masons, each Member is agreed in the acknowledgement of those obligations of duty, and principles of morality, which by the testimony of his own conscience, are binding, fundamental and immutable; and in the exercise of that humanity, benevolence and charity, which are instinctive propensities of our nature.

From this simple sketch, it must appear evident, that Masonry proposes the accomplishment of the greatest amount of good, on grounds where all rational men feel bound, jointly to co-operate. That such a course, neither precludes co-ordinate sectarian peculiarities, in promoting human happiness, nor impedes local, or National, moral, benevolent or Religious effort, according to the various notions of men in doing good; nor shackles individual opinion, freely exercised as to the best, and most efficient modes of carrying out and applying points, subordinate, minor, or inferential from any of the great principles, on which, ALL view meet, and ALL minds accord.

S. T.

THE MASONIC REFLECTOR.

The masonic Institution has been subject to much obloquy and reproach because it has withheld its mysteries from the female sex. The arguments used by its enemies on this occasion, may at first appear very plausible to those who are not acquainted with its unerring rules and principles; but if they, for a moment, consider its probable origin, and the care with which the learned protected their discoveries in science from innovations of any description, during the early ages, they will be enabled to give a satisfactory reason for engraving this, with other wholesome restrictions, in the constitution of our order. But, besides the authority we derive from antiquity, the example of every civil and political institution in the country should secure us from prejudice on this account.—Women are not made members of Congress, of the Senate, nor of the Assembly; they are not sent upon embassies to foreign courts; nor is there an office, civil, political or military, to which a woman is eligible. The female sex cannot certainly be said to want talent or capacity to receive education, and yet they are uniformly excluded from our universities and colleges. Now, may it not, with equal propriety, be asked, why are females prohibited enjoying these privileges? I think it may; but the reason for these restrictions is obvious to every rational mind, and as these prohibitions are indispensable to the public weal, so is the

exclusion of females from the mystic circle conducive to the happiness and well-being of our order. The nature of woman is so fraught with a mystic spirit of beauty and perfection, that she intuitively inspires man with love and veneration. She seems to be particularly calculated to bless domestic life, to enliven the social circle, and to shed through it a taint more magical than the blush of morning.

I am not acquainted with the name of any living writer upon masonry, who has done his subject more justice than Dr. Dalcke. The following elegant apology to the women, is from his pen.

"Agreeable to the tenets of our order, the female sex are excluded from associating with us in our mystic profession; not because they are deemed unworthy of the secret, nor because the mechanical tools of the craft are too ponderous for them to wield, but from a consciousness of our own weakness. Should they be permitted to enter the lodge, love would oftentimes enter them, jealousy would probable rankle in the hearts of the brethren, and fraternal affection be converted to rivalry. Although the most amiable and lovely part of nature's works are excluded from our meetings, yet our order protects them from the attacks of vicious and unprincipled men. It forbids us to sacrifice the ease and peace of families, for a momentary gratification; and it forbids us to undermine and take away that transcendent happiness from those whose hearts are united by the bond of sincere affection.

"The feeling of woman are more exquisitely fine, and their generous sympathy is more easily awakened by the misfortunes of their fellow creatures than the stronger sex. The soft tear of pity bedews their cheeks at the tale of woe, and their gentle bosoms heave with tender emotions at the sight of human wretchedness. They require not the adventitious aid of mystic institutions to urge them to the use of symbols to lead them to virtue. Their own hearts are the lodges in which virtue presides; and the dictates of her will is their only incentive to action."

ANCIENT MYSTERIES

During the reign of Solomon, especially, as well as before and afterwards, a very intimate connection existed between the Jews and Egyptians. Moses was born in Egypt, and educated in Pharaoh's court, until he was forty years old, and was learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians, and was mighty in words and in deeds. Solomon married Pharaoh's daughter, and brought her into the city of David. This affinity with the king of Egypt, inclined many of his nobility to visit Jerusalem, and commercial arrangements were made and carried on amicably between those nations. From this reciprocal connection, we are inclined to infer that masonry was introduced among the Egyptians. Be this, however, as it may, we are informed by several authentic historians, that masonry did flourish in Egypt soon after this period. By this mysterious art existing in our principles, and smiled upon by the Father of lights, ancient Egypt subsisted, covered with glory, during a period of fifteen or sixteen ages. They extended our system of benevolence so far, that he who refused to relieve the wretched, when he had it in his power to assist him, was himself punished with death. They regarded justice so impartially, that the kings obliged the judges to take an oath, that they would never do any thing against their own conscience.

ces, though they, the kings themselves, should command them. They would not confer upon a bad prince the honors of a funeral. They held a session upon every noted Egyptian who died, for the direct purpose of inquiring, how he had spent his life, so that all respect due to his memory might be paid. They entertained such just ideas of the vanity of life, as to consider their houses as inns, in which they were to lodge as it were only for amusements were adapted to strengthen the body and improve the mind: They prohibited the borrowing of money, except on condition of pledging a deposit so important that a man who deferred the redemption of it, was looked upon with horror.

It is well known, that the Egyptian priests have uniformly been considered by ancient historians, as possessing many valuable secrets, and as being the greatest proficient in the arts and sciences of their times. Whether they actually possessed the masonic secrets, or not, we cannot absolutely determine; but we have strong circumstantial reasons to believe they did. It was here that Pythagoras was initiated into their mysteries, and instructed in their art. It was here, that sculpture and architecture, and all the sciences of the times were so greatly perfected. And here it has been thought by some of the most curious observers of antiquity, that masonry has been held in high estimation.

Several Egyptian obelisks still remain, some of which were in the reign of Augustus, conveyed to Rome. On these obelisks are curiously engraved many hieroglyphical and masonic emblems.

Egypt, by ancient philosophers, was considered as the seat of science. Hence we find, that Homer, Lycurgus, Solon, Pythagoras, Plato, Thales, and many others of the ancient poets, statesmen and philosophers, frequently visited Egypt, where many of them were, by the Egyptian priests, initiated into their mysteries. Cecrops, an Egyptian, was the original founder of Athens. Hence, a correspondence would necessarily continue for a considerable time, between those countries. And if this correspondence did not afford a suitable medium for the transfer of those mysteries, yet those philosophers, who were in the habit of visiting Egypt, would, of course carry back to their native country whatever they deemed valuable for their own citizens.

Many incidental circumstances, however, occur in the history of the Grecian States, which strongly favour the idea of the existence of masonry among that people. From the many which might be mentioned, two only can be admitted into this work. At the time when the plague proved so mortal in the city of Athens, Hippocrates, a native of the island of Cos, being eminent as a physician, was invited to Athens. He immediately obeyed, and proved abundantly serviceable in that pestilential disorder. Such was the gratitude of the Athenians, that it was decreed he should be initiated into the most exalted mysteries of their nation. In turning over the historic page of Persia, every mason will behold many of his principles cordially received and cherished, by the first characters who shed a lustre through every department of government in those distant realms. It was here that the children of the royal family were, at fourteen years of age, put under the tuition of four of the wisest and most virtuous statesmen. The first taught them the worship of the gods; the second trained them up to speak truth and practice equity; the third habituated them to subdue voluptuousness, to enjoy real liberty, to be always princes and always masters of themselves and their own passions; the fourth inspired them with courage, and by teaching them how to command themselves, taught them how to maintain dominion over those. It was here, that falsehood was considered by every class of people, in the most horrid light, as a vice the meanest and most disgraceful. It was here that they showed a noble generosity, conferring favors on the nations they conquered, and leaving them to enjoy all the ensigns of their former grandeur.

The best kind of enlargement.—An editor in Pennsylvania lately announced to his subscribers that he was going to enlarge his sheet. He got married the week after.

Roast beef cut into small slices, and eaten, is said to be an excellent remedy for hunger.

MISCELLANY.

A MAIL-COACH ADVENTURE OF CHARLES MATHEWS.

The following anecdote occurs in Mrs. Mathew's delightful Memoirs of her late husband, of which the second couple of volumes are just published:—

"Mr. Mathews, on his way homewards from the north just after the assizes, on entering the mail, was fortunate enough to find only two gentlemen, who being seated opposite to each other, left him the fourth seat for his legs. * * * The passengers were very agreeable men; one, a Scotchman, always a *safe card*. At the close of the evening, the latter encased his head and throat in an enormous fold of white linen, and then sank back to sleep, looking like the *veiled prophet*; while the other, an Englishman, was characteristically satisfied with a comfortable. * * * Just as the trio had sunk into their first forgetfulness, they were awakened by the sudden stoppage of the vehicle, a light at the door of an inn, and a party of rough discordant voices, bidding, however, a cordial farewell to a large bearded, and ominous-looking stranger, who, in a broad Yorkshire dialect, wished his companions 'a good night,' reminding them that he had paid his share of the reckoning. To the great discomfiture of our three *insides*, the door of the mail was opened, and the fourth passenger invited by the guard to enter without further loss of time.

Since the three gentlemen had 'dropped off,' the weather had suddenly changed from frost to snow. A heavy sleet had fallen, and the man I have mentioned quitted the open air, and entered the coach with, appropriately enough, a frieze coat on, powdered all over by the snow. * * * All were disconcerted at this intrusion, and sufficiently chilled and disturbed to be in a very illhumour with the odious fourth. They, however seemed tacitly to agree not to speak to the new comer, but endeavour to remain their former happy unconsciousness. They had not, however, been spending a jovial evening, as he had whose 'absence' they would have 'doated upon.' He was in any thing but a sleeping mood; and after a few minutes' rustling about, in order to *settle himself*, treading upon my husband's toes, elbowing his neighbour, without begging pardon for his so doing, &c. (all which was received with a sullen silence), he asked, in a voice which sounded like thunder to the sleepers, while he held the pull of the window in one hand, 'Coompany! oop or down?' *Answer made them none.* Again he inquired, still dubious of what might be 'agreeable,' and desires to prove himself a polished gentleman, 'Coompany! oop or down?' Still receiving no answer, a smothered oath bespoke his disgust at such uncourteous return for his polite consideration for his fellow-passengers; and, with some exasperation of tone, he repeated aloud, 'I say, 'Coompany—oop—or—down?' not a word; and, with another exclamation; he allowed 't'window' to remain down. It was clear to the half-perceptions of the drowsy travellers that he of the frieze coat had laid in enough spirit to keep him from chilliness, and they hoped the potency of his precaution would soon make him unconscious, as they were disposed to be. But, no; he continued restless and talkative. All at once, however, a

"A change came o'er the spirit of his dream;"

he, it appeared, for the first time, perceived the alteration in the weather. His excitement at the door of the little inn, where he had left, his friends, had caused him totally to overlook the snow which then fell upon him; and he saw it now with a degree of stupid wonder, and exclaimed, in audible soliloque, 'Eh!—what's this! whoigh! the whole country's covered wi' snow!—eh! it's awful, *Coompany!* wake up and see t' snow! eh! they're all asleep. Whoigh, it's wonderfull and awful! What a night!—what a night! Eh! God preserve all poor mariners on the western coast this night! Then roaring out once more with increased vehemence of tone, '*Coompany!* wake oop, I say, and see t'night!' * * * In this manner did he go on, until the patience of the English gentleman was tired out, and he at length spoke: 'I wish, sir, you'd show some feeling for us, and hold your tongue. We were all asleep when you came in, and you have done nothing but talk and disturb us ever since. You're a

positive nuisance.' 'Eh! said he of the frieze coat, 'I loike that, indeed! Aw've as much right here, I reckon, as oothers—aw've paid my fare, harn't I?' said he his voice rising as he remembered his claims to consideration. 'Aw'm a respectable mon—my name's John Luckie—I owes nobody anything. I pays king's taxes—I'm a respectable mon, I say. Aw help to support church and state.' On he went with all the senseless swagger of cup valour and self-laudation, till he of the 'comfortable' again grumbled out his anger. Again the huge *d rover*, for such he was, thundered forth his rights and summed up his title to respect: 'Eh! whoigh what have I done? I coom'd into t'coich loike a gentleman, didn't I? I was civil, wasn't I? I said, *Coompany oop or down?* But none o'ye had the politeness to answer: ye were not loike gentlemen!!' * * * At length his sense of oppression became so strong, that his independence reached its climax, and he boldly declared that he would not hold his tongue, or be quiet—no, not though Baron Hullock, or the great Mr. Brougham or, as he pronounced the name, Mr. *Bruffem*, himself was in t'coich. My husband, who found all tendency to sleep broken up by this obstreperous fellow-passenger. Just, therefore, as John Luckie's last declaration was uttered Mr. Mathews leant forward to him, and in a half whisper said, with affected caution, 'Hush! you are not aware; but you have been speaking all this time to Baron Hullock himself.' The *d rover* seemed to quail under this intimation: 'Whoigh! you don't say so?' 'Fact, I assure you; and the opposite to him is *Lady Hullock?*' The Scotchman in the white drapery over his head began to titter at this. 'Whoigh! you don't tell me that! Eh! what shall I do? Art thou sure?' 'I am indeed,' said Mr. Mathews: they are Baron and Lady Hullock, and I am Mr. Brougham.' 'Eh!' roared the man in a tone of actual terror, 'Let me go! struggling to open the coach door, let me go! I'm no company for sitch gentlefolks; aw've no book-larning; I'm no but John Luckie. Let me get out—here, guard!—Stop! stop! I won't roide here any longer!' The guard was insensible to this, and on went the coach, and still John Luckie struggled; and in his rough and clumsy movements a little of my husband's ventriloquy proved a useful auxiliary to urge his welcome departure; and a child suddenly cried out as if hurt. 'Eh! what, is there a bairn it' coich too? Eh! my Lord Baron, pray forgive me. I meant no offence. My name's John Luckie. Aw'm a respectable mon, pays king's taxes. I said, *Coompany, oop or down?* I meant to be civil. Eh! my Lady Hullock, I hope I've not hurt thy bairn.' The child's cries now increased. 'Eh! ma poor bairn, where art thee? What moost I do!—Guard! stop and let me out! Eh! what a night! Guard! I'm not fit company for Baron Hullock and Mr. *Bruffem*, I know. Let me out, I say!' At last his voice at the window reached the higher powers, and the coach stopped, and as soon on rolled this porpoise of a man, who again begging the baron and his lady to overlook his inadvertency, and asking pardon of 'Mr. *Bruffem*,' he was with some difficulty hoisted upon the top of the mail, and off it drove. The two inside gentleman who had been trying to stifle their amusement, now laughed outright, and thanking Mr. Mathews for his device, they all three recomposed themselves, now and then catching by the wind a broken phrase from John Luckie, as he gave vent to his feelings to the coachman and guard—'Baron Hullock' 'Respectable mon'—'Bairn' Oop or down. 'My Lady Hullock' 'Mr. *Bruffem*' 'Church and State,' &c.; all which must have puzzled his listeners without, who doubtless attributed his account to the quantity of rum-toddy which they might suppose had filled his brain with such unreal mockeries."

ANECDOTES OF CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

The following narrative, while it strikingly exhibits the fallible and uncertain nature of circumstantial evidence, affords also a convincing proof of the indispensable necessity of procuring medical testimony of the highest order, in all criminal cases relating to injuries of the person. The narrator, Mr. Perfect, a surgeon of Hammersmith, sent the statement to the editor of the *Lancet*, Mr. Wakley, in January, of the present year, and as its diffusion is likely to do good, we take

leave to transfer it from the passage of that periodical into our own:—

"It is now thirty years ago, that accidentally passing the Pack-Horse, Turnham-green, my attention was attracted by a mob of persons of the lowest order, assembled around the door of that inn, who were very loud in their execrations against some person who was suspected of having murdered his brother, in corroboration of which, I was told that his bones were found near the premises where he formerly resided, upon view of which a jury was then sitting, after an adjournment from the day preceding. I found that two surgeons had been subpoenaed to inspect the remains, and I had no doubt but that every information as to their character had been obtained, curiosity alone, therefore induced me to make way into the room, where I found that the coroner, and, I believe, a double jury, were sitting for the second day, and were engaged in an investigation which tended to show that a farmer and market-gardener at Sitten-court Farm, had, a few years before, a brother living with him, who was engaged in the farm, but whose conduct was dissolute and irregular, to a degree that often provoked the anger of his elder brother, and sometimes begat strife and violence between them; that the temper of the elder brother was as little under control as the conduct of the younger; and, in fine, that they lived very uncomfortable together.

One winter's night, when the ground was covered with snow, the younger brother absconded from the house, for they both lived together by letting himself down from his chamber window; and when he was missed the ensuing morning, his footsteps were clearly tracked in the snow to a considerable distance, nor were there any other foot steps but his own: time passed on, and after a lapse of some few years no tidings were heard of his retreat, nor perhaps have there ever been since. Some alterations in the grounds surrounding the house having been undertaken by a subsequent tenant, for the elder brother had then left the farm, a skeleton was dug up, and the circumstance appeared so conclusive that one brother had murdered the other, that the popular clamour was raised to the utmost, and a jury empanelled to investigate the case.

After listening attentively to these details, I ventured to request of the coroner to be allowed to examine the bones, which I found were contained in a hamper basket at the farther end of the room, and I felt much flattered by his immediate compliance, for he desired the parish beadle, who was in attendance, to place them upon the table, and having myself disposed them in their natural order. I found that they represented a person of short stature, and from the obliteration of the sutures of the skull, and the worn down state of the teeth, must have belonged to an aged person. But what was my surprise when I reconstructed the bones of the skeleton, and found the lower bones of the trunk to be those of a female. I immediately communicated the fact to the jury, and requested that the two medical men who had before given their opinions might be sent for, one of whom attended, and without a moment's hesitation corroborated my report.

I need not add that the proceedings were instantly at an end, and an innocent man received the *amende honorable*, in the shape of an apology from all present, in which the coroner heartily joined. It has since been proved, beyond all doubt, that the spot where the bones were found, was formerly the site of a large gravel pit, in which hordes of gipsies not only assembled, but occasionally buried their dead, and perhaps more skeletons are yet to be found in that vicinity."

At the distance of thirty years, the narrator of this occurrence may well look back upon it with pleasure, and congratulate himself upon having been "the happy instrument in the hands of Providence of rescuing a worthy and innocent man from the obloquy, and perhaps the fate, of a murderer."

Not so fortunate in its issue was the case which we subjoin to this, and which occurred in England previously to the reign of Charles II. The narrative is given in one of the early volumes of the Gentleman's Magazine.

"A gentleman died possessed of a very considerable fortune, which he left to his only child, a daughter, appointing his brother to be her guardian, and executor of his will. The young lady was then about eighteen; and if she happened to die unmarried, or if married, without children, her fortune was left to her guardian and to his heirs. As the interest of the uncle was now incompatible with the life of the niece, several other relations hinted that it would not be proper for them to live together. Whether they were willing to prevent any occasional slander against the uncle, in case of the young lady's death; whether they had any apprehension of her being in danger; or whether they were only discontented with the father's disposition of his fortune, and therefore propagated rumours to the prejudice of those who possessed it, cannot be known; the uncle, however, took his niece to his house near Epping Forest, and soon afterwards she disappeared.

Great inquiry was made after her, and it appearing that on the day she was missing she went out with her uncle into the forest, and that he returned without her, he was taken into custody. A few days afterwards he went through a long examination, in which he acknowledged that he went out with her, and pretended that she found means to loiter behind him as they were returning home: that he sought her in the forest as soon as he missed her; and that he knew not where she was, or what was become of her. This account was thought improbable, and his apparent interest in the death of his ward, and perhaps the pitiful zeal of other relations, concurred to raise and strengthen suspicious against him, and he was detained in custody.—Some new circumstances were every day rising against him. It was found that the young lady had been addressed by a neighbouring gentleman, who had a few days before she was missing set out on a journey to the north, and that she had declared she would marry him when he returned; that her uncle had frequently expressed his disapprobation of the match in very strong terms; that she had often wept and reproached him with unkindness and an abuse of his power. A woman was also produced, who swore that on the day the young lady was missing, about eleven o'clock in the forenoon, she was coming through the forest, and heard a woman's voice expostulating with great eagerness; upon which she drew nearer the place, and, before she saw any person, heard the same voice say, 'Don't kill me, uncle; don't kill me;' upon which she was greatly terrified, and immediately hearing the report of a fire-arm very near, she made all the haste she could from the spot, but could not rest in her mind till she had told what had happened.

Such was the general impatience to punish a man who had murdered his niece to inherit her fortune, that upon this evidence he was condemned and executed.

About ten days after the execution, the young lady came home. It appeared, however, that what all the witness had sworn was true, and the fact was found to be thus circumstanced:—

The young lady declared, that having previously agreed to go off with the gentleman that courted her, he had given out that he was going a journey to the north, but that he waited concealed at a little house near the skirts of the forest till the time appointed, which was the day she departed. That he had horses ready for himself and her, and was attended by two servants also on horseback. That as she was walking with her uncle, he reproached her with persisting in her resolution to marry a man of whom he disapproved; and after much altercation she said, with some heat, 'I have set my heart upon it; if I do not marry him, it will be my death; and don't kill me, uncle; don't kill me;' that just as she had pronounced these words, she heard a fire-arm discharged very near her, at which she started, and immediately afterwards saw a man come forward from among the trees, with a wood-pigeon in his hand, that he had just shot. That coming near the place appointed for their rendezvous, she formed a pretence to let her uncle go on before her, and her suitor being waiting for her with a horse, she mounted, and immediately rode off. That instead of going into the north, they retired to a house in which he had taken lodgings, near Windsor, where they were married the same day, and in about a week went a journey of pleasure to France, from whence, when they returned they first heard of the misfortune which they had inadvertently brought upon their uncle.

So uncertain is human testimony, even when the witnesses are sincere, and so necessary is a cool and dispassionate inquiry and determination, with respect to crimes that are enormous in the highest degree, and committed with every possible aggravation.

ANECDOTE OF NAPOLEON.

The following anecdote of Bounaparte is related by Sir John Sinclair, on the authority of one who was an actor in the scene described: When the formation of a Consulate was determined upon, it became a doubtful question whether the Abbe Sieyes, or Bounaparte, should be appointed First Consul. Sieyes, who was a man of great ability, and remarkable for the success of his intrigues, was very desirous of being nominated to that office, and of having Bounaparte under him, as Second Consul, to carry his plans into execution.—This scheme he had long meditated, and was sanguine of its accomplishment. Bounaparte, however, was not ignorant of the movements of Sieyes, and when the time came, baffled, in an instant, all the deep laid plans of the intriguing Abbe, by a *coup de partie*, a masterly stroke of cunning, of which we remember no parallel in history.

The electors assembled at the Gallery of Luxembourg, here under their respective leaders, they separated into parties, within sight of each other, but sufficiently distant not to be overheard. Sieyes immediately commenced harranguing his party, and decanting on the advantages of having the office of First Consul filled by one well acquainted with political questions and civil affairs. Without pointing himself out as that person, he plainly indicated the line he wished them to pursue, whilst he warned them against military disposition, and the danger of having a soldier at the head of the Government.

An emissary of Bounaparte, who had mingled with the Abbe's party and heard his address, rejoined the friends of the Corsican, and told them what had passed. Bounaparte instantly said, 'I see what must be done, and all I entreat of you is, that as soon as you see me take Sieyes by the hand, you will cry, *Bravo Bounaparte*, as loud as you can, and will prevail on as many as possible to join in the exclamation.'

He then went immediately to the place where Sieyes and his party were assembled, and going up to the Abbe with an appearance of great cordiality, said to him, 'Let us not, my friend, have any difference of opinion who shall be First Consul; for my part, I vote for the Abbe Sieyes, whom do you vote for?' The Abbe was astonished at an address so unexpected, but compelled by complaisance and the necessity of affecting gratitude and friendship, replied, 'I vote for General Bounaparte.'—On the instant, Bounaparte, as if to thank Sieyes in his turn, offered him his hand; this was sufficient, his friends had been attentively watching for the signal, and the cry of *Bravo Bounaparte* resounded at once from all quarters of the hall, through which his partizans had previously dispersed themselves even some friends of the Abbe, taken by surprise, and forgetful of consequences, mingled their 'sweet voices' with those of their opponents.

The election took place instantly, and Bounaparte was declared First Consul. The Abbe charged to find himself thus outwitted, refused to be made Second Consul, and declared his resolution to take no further concern in public affairs.

LANGUAGE OF LAWYERS.

If a man according to law, give to another an orange instead of saying, 'I give you that orange,' which one would think would be what is called, in legal phraseology, 'an absolute conveyance of all right and title therein,' the phrase would run thus:—'I give all and singular my estate and interest, right, title, and claim, and advantage of an l in that orange, with all rind, skin, jusice, pulp, and pips, and all right and advantage therein, with full power to bite, cut, suck, or otherwise eat the same, or give the same away as fully and effectually as I said A. B. am now entitled to bite, cut, suck or otherwise eat or give the same away, with or without its skin, juice, pulp, and pips, anything heretofore, or hereinafter, or in any other deeds, instrument or instruments, of what nature or kind soever, to the contrary in any wise notwithstanding;' with much more of the same effect. Such is the language of lawyers; and it is very gravely held by the most learned Men among them, that by the omission of any of these words; the right to the said orange would not pass to the person for whose use the same was intended.

POPULAR TALES.

THE RIVAL COUSINS.

A STORY.

About two miles from the large commercial town of G——, there lived, some years ago, an old couple whose family consisted of two daughters, both uncommonly pretty girls, yet very unlike each other in disposition and appearance. The dark lustrous eyes of Margaret told of feelings, tender, deep, and strong; while the bright coquettish blue eyes of Jane said, as plainly as eye could say, "I like you very well, but I like myself better." Mr. Langley, the father of the beauties, was in respectable circumstances; he had begun life a poor man, carrying a pack from fair to fair, until his profits enabled him to take a shop wherein to display his lawns and muslins, and a wife to adorn the back of his counter, and make his house comfortable when the toils of the day was over.

While the girls were children, they had been accustomed to play with Wm. Lindsay, the son of their next-door neighbor, a baker, with a thriving business and a large family. An attachment was formed between Margaret Langley, and Willie, which pleased and amused the parents of both parties for some years; but at the period when my story opens, Mr. and Mrs. Langley had retired from business, a very wealthy couple, and had begun to think their pretty Margaret would be quite thrown away on William Lindsay, especially as richer and grander men were anxious to wed her. They began by looking coldly on William whenever he came to the house; but it was some time before the fond lover could allow himself to believe he was less welcome to the old people than formerly. His eyes were opened to the truth however, when he saw the marked encouragement given to a Mr. Foster, a wealthy manufacturer, who was deeply smitten by Margaret's charms. Poor Willie! wretched and restless he passed a sleepless night; one moment fearing Margaret might change as well as her parents, and the next blaming himself for daring to doubt her truth and love. He arose from his sleepless couch, determined to fathom the depth of Margaret's heart, and if he found her wavering, to leave Scotland for ever, forswearing the love of woman, and seek for glory or death fighting in a foreign land! The lovers met, and the lovers parted happy in the consciousness of each other's affection, and pledged to each other for weal or woe.

It boots not to tell how for two long years Mr. and Mrs. Langley opposed the marriage by every means in their power. Mr. Foster, at length convinced that Margaret would never be persuaded to have him, transferred his affections to her sister Jane, and she rather vain of having won Margaret's rich lover, was nothing loath. The marriage was celebrated with splendor, and Jane was placed at the head of a handsome establishment in the town of G——. A few months after the old people, hopeless of changing Margaret's determination, yielded a reluctant consent, and she became the wife of Wm. Lindsay, who had now, with his father's assistance, commenced business as a corn merchant. Years elapsed, during which, old Mr. Langley tired of doing nothing, had speculated in steam-boats, and other things, and lost considerable sums of money; his wife died, and he drooped daily, till at length he sank into the grave, leaving only four or five thousand pounds, instead of twenty or thirty. Mr. Foster grumbled excessively, and hinted to his wife that his marriage was a complete take in; while Wm. Lindsay drew his weeping Margaret closer to his bosom saying, "What care I for this world's wealth, when I have such a treasure in you?"

The communication between the sisters after they were married, had gradually become less and less frequent. The style in which they lived was very different; and both Margaret and William felt the inferiority of the entertainments they gave in return for Foster's splendid dinners, more than they liked to allow to themselves. At first they tried to cope with them, but their rooms were small, and their servants awkward. They found it would not do; and sorry am I to say, they retired from the absurd contest with more bitterness of feeling than one would have anticipated from hearts so warm and affectionate.

The two sisters had several children, but my story

chiefly concerns the eldest boy of each. Robert Foster was sent to school when six years old. Spoiled and petted by his father at home, he was an unruly cub at school, and being a bold strong-built little fellow, he lorded it over all his companions. None could match him, with the exception of Willie Lindsay, who, though not so strong, was more active and agile, and had a thorough command of temper, of which Robert Foster was altogether deficient. I fear it was in consequence of incautious language overheard at home, that these cousins from the very first seemed to regard each other as natural enemies.

No boy could be the friend of both. The fault, however, lay chiefly with Foster, who would associate with no one that was on amicable terms with Lindsay; while the latter took it as a thing of course that Foster's friends should be his enemies; but without feeling any particular ill-will to them on that account. At the age of eight, the two boys went to the grammar school. Foster was accompanied by a kid of the name of Crawford, who had been sent from the West Indies to his father's care; and the elder Crawford being a man of wealth and influence. Mr. Foster kept the young gentleman under his own roof, and paid him every attention. The lad was delicate and peevish; young Foster and he agreed but indifferently, but Jamie Crawford soon found he could put Robert into good humor by playing all sorts of mischievous tricks on Willie Lindsay. He scattered ink on his clothes and his books, he abstracted his marbles; and he once tripped him up when running; but only once, as he got in return such a severe thrashing that he feared to do it again.

It happened one day that Willie was about to give a party who were playing at ball, when Jamie Crawford called out, "We don't want any bakers' sons here: we are all gentlemen's sons." "Pelt him with your ball, boys," cried Robert Foster, "and take the flour out of his jacket." Willie burning with indignation, caught the ringleader, but the other boys defended him from the summary punishment intended; and feeling he was safe, Crawford continued his abuse spitting in his face, and saying, "There's the price of a penny roll for you." "You—rascal," said Willie, "you shall not escape me; I'll break every bone in your skin yet." "When you catch me, you may beat me, though," Willie, Crawford shouted at the retreating boys.

It might be about an hour after, that one of Willie's companions came to him and said, "You've got your revenge now; Crawford has scrambled to the top of that new house that's building; and some of the scaffolding has given way, so that he cannot get down, and there he sits, perched like an owl, and howling like one too! Do come and see him!" Lindsay willingly accompanied his friend, and sure enough he saw Crawford in a very dangerous predicament. He stood on a piece of the broken scaffolding, about thirty feet from the ground; he clung to the wall, crying, "Oh, I shall be killed, I shall be killed, I am getting so giddy!" It seemed but the work of a moment, and Willie stood beside him. The boy was a first-rate climber. "Could you not manage to come down after me," he said, "and I'll show you where to place your feet?" "No, no," said Crawford, "I'm so giddy; I'm falling now;" and he began to totter. About ten feet under them, part of the scaffold stood firm; and just as Jamie was falling, Willie caught him in his arms, and leapt down on it. It was easy to get down from this spot, but Willie had twisted his ankle, and could not move. By this time a number of people had assembled, and amid the hurrahs of his companions the lame boy was carried home. It was some weeks before he was able to return to school; and long before that, Crawford, wretched, penitent, and overflowing with gratitude, had become his sworn friend; and his friendship was put to the proof. Robert Foster hated him for being Lindsay's friend, and hated Lindsay more than ever, for every boy spoke loudly of his noble generosity.

Foster was left in the minority. Neither of the boys had previously been very diligent scholars; but Foster, determined to get ahead in some things, studied hard, and was soon at the top of his class. Lindsay with equal talent, had less booby vigor; and from this moment a contest began, which sapped Lindsay's strength. The two boys soon outstripped all other competitors; the parents of both entered keenly into

the competition. When Lindsay gained the prize, his father and mother felt they had gained a victory far beyond the paltry one of having given a finer dinner; but when Foster was successful, then old defeats seemed doubly disagreeable.

The classes were examined every six weeks, and parents might be present if they chose; it rarely happened, therefore, that the Lindsays or Fosters were absent. This was an additional spur to both the boys—to Foster, because his father's allowance of pocket-money was proportioned to the degree in which he was superior or inferior to his cousin; and to William Lindsay, because no delight was equal to the maternal love and pride which he saw beaming from the dark eyes of his mother. He was a happy boy when, on the evening of those days in which he had excelled Foster, she would, when saying "good night," press him to her bosom and whisper, "Bless you, my darling; you'll be a greater man yet than ever Bob Foster will be, though they think themselves so much grander than we are." It was thus that the purest and holiest of earthly affections, the love of a son towards his mother, was poisoned by a mixture of envy, hatred, and uncharitableness. The Greek and Latin authors which the boy studied had rather a tendency to flourish those feelings within him, by assisting him in giving them other names; envy, he fancied was but noble emulation; hatred, self-respect in repelling insult; and uncharitableness, a virtuous contempt and abhorrence for those who affected to look down upon his beloved parents. He gloried in outstripping all other boys; but to outstrip his hated cousin, conveyed to his mind an exultation almost fiendish; and they who should have watched over these baneful feelings, and crushed them in the bud, encouraged them, and nourished them in the generous soil of the noble boy's heart, where some of the fairest flowers would otherwise have flourished luxuriantly. Feelings such as these carry their punishment along with them; happiness and hatred, peace and envy, cannot exist in the same bosom, and the withering effects of over-exertion were increased by the tumultuous war of evil passions within.

For some months Lindsay had kept the superiority, and Foster's pocket-money was at a low ebb, when two prizes were to be given; one for the boy who committed the greatest number of lines from Horace to memory, and the other to him who translated the largest portion of Virgil. For some time previous to giving the prizes, the boys repeated their tasks weekly, and Foster and Lindsay redoubled their efforts, but for a time they were nearly equal.

As the period drew on, Foster began to get ahead. The pale care-worn countenance of Lindsay told of hard work by day and night. Not a moment was now devoted to play; Virgil and Horace were his constant companions, while his devoted friend Crawford sat beside him on the playground, anxiously watching his pale cheek, and wishing it were possible for him to do a share of the work. "Do come, Willie, and have one game at ball," said he to him a few days before the prizes were to be given; "you'll kill yourself, man, if you study so hard; you're getting as thin as my greyhound did, when Foster starved him when I was from home." "I must beat him," said Lindsay "though I die for it; and yet, were it only myself, I would give in, for my head aches constantly now, and I cannot eat for thinking about it." "Do, dear Lindsay give up the contest," said James; "why should you make yourself ill for a paltry prize when every body knows already you are a cleverer fellow of the two, and able to beat him whenever you like." "Ay," said Willie; "but his father and mother don't know that; and if he beats me, they'll exult over poor mamma with their saucy looks, all the time pretending to condole with her on my defeat. No!" he cried, getting into a state of great agitation; "there are three days and three nights yet, and I'll work like a horse, and I'll drink green tea to keep me from being sleepy, and I'll beat him yet, cost what it may." The boy kept his unholy resolution: he gained both prizes; but the exultation of his parents failed to convey to his mind the happiness it was wont to do. Exhausted and worn out, he laid his head on his mother's bosom, and burst into a passion of tears. "Put me to bed, dearest mother," he said; "my head aches dreadfully, and I am very ill." A dangerous fever was the consequence; he recovered, however, and a few months

in the country served to recruit his wasted strength, and in winter he was pursuing at college the same system.

The prizes gained at the end of the first session by William and Robert were nearly equal; the latter, however, was in full bodily vigor, while William began to complain of pain in his side, which became very troublesome after long study. A summer spent at the sea-coast again restored him to his usual health, and he returned to town, determined to get in advance of his cousin, if possible. At first he sat up one night in the week then two, and as the session drew to a close, he never slept above four hours at a time. His fellow-students looked to him as a prodigy; the professors held him out as an example to others; his parents gloried in their son; and his friend James Crawford was the only one who seemed to have any fear for the result.

One day, towards the end of March, he said to his friend, "I wish, Willie, you would take a walk with me in the country now and then. You have got a nasty short cough, and I see you often put your hand to your side as if in pain." "Oh! it's nothing," said William; "I got a little cold some time since when my fire went out one frosty night, and I was so busy with a problem, I never thought of it till I had done, and then I was so stiff with cold, I could hardly undress; that is the cause of my cough, but it will soon go away." James looked his fears, but he did not give them utterance; and Willie laughed at his long face, and told him he was sure he had pounced upon him for a patient, ever since he had decided on being a doctor.

A second summer at the coast recruited him a little; and it is possible he might have been saved, had his parents been sufficiently watchful. It was no want of love on the part of his parents, for they actually doted on him; but the desire of seeing him excel all others, especially his cousin, had blinded them to every thing else and the certainty they felt of his yet becoming a great man, shut out from their view the possibility of his being taken from them.

During the Christmas holidays, a hard frost having come on, the river was frozen sufficiently to admit of skating. William and James were looking on, while Foster, who skated admirably, was exhibiting to a crowd of students. "Take care," cried one; "the ice is not safe in that quarter." Hardly were the words uttered, when the ice gave way, and half a dozen fell in. They were quickly extricated, however, with the exception of Foster. Lindsay and Crawford had been active in assisting; and when Foster was missed, Lindsay instantly had a rope fastened round his waist, and saying, "He shall not be lost if I can save him," dived under the ice, and shortly reappeared with his cousin who was quite insensible. It was some little time before it was ascertained he still lived, and William stood in his wet clothes anxiously watching. As soon as he opened his eyes, however, he left him in Crawford's care, and ran home to change his freezing garments. This adventure accelerated his doom. A severe cold was the consequence, which ended in rapid consumption.

The first meeting between the cousins was deeply affecting. Robert wept like an infant; the hatred and rivalry of years had vanished for ever, to give place to unbounded gratitude and brotherly love. The tender attentions of Foster and Crawford were only exceeded by a mother's care, during the few months Lindsay lingered. They were his constant attendants day and night. They vied with each other in contriving how to interest and amuse him. A total change of feeling seemed to have taken place in both families. Mr. and Mrs. Foster knew they owed the life of their son to William Lindsay, and they would have given all they possessed to restore him to health. The anguish of the Lindsays at their son's danger, was mingled with a proud consciousness of his noble conduct, and their really kind and affectionate natures were soothed and gratified by the unity of feeling now subsisting between the families. A few days before Lindsay died, he thus expressed himself:—"How different are my feelings now from what they once were! I fancied I was happy when I gained victories over you, Robert; but I thought so, because I did not know what true happiness was. Oh, what a blessing it is to be at peace with all, to love all and to be loved by all! Do not weep for me; I am going

to that happy land, where there will be no rivalries, no emulations, for love will reign triumphant. My beloved friends, strive to meet me there!" "We will," said Robert, "we will; and by following your example, of overcoming evil with good."

THE GATHERER. HUMANITY OF ROBERT BRUCE.

From Scott's Tales of a Grandfather.

Robert Bruce was universally celebrated as a wise and a good prince: a circumstance, which happened during his retreat from Ireland, shows that he was a kind and humane man. One morning, when the English, with their Irish auxiliaries pressed hard upon Bruce, he gave order to continue a hasty retreat; for a battle with a much more numerous army, and in the midst of a country which favored his enemies, would have been extremely imprudent. On a sudden, just as King Robert was about to mount his horse, he heard a woman shrieking in despair. "What is the matter?" said the king; and he was informed by his attendants, that a poor washer-woman, mother of a new born infant, was about to be left behind the enemy, as being too weak to travel. The mother was shrieking for fear of falling into the hands of the Irish, who were accounted very cruel; and there were no carriages or means of sending her and her infant on in safety; they must needs be abandoned, if the army retreated.

King Robert was silent for a moment, when he heard this story, being divided between compassion for the poor woman's distress, and the consideration of the danger to which a halt would expose his army. At last he looked round on his officers, with eyes that kindled like fire: Ah, gentlemen! he exclaimed, "never let it be said that a man who was born of a woman, and nurtured by a woman's tenderness, left a mother and her infant to the mercy of barbarians. In the name of God, let the odds and the risk be what they will, I will fight rather than have these poor creatures left behind me. Let the army therefore draw up in a line of battle, instead of retreating."

The story had a singular conclusion; for the English general seeing that Robert Bruce halted and offered him battle, and knowing the Scottish king to be one of the best generals then living, supposed that he must have received some large supply of forces, and was afraid to attack him. Thus Bruce had an opportunity to send off the poor woman and her child, and to retreat at his leisure, without suffering any inconvenience from the halt.

COMPARATIVE NUTRIMENT PROPERTIES OF FOOD.—A curious report on this subject presented to the French Minister of the interior, by Messrs. Percy and Vanquelin, two members of the institute, has been published. The result of their enquiries has been as follows: In bread every 100 lbs. weight are found to contain 80 lb. of nutritious matter: butcher's meat averaging the various sorts 35 lb. in 100 pound; French beans 89 lb. in 100 lb.; peas 98 lb. in 100 lb.; lentils 94 lb. in 100 lb.; greens and turnips which are the most aqueous of our vegetables used for domestic purposes, furnish only 8 lb. of solid nutritious substance in 100 lb., carrots 14 lb. in 100 lb.; and what is very remarkable as being in opposition to the hitherto acknowledged theory, 100 lbs. of potatoes yield only 25 lb. of substance; 1 lb. of bread is equal to 2½ or 3 lb. best potatoes—and 75 lb. of bread and 30 lb. of meat is equal to 300 lbs. of potatoes—or to go more into detail 3 4 lb. of bread and 5 ounces meat are equal to 3 lb. of potatoes; 1 lb. of potatoes is equal to 4 lb. of cabbage and 3 lb. turnips—but 1 lb. of broad beans or French beans, in grain is equal to 2 lb. potatoes.

EXTRACT FROM LORD BYRON'S DIARY.

"Went to bed, and slept dreamlessly, but not refreshingly. Awoke—and up an hour before being called: but dawdled three hours in dressing! When one subjects from life, infancy, which is vegetation,—sleep—singing and swilling—buttosing and unbuttoning, how much remains of downright existence? The summer of a dormouse."

Feudal Claims.—The following is a specimen of as curious a claim as has been set up since the days of Eolus of doubtful fame. It has the advantage of being a faithful record from the annals of history.

In the end of the fourteenth century, the celebrated, but long since destroyed, monastery of Augustinians at Winshieur, in the province of Overysse, were desirous of erecting a windmill, not far from Zwolle; but a neighboring lord was desirous to prevent them by declaring that the *wind* in that district belonged to him. The monks, unwilling to give up the point, had recourse to the bishop of Utrecht, under whose jurisdiction the province had continued since the tenth century. The bishop highly incensed against the pretender, who wished to usurp his authority, affirmed that the *wind of the whole province belonged to him*, and gave the monks express permission to erect a windmill wherever they thought proper.

ACCIDENTAL DISCOVERY OF THE STEAM ENGINE.

The discovery of the method of making a vacuum by the condensation of steam, was reproduced, before 1698, by captain Thomas Savery. His discovery of the condensing principle arose from the following circumstances:—Having drunk a flask of wine at a tavern and flung the empty flask in the fire, he called for a basin of water to wash his hands. A small quantity which remained in the flask began to boil, and steam issued from its mouth. It occurred to him to try what effect would be produced by inverting the flask and plunging its mouth in cold water. Putting on a thick glove to defend his hand from the heat, he seized the flask, and the moment he plunged its mouth in the water, the liquid immediately rushed up into the flask and filled it. Savery stated this circumstance immediately suggested to him the possibility of giving effect to the atmospheric pressure, by creating a vacuum in this manner. He thought that if, instead of exhausting the barrel of a pump by the usual laborious method of a piston and sucker, it was exhausted by first filling it with steam, and then condensing the same steam the atmospheric pressure would force the water from the well into the pump-barrel, and into any vessel connected with it, provided that vessel were not more than about thirty-four feet above the elevation of the water in the well. He perceived also, that, having lifted the water to this height, he might use the elastic force of steam in the manner described by the Marquis of Worcester to raise the same water to a still greater elevation, and that the same steam which accomplished this mechanical effect would serve, by its subsequent condensation, to reproduce the vacuum, and draw up more water. It was on this principle that Savery constructed the first engine in which steam was ever brought into practical operation.—*Lardner's new work on the Steam Engine.*

AFFECTED HONESTY. Look out of your door, take notice of that man, see what disquietude, intriguing and shifting he is content to go through with, merely to be thought a man of plain dealing. Three grains of honesty would have saved him all this trouble.

STERNE.

STUDYING THE KORAN.

Many of the Mussulmans of Africa have no other mode of studying the Koran, than to have the characters written with a black substance on a piece of board, and then wash them off and drink the water.

A gentleman meeting a negro who had lately left his service, inquired, "Well Sambo, were do you live now?" "Lib," says Sambo, "de debil, we lib no were, me married, and move home."

We acknowledge the receipt of a slice of wedding cake from Queen Victoria, but feel mortified in recognizing the hand writing of Prince Albert in the superscription, instead of Mrs. Cobourg's. We suppose this is a delicate hint that the correspondence between us and Queen Victoria can be continued no longer.—*Boston Post.*

An Irishman in crossing a river in a boat, with his mare and colt, was thrown into the river, and clung to the colt's tail. The colt showed signs of exhaustion, and a man on the shore told him to leave the colt and cling to the mare's tail. Ooh! faith, honey! this is no time to swap horses.

AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER.

ALBANY, SATURDAY, APRIL 4, 1840.

REMOVAL.—The American Masonic Register office, has been removed, to the corner of South Market and Division streets over the hat-store of Mr. E. S. Herrick. Entrance in Division-street.

* * * To those of our friends and patrons at the South, who have not complied with our terms, on account of the difference in eastern and southern money, we would say, that the bills on any specie bank, in their neighborhood will be received in payment for their subscriptions. Will those of our friends, who intend to afford us a substantial patronage, remit their several amounts with as little delay, as possible. The payment of a single subscription at one time or the other, is of no consequence to a subscriber; but when these small sums are put together, it makes a material difference with us, and constitutes the means whereby we are to gain a livelihood; and it is only by promptness on the part of our friends, that we can do our duty by them, or justice to ourselves. Postmasters, are authorised to send money to printers, free of postage.

THE NORTH EASTERN BOUNDARY.—This much vexed question, is still being agitated in our national councils, and it has at last assumed an attitude, which bids fair to cause more trouble and discord between the two governments than at any former period. As it now is, no longer the "North Eastern Boundary" which occupies the attention of our diplomatists, but the "disputed territory," and the agreement entered into by Gen. Scott, and Sir John Harvey. That the authorities of Maine, have solemnly carried out their part of the contract, is apparent to every one who knows any thing about the question. That is has been violated, contrary to all pledged faith, by the colonial government, is equally palpable.

As matters now stand, the American people, throwing aside all party considerations, must view with pleasure and pride, the firm and decided stand taken by Mr. Forsyth in his correspondence with Mr. Fox the British minister, recently published. He treats the threats of the consequences which this latter personage so vauntingly throws out, as every friend of his country could wish him to do; and the manner in which he expresses the determination of the United States to abide by the acts of Maine, and the treaty of 1783, is worthy of all commendation.

This question has now assumed a form which renders an immediate settlement of it, in some manner or other extremely desirable. Our government have too long suffered it to remain undecided, and now when public attention is at last aroused, we should not hesitate from the avowal and maintenance of the rights of the state of Maine, at all hazards. The territory is justly and clearly our own, and should never be tamely surrendered up to a nation whose characteristic policy, is an all-pervading and inordinate thirst for power, in almost every case persisted in, "when the end, will justify the means."

Our government, should, therefore, lose no time in putting the country in as complete a state of defence, as is possible, or at least commensurate with the warlike preparations of the British government, on our border.

In conclusion, should the British government, from any motive of policy, (for this will be the turning point) desire a war with us, she will be taught a lesson for at least one generation. United as the American people are on this question, our efforts will be charac-

terised by that spirit of unity, which is the certain harbinger of success.

Although many people profess to discover no indications of a hostile nature in the present state of affairs, yet it is best to be prepared. The British government are making preparation, evidently for something. Time alone will disclose the intent.

A gentleman of this city, who has been in Canada the past winter, writes his friend thus:—"Kingston, is to be the grand depot for the army of the Provinces. The government is about to take measures for building very large establishments in this place, for the accommodation of the ordnance and other military stores. I have seen the plans and one of * * * told me that the stores will be capable of containing 600,000 stand of arms—besides many other buildings for different purposes. So you may tell Uncle Sam to look out for the lobster backs by and by. * * * The talk is here, that the Boundary question will bring on a war."

'DARKNESS VISIBLE.'—Captain Coit, of the steamboat Norwich, on Tuesday refused to allow a colored man to take his seat at the table with the rest of the passengers. He was in company with his friends, bound for Albany, to attend an Abolition Convention and although the Captain offered to set a table separate for him and his white friends, they protested against it.

In this "free country" it is a privilege we Americans, have, that "those who have no shoes can go barefoot"—it is also a privilege that any fanatic may sit, eat, drink, or even sleep with a "colored gemmen," if he chooses. But when any man, or set of men take it upon themselves to violate the decencies and customs of Society; they should be reminded that they are exercising their privileges at the expense of others. Capt. C. very properly refused to allow this outrage on the feelings of his passengers, and after discussing the matter for a long time among themselves, the passengers came to the conclusion "that the Captain of the steamboat Norwich, in excluding from the public table a person of color, acted in accordance with the custom of the steam boats on the Sound, and that in offering to provide a separate table for him and his friends, he did all that any reasonable man could ask."

Before many years shall elapse, the rabid and ultra-abolitionists will have much to answer for. It is a subject of common remark in this section of country, that the blacks have already become so insufferably intolerant, through the morbid and mistaken sympathy of Abolitionists, as almost to create a hatred, which when it does break out, will do more positive evil in one day, than Abolitionists can do good in a century. Slavery is entailed upon the land, it is interwoven in our compact, and its evil as a principle, we believe is as much deprecated at the South as the North, and there is no fair and legitimate way to get rid of it that can be made practicable. To turn loose some 2 or 3 millions of Slaves, with any expectation that they would or could be made useful, is preposterous, and to suppose that the abolitionists could or would buy them and send them out of the country is alike ridiculous. The evil is upon us, and the only rational course for the "reformer," is to ameliorate the condition of the slave by purchase, or appeal—not instil in their minds, feelings, the carrying out of which, can never result in anything else, than to add additional burthens to those whom the God of Providence has placed in their present situation.

Wood, of Philadelphia, who shot his daughter some time since, has been tried and acquitted, on the ground of insanity.

LOSS OF THE SEA-GULL.—We learn from the Courier, and Enquirer, that there is too much reason to apprehend that the Pilot boat Sea-Gull attached to the Exploring Expedition, as tender to the U. S. sloop-of-war Vincennes, has been lost, and that all on board have perished. She has not been heard of since the month of June last. Then she left Orange, Terra del Fuego, in company with the Flying Fish. A gale soon after arose and the latter succeeded in beating of the shore. This was the last seen of the Sea-Gull.—Lieut. Reed and Bacon, two promising young officers were on board. The Porpoise had been twice in search of her without success.

ITEMS OF FOREIGN NEWS.—The packet ship Montreal, arrived on the 1st. We learn that in the House of Commons, on the 3d of March, Lord J. Russell stated that he had no objection to lay before the House all the papers that had been received on the subject of the "North American Boundary," but observed that the question was scarcely fit yet to be discussed in Parliament.

There was some apprehension that the difficulties which have been so long brewing between England and Portugal would end in a war. Such appeared to be the opinion at Lisbon at the last advices, which were to the 24th of February.

British Force in the Canadas.—The United Service Journal of this month, published in London, enumerates the British troops stationed in the Canadas, on the 1st March, 1840, as follows: 1st Reg. Dragoon Guards; 7th Reg. Hussars; 2d Batt. Grenadier Guards; 2d Batt. Coldstream Guards; 2d Batt. 1st Foot; and 20 Regiments of Foot. The strength of the Regiments of the Guards may be estimated at 1000 each. The Regiments of Foot are each 800 strong. This would constitute a force of about 20,000 men.

Incendiarism at Natchez.—Great excitement prevailed at Natchez, at the latest accounts, by reason of repeated attempts to fire that city. The whole city was in alarm. The streets were constantly paraded by bands of firemen and patrols, and the military armories were kept lighted during the night.

WORTHY OF EXAMPLE.—It is said in the examination of the books of the late Samuel Ward, of New-York, that his contributions for the last four years, for charitable purposes, amounts to upwards of \$10,000 per-annum.

The dwelling house of Mr. Cyrus Colby of Warner, N. H., was recently consumed by fire, and one of his two children perished in the flames. The child was about two years old.

The Swedish sloop of war Nejaden, arrived at New York on Friday from Laguayra. This is the first Swedish armed vessel that has visited N. York for some years.

Suicide by an Actor.—James Wills, a low comedian, committed suicide in Natchez a few days since. He was quite celebrated at the South. He was a native of Baltimore.

Mills burned.—The mills near the mouth of Pushaw Lake, built by Messrs. Lewis & Wedleigh, and carried on by Mr. Warren Brown, of Bangor, Me., were destroyed by fire on Saturday night last, together with about 60,000 feet of boards. The fire took by a spark from the funnel. Loss estimated at from \$10,000 to \$15,000. No insurance.

INTELLIGENCE. CHINESE MILITARY ESTABLISHMENT.

The few additional details respecting the numbers and discipline of the Chinese army furnished by more modern travellers would lead to the conclusion that the Chinese army at the present day consists of about 1,000,000 infantry and 800,000 cavalry, statements pretty nearly agreeing with that brought to Europe by the gentlemen who accompanied the first English embassy to China under Lord Macartney. These numbers are inclusive of the Tartar banners. From the observation made by the embassy in their travels through the empire, there seemed nothing improbable in the calculation of the infantry, but they observed few cavalry. The pay of a Chinese foot-soldier amounts to about 24d. English money and a measure of rice per day, though some of them have double pay. The pay of a horseman is double that of a foot soldier; the Emperor furnishes a horse, and the horseman receives two measures of small beans for its daily subsistence. The arrears of the army are punctually paid up every three months. A horseman's arms consist of a helmet, a cuirass, lance, and sabre; the foot soldier is armed with a pike and sabre—some, indeed, have fuses, or fire-locks, of a rude and indifferent construction, whilst others have bows and arrows. All these arms are carefully inspected at review, and if found in the least rusted, or in bad condition, the inattentive soldier is instantly punished—if a Chinese, with thirty or forty blows of a stick; with as many lashes. As to the naval force of the Chinese, it would appear from the most modern accounts that it has undergone no change whatever during the last 200 years. A late writer has declared that a single British man-of-war would suffice to destroy the entire naval force of China.

Successful effort of the bloodhounds.—Within a few days Major Loomis has captured an Indian on the Wa-assassa, by means of four excellent Cuba auxiliaries. It was done in very handsome style, and so delicately that the most squeamish of the northern sympathisers might have been delighted to witness it. When the "trail" was struck and followed for some time, the dogs became very impatient of the leash, and by a sudden bound broke loose from their keepers, and dashed away in gallant style. The troops followed on through the bushes, and in a short time came up to the scene of action, where the noble dogs had floored a gigantic savage and held him to the ground, without appearing disposed to do him further injury.

The means is now certainly discovered of ending the war in good earnest, and almost without bloodshed; and it is sincerely hoped that the government will immediately procure two or three hundred dogs for the purpose of at once producing such a moral effect on the savages, as will induce them to a surrender. It is now made certain that one thousand men, with a hundred dogs, will accomplish more than ten thousand without them. A much smaller force will be sufficient to end the war, and countless thousands will be saved to the country if a sufficient number of dogs can be procured.—*Florida News.*

Extraordinary manner of manufacturing cloth.—A gentleman in London has just obtained a patent for making the finest cloth for gentlemen's coats, &c., without spinning, weaving, or indeed without the aid of any machinery similar to those processes, and at a cost less than one fourth the present price. The most extraordinary circumstance in this contrivance is, that air is the only power used in the manufacture of the article. The ingenious inventor places in an air tight chamber a quantity of flocculent particles of wool, which by means of a species of winnowing wheel, are kept floating equally throughout the atmosphere contained therein; on one side of the chamber is a network of metal of the finest manufacture, which communicates with a chamber from which the air can be abstracted by means of an exhausting syringe, commonly called an air pump, and on the communication between the chambers being opened, the air rushes with extreme vehemence to supply the partial vacuum in the exhausted chamber, carrying the woolly floccula against the netting, and so interlacing the fibres, that a cloth of beautiful fabric and close texture is instantaneously made.

Mexico.—The New Orleans Sun of the 17th ult. contains the following extract from a letter received a few days previously by the Mexican Consul at that city from General Arista:

"H. Q. Caderita, Feb. 14, 1840.—On the 20th of this month I shall commence a combined movement on the Rio Grande, with 2000 men and 10 pieces of artillery, leaving 1000 men to cover Tampico and 1000 more to garrison Matamoras. I recommend this news to be spread in the country adjoining Texas, on your side, in order that emigration may be suspended. Under my command and that of General Canalizo, are now mustered 4500 soldiers. Matamoras and Tampico are strongly fortified; and we are not only prepared to receive, but actually intend to go in pursuit of the enemies of our country."

The New Hampshire Courier states that on the night of the 10th, after town meeting, a young and intemperate man belonging to Warner, N. H., named Harvey Currier, came to his death in the following shock manner. Very much intoxicated, he wandered into a pasture and staggered about in it, falling every few steps, as appeared the next morning by tracking him upon the snow, until his hands were worn skin bare, and the knees of his pantaloons were worn out, and the bare skin terribly lacerated, when, after many falls upon the side hill, he pitched forward on his forehead and knees with his breast raised from the ground nearly a foot, in which position he was found dead the next morning.

Bloody Murder.—Just as our paper was going to press, we learned that an Irishman by the name of Burke, living near the Meadow Road, above the bridge, in this city, cut his wife's throat, killing her in a few moments. He then jumped into the river, but was taken out and committed to jail. He is about 40 years old—both intemperate. He first struck his wife with an axe, then cut her throat—wounded another woman who attempted to protect her. The affray commenced about noon. Horrible, truly!—*Hartford Courier.*

RETURN OF THE JEWS.—It is said that a wealthy Jew, brother-in-law to the Rothschilds, is endeavoring to negotiate for a tract land in Palestine, for the purpose of planting a colony of Jews there, preparatory to the final restoration of that dispersed and persecuted people to the land of their fathers. Many people think that as the prophecies are fulfilled, those relating to their restoration will be similarly accomplished. Others think that the prediction of their return, implies only their submission to the government of him whom their nation rejected.—*Boston Traveller.*

Strange Phenomenon.—On the night of the 17th instant, the family of Mr. Daniels, of Cook's Manor, U. C., were awakened by a severe shock like that of an earthquake. In the morning it was discovered that a meteor, judged to be about three times the size of an ordinary farm house, had struck the earth some 80 rods distant from Mr. D.'s dwelling, with a force which buried its entire bulk about eight inches below the surface.—*Sandwich (U. C.) Herald.*

LAND SALES.—The land sales at this city closed on Monday morning to the general satisfaction of the settlers. The amount received was \$41,667. Only about half the land occupied by settlers was disposed of, they preferring to run the risk of competition from the heartless land speculator to paying exorbitant interest. Their course was a proper one, and, if justice has its way, a perfectly safe one.—*[Chicago Democrat of March 17th.]*

Every thing in England now is 'a la Prince Albert' from locomotive engines, down to mouse traps and penny whistles. In a cook shop in Whitechapel is a paper displaying 'Halbert soope tuppence hapenny a pint'—in a candy shop, 'Albert lollypops two a penny'—in a barber's shop, the poetical Jeremiah Riggs, says, 'Gentlemen's hare cut and dressed a la Albert, only tuppence; ladies ditto a la Reine, 3d.' The best Albert hair hile, only 6d a bottle.

Scene in Court.—Two distinguished lawyers of Little Rock, recently quarrelled in the circuit court of that place, and threw the inkstands at each other's heads until the seconds and bystanders were bespattered with ink and blood.

Horses.—It is computed that there are in England one million of horses, used for labor—and two hundred thousand for pleasure—all of which are supposed to consume the produce of seven millions of acres!

The Nantucket Whale Fisheries will bring, this year \$1,500,000, and will average to every man, woman, and child on the Island fifteen hundred dollars each.

MARRIED.

At the Legation of the United States at Constantinople, on the 30th of January last, Mr. JOHN P. BROWN, Dragoman of the United States Legation to Miss MARY ANN PORTER, neice of Com. Porter.

DIED.

At the residence of John Wilkinson, esq., Syracuse, on the 29th Amelia M. Swart, eldest daughter of the late Cornelius Swart, junior.

At Sodus, Wayne county, (N. Y.) on Friday morning the 30th of March, the Rev. William Stone, aged 83 years.

In New York, Julius C. Peck, 30. Wm Davis 49. Charlotte, wife of James J. Perry, 26. Elizabeth, wife of Wm Harrison, 69. Isabella, daughter of the late Samuel Goodrich, 16. John Cumberland, 80. Rebecca Ann, wife of Wm H. Purdy, 22. Jonathan Pinckney, 73. James Fallon, 32. Mrs. Elizabeth Holden, 71. Mary Ann, wife of Wm Hall, 27. Rebecca wife of James B. Murtaugh, 23. Benjamin Wood, 67. Jacob Johnson, 82. John Taylor, 44.

CALENDAR OF COMMUNICATIONS.

EACH MONTH.

Temple Encampment	Albany	2d Friday.
Temple R. A. Chapter,	Albany	2d & 4th Tuesday
Mount Vernon Lodge,	Albany	1st & 3d Thursday.
Temple Lodge,	Albany	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Apollo Lodge,	Troy	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Apollo Chapter,	Troy	1st Tuesday.
Apollo Encampment,	Troy	3d Monday.
Phoenix Lodge,	Lansingburg	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Olive Branch	Bethany Geol.	1st Wednesday p. M.
Genesee Encampment,	Lockport N.Y.	
Mount Moriah.	Louisville, Ky.	1st & 3d Saturday.

AUTHORISED AGENTS.

The following Brethren have kindly offered to act as Agents for the American Masonic Register. They are duly authorised to receive subscriptions and monies on its account.

William Bardman, New York City.
Tallmage Fairchild, Coxsackie.
Joel D. Smith, Castleton.
James Telf, Coeymans.
S. C. Leggett, Troy.
S. D. Smith, Lansingburgh.
Joseph Blackburn, Poughkeepsie.
John S. Weed, West Greenfield.
Ebenezer Mix, Batavia.
Blanchard Powers, Cowsville.
James Cavanagh, Watertown.
James M'Kam, Lockport.
Francis P. Milo, Kingston, U. C.
Philo W. Stocking, Wheeling, Va.

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A post master may enclose money in a letter to the publisher of a newspaper, to pay the subscription of a third person, and FRANK the letter, if written by him, self.

POETRY.

MASONIC ODE.

The pomp of kings—the proud array
Of many an ancient line—
Oblivion's hand has swept away
To be forgot langsyne.
But hand to hand our brethren stand,
Amid the vast decline:
Nor bigot night shall quench the light
Of auld langsyne.

First to the Architect above
Let our devotions join,
Whose hand hath led us forth in love
Sin auld langsyne—
While hand to hand our brethren stand,
Nor halt in their design:
But re-unite the bonds of light
From auld langsyne.

Remember too that worthy one,
And in your hearts enshrine
The virtues of the widow's Son—
The light of langsyne.
And hand to hand let brother stand,
Till death shall give the sigh
And bid us join the faithful band
Of auld langsyne.

Come brethren of the worthy three
Of Salem's mystic line!
Come, twine the wreath of Unity
They wore langsyne!
Come heart to heart before we part,
And let our jewels shine,
In all the light which pierced the night
Of auld langsyne.

THE SONGS OF OUR FATHERS.

—Sing aloud
Old songs, the precious music of the heart.
WORDSWORTH.

Sing them upon the sunny hills,
When days are long and bright,
And the blue gleam of shining rills
Is loveliest to the sight!
Sing them along the misty moor,
Where ancient hunters roved,
And swell them through the torrent's roar,
The songs our fathers' loved.

The songs their souls rejoiced to hear,
When harps were in the hall,
And each proud note made lance and spear
Thrill on the bannered wall;
The songs that through our vallies green,
Sent on from age to age,
Like his own river's voice, have been
The peasant's heritage.

The reaper sings them when the vale
Is filled with plump sheaves;
The woodman by the starlight pale,
Cheered homeward through the leaves;
And unto them the glancing oars
A joyous measure keep,
Where the dark rocks that crest our shores
Dash back the foaming deep.

So let it be! a light they shed
O'er each old fount and grove;
A memory of the gentle dead,
A lingering spell of love.
Murmuring the name of mighty men,
They bid our streams roll on.
And link high thoughts to every glen
Where valiant deeds were done.

Teach them your children round the hearth,
When evening fires burn clear;
And in the fields of harvest mirth,
And on the hills of deer;
So shall each forgotten word,
When far those loved ones roam,

Call back the hearts which once it stirred,
To childhood's holy home.

The green woods of their native land
Shall whisper in the train:
The voices of their household band,
Shall breath their names again;
The heathery heights in vision rise
Where, like the stag, they roved—
Sing to your sons those melodies,
The songs your fathers loved!

TO MORROW.

BY RICHARD THOMSON, ESQ.

Say where shalt thou be found on earth?
Mysterious and sublime!
Imagined at creation's birth,
But yet unborn in Time!
Albeit thy footsteps we can trace,
As if thou wert but few hours' space
Before us; yet thy clime,
Thy life, and courage, remain to man,
Unknown as when the world began.

All other things of mortal aim
Are seen, pursued and caught;
But thou, the shadow of a name,
Art ever vainly sought.
The eagle, and the clouds that fly
Before the moon's nativity,
Ere yet the sun is brought
Above the earth alone can say
"We saw thee ere thou wert To-day."

Riches and rank, ambition's height,
The love of female hearts,
The hero's wreath of living light,
The world full oft imparts;
E'en worth and happiness have shed
Their radiance round a mortal heart,
But all of human arts
To things above could never climb,
Nor mark the approaching wheels of Time.

Thy changing features oft have been
Like those deceitful sands,
On Mizraim's wildest desert seen,
As cool and watered lands;
Though vainly towards their blessed seat
The pilgrim drags his weary feet,
For when he o'er it stands,
The mist that fled the magic stream,
Like the 'To-morrow, proves a dream!

Vain hope, then, for a child of dust
Art thou with all thy years;
Albeit unto thy care we trust
Our fondest hopes and fears.
Yet fleeting time is hastening round
A period when thou shalt be found
'To die when it appears!
For the last setting sun shall see
To-morrow in eternity!

THE LITTLE FOOT.

BY MISS HANNAH F. GOULD.

My boy, as gently on my breast,
From infant sport thou sink'st to rest,
And on my hand I feel thee put,
In playful dreams, thy little foot,
The thrilling tones of every string
O'er my heart a quivering;
For as I think what chart can show,
The ways to which this foot may go?

He never will be, in childhood's hours;
True to his garden, round the flowers;
But he will be, he will be up the hills—
By the green fields, the distant hills—
Reaching the mountains and venture out,
Where every year would pause and doubt;
For brave the pass, nor try the brink
Where youth's ungarded foot may sink.

But what, when manhood tints thy cheek,
Will be the ways this foot may seek?
Is it to lightly pace the deck?
To, helpless, slip from off the wreck?
Or wander o'er a foreign shore,
Returning to thy home no more,
Until the bosom; now thy billow,
Is low and cold beneath the willow?

Or is it for the battle plain?
Beside the slayer and the slain—
Till there its final step be taken?
There, sleep thine eye, no more to wake?
Is it to glory or to shame—
To sully or to gild thy name,
Is it to happiness or woe,
This little foot is made to go?

But whenceso'er its lines may fall,
Whether in cottage, or in hall;
O may it ever shun the ground
Where'er His foot hath not been found,
Who on His path below, hath shed
A living light, that all may tread
Upon his earthly step; and hope
E'er dash the foot against a stone.

Yet if thy way is mark'd by fate,
As guilty, dark and desolate,—
If thou must float, by vice and crime,
A wreck upon the stream of time—
Oh! rather than behold that day,
I'd know that foot, in lightsome play,
Would bound with guileless, infant glee
Upon the clod that shelters me.

PRESENTIMENT OF DEATH.

By John Malcolm.

The sense of death ere we depart,
The drear forbode before we die,
The solemn signal at the heart,—
How dread the mystery!

It comes, eclipsing pleasure's beams,
A shadow from the future cast:
'Tis secret in its source as dreams,
And traceless as the blast.

It comes! the dark mysterious mood,
The prophet-spirit shades the mind,
Which trembles, as autumnal wood,
"That shakes without a wind."

It breaks on pleasure's rosy bower
When hope's accomplishment is near;
And the bridal hour
Oft whispers of the bier.

On battles eyes I've marked it rife,
And heard it mocked as vision vain;
But he who owed it, from the strife
Never returned again.

Whence is dear revelation given,
Ere ebb away life's sparing sand?
Say, signs it on the winds of heaven,
Far from the spirits' land?

The doom predestined men forbode
Breaths not from aught beneath the sky,
The dark communion is with God—
The warning from on high.

WOMAN'S PRIVILEGES.

Three things to womankind belong,
This universe of ours all over;
And for our use, or right or wrong,
No part of the universe may move her;
The first to be her faithful lover;
The second to coquette, the third—
And that which every woman should discover,
To argue points the most absurd,
And right or wrong, to have the latest word!

AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER AND LITERARY COMPANION.

BY L. G. HOFFMAN.]

ALBANY SATURDAY APRIL, 11, 1840.

[VOL. I.—NO. 32.]

MASONIC.

ADDRESS.

By THOMAS S. LEAL, DELHI DELAWARE CO.

When we cast our eyes over the moral picture of the world, and behold the inequalities that prevail in it—the distinctions that are created by the varieties of fortune, birth, and talents; when we observe the space that intervenes between him of baronial pride, and the humble day-labourer and dependent, between the monarch who presides over the destinies of nations, and the individuals of nameless history, that creeps through life supported by the offerings of charity, we look around for some principle or equality by which to recognise this motley crew, as descendants of the same common parent,—some ground of equal rights and equal privileges, where the wealthy and the indigent, the lordling and the servant, the oppressor and the oppressed may meet in the equality of their natures. And where do we find this but in the rules and regulations of our ancient fraternity, where but on the venerated level of our mystic order? Masonry is founded on the equality of man. She recognises him in the moral nakedness of his nature, without any of those distinctions by which littleness is frequently stilted, and meanness gains the palm of honour. Wealth and power pass not the portal of her sanctuary with their pomp and parade. At her vestibule the crown of monarchy and the mitre of episcopacy are laid aside, and all men enter upon a new and interesting relation of benevolence and equality.

Strange as it may appear, it is this principle of equality, this very genius of freemasonry, which has characterised its history. It never has been a matter of honest belief of those who have proscribed and endeavored to destroy our institution, that its purposes were political—that its object was the subversion of human power and regal government—that a society whose origin was merged in the darkness of antiquity, and which embraced in its records the piety, the learning, and the patriotism of successive ages, could descend from its elevated stand of moral grandeur; to engage in the cabals and intrigues, the petty feuds and factions of conflicting politicians. But why are they insincere in their profession? Because the history of our society bears an incontrovertible refutation to the charges alleged against it. The objects of masonry political!—Has there existed then, time out of mind the anomaly of a political society, composed of all kinds of political creeds, and whose members belong to all the varieties of government under heaven? When have the fruits of this mighty conspiracy exhibited themselves? Or are they still in prospect? Terrible indeed must that revolution be which requires so many ages to mature its plans, and unites so many hands in the execution of its purposes. But against whom has this mysterious combination been formed? against monarchy!—Monarchs have frequently presided over the deliberations of our order. Against the supremacy of the church? Bishops have officiated at our altars—and the Pope himself might have been "the High Priest of our Profession." Political or religious tests have never made a part of the history of freemasonry. Her doors have always been open to men of every political cast, and every religious denomination. How preposterous then the attempt to identify masonry with the secret and deadly machinations of the illuminati of Germany; and how does it give the lie to the sincerity

of their professions, when they decline the only evidence of which the subject admits, an initiation into those very secrets, which, upon bare conjecture, they are willing to arraign as treasonable and dangerous.—There on the very threshold of their admission, they would meet with a refutation of their calumnies in the following solemn injunction:—"In the state you are to be a quiet and peaceful subject, to your government, and just to your country; you are not to countenance disloyalty or rebellion, but patiently submit to legal authority, and conform with cheerfulness to the government of the country in which you live."

Why then has our fraternity met with so much persecution from the Arbiters of Europe? Why has the arm of power been raised to crush it? Why have the anathemas of the church been fulminated to blast it? Why have the tortures of the Inquisition been inflicted to destroy it? Because of the moral truth it inculcates—because 'in thoughts that breathe, and words that burn,' it teaches the equality of man. The emblematic insignia of our order speaks a language too plain for the sophistry of arbitrary power. "His Majesty" meets no credential for the divinity of his prerogative, no flattering commentary on the exaltedness of his virtues. "His Holiness" finds no acknowledgement of his viceregency of heaven, and no regal suppliant to offer the accustomed salutation to the dignity of his throne.

The objects of masonry are purely moral. It had its origin in the principles of revealed religion, and like its divine archetype has exerted a powerful influence in meliorating the moral and physical condition of man. The instrument it chiefly relies upon, for the accomplishment of its purposes of mercy, is sympathy; a principle which is deeply implanted in the human breast, and without which all the virtues of charity, beneficence, kindness and brotherly love, would be banished from the land—without which, all those nice bonds that cement domestic union, and spread so many charms and felicities around the social circle would be severed forever. Without sympathy the pleas of oppressed innocence, of suffering humanity, and of abused virtue, would pass unheard. No generous impulse would prompt to the mitigation of human misery. No angel of mercy would visit the abodes of suffering, to wipe the tear from the cheek of helpless wretchedness, or hold the cup of consolation to the lips of dying mortality. That alas! would be true the pathetic exclamation of the poet:

There is no flesh in man's obdurate heart
It does not feel for man; the natural bond
Of brotherhood is severed as the flax
That falls asunder at the touch of fire.

Happily, however, such is not the deplorable condition of human nature. Sympathy holds an elevated seat in the bosom of man.

It is a melancholy fact, however, that this generous affection is often smothered,—too often buried beneath the selfishness and sordidness of this world's gain—too often suffered to vent itself in unmeaning griefs, and at the tales of fictitious distress. Some expedient must therefore be resorted to, in order to win it back to its former allegiance. And what has been, or can be so successful, as the solemn obligations of our order?—What can so effectually break that adamant of selfishness in which the human heart is incased, as the feeling admonitions, and pathetic injunctions of our ritual ceremonies? 'The mystic tie' that binds us all in the

brotherhood is something more than "as a song sung by the thoughtless." I know not, brethren, it may be owing to the shortness of my fellowship, that the novelty of its scenes are still vivid in my recollection but I freely confess that for me masonry has a charm—a sort of sympathetic atmosphere surrounds every member of the craft that inclines me 'to weep when he weeps, and rejoices with him.' Everyone of you can bear me witness to that indescribable pleasure which is experienced, when in the salutation of a stranger, we recognize the credentials of a brother. Its magic influence has been felt even among the hordes of practical outlaws. Its voice has tamed the madning fury of war—has unnerved the arm of uplifted vengeance, and bade the vanquished brother "live." Would you see this exemplified, however, in the finer colourings of its nature? Go to the dying bed of yon stranger mason;—to whom shall he impart the secrets of his breast—to whom pour forth the cares and anxieties that perplex his departing hour—to whom entreat the farewell councils to the partner of his bosom, and his dying benediction to the offspring of his love,—a brother presents himself,—joy reanimates his sinking frame, and a smile of confiding satisfaction plays on his countenance, as his soul takes its flight to the Lodge on high.

Our institution is an institution of charity—charity too, of the most active and beneficent character. One of its peculiar excellencies is, that it respects the feelings and delicacies of nature. It lowers not the recipient of its favor to the humiliating condition of a dependant, or to the still lower and more degrading and shameless state of mendicancy. It breaks not that buoyant spirit, which fain would lift its possessor above the wants of charity, and prompts to persevere in the hard but honorable conflict of independence. It chills not the heart of suffering wretchedness, with the austerity of its beneficence, nor wounds the feelings of sensibility with the publicity of its gratuities. There is something painful to the delicacies of human nature to have its name blazoned forth on the list of pauperism—to have a schedule of its woes exhibited to feast the public curiosity—to have every item of expenditure scrutinized with inquisitive and penurious exactness, for fear the cup of wretchedness may have been made too sweet, or the pillow of sickness too soft.—Great God, if in thy mysterious providence, it be my destiny to suffer want, extinguish this feeble lamp of life, ere thou permittest it to be prolonged by the cold and chilling hand of legal charity. Here, however, is a society that commits no such violence to the feelings of nature. The mason comes, when come he must, with the honest confidence of one, who had laid up this fund for the time of need. The widow receives our contributions with those solemn but pleasurable emotions, with which she enters upon the dowry of her husband; while the orphan beholds in it, the only patrimony, which a dying father had to leave it, when full of parental solicitude, he committed this last earthly tie to the charge of his brethren.

Masonic charity is not confined, however, to the families of the brotherhood. Wherever suffering humanity is found, there is an object which touches the masonic heart and prompts to relief. Besides the ordinary charities of life which fall equally upon the initiated and the uninitiated, many are the additional contributions which have been made by our fraternity, for the alleviation of human misery. Ask those cities which have been visited by conflagrations, whose hands

have clothed their naked and sheltered their houseless? Ask groaning Ireland; and the work-shops of England and the continent, whose bounty has relieved their necessitous and fed their starving?

It has frequently been announced to the world that our principles are drawn from the pages of inspiration; and in token of this acknowledgement, the Bible is always open during our ceremonies, and precedes us in our solemn marches. It is not to be disguised, however, that the life of many a mason does not correspond with his profession;—its sacred requirements are too frequently made to yield to the demands of appetite, or the projects of interest. "These things ought not so to be." Separated as we are from the rest of the world, and favored with a knowledge of one of the greatest sciences on earth, we are bound by additional ligaments to the performance of our duty, and to offer up the rougher passions as sacrifices at the shrine of virtue. Ignorant of the sacred symbols of our morality, the world can judge of our theory only by our practice; and if the craft should ever be brought into disrepute it can be done only by the disloyalty of its members; for if their conduct should be in conformity to their principles, "saints themselves might visit our Lodges, and smiling angels call us brothers."

Let a healthy discipline be applied to strengthen those who persevere in their duty, and to reclaim those who wander. Let a voice of admonition follow the steps of every devious brother, warning him of the ruin that threatens him, and counsel him to return.—A brighter effulgence will thus be given to the masonic virtues; a prouder answer will be afforded to the calumnies of our enemies; a broader and deeper stream of beneficence be made to visit the desert portions of the earth; and a richer and more glorious reward will be reserved for the successful laborer, by the great Architect of Heaven.

THE DRAMA.

From the Knickerbocker.

THE STAGE.

As another preventive to dissipation and vice, I would recommend young men to visit the theatre; not to see French dancers and Italian buffoons; not to hear mock heroic *melo-dramas*, and vulgar farces, which, after the Restoration, the vitiated taste of Charles introduced from France; but to see comedy and tragedy, the productions of the great poets of the Elizabethan age, and those who have since emulated them. I may be told that the stage is immoral, indecent, obscene. Grant it, if you please. Who made it so? The people. It is in the people to restore the theatre to its primitive purity and decorum. Managers, to make money, must cater for the public taste; just as merchants change the style and pattern of their merchandise, to suit the fashion of their customers, or to attract by novelty. If full boxes applauded the productions of the purest comic and tragic muse, and if empty benches stared at sustain *melo-dramas*, and silly farces, managers would soon discover where their interest lay, and reform it altogether. If objections be made to some gross expressions and incidents in the plays of the old dramatists, we answer, the fault was not theirs; it was that of the age in which they lived. We may easily prune them, if necessary, though by doing so, we emasculate their noble lines. In olden days, they were plainer of speech than we are, but not less virtuous in heart. In fact, we have just reversed things; they talked, we sin. Why should the *innocent* be offended with mere expressions? It is *knowledge* that raises objections.

Again, a portion of the theatre is appropriated to a class of people whom we shall not name, and another is used to sell intoxicating draughts. This, I willingly confess, is a serious evil, which ought to be corrected. Let the public frown upon managers who permit such things within their walls; make it an object to them to remove the cause of this complaint; and we shall soon see it done. The people are sovereign, and must be obeyed.

If I have a religious reader, let him not start in horror at my recommendation; but let him, with unprejudiced mind, calmly weigh the whole matter. Let him take a large and liberal view of the subject, and then pronounce judgement. He who judges from a limited knowledge, or from sectarian feelings, general-

ly arrives at most incorrect conclusions. If he assumes that his rule of conduct is the standard of honor, propriety, and truth, he is, to say the least, a very weak man, and his ignorance is much to be pitied. If he only is right, whether in morals, politics or religion, how many thousands and tens of thousands are wrong? Let him ask his own heart these questions: "Am I right?" "What does the host with whom I differ, say?" Perchance he may answer himself thus: "I may be wrong; let me examine minutely; I am wrong." I ask that all who differ from me in my recommendation of the theatre—and opposition arises almost invariably from religious feeling—should inquire seriously into the origin of the drama; should consider of the virtue it has inculcated, the patriotism it has enkindled, and the spirit of liberty it has animated; and then he may not deem our approval so very monstrous. Opposition to the stage, from religious zeal, is not a modern invention; it is as old as the palmy days of Greece. The first opposition to it arose from the fact, that the poets of that land, departing from the original purity of the drama, mocked the gods, which grieved the pious, and introduced personalities that offended the rich.

Where it material to our plan, we might quote history, and prove that the drama had its origin in religion in the festival of Bacchus. When our Saviour was upon earth, the drama existed in full health and vigor at Rome; and in his Holyword, nothing is said against it. On the contrary, the apostle Paul has quoted from a Greek tragic poet a passage familiar to every man.* Milton is our authority, and he wrote, not for the stage, but lived at a time when puritan zeal had shut the doors of the theatres. We might prove, also, that after the revival of letters, religion re-established the drama; that pious fathers both wrote and acted plays, to teach people the doctrines of the gospel. We might show that high mass of the present day is not unlike the drama of the ancient Greeks. Shakespeare, the poet, the undisputed poet, borrowed from Holy writ not only some of his noblest language, but also several of his most interesting incidents. In a word we might as soon change the nature of man, as obliterate his love for the drama. It is a part of his existence, to love the representation of high heroic deeds, and the caricature of human folly. All people, civilized or rude, love such sights, whether their theatre be the cart of Thespis, or the forest of the Indians; or their building be like the old Globe, or the modern Park.

What cannot be overthrown, a wise people should endeavor to amend and improve. Colden, in his history of the Five Nations, says quaintly enough, as if he had really discovered a new truth, that the Indian dancers and festivals in our own back woods, prove that a taste for the drama is inherent with man; that they show the origin of the drama. Judging from them, he argues for antiquity. The fact is, nobody disputes that the drama is as old as the formation of society. Before a theatre was built, or a play written, people had both tragic and comic representations; but like other independent democrats, they had their own taste and way in acting them. Let us cite a case at home. A large class of people, who, from conscientious scruples, or rather religious feelings, would on no account enter a theatre, have flocked to Niblo's garden. What did they see there, but a theatre, a regular one, with stage, scenery, and all their appurtenances to boot? Upon that stage were acted plays, exactly the same as are nightly performed at the Park, and sometimes by part of the same actors. What is the difference, then, between Niblo's and the Park? Why simply this, Niblo calls his a place of amusement; the Park is called a theatre. What wonderful magic there is in a name!

Again, a celebrated vocalist appears at the Park; a certain class of people will not go near that building, much less enter within its doors. Now mark: that vocalist has finished her engagement, and is induced to give concerts at the City Hotel. All the world, that never would have heard her in the theatre, now flock to the concert room, and are delighted to rapture, to ecstasy, with the same songs that she sung in the theatre. Does the fact, that in one instance the sweet songs are sung in a theatre, and in the other, in a concert-room, alter the character, or improve the morality, of the songs? If it be the name of the Park The-

tre that causes all this horror, why then let us build a new house, and call it a saloon, a temple, or a tabernacle, but by no means a *Theatre*: give it any name but that!

All extremes are tyrannies. He who would bar the doors of the theatre, or tear the building down, would do as manifest a wrong as the infidel, were he to shut up or demolish the churches. The one act would just be as unlawful as the other.

MISCELLANY.

For the American Masonic Register.

THE NEWSPAPER PRESS.

"I say waiter, bring me the Times and a pot of beer."

COMEDY.

Next to the discovery of the art of Printing the most important object gained by its invention is in its application to the publication of *Newspapers, Periodicals* &c. For my part, I consider the publication of newspapers to be of full as much, if not rather more advantage to the mass, than books—for it is beyond a doubt that where one individual peruses a book, twenty—nay fifty—read the journals. In this Country in particular where every minute of time is of the utmost importance to the people, very few of the working class, and men of business, can find time to read so voluminous a detail as is contained in a book, when he can acquire all the information he may need, from the newspaper—if properly conducted.

Th's being the case, how important it is to the enjoyment; yes even the welfare of our Country, that the newspaper press, should be in the hands of honest and capable men, instead of corrupt, base, and degraded individuals, whose only object and care may be to make a few pence by pandering, and administering to the vicious and depraved tastes of mankind. Yet, it is unfortunately too true that we have many such presses among us—and the only antidote, that can be brought to operate with any chance of success, against the insidious poison thus infused into society, is the encouragement and support of the really deserving and honestly conducted portion of the public journals.—

Another great source of complaint against the American press, is the utility and bitter personality and too often outrageous and vindictive abuse of the party newspapers. It would seem that many editors of political papers think that the end of their cause cannot be so well subserved by any other method than by descending to the lowest depths of abuse, detraction, and intolerance. No charge is too outrageous to be made against a political adversary, and his peculiar tenets—no crime too heinous to accuse him of committing.

Such being most unhappily the case, it must be acknowledged that that portion of our newspaper press, at any rate, certainly needs regenerating. It is hoped that as the march of mind and intellect progresses, this all-desired object will eventually be effected—at it is hoped an early period.

To the literary journals much of the above remarks are applicable. They too need purging, and remodeling. When as in the case here, the mass of people derive the major part of their literary knowledge, from the perusal of the journals devoted to that object, it will be most obvious how vastly important it is that they should be in the hands of impartial, discerning and talented individuals. We have too many publications devoted merely to a republication of all the overdrawn, corrupt and immoral foreign fictions, with which the European press teems. The tendency of the general perusal of such works, with all their prejudices in favor of royalty and nobility, and monarchical institutions, is anti-republican in the extreme. But I can see no remedy for this, until the natural good taste and common sense of our people becomes disgusted, when a reaction will undoubtedly occur; until then it is to be feared no remedy that can be devised will be effectual.

A few statistical observations in regard to the Newspaper press will no doubt prove acceptable and interesting to the reader. In the United States there are published more than *nineteen hundred* newspapers—almost equal in number to those of all the rest of the world united, of these it may be supposed about 100 are published daily; about 100 tri-weekly and semi-weekly; and the residue weekly, semi-monthly, and

* See I Corinthians, chap. xv. verses 32 and 33.

monthly. Allowing the circulation of each to be about 800, which is decidedly a low estimate—as there are many whose circulation exceeds 10 and 15 thousand, (and a newspaper cannot sustain itself without at least that number, 800) it will be seen that at least 1,520,000 papers are bought in our country by a population of probably 15,000,000. Again allow 5 readers to each paper and it will be seen that 7,600,000 of our inhabitants or one half of our population read newspapers—a large proportion certainly.

To show the importance and value of the business of printing and publishing of newspapers we will enter into a few more calculations. Allowing an investment of \$1000 to each concern,—(a low estimate) it will be found that at the very lowest, there is employed a capital of \$1,900,000. And allowing 10 hands to each establishment including editors, printers, carriers and *devils*, it will be seen that it gives direct employment to 19,000 persons. This does not include paper-making, type founding, and makers of materials, which probably would enumerate much more outlay and investment and give employment to nearly as many.

Yet with all this outlay and investment it is but too probable that not more than one in ten of these establishments realizes any thing like a decent profit to the proprietor.

In the year 1531, the first newspaper was published. It was printed in Italy—in Venice—and was called a *Gazette*,—a term derived from the name of a coin—*Gazetta*—something in manner as the name of the New-Orleans *Picayune* which it is well known is the term by which our 6 pence goes by there.

The first attempt at Periodical literature made in the English language, was in 1588, at London. It was called the "*English Mercurie*."

The first newspaper published in England was established in the year 1661, and was called the "*Public Intelligence*."

Previous to that period a printing office had been established at Cambridge, Mass.—in the year 1639—which was the first practical application of the art of printing on the American Continent. In the year 1705, was established the first newspaper, in the United States, (then the British Colonies). It was published at Boston, by a Scotchman named John Campbell,—and was called "*The Boston News-Letter*."

There was published about the year 1718, the first newspaper in Philadelphia, the "*Weekly Mercury*," a name which appears to have been a favorite among the primeval journalists. In June, 1728, was established the first paper in the state of New-York, entitled the "*New York Gazette, and Weekly Post Boy*."

Previous to the year 1732, all printing was done on parchment, in that year was executed the first printing on paper, within the present limits of the United States.

So much for newspaper statistics, and in no Country are newspapers so prolific in their growth as in this.—Every little town and village of bare 500 inhabitants, must have its "*weekly Gazette*," or "*Courier*," although the existence of some of them are often as brief as the life of a butterfly.

FRANKLIN.

FLOWERS IN CLOSED ROOMS.

CREMON mentions a bishop of Breslaw, who was suffocated by the evaporation of roses.

Friller informs us, that a young girl was killed by the exhalations of violets, and a Countess of Salin lost her life in a similar manner.

In the year 1764, there lived in London, a young lady, who slept one night with her servant in an apartment, filled with flowers. She awoke in a horrible degree of anguish, and had scarcely so much strength left, as to call her companion, who by reason of her stronger constitution, was not so much enfeebled.—The servant rose and opened the window, but neither of them could wholly recover till they had thrown all the flowers out of the room.

A young lady, at Toulouse, who used to adorn her apartment with flowers, was in the spring of 1780, very near becoming a victim to her fondness for them. Her bed chamber was filled with blossoms of the alder tree. These infected the air so much, that she overcame with great difficulty her weakness so far as to ring the bell, and she remained in a stupor, till her chamber maid who had come to her assistance, opened the windows and removed all the flowers.

FROSTER mentions a gentleman, who travelled in the country, and who told his servant to get him some honeysuckles, that were blooming on the way-side. They were deposited after his return in his bed-room in a flower pot, filled with water. At night the gentleman awoke almost suffocated, he could scarcely speak, and had his mouth and nose filled with the taste and smell of the honey-suckle. He vomited, and cried several times: "*Caprifolium!*" His wife opened the doors and windows, and threw the flowers in the street. The fresh air gave the man some alleviation, but he felt a debility and a leanness of his tongue for three days.

Two young men slept once in a tight and rather small room, in which an orange tree vegetated. In the midst of the night two of the buds opened. The sleepers awoke with great anguish, however, they would not disturb each other; but their indisposition rose, at last, to a degree, that it could not longer be endured. They cried for help. As soon as the door was opened, they felt better, and the smell of the orange flowers led them soon to bed the source of their illness. The tree was removed, the windows were opened and in a short time all giddiness and pain disappeared.—*Savannah Telegraph*.

WARNING TO APPRENTICES.—A young man, an apprentice, aged 19, whose name we purposely suppress made a complaint before the magistrates for ill-usage by his master, Mr. Geo. W. King, spar maker 712 Water street. From Mr. King's statement of the affair, it appears that his apprentice has a desire to figure on the stage in the sock and buskin as a supernumerary and that, moreover, on Sunday last he was one of the rioters at the Dutch dance house in 15th street. Mr. King, who had often threatened to chastise him for his ill behavior, ascertaining these circumstances, bought a cowskin and inflicted a very severe beating on his apprentice for his bad conduct. This was the ill-usage complained of. The magistrates refused to entertain the complaint, and warned the apprentice that had his master complained of him for being engaged in the riot, it would have been their duty to have committed him, the apprentice, to prison for trial and that the Penitentiary would inevitably have been the result of this proceeding. We publish these facts as a caution to young men, apprentices, to show them at once the power of their employers, and the risk they run of disgrace and infamy by attending dance houses and such like places of ill resort.—*New York Sun*.

NOT BAD.—A bill concerning intermarriages between whites and blacks, being before the Massachusetts legislature, one of the members rose and delivered himself as follows:

"Mr. Speaker—I shall vote in favor of this bill simply because I do not wish to see a law on the statute book regulating a mere matter of *taste*, for such I consider to be the whole question of intermarriage between persons of different color. It is purely a matter of taste and if my friend from Nantucket wishes to marry a black, blue or green wife, I am content that he should have full liberty to indulge his preference for either color. All I request of him is that when I happen to pay him a friendly visit, at the island, he will not ask me to *kiss his milk and molasses children!*"

A VETERAN. We had the pleasure yesterday morning of giving the *forty-seventh* bill and receipt for the New York Spectator, to the venerable William Ludlum, of Oyster bay. During the whole of that period, forty seven years, he had been a constant subscriber, has paid punctually every year, and has the whole number of receipts in order. He is an example for the world to look at. What sorrow and quiet sleep he must have! And how much more comfort would there be upon the pillow, if all men were like him! Reader, whoever thou art, think of this matter. And if in those hours of the night when deep sleep falleth upon man, you lie tossing and tumbling about, without being able to sleep at all—pause a moment and reflect whether you do not owe for a newspaper! Mr. Ludlum, by the way, is eighty three years old, in excellent health and spirits and promises long to read the Spectator still.—*N. York Spectator*.

From the last number of the "*London Quarterly*," we extract the following particulars of the illustrious Hungarian house of the Esterhazys:

Magnificence of the Esterhazys.—The house of Esterhazy is probably the most magnificence of nonregnant houses in the world. That jacket of jackets, which is said to cost the Prince a hundred pounds in wear and tear every time it is put on, has already impressed the English public with the extent of his possessions, but the impression falls far short of the reality. His estate contains 130 villages, 40 towns, and 34 castles. He has four country houses, as big as Chatsworth, within an hours ride of one another. One of them, Esterhazy, contains 360 rooms for visitors, and a theatre. The well-known story of the Prince's reply to the lord of Holkham, who after exhibiting a flock of 20,000 sheep, inquired if he could show as many—My shepherds are more numerous than your sheep" turns out to be literally true—there are 25,000 shepherds on his estate. But as a lady of the neighborhood observed to Mr. Paget—"Lee Esterhazy font tout en grand; le fen Prince a dote deux cen maitre ses et pensionne cent enfans illegitimes." They have a regular grenadier guard in their pay, and the right of life and death on their estates.

A tavern keeper in Illinois advertises a young lawyer, who has left his house without, paying his bill under the following expressive caption:

"Absquatulando damnum et Swartwoutandibus in tranaitu, non est inventus ad libitum scape goatum, mon comeatibus in swampo.—*Louisville Jour*."

SPEAKING GRAMMAR.—"Well, Miss," said a knight of the birchen rod, "can you decline a kiss?" "Yes, sir," said the girl, dropping a perplexed courtesy, "I can—but I hate to most plagiarily."

THE MILITIA FINES.—The New York Courier and Enquirer has an excellent and sterling article on this subject which should commend itself to the consideration of all classes, but more particularly to those of our citizens to which this oppressive system is particularly obnoxious—the working classes. We have only room for a paragraph:

"By the operation of the militia laws, a young man who is unable to quit his employer's business, to do what is farcically enough described as military duty, is fined fourteen dollars a year. This is perhaps a tax of four or five per cent on his whole income, and if he cannot pay it, he is liable to be sent to jail on a drum head warrant; nay is sometimes sent to jail, and more frequently threatened with it unless he submits to this enormous and most unequal imposition. His neighbor, who has an income of ten thousand a year, pays a dollar of military tax on a thousand of his income, while he pays three four or five dollars on a hundred.

Now on what principle can this monstrous imposition be defended? We do not ask, for we care not, what becomes of the money thus raised; whether it is prudently disbursed, or squandered in riot and junketing. We only know that the tax is unequal, unjust and at the present time cruelly oppressive. We only know that in its assessment, and in its mode of collection, the spirit of our institutions and the principles of our government are entirely over-looked and disregarded. It is one of those abuses which have been acquiesced in, from some false notion of the nature of the service, and because the rights of property too often triumph over the rights of persons, in the adjustment of the burdens of the community."

TORNADO AT THE SOUTH.

A hurricane swept over the city of Mobile, on Tuesday, March 24th, which destroyed a large number of buildings and killed or dangerously injured seven or eight persons. The house of a Mr. Page, situated about three miles from the city, was blown down, and Mrs. Page was killed and her daughter very much bruised. A building connected with the Nunnery in which Nuns were engaged in their evening devotions was hurled from its basement, and several of the Nuns seriously injured. Two negroes were killed by the falling of a building in which they were. Trees were torn by the roots and chimneys blown down. The storm passed over the western part of the city. It was accompanied by hail of large size.

POPULAR TALES.

STORIES OF THE IRISH PEASANTRY.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

"Mind not high things; but condescend to men of low estate."
ST PAUL.

THE LANDLORD ABROAD.

It was a bright, yet a weeping morning—the sun was shining, but thick heavy clouds flitted across the heavens, sometimes softening, sometimes altogether obscuring its rays; the birds were singing cheerfully in the hedges, whose leaves bent beneath the rain-drops; and the poultry in Widow Clement's little yard were shaking the moisture off their wings.

"Look at that beautiful Norah," said the widow to her daughter Peggy, Norah being a favorite hen of snowy plumage; "she's just as fretted at the feathers being wet upon her, as you'd be if Paul Kinsala saw a dirty handkerchief—"

"Lave off, mother," interrupted the daughter, blushing, and turning her wheel with such increased velocity that the thread snapped; "lave off—what's Paul Kinsala to me?"

"Och, Peggy, for shame, to be throwing sand in yer mother's eyes!" exclaimed the widow.

"Throwing sand in yer eyes, mother darlint, —then the girl's not born yet that could do that I'm thinking. Well, mother, if I have a kindness to him, sure he's well to do."*

"He was well to do, Peggy mavourneen; but the lase of his farm, little as it is, and high as the rent was, is out."

"But sure the agent Mr. Crumbie, heard my Lord promise him a renewal, and a taking off of three pounds in the year on account of the improvements he made."

The widow shook her head—those who grow old in the country learn to understand human nature as well as those who read the more varied page of town life. "He never said he *wouldn't* grant the renewal," continued Peggy, looking anxiously in her mother's face.

"He never said he would," was the reply. There was a long silence. Widow Clement, sighed, and continued her knitting. Peggy did not sigh but she went on spinning, as if nothing had been said to give her pain; but her mother noted the heaving of her bosom. Twice she rose under the pretence of seeing the grey hen who was seated upon her eggs in a corner was covering them as she ought; her mother knew she moved to conceal her tears. "Peggeen gra, never heed the hen, the nature's in her to manage her eggs herself, and looking at her, only disturbs her; it's an insult to her Peggy, and we mustn't hurt her feelings. Sorra a finer hen in the parish after a brood than that same grey-malkin, as the darlint young mistress used to call her. Why, thio, Peggy, I often think I'd like to see Lady Ellen in the court at London, forenint the king and queen, and all the grandees looking at her. I'll go bail she takes the shine out of them all!"

"I dare say she does," replied Peggy; "I don't doubt that; but sure it would be fitter for his lordship to come and stay among his people, in the country where his forefather's bones makes part of the soil, and where the grass grows, the corn ears, the water flows, the cattle dies, all for him, than to be laving those that's bred, born, and reared under him and his, for I don't know how man thousand or hundred years, to the bitter wrath of an agent, and all belonged to him. And what's the upshot of it all?"

"Heart trouble, a-lannan; and discontent even when there's no reason; like all the mimbers fighting one another for want of a head—that's what it is!" replied the widow sorrowfully. "The nature of man and beast is not to be put upon by its equals, and the landlord could do more with us than another, for he's the protector placed over the land to see justice done to his dependents." The widow paused: her reasoning was the reasoning of a class more numerous formerly than at present—a class of well disposed affectionate persons, who looked up to their landlord as a friend and counsellor in all trouble: it is a pity such confidence should ever be misplaced. The absentee landlord knows but little of the affections or feelings of his

tenants, and it is much to be feared, cares less. After a moment Widow Clement resumed—"And yet, sure, when we pay our rint, and are honest, we can stand as straight before God as the landlord himself."

"And straighter," added Peggy smiling.

"That's a bright girl, Peggy; it joys my heart to see the smile in yer eye, my own girl! Sure when the Almighty gave me you and your brother, He let fall a blessing from each hand; praise be to his holy name! It's little we have to complain of ourselves, though the family is in furrin parts—Mark, being my lord's groom is on the spot to take care of us—but it's for the cottagers my heart bleeds. The cottages that in the ould lady's lifetime war the admiration of the country, are falling to decay; the pigs that used to be kept to themselves, are free of the roads again; many have turned their face from their people's graves, who couldn't pay the rack-rint; the sorra a thing thrives in the place, Peggeen gra, but the whisky shops and boys,* that I remember quiet and industrious when the lord was in it, and kept the improvements going on, and more than a hundred men at them winter and summer; them very boys, that never handled a shillala, barring at a fair, or for a bit of sport at Shrove or Martinmas, are in constant practice with it now, wheeling through the country by day, and not trusting to sticks only at night."

"Hush, mother!" exclaimed Peggy; "least said soonest mended. Only I wish Lady Ellen was in it again, like a sweet moss-rose as she always was.—It's not the same place since the people war turned over to strangers;" and Peggy sighed bitterly as she spoke.

This was true; the old Lady Killbally died, leaving no heir to the property, and but one fair daughter the "Lady Ellen" whom Peggy sighed for. Lady Killbally had been a blessing to her tenantry; but after her death his lordship imagined he required change of scene for a longer period than usual—indeed, he generally spent one or two months of every year in England, and returned with new ideas and new plans for the improvement of his hereditary estate. Alas, and alas! he did not mourn long. Before the twelve months was expired, he had married a woman of fashion, who had no idea of reciprocal duties between landlord and tenant; and though she visited Killbally, it was evident she would not reside there.

Lord Killbally made a speech at the county town, previous to quitting the country to "winter" in London, full of the most sublime sentiments of patriotism, he had never talked about it before: he recommended his new agent, a stranger to the friendship of the gentry, as if friendship, even in warm-hearted Ireland, grew on the furze bushes, and could be pulled off and appropriated at pleasure; and he begged of his tenants to respect the laws:—as yet they had never been violated in his neighborhood.

"Where's the good of behaving as we have done?" said the Killbally smith, and a party of loose-coated Irishmen gathered round as he spoke; "where's the good of behaving as we have done? We never gainsaid him; we never riz a ruction at fair or patera for fear we'd displace him. We paid our rint, when we had it, regular; and when we didn't, why, he was never cruel on us. We never voted agin him; we sent all our children to get the larning at his, or Lady Ellen's schools; we planted trees, we kept up our pigs; we made back-doors to our houses; we took oaths against the whisky---and all to please him; our prayers were heavy on him, yet he'll go from us, boys---he'll go from us, and lave us a black-a-vised agent, a stranger to our hearts and homes, who doesn't understand us, nor we him---he'll go from us, as the good, the dear ould, and the purty young, lady did. He'll melt off like snow in summer; he'll go from us and keep from us; he'll be an absentee; he'll forget to feel for us---Mark my words: for all this fine talk, in three months the workman will be discharged, there'll be no traffic in the place. God help poor Ireland! She's ever and always treated as Barney Barret treated his cow---fed on thraneens, and then abused for giving poor milk. 'How can I help it,' says the cow, 'with the usage I get!' 'Bad scram to you,' says Barnaby; 'sure the strength is in ye; and it's a compliment I pay you, you ignorant baste, to expect more from you, though you are fed on thraneens, than from any other cow that would be fed on clover.'" The thoughtless laughed at the simile, but the thoughtful shook their heads, and

returned in silence and solitude to cottages, which if doomed, to live under an absentee landlord, they might soon be despoiled of.

The agent was certainly an unfit person to have been placed over such a tenantry; he was full of new systems, and if they did not immediately work well, he became harsh and impatient. Paddy likes to go on in the old way; if his father had a dunghill at the door, it is a difficult matter to convince him that it could be more advantageously disposed of elsewhere; and he has a most provoking habit of saying, that whatever he does in the way of improvement, is done to "please" the landlord, or the "clergy," or any one but himself, though all the time it is for his own benefit those who have his interest at heart have persuaded him to change his plans. Then Paddy is so full of humour, real genuine humour, that he will lean his back against the door-post, between which and the wall a deed of separation, by mutual consent has taken place; put one foot over the other, take his "dudeen" out of his mouth fold his arms across his ample chest, and beguile you from the intention of giving him a good lecture both on the management, and mismanagement of his farm, until you wish him good evening, enjoying the remembrance of the raciness and humour of his stories, and the mirthfulness that shakes his rags with laughter. It is not till after you sit down to your reading table that you think how completely you were beguiled of your wisdom! An Irishman loves a jest, and likes to laugh—and Mr. Crumbie, the agent never laughed; he had a long business-like face—looking as an Englishman always does when he has been waiting three quarters of an hour beyond the usual time for his dinner. He had served three years in an attorney's office, and never regarded any thing as binding that was not binding in law. It is to be hoped, for the sake of sweet charity, that he meant well; but certainly he acted ill. His wife was a rigid sectarian, believing, in her heart of hearts, that all who did not think exactly as she did must be in error. She made hard bargains, and gave low wages; in short, she was a very unfit person to preside over the people in the place of the "ould mistress." A spirit of discontent of the most alarming kind was abroad. Lord Killbally had managed, with a skill peculiarly Irish to "spend half-a-crown out of sixpence a-day;" that is to say, he was deeply in debt; he had overstepped his income, and wrote constantly to the agent to obtain fresh supplies, when in fact, there were none to obtain. Matters had arrived at this crisis, the landlord driving the agent, and the agent the tenant—when my story commences. The widow and her daughter continued their conversation a little longer and would have talked till evening, had not the sight of the postman on his old grey pony, wending round the distant hill, and then entering the bohreen that led to their cottage, sent both mother and daughter to meet him, in the hope of receiving a letter from the hope of the family, Mark Clement.

The expected letter was instantly produced, the postman took his departure, and Peggy being what is called "a fine scholar," was able to peruse it for her mother's benefit. It was a curiosity in its way remarkable for acute and affectionate feeling.

"Dear mother and Sister—My love goes with this paper, and my blessin', and all my prayers, which you're never out of, nor never will be—why should you? Amin! It's long ago I'd have written again to you all, but indeed I haven't much heart to the pen, let alone the time which bewilders me the way it flies, and no good of it. It's four years three quarters, my blessed mother, since I saw you; and often in the night, or rather the morning—for morning's night here—often do I think you are at my bedside; often do I hear your voice in my dreams; and when I wake, it is 'nt your voice at all, but little Anty Maguire, the milk girl, calling "milk below" down the aires, when it's milk above she means: and very quare milk it is; but that's not Anty's fault, for its ready watered before she gets it."

Well, the only real pleasure I have almost is, when Lady Ellen of a day she rides out with with my lord, says, "Oh, Mark, when did you hear from your mother? and is Peggy quite well? and how is Greymalkin?" ["Think of that," interrupted the widow, "think of her remembering the hen!"] But, mother, Lady Ellen doesn't ride as often in the Park as she used, on account that the mare stumbled, and I know the master

didn't find it convenient to buy her another though she lets on to her maid she's tired of the exercise. Ah! poor woman! that's not the only trouble she puts up with. Ye see, when first we came over, and had lashings o' money, and the masther poor gentleman, thought, because his wife was young, he was young too; it was all very fine; and my lady Killbally here, and my lady Killbally there, and my lady Ellen every where, and an acknowledge beauty, only even then, a taste of pulling to pieces on account of her brogue, or being Irish. ["Think of that!" exclaimed the widow, indignantly.] And offers she had, as I told you before; but the money stood in the way, or rather it was out of the way, for it wasn't in it, on account that the propriety is entailed on the heir-male, master's nephew, and poor lady Ellen will have hardly any thing barring master's blessing, and that she earns hard enough, for of late he bates Bannagher with the crossness; and small blame to him, poor gentleman, to see the way he's looked down upon, now that it's known he's only an Irish peer in embarrassment, which means debt and danger. There's no decent Irish propriety could stand up to cut a figure here. With the Irish it's all going out, and too proud to do any thing to bring in; but with the English, why, if they give out with one hand, they grapple in with the other; very few indeed to say above their business, only work all work all, and tradesmen worth tens o' thousands. I can't but think it's the best plan, which you want, I know, only you don't know any thing of the hardship of wanting to appear grand, and show off when you've nothing to do it with—like the girl we remember who turned her cotten, to make the neighbors believe she'd two gowns, when she was trusting to one. Well, that's the way we've been many a long day, making the one thing and my mistress without a head, or, what's worse in a woman, without a heart; and ooh murder intirely! to hear the sneers and the slurs that's put upon them—tradesmen's bills having been passed to them overdue, and then money borrowed by the lawyers to the tune of fifty per cent. ["What tune's that inquired the widow." "Roguary. I dare say," answered Peggy; "isn't the lawyer in it?" per cent.; and then a flash in the pan that whirls away the cash, and the mistress so *sensy* while it lasts; and that's the time to ask a favor from the masther, for he never thinks of tomorrow and the creditors then give a little more credit, and my lady pays half for opera box.—["What's that, a-lanuan?" inquired the widow again. "Oh," said Peggy, who liked to appear wise, "it's a snuff box, I dare say, though she's rayther young to take to it."] and gets the carriage new painted, and four horses on job. [Och, my brither trouble?" exclaimed Mrs. Clement, bursting into tears, "to think of the ould ancient family of the Killballys hein' drawn by job horses, and the agents horses and coult's thrampling down all the young trees in his lordships plantations!"] And we're as gay as servants can be that don't get their wages ["That's mean of Mark," said Peggy; "sure he ought to be proud to serve the family without wages—that's part of his English breeding." And all this is talked over in the servants hall, for they've no respect for the family; and no feel at all for the masther or the mistress, nor even lady Ellen. ["They are no better than heathans," interrupted the widow; "and if I was Mark, I'd manage to let the masther know what vipers he has about him." "Why couldn't he stay in his own country, where he was homored and respected, and in those times had the ball at his foot?" replied the angry Peggy, and then resumed the perusal of the letter. The gentleman that'll have the estate, by all accounts wont value it a thraneen, because he doesn't want it, but has full and plenty in the Western Indies, or some other part. I hardly know were but somewhere it is—lashings of money, and to spare; so, in coorse, he'll not have a heart to the sod ne more than others." ["God help us!" exclaimed Peggy, changing color a little, and letting the open letter rest upon her knee, "this is a poor look-out for here and hereafter!"

"It must not only tache us to look up the more," said the widow, raising her eyes. "God help us!—we're a nation of castaways!"

"We are not!" exclaimed Peggy, and her eye kindled. "We are not, mother; and it's our thinking ourselves so, and putting up with the usage we get, that makes us be looked down upon."

"No, Peggy darlint, that's not it," replied her

mother. "We've a dale of heart and spirit; but as I heard a gentleman say once, *we want wisdom*; and that's the cruel want at this time o'day, when the world is going mad about it. Poor Paddy's head gets hard with blows, but not with wisdom. Go on with the letter, dear."

"There's not much more in it, mother, and what there is, isn't much good." "Indeed, don't be surprised if there's a change for the worse before long. I'm sure the masther will be forced to rack-rent every perch that isn't rack-rented already, and then maybe sell the green acres that war so long the pride and glory of the family. I can't think what comes over the gentry; I'm sure, in Ireland, a £ goes as far there as here, and the some body there is a nobody here—so that either in regard of the saving, or the grandeur, "ould Ireland for ever!"

"The country's warm about his heart still," said the widow, wiping her eyes; "It isn't out of mind. Is there much more on the letter?"

"Not much," answered Peggy, blushing, "only a few words to Paul Kinsala, which I trust he doesn't need. Mother did ye ever doubt that Paul had a laning to any wild ways?"

"Wild ways, a-lanuan! Sure I never seen even the corner of his eyes turned on any girl except yerself."

"It's not in regard of the girls!" exclaimed the rustic beauty, tossing her head with as much pride as if she had been bred at St. James's. "It's not that—I don't thank him for constancy—he can't help that, mother, so no thanks to him; but in respect of the doings they say some are at—the swearing in, and things of the kind. Any wildness that way, mother?"

"No, darlint, not exactly. I can't say I ever did. I hope he has better sense; he has seen enough of examples to keep him from that, I hope. No good ever came yet from such doing. Even suppose one man is got out of the country that has behaved badly to the poor, sure another will be put in worse: and if we drive the gentry away, they take their money with them. The law has a kinder eye on the poor now than it ever had before, and it's by showing obedience to the law *particular when it's in a good humour*, that we prove to the world that we deserve the protection we receive, and not the bad name we've got in England; we have enough to bear in the way of poverty still; but plase God, times will mend. What do such disturbance lead to but shame? Wasn't one of those who war forced to fly from the other side the country on account of—you know what—hide-and-seek through the rocks and bushes of Knocklatrim for as good as three months, and his wife forced to beg? and wasn't he at last forced to die without benefit of clergy down in the Black Cave of the fever; and nothing handed except on the end of a stick? and I remembered him *once* bright as the sun but here is Paul Kinsala, Peggy, coming over the hedge. Ah, girl, machree! you saw him before *Idid*, and I might as well have talked to Grey-malkin, as to you, for you never heeded me. There, your hair's as smooth and shining as satin." And as the old woman advanced to meet her intended son-in-law, she laid her hand on her daughter's head, and signing the sign of the cross on her brow, kissed it affectionately.

When Paul entered, his brow was darkened, and there was an unnatural expression about his face which startled both mother and daughter: he hardly waited to return the warm salutation, met in every peasant's cottage, of "God save ye," with the meet reply of "God save ye kindly," but inquired "if they had had a letter from Mark?" Peggy replied in the affirmative and placed it in his hands. After he had read it, he folded it up with great deliberation saying "There is nothing in this half so bad as what we know already."

"And what is it you know, Paul avic?" said wifow Clement, laying her hand upon his arm, while Peggy, unable to speak, gazed earnestly and tenderly in his face.

"What is it I know?" *this*, that there's to be levying of fines, every species of wickedness; every lase that can be broke will be broke; and the agent himself this blessed holy Thursday stood before me—me, Paul Kinsala—and told me, there was no good in my promis—that I must quit—the land—quit the house my father and myself was born in—for—that the place

was let to a better tenant than I could be, who had money and stock. What do you think of *that*!" he said, fixing his eyes on the widow, for he could not tell such tidings, and gaze on the face of her he so dearly loved. "What do you think of *that*?" Now, the truth is, that the farm *wants* no stocking; the crops are in; he said I should be allowed for them, allowed for the grain my own two hands sowed, with a prayer to the Almighty that we—that Peggy and I—might reap it together. Money? he said I had no money to give for the premises on a new lase, or to carry on the farming. And what did I say?—that I had not, because every penny, every farthing, had been spent on that land. He has the law on his side—and I who never let a gale run to another, but paid—like an English tenant—I—am to starve!"

The young man covered his face with his hands to conceal his emotion; how long he might have endeavored to do so, it is impossible to say, for his attention was roused by a cry from the widow—the light-hearted and, generally speaking, strong hearted Peggy, had fainted.

[To be Continued in our next.]

CRITICISM.

For the American Masonic Register and Literary Companion

ENGLISH WRITERS ON AMERICA.

The fact has not escaped notice, even of disinterested observers that the field of domestic literature has been glutted with the intrusive productions of certain emulous foreigners, whose genealogy in their own country partakes more or less of doubtful obscurity, and whose reputation with Americans was never more firmly established than is imparted by a hollow notoriety. In expending time to give the complicated works on "American manners" an attentive perusal, the unprejudiced reader is forced to the inevitable conclusion, that they are mere compilations of false criticisms, and a stale series of common place absurdities. Indeed these works have become so exceedingly prolific, it is reasonable to conjecture that they have neither been written for profit, taste, or instruction, but an irresistible, inherent love for the marvellous,—and a criminal desire of overwhelming our book-worms in a deluge of strange and imperious nonsense. Perhaps as far as this went, they could produce no serious consequences. But regarding them as household rubbish, they might readily be converted into play things for children, or serve as kindling for a Schuylkill fire.—This however is not generally the manner in which they are disposed of, Americans like every thinking nation are apt to discover in themselves imaginary defects which in truth are of no positive injury, but when portrayed and magnified by the ingenuity of some hungry foreigner, it is unwittingly regarded as a species of indelicacy, a depraved refinement, not to abstain from or correct them. It is thus we are blindly led to place too much reliance in the responsibility, too much faith in the opinion of travellers, that our nation is destined to lose some of its importance. The time was when the natural rusticity of our manners and customs, may have required correcting, and perhaps at one period information from any casket, would have assisted in polishing the rougher barrier to refinement, and have aided in the cultivation of literature, but in these days of glorious perfection wherein we have attained the acme of decency, the gloss of fashion, the nobility of literature, an honesty of sentiment—peculiarly *our own*,—why should we place such implicit value in the vituperous scandal, or ape the half-witted customs of eccentric foreigners?—Is it not certain the more we give way to the trappings of a mistaken pride, the farther we wander from the original honesty of the heart?

The records of our Egyptian temples unravel some marvellous mysteries, and the fallen dignity of an English Earl, or Duke, or a Count too often repine in sorrow within the humane enclosures of Sing-Sing and Auburn. In truth our prison-houses are the sad asylum of a majority of wretched and unknown foreigners, who as fugitives from justice find room for the practice of manifold vices, without fear or constraint. In this respect happily for us, "the largest liberty," is not regarded by every one alike, and we embrace a numerous class of respectable, unassuming foreigners,

in this conclusion. Banishment we admit has added lustre to characters which no reverse of circumstances could ever sully.

When we look over the conspicuous names of Hall, Hamilton, Martineau, Trollope, Kenble, Marryatt, and others, who under the false guise of criticism have attacked our firesides and our characters, who ranking in the venom of spite and jealousy, have attempted to sully the envied name of American, who have partaken largely of our bounty and who in the language of delicacy, *politely* inform the American public, that they are a set of Jackasses, and would *respectfully* request them to pay for the information—the question naturally suggests itself from what mine of corruption did they spring? England it is certain lays claim to the maternity of all, and it is her own business, if she has any fault to find with the legitimacy of her offspring.—They do but little credit to the reputation of John Bull!! But why give notice to their productions, and why suffer them to influence our judgments and feelings?

We cannot account for the sweeping impulse of opinion, only as regards its bearing with a portion of society. It is not for an appreciation of even moderate talent that these works are eagerly sought for by the community at large, it is not for love or respect to their far-famed authors, nor for the literary merit they possess, or instructions they may convey, (for without doubt we are better qualified to judge of our own household than strangers,) but an irresistible inquisitive spirit (peculiar to all nations) a *genuine* regard for the sentiments and opinions of foreigners, guided by a species of vanity or conceit frequently induce enquiries for the most recent publications. If we learn by accident that our neighbor has been bearing false witness against us, or even spoken in our praise, how natural is the desire to ascertain the language that has conveyed it.

Listening then, to these trifles and appreciating them as the highest tones of English literature, hearing them with the view to correct a failing or a fault in our ordinary manners and customs, is but a placing a fictitious value upon idle and fruitless whims—whims which emanate from sources altogether unworthy the grave considerations of intelligent Americans.

Heap all these works on "American manners &c." in one mass, and select from the heterogeneous pile, their most significant beauties and it would prove a decayed monument, to the memory of the British classics.

Admitting that foreigners might by chance or occasion be disposed to "take notes" in a fair and unprejudiced way, their abode amongst us is usually of so brief and limited a period, they have scarcely time to glance over the surface of things before they have departed, and their information must consequently prove of an obscure and imperfect character.

If there is any superiority to be awarded to any of the labored compositions of these gifted writers, the advantages of long experience entitle that illustrious old lady Miss Martineau to the pre-eminence. Indeed we should estimate our gallantry at a low ebb if it refused to concede so exalted a compliment to this polished authoress, notwithstanding the venerable antiquity of Mr. Trollope, or the less genial but more subtle pen of Fanny Kenble might crucify us with jealousy and revenge,—however, at the venture of the sacrifice we cannot hesitate to place Miss M., on the loftier pedestal of English lore, that the lesser stars which shine in, but faintly illumine the same hemisphere, may recognise their true position. Passing with respectful reverence and consistent courtesy these amiable ladies, let us devote our attention to the rougher sex.

The original prince of fiction introduces himself to us under the favorable cognomen of "Captain Basil Hall—of the British navy."—This literary sea-dog, was the first who was unkenneled upon our shores, and although he has snarled and bitten, and even shewn symptoms of canine madness, it would be irrelevant not to admit that no positive cases of hydrophobia have yet occurred. With all the sagacity attributed to this mastiff, we doubt whether instinct has yet taught him, the difference between the American Eagle and the Turkey Buzzard.

But abandoning our treatment of him as a dog, let us endeavor to view Capt. Hall, in the light of an ob-

serving traveller. It is well substantiated by fact that wherever Mr. Hall went, or in whatever situation he was disposed to locate, he was inclined to give way to a disposition naturally peevish and insolent. Assuming a peculiar degree of pomp and arrogance which is so frequently revealed in the deportment of "England and the English," this man if not absolutely chastised was properly treated with the waggery or contempt due from all varieties of persons, whom education had taught first to respect themselves. The first rudiments of true dignity are founded upon courtesy and respect, and in its aim, pride and impudence have often obtruded themselves at the sacrifice of the better qualities.—It was in manifesting this vulgarity of manners, in the company of individuals susceptible of more refined feelings, that Capt. Hall discovered, himself penciling facts that never occurred, and events that never happened, and although eventually detected in his error, an innate stubbornness of character, controlled by a propensity to fiction prevented any subsequent alterations. How far he was justified in such a course, must remain for others to determine, but a few common place truths, not altogether disguised by inconsistencies suggested many fancy tales to the attention of fickle minds, and carried with them a certain weight of influence, scarcely to be suppressed by the most prominent contempt.

Whether Hall, was shrewd enough to know that the style of slander his book contains, would afford him a bountiful harvest we are not prepared to assert, but with a pecuniary view many have been tempted to follow his contemptible example is conceded on all sides.

Amongst this class we find another pink of decency a second child of Neptune who has been anchored upon our national generosity.

He who presents a stricture on refinement, moral-law, and good manners, is cautiously received as Capt. Marryatt. If Hall is indebted to genius for a successful triumph in fiction, Marryatt appears to our vision a pedantic follower. We are disposed to regard genius as a curse, unless it redounds to the honor or profit of its possessor—thus far then we are compelled to yield the palm to Capt. Hall, for he practically exemplifies the proud genius of fiction, as a servant worthy of its eminent master. Capt. Marryatt has the capacity to describe the *Sea-Serpent*, with all the vigor and the erudition the subject may be susceptible of, but when stooping to interfere with the concerns of real life, his dogrel fails him, and as an affair of council we are tempted to refer him to the last words of Lawrence when exerting a successful aid in subduing a part of the naval force of Britain, exclaimed—"Don't give up the ship."

The intoxicated sentences which dance in metaphorical chaos through the leaves of Marryatt's journal, evince a melancholy confusion of bloated thought, and were it not for an occasional hint at decency, one might suppose it attributable to Bacchanian indulgence or an idle, depraved and vicious course of livelihood. Of Marryatt we have only to surmise, that his dull commentary on American manners, would fall into the deserted shades of obscurity, if we did not suspect him personally concerned in thrusting it obtrusively upon the indifferent notice of the public.

Hamilton has immortalized himself by copying epigrams, as his fame is dead and buried, it remains for posterity to dictate his own.

Whether we regard the afore-mentioned characters as the supple tools wherewith to chasten our understandings or whether we place them in the equivocal rank of speculators in stationary, is perhaps immaterial; but when we find their opinions credited or received with confidence in however limited a circle it may become us to quote a homely proverb, a "bad back is the worst of thieves."

Unless kept in check, a wily influence of English radicals, whose principles are founded upon agrarianism will eventually subvert the powers that be, and it is only a sifting the intentions and placing a medium estimate on their judgments, we shall be enabled to preserve our necks from a foreign yoke.

H. N. C.

HARD TIMES.—The first salmon caught in the Kennebec, this year, was sold in Boston on Friday last, for forty two dollars!

AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER.

ALBANY, SATURDAY, APRIL 11, 1840.

Those of our subscribers, in N. York, who intend changing their place of residence the ensuing first of May, will please acquaint Mr. Wm. Boardman our agent in that city.

REMOVAL.—The *American Masonic Register* office, has been removed, to the corner of South Market and Division streets over the hat-store of Mr. E. S. Herrick. Entrance in Division-street.

To those of our friends and patrons at the South who have not complied with our terms, on account of the difference in eastern and southern money, we would say, that the bills on any specie bank, in their neighborhood will be received in payment for their subscription. Will those of our friends, who intend to afford us substantial patronage, remit their several amount with as little delay, as possible. The payment of single subscription at one time or the other, is of no consequence to a subscriber; but when these small sums are put together, it makes a material difference with us, and constitutes the means whereby we are to gain a livelihood; and it is only by *promptness* on the part of our friends, that we can do our duty by them, or justice to ourselves. Postmasters, are authorised to send money to printers, free of postage.

ITEMS OF NEWS.—The ship *Columbus* arrived on Sunday morning last from Liverpool. The money and grain markets continues about as at former advices. There was great depression in the manufacturing districts.

The papers on China are laid before Parliament, but no debate has yet taken place. It is now nearly certain that England will make war in China. The London Tory papers are furious against capt. Elliott and the American merchants in China.

The repeal of the corn laws are agitated terribly throughout England. Some description of their effects are horrible.

Capt. Riley—who is familiarly known to almost every reader, on account of his sufferings among the Arabs, recently died on board of his brig the *Wm. Tell*, bound for Mogadore, at the age of 63. The editor of the N. Y. Star, on the first appearance of capt. Riley's "Narrative," disbelieved its statements for a long time, but in an obituary notice of him, he does the captain's memory justice. He says, "Captain Riley in many respects was an extraordinary man—he had a strong mind, great energy and perseverance of character, not easily daunted by danger, was grateful to the last for the kindness shown to him in adversity, and possessed many excellent traits of character. His work which may be considered as an authentic detail, has had a wide circulation, and has always been considered a very interesting narrative."

Mexico and the United States.—The New Orleans Bulletin of the 25th ult says—"The American consul in Mexico arrived yesterday from Vera Cruz, in the revenue cutter *Woodbury*. We understand he is a hearer of the treaty between the U. States and Mexico recently ratified by the Congress of the latter. The stipulation of the treaty have not transpired.

The Abolitionists held a national convention in this city last week, and after solemn discussion, resolved, to support James G. Birnie as their candidate, for President of the United States, and a gentleman from Philadelphia, for vice president. Some of the most rabid of the Abolitionists, among us, modestly say, that they hold the balance of power in the state and union. This may be so: but we hope that the party, which courts their aid and influence, may be most gloriously beat.

THE 24th OF JUNE.—In relation to the customary celebration of this time honored occasion throughout the land, a correspondent writes us "I hope the propriety of publicly celebrating, on the next 24th of June will be kept up before the eyes of the Fraternity, through the medium of your paper." We should be happy to have an interchange of communication with the brethren on this subject. A becoming and appropriate observance of the day could not fail of being attended with happy results.

More Bloodhounds.—Lieut. McLaughlin, who sailed for Cuba a few weeks since for a reinforcement of bloodhounds for the Florida war, was at Matanzas on the 11th ult. on his way having obtained the desired number. He brings out four Spaniards to take charge of them.

A SPECK.—The N. Y. American says that orders have been received at the Navy Yard to get all the vessels in port ready for active service. These are the Independence (razee), just returned from Brazil, the Fairfield, the Natchez, and Boston, large sloops of war and the Relief, lately returned from the South Sea Exploring Expedition.

The greatest despatch is also ordered to be given in completing the new steam ship of war now building here.

Singular Casualty.—A daughter of Mr. A. L. Wetherwax of Sand Lake, about nine years of age, while lighting a match last Saturday, was suffocated by its fumes, and although in a measure restored by cold water, which she continued to call for and swallow, she died in about two hours afterwards, and before medical aid could be obtained.

The sentiments contained in the article "Writers on America," from our N. York correspondent H. C. N. will, we are sure be responded to by most of our readers. H. C. N. will let us hear from him often as opportunity will permit.

Phrenology Illustrated.—At New York a few days since, we saw a fine painting of a lecture on the popular science, and had it not already been purchased by a gentleman of our city, we should have recommended it to the special attention of Mr. Grimes; who, we are certain, could not but have been delighted to have become the possessor of so good a picture. It represents an old lady listening to the prophetic remarks of a Phrenologist upon the future greatness of her son. The vein of satire is delicate and lively, the coloring, drawing and composition, are well carried out. It is the production of L. P. Clover, jr., a young man of great promise.

Another Boundary Question.—The Legislature of Ohio has passed resolutions setting forth that Great Britain is making encroachments upon our territory beyond the Rocky Mountains, and called upon the general government to interpose for the protection of the interests of the United States in that quarter.

INCOME OF THE ROYAL FAMILY OF ENGLAND.—According to a statement lately made by Mr. Hume, in the English House of Commons, the whole income of the Royal Family of England at the present time, is seven hundred and forty thousand pounds sterling—(over three millions of dollars.) This besides the extensive parks and palaces of the Queen. The Queen's income is £385,000 per year, being 10,000 more than King William IV received. The above sum, paid to the royal family, from the earnings of the people, is

nearly adequate to the maintenance of a population of one hundred and fifty thousand souls!

WHEELING, (VA.)

Br. L. G. Hoffman.—We herewith send you a list of the officers of the several Masonic bodies held in the City of Wheeling, State of Virginia.

The different bodies are all in a flourishing condition, and generally well attended by the Members. The Old Dominion be it said to her praise has always scoffed at Anti-masonry, and hence it could never get a foothold within her borders.

OFFICERS OF OHIO LODGE, No. 101.

Wm. H. Houston, W. M. Thos. C. Parker, S. W. L. S. Delaplain, J. W. F. K. Beshore, Sec'y. James W. Robb, Treas. Wm. Hall, S. D. Samuel Windsor, J. D. William P. Wilson, Tyler.

The stated meetings are held on the first Monday of every Month during the year. The election for Officers at the stated meeting in Dec. and installed on the 26th of the same Month.

OFFICERS OF WHEELING UNION CHAPTER, No. 19.

M. E. Morgan Nelson, H. P. Wm. H. Houston, K. D. M'Gennis, S. Thos. C. Parker, C. H. R. W. Harding, P. S. D. M'Culloch, R. A. C. Geo. Harrison, Samuel B. Mills, Richard Porter, M. V. F. K. Beshore, Sec'y. Rob't Morrow, Treas. Wm. Hall, Tyler.

The stated Convocations are held on the second Thursday of each Month during the year. The election for officers at the stated meeting in May, and are installed at the next meeting.

OFFICERS OF WASHINGTON COUNCIL, No. 6.

M. E. Wm. H. Houston, Thrice Illustrious G. M. E. James W. Robb, Deputy Illustrious G. M. E. D. M'Gennis, Prin. con. of the Work. E. Thomas C. Parker, Capt. of the Guard. E. R. W. Harding, Thos. E. John M'Gaughy, Recorder. E. Wm. P. Wilson, Stewart and Sentinel.

The stated meetings are held on the second Monday in January, March, May, July, September and Nov. in each year. The election for officers is at the stated meeting in May.

OFFICERS OF WHEELING ENCAMPMENT.

M. E. R. W. Harding, G. C. S. Kt. D. M'Culloch, G. Wm. H. Houston, C. G. Morgan Nelson, P. O. Montcalm, S. W. Thos. C. Parker, J. W. James W. Robb, Treas. F. K. Beshore, Recorder. Wm. Hall, James Johnson, S. B. Samuel B. Mills, Warde. Wm. P. Wilson, Sentinel.

The stated meetings are held on the first Saturday in each Month during the year. The election for Officers at the stated meeting in February, in each year, and are installed into office at the next meeting.

INTELLIGENCE.

An unfortunate and fatal accident occurred recently in Quebec. Sergeant-major Geer, while superintending the ball practice of the Coldstream Guards, imprudently stood in front of the division while giving his orders. He had given the word "Present!" and, while obeying the order, a hair trigger caught on the cuff of the coat of one of the men, and sent the ball through the unfortunate officer's head. Verdict "accidental death."

Shocking Murder.—We understand that a most brutal murder was committed at Cuddebackville, in Orange county, a few days since. The circumstances attending it, we are informed, are as follows:—

An exhibition of some kind had been advertised to be at a public house in Cuddebackville on the evening of the 4th instant. When the time for the "show" arrived, a number of people congregated to see it; but for some cause the showman did not make their appearance. In consequence, a number of young men adjourned to the bar room for the purpose of carousing. Others, together with a number of females, concluded to have a dance. They accordingly sent for a fiddle,

and proceeded to the ball room.

Some time during the evening, it occurred to the young men in the bar room, (many of whom were intoxicated,) that it would be a fine thing to interrupt those who were dancing. With this intention they rushed into the ball room, and seizing the fiddler, dragged him down stairs, and out of doors into the street. This, however, did not satisfy them. They maltreated him in every way which their drunken ingenuity could devise—knocked him down, stamped upon him, &c, and ended by hanging his apparently lifeless body upon a picket fence from whence it was taken some time after. The proper restoratives were then administered to him with success. Soon after he was restored to consciousness he was seized with delirium. Occasionally he was sane, when he complained of the most excruciating pain. He expired the next day.—*Monticello Watchman.*

Sudden Death.—Martin Spencer, of the town of Clayton, came to his death on the 12th ult. in the following singular and distressing manner. He went with his son, a boy about 23 years of age, to open a Potatoe Hole, which he did by cutting the earth nearly half way around the bottom of the heap, and then cutting a hole into the heap large enough to admit the body. After removing nearly all of the potatoes, and while lying on his breast, with his head and shoulders in the hole, one half of the heap (as far as he had cut around the bottom,) caved in upon him. His son obtained assistance in the course of 15 or 20 minutes, but too late to save the life of his father, who was entirely dead when taken out.

Mr. Spencer was a very worthy man, and has left a wife and three children to mourn his untimely end.—*Sacketts Harbour Journal.*

CALENDAR OF COMMUNICATIONS.

EACH MONTH.

Temple Encampment	Albany	2d Friday.
Temple R. A. Chapter,	Albany	2d & 4th Tuesday
Mount Vernon Lodge,	Albany	1st & 3d Thursday.
Temple Lodge,	Albany	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Apollon Lodge,	Troy	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Apollon Chapter,	Troy	2d & 4th Tuesday.
Apollon Encampment,	Troy	3d Monday.
Phoenix Lodge,	Lansingburg	1st & 3d Tuesday
Olive Branch,	Bethany Gen.	1st Wednesday.
Genesee Encampment,	Lockport Nia.	
Mount Moriah,	Lockport Nia.	
Ohio Lodge, No 101,	Louisville Ky.	1st & 3d Saturday, p. f.
Wheeling Chapter, 19,	Wheeling Va.	1st Monday.
Wheeling Encampment,	"	2d Thursday.
Washington Council,	"	2d Monday ev o month.
Utica Lodge, 47,	Utica,	1st Saturday.
Oneida Chapter, 57,	"	1st Thursday.
Utica Encampment, 3	"	1st Thursday.
		3d Tuesday.

AUTHORISED AGENTS.

The following Brethren have kindly offered to act as Agents for the American Masonic Register. They are duly authorised to receive subscriptions and monies on its account.

William Boardman, New York City.
Tallpage Fairchild, Coxsackie.
Joel D. Smith, Castleton.
James Teft, Coeymans.
S. C. Leggett, Troy.
S. D. Smith, Lansingburgh.
Joseph Blackburn, Poughkeepsie.
John S. Wood, West Greenfield.
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Blanchard Powers, Cowlesville.
James Cavanagh, Watertown.
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"A post master may enclose money in a letter to the publisher of a newspaper, to pay the subscription of a third person, and FRANK the letter, if written by himself."

POETRY.

For the American Masonic Register.

STANZA—TO SARAH.

Sarah, thy name is on my lips
Thy form is on my heart—
Thy gentle spirit in my dreams
Is sure to play its part.

Sarah, I love thy clear blue eye—
I love thy silv'ry voice—
I love thee Sarah for thy love—
I love thee for "thy choice."

That rich melodious laugh of thine
Is "music to mine ear,"
Although thou'rt absent from me now,
That laugh I still can hear.

At parting too—the kind adieu
That beam'd from out thine eye;—
The gentle pressure of thy hand—
The long half smother'd sigh.

I love them all: They are to me
Of pure and heavenly birth,
Sarah I would not lose that love
For aught beside on Earth.

L. P. C.

New-York, April, 1840,

For the American Masonic Register.

TO THE SUN.

BY M'CLELLAND CUSHMAN.

Old tales relate how silly man, in vain
Delusion, toil'd to torture brass to gold;
That much spagyric lore, and much of pain
Were sought and felt by mystic fools of old.
And science blush'd but now that e'en in prime
She too didst boast the vernal fantasy—
Yet, sunbeam! magic pow'r, in art sublime
Surpassing far man's wildest ecstasy,
Methinks from orient cities thou hast readed
Their thousand splendors; and by power superal,
Their multiform and dazzling hues has bleeded
To diadem Columbia's hills eternal:
To rear within her thousand verdant vales,
Village and mart, of wrecks from Memphis cull'd—
From Babylon, and Tyre's impurpled halls—
Ere Time their date and grandeur had annull'd.

THE MUSE OF SILENCE.

While heroes, and patriots, and rulers and kings,
Receive the due tribute, which gratitude brings;
And since social compacts, in virtue's bright cause,
Do reap a reward in the public applause;
Must all worthy deeds of the Mason-fraternity,
Ever lie buried in dark taciturnity:
Silence expressive, be Muse of the lay,
And signify virtues which Masons display.

How joyful are Masons when brothers they meet,
With kind salutation each other they greet,
Their tender affection, the wanderer knows,
Whose lot has been cast among strangers and foes,
They lend prompt attention to brother's necessity,
Readily answer the calls of adversity,
Give them the freedom wherever they be,
For such is the fruit of Freemason-Trees:

There true hearted friendship but few will dispute,
When actions do plainly objections refute:
Though charity often to brothers they show,
The pharisee's trumpet they seldom do blow,
Their cordial embraces, so fraught with simplicity,
Proving sincerity, heighten felicity;
Why should men censure the Freemason-art,
When love is the heaven that raises the heart?

In lodges assembled the Olive-Branch stands,
An 'illustrative emblem of Freemason hands,
Where joys in mild rapture do peacefully flow,
While sympathy lightens the burthen of woe,
By keeping their secret they show their fidelity,

Shun false pretenders and prove their integrity:
Should not philanthropists Freemasons own,
Although they a secret will never make known?

That Masons all walk by the Compass and Square,
No man will pretend, for with wheat grows the tare,
Though Masonry teach no commission of vice,
A Judas is treach'rous, and lust will entice:
But suffer the Muse to indulge modest vanity,
Point to Freemasons, all friends of humanity,
Solomon, Washington, th' wise and the great,
A host of true worthies, with good La FAYETTE.

No one of correct taste can read the lines which
follow, without feeling that a charming picture of rus-
tic happiness and humble life, is sketched in a man-
ner which Goldsmith or Burns would have been for-
ward to praise, and proud to imitate:—

BOB FLETCHER.

I once knew a ploughman, Bob Fletcher his name,
Who was old, and was ugly, and so was his dame;
Yet they lived quite contented, and free from all strife,
Bob Fletcher the ploughman, and Judy his wife.

As the morn streaked the east, and the night fled away,
They would rise up for labour, refreshed for the day;
The song of the lark as it rose on the gale,
Found Bob at the plough, and his wife at the pail.

A neat little cottage in front of a grove,
Where in youth they first gave their young hearts up to
love,
Was the solace of age, and to them doubly dear,
As it called up the past with a smile or a tear.

Each tree had its thought, and the vow could impart,
That mingled in youth the warm wish of the heart;
The thorn was still there, and the blossoms it bore;
And the song from its top seemed the same as before.

When the curtain of night over nature was spread,
And Bob had returned from his plough to his shed,
Like the dove on her nest, he reposed from all care,
If his wife and his youngsters contented were there.

I have passed by his door when the evening was gay,
And the hill and the landscape was faded away,
And have heard from the cottage, with grateful surprise
The voice of thanksgiving, like incense, arise.

And I thought on the proud, who would look down
with scorn.

On the neat little cottage, the grove and the thorn,
And felt that the riches and follies of life
Were dross, to contentment like Bob and his wife.

THE SEPULCHRE.

There manhood lies! Lift up the pall
How like the tree struck down to earth
In its green pride, the mighty fall
Whom life hath flatter'd with its worth:
Life is a voyage to our graves;
Its promises, like smiling waves,
Invite us onward o'er a sea
Where all is hidden, treachery.

What statued beauty slumbers there!
But mark those flowers pale as the brow
Which they have wreathed; if death could spare
A victim, he had pitied now,
To-day she hoped to be a bride—
To-day 'twas told, her lover died!
Here death has revell'd in his power,
The riot of life's fairest hour.

Look on that little chreub's face,
Whose budding smile is fixed by death,
How short indeed has been its race;
A cloud sail'd by, the sun, a breath
Did gently creep across a bed
Of flowers—its spirit then had fled,
A morning star a moment bright,
Then melting into Heaven's own light.

Behold that picture of decay,
Where nature wearied sank to rest!

Full fourscore years have pass'd away,
Yet did he, like a lingering guest,
Go from life's banquet with a sigh,
That he, alas! so soon should die.
Our youth has not desires so vain,
As creep into an age of pain.

But there how mournfully serene
That childless widow'd mother's look!
To her the world a waste has been,
One whom it pitied, yet forsook,
Calm as the moon's light which no storms,
Raging beneath it can deform
Did her afflicted spirit shine
Above her earthly woes divine!

Thus death deals with mortality,
Like flowers, soon gather'd in their prime,
Others when scarcely said to be
Just numbered with the things of time:
With life worn out some grieve to die,
To end their griefs here others fly.
Life is but that which woke, its breath,—
Look here, and tell me, what is death?—

HEAVEN'S LESSON.

Heaven teacheth thee to mourn, thou fair young bride:
Thou art its pupil now. The lowest class,
The first beginners in its school, may learn
How to rejoice. The sycamore's broad leaf,
Kiss'd by the breeze, the humblest grass-bird's nest,
Murmur of gladness; and the wondering babe,
Borne by its nurse forth in the open fields,
Learneth that lesson. The wild mountain-stream,
That throws by fits its gushing music forth;
The careless sparrow, happy even through frosts—
Nip his light foot, have learn'd the simple lore
How to rejoice. Mild Nature teacheth it
To all her innocent works.

But God alone
Instructeth how to mourn. He doth not trust
His highest lesson to a voice or hand
Subordinate. Behold! He cometh forth!
A sweet disciple; bow thyself, and learn
The alphabet of tears. Receive the lore,
Sharp though it be, to an unanswering breast,
A will subdued.

And may such wisdom spring
From these sad rudiments, that thou shalt gain
A class more noble, and advancing, soar
Where the sole lesson is a seraph's praise,
Oh! be a decile scholar, and so rise
Where morning hath no place.

MELANCHOLY.

The sun of the morning,
Unclouded and bright,
The landscape adoring
With lustre and light,
To glory and gladness
Now bliss may impart:
But, oh! give to sadness
And softness of heart
A moment to ponder, a season to grief,
The light of the moon, or the shadows of eve.

Then soothing reflections
Arise on the mind,—
And sweet recollections
Of friends who were kind,
Of love that was tender
And yet could decay,
Of visions whose splendour
Time withered away;
In all that for brightness and beauty may seem
The painting of fancy,—the work of a dream.

The soft cloud of whiteness,
The stars beaming through,
The pure moon of brightness,
The deep sky of blue,
The rush of the river
Through vales that are still,
The breezes that ever
Sigh lone o'er the hill,
Are sounds that can soften, and sights that impart
A bliss to the eye, and a balm to the heart.

AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER AND LITERARY COMPANION.

BY L. G. HOFFMAN.]

ALBANY SATURDAY APRIL, 18, 1840.

[VOL. I.—NO. 33.]

MASONIC.

OFFICERS

OF UTICA LODGE No 47.—W. W. Backus, W. M. John Baxter, S. W. E. S. Barnum, J. W. Ira Chase, Sec'y, James Murdock, Treas, Anthony W. Latour, S. D. M. R. Bond J. D. Luther Rumrill, Tyler.

Regular Meetings on the last Thursday of every month, at Masonic Hall, corner of Genesee and Catharine Streets.

ONEIDA. R. A. CHAPTER NO 57

David Wager, M. E. H. P. E. S. Barnum, K. John Baxter, S. Benjamin Ballau, C. H. James M. Gregor, P. S. Amasa Rowe, R. A. C. Levi Cornstock, M. B. Bond Wm. B. Gray, M. of V. Francis D. Grosvenor, Secretary, W. W. Backus, Treas. Rev. Dolphus Skinner, Chaplain, Luther Rumrill, Sentinel.

Regular Meetings, first Thursday of each month in convocation chamber, Masonic Hall, corner of Genesee and Catharine streets:

UTICA ENCAMPMENT, NO 3.

M. E. Sir Ezra Barnum, G. C. Sir John A. Russ G. Holmes Hutchinson, C. G. John B. Pease, Preceptor, M. D. Parker, S. W. Thomas Lattemore, J. W. Francis D. Grosvenor, Recorder, W. B. Gray Treas. Colling Locke, Warder. Geo. H. Feeter, S. B. Mathew M' Mair Swd. B. Otis Manchester, Sentinel.

Regular Meetings on the second Tuesday in each month, and good Friday, annually, at Encampment Hall corner of Catharine and Genesee streets.

For the American Masonic Register.

CHARITY THE DISTINGUISHING CHARACTERISTIC OF MASONS.

CHARITY is the chief of every social virtue, and the distinguishing characteristic of our Order. This virtue includes a supreme degree of love to the Creator of the universe, and an unlimited affection to the beings of his creation, of all characters and of every denomination. The last duty is forcibly inculcated by the example of the Deity himself, who liberally dispenses his beneficence to unnumbered worlds.

It is not particularly our province to enter into a disquisition of every branch of this amiable virtue; we shall only briefly state the happy affections of a benevolent disposition toward mankind, and shew that charity exerted on proper objects is the greatest pleasure man can possibly enjoy.

The bounds of the greatest nation, or the most extensive empire, cannot circumscribe the generosity of a liberal mind. Men, in whatever situation they are placed, are still, in a great measure, the same. They are exposed to similar dangers and misfortunes. They have not wisdom to foresee, or power to prevent, the evils incident to human nature. They hang, as it were, in a perpetual suspense between hope and fear, sickness and health, plenty and want. A mutual chain of dependence subsists throughout the animal creation. The whole human species are therefore proper objects for the exercise of human charity.

Beings who partake of one common nature, ought to be actuated by the same motives and interests. Hence to soothe the unhappy, by sympathizing with their misfortunes, and to restore peace and tranquillity to agi-

tated spirits, constitute the general and great ends of the masonic institution. This humane, this generous disposition fires the breast with manly feelings, and enlivens that spirit with compassion, which is the glory of the human frame, and not only rivals, but outshines, every other pleasure the mind is capable of enjoying.

All human passions, when directed by the superior principle of reason, tend to promote some useful purpose; but compassion toward proper objects, is the most beneficial of all the affections, as it extends to greater numbers, and excites more lasting degrees of happiness.

Possessed of this amiable, this godlike disposition, Masons are shocked at misery under every form and appearance. When we behold an object pining under the miseries of a distressed body or mind, the healing accents which flow from our tongue, alleviate the pain of the unhappy sufferer, and make even adversity, in its dismal state, look gay. Our pity excited, we assuage grief, and cheerfully relieve distress. When a brother is in want, every heart is prone to ache; when he is hungry, we feed him; when he is naked, we clothe him; when he is in trouble, we fly with speed to his relief. Thus we confirm the propriety of the title we bear, and demonstrate to the world at large, that **BROTHER AMONG MASONS IS SOMETHING MORE THAN AN EMPTY NAME.**

Masonry is as ancient as the works of nature; nevertheless, as far as it relates to us, it derives additional dignity and force from the authenticity of revelation. In the forming of this society among men, which appears to have been originally both religious and civil, great regard has been given to the first knowledge of the God of nature, the one only living and true God; and that acceptable service wherewith he is well pleased. From a firm belief in the existence of God, of one God, the great architect and governor of the universe, and that there is no other than he who observes all our conduct; all civil ties and obligations have always been compacted, and thence have proceeded all the bonds which could unite being in social intercourse. For these reasons the corner stone of the masonic edifice was, at first, laid on the bosom of religion; and the institution, in the first stages of it, has been found among those nations, and those only who have believed in one God, and in the accountableness of man, as a moral agent, to that God, as his creator and moral governor.

Hence, it is clear, that the principles of the institution, so far as they respect morality and religion, are altogether reasonable; being conformable to the nature of the state, and the constitution of man. Indeed that Freemason who rests satisfied with any measure of good will to his fellow men, without doing every kind of office within his power, to every man with whom he has to do, deviates from his path and flies in the face of his own principles.

Hail! *Sacred Masonry*, truly divine! which thus, by striking at the great root of our vices, selfishness and a disregard for others, would at once cure us of them all; and which, by directing us to make the precepts which it gives us, and the duties which it enjoins, the square to regulate our conduct, the compass within whose circle we must ever walk, and the plumbline of our rectitude and truth, would render us like the angels in heaven who overflow with love and charity.

Having thus far stated the doctrines upon which the

sacred order of Freemasonry is founded; we proceed to mention a few instances wherein the brethren of the craft are in a special manner called upon to practice them in their lives.

With respect to their civil deportment and conversation, they are bound to treat every man generously, openly, and fairly. They must accommodate themselves to the disposition of those with whom they have dealings; and not be froward and tenacious of their own humour; but treat every man with respect and kindness. When their own humour lies in the way of another, they should be apt to recede, and to give place that there may be room for other men to exercise their judgement and fancy. In fact no man ought to expect that the whole world will give way to his prejudice and caprice. There must be room for others' humour as well as our own. In the Masonic society, those who want this complaisance, are like irregular stones in a building, which are rough, and full of corners; they take up more room than they fill; others cannot lie near them till they are squared and polished; so, men of a froward disposition and perverse humour are unfit to become members of a lodge of Masons, till the asperities of their nature are taken off by that philosophy which is taught in the school of Freemasonry.

MASONIC PRECEPTS.

[Translated from the German.]

Cultivation of One's Self.

By making thus the prosperity of mankind the object of thy labour do not lose sight of the necessity of forwarding thy own perfection, and do not neglect the concerns of thy immortal soul.

Often unveil and examine thy heart to discover its most secret dispositions: the knowledge of one's self is the sum of all Masonic precepts.

Thy soul is the rough ashler which thou must labour and polish; thou canst not do homage more worthy of the Supreme Being, than when thou offerest up to him regular desires and inclinations, and restrained passions.

By strictness and modesty in thy moral conduct acquire the esteem of the world.

Distinguish thyself by discipline, rectitude, love of truth, and humility.

Pride is the most dangerous enemy of mankind, and the source of all their evils.

Do not look back to the point from which thou proceedest, this would retard thy career; let thy eye continually be cast towards the goal; the short time of thy journey will hardly afford thee the hope of arriving at it.

To compare thyself with those that are possessed of inferior faculties, would be a dangerous flattery of thyself; rather let a virtuous emulation animate thee when thou perceivest superior talents.

Let thy tongue be a faithful interpreter of thy heart. A Mason who could abandon candour, and hide himself behind the mask of dissimulation and deceit, would be unworthy to sit among us, he would sow upon our peaceable soil the seed of distrust and dissention, and soon become the abomination and the scourge of our assemblies.

May the sublime idea, that thou walkest before the eyes of the Omnipresent, strengthen—and support thee.

Review daily the vow of mending thy life. Watch.

and mediate, and call to thy recollection at night a noble action, or a victory over thy passions, then lay down thy head in peace and gather new strength.

Finally, study eagerly the meaning of the hieroglyphics and emblems which the Order lays before the even nature does not always unveil her secrets; she must be observed, compared, and frequently watched with attention in her operations.

Of all the sciences on whose extensive field the industry of men gather useful illustrations, none will afford thy heart heavenly satisfaction, but that which instructeth thee in thy relation to God and the creation.

MISCELLANY.

A STORY OF LYNCH LAW.

DETERMINING to try my fortune farther south, and seeing one day in the Richmond Inquirer an advertisement offering one hundred dollars reward for a runaway slave, I resolved to go in search of the individual described. With this view I rambled through the country, keeping a watch in out-of-the-way places, and looking very hard at all the negroes who passed. On the second day of my search, I reached a little village, which I will call Featherville. I had given up all hopes of attaining my object, and was sitting on a rock, with my chin resting on both hands, and my elbows on my knees, hungry and disconsolate, when a rough gripe was laid on each of my shoulders; and on attempting to rise I was roughly prevented. On looking round, I saw that Judge Lynch, with his whole posse compitatus, had pounced upon me. With a skillful celerity they tied my hands behind me, and then, amid shouts and execrations, drove me towards the village square.

"My good friends," exclaimed I, "you are mistaken in the person—whom do you take me for? Let me entreat."

My expostulations were abruptly broken off, by one of the foremost of my captors, whom I took to be his honour, gagging me with a handful of shavings. Finding it quite difficult to talk, after being supplied with this mouthful, I submissively held my peace. My amiable companions dragged me towards an old poplar tree, and tied me to the trunk.

"Now, my lads," exclaimed his honour, with a horrid grin, rubbing his hands; "now, my lads, we'll show you a bigged with feathers. It can't be said now that the devil's to pay, and no pitch hot. Hand along the tar kettle, Mike, my lad; and, Jemmy Dicken, toss along that bag of feathers."

With a horrible alacrity these orders were obeyed. I tried to speak—to move—oh, the dastards! I was bound fast. I could not. I looked unutterable things. Dust was sung in my eyes. What could I do? I ground my teeth in agony, in wrath and scorn. There is but one step from the farcical to the tragical. Like jumps of pandemonium, the good people of Featherville flocked round me, and beheld unmoved such tortures inflicted as an uncivilised Arab would weep to witness. The tar and the feathers were bestowed with a liberal hand. There was no lack of generosity in these articles. I believe they are both the natural productions of the state.

As soon as there was a cessation in the tender mercies of *Missus* the mob, I uncorked my right eye from the tar that surrounded it, and looked forth. On the slope of the opposite hill I noticed a horseman riding at full speed, and making vehement gestures towards the crowd. They were arrested in their valiant doings by these pantomimical appeals. In a few moments the rider arrived on the spot, and dismounting, drew the judge aside, and communicated to him the intelligence with which he was charged. The result was, that his honour approached me, relieved my mouth of the shavings which he had thrust into it, and, untying my arms, told me "that I might go; that he believed there was some mistake, but that it was better that fifty innocent ones should suffer, than that one guilty should escape; and that he took me for an abolitionist." The jury shouted acquiescence in the decisions of the judge.

I attempted to speak, but I could not—not that my heart was too full of gratitude for utterance, but because my lips were glued with the tar.

At the tavern at which I had casually stopped that

morning, I had given my name as Andrew Jackson Smith. It seems that a trunk, with that name upon it, was received after my departure, and as it was tied with red tape, sealed with wax, the landlord remarked that "it was very mysterious."

"Very, indeed," echoed the editor of the Featherville Banner of Liberty, as he threw his tobacco quid away, and swallowed a mint julep.

"Upon my word, it's very odd," said the postmaster, trying the lock. "Landlord," continued he, "bring me a hammer and a chisel, and I'll take the responsibility, as the old gin'ral says."

The hammer and chisel were brought, the trunk was forcibly opened, and in the dressing case, carefully concealed under some soap and razors was found a torn page of a murderous print, published in New York called the Emancipator.

"Treason!" shouted the postmaster, holding the scrap up to view.

"Bloody treason!" echoed the landlord. What is it?"

"Lynch him," said the editor, lighting a cigar.

"Call the judge—call the judge," said the postmaster.

"Ay, ay," rejoined the editor, who, by the way, was a pig-eyed gentleman, rather slim and snugly dressed, with light eyebrows and hair—a blackguard in print, and a vulgarian out of print.

"Where is he?"

"Who is he?"

"Is he here?"

"Is he gone?"

"Where the deuce is he?"

These questions were poured in upon my host in rapid succession. He finally recollected that a well-begone looking gentleman, in a suit of rusty black, had bought a loaf of bread of him that morning, and that his name corresponded with that on the trunk. You know the rest of my story. The whole village was soon at my heels, and I was regularly lynched. It was afterwards ascertained that the trunk containing the incendiary article belonged to the son of an eminent slave-holder, whose name I had unwittingly borrowed.

The morning after this unpleasant affair, on taking up the Banner of Liberty, I found the following flattering version of the transaction:—

"A white man, of the name of Andrew Jackson Smith was yesterday arrested on a writ issued by John Lynch. It seems that the suspicions of our vigilant postmaster were aroused by the singular appearance of Smith's trunk, and on breaking it open his worst conjectures were more than realized. It was found full of inflammable papers, Emancipators and Liberators, evidently intended for distribution among the slaves. On this being known, the people of the town, headed by his honour Judge Lynch, turned out in a suit of the monster Smith. He was soon caught, and being brought into the village, was furnished gratis with a new coat—of tar and feather—black turned up with white. The craven roared lustily during the operation, and manifested the most cowardly impatience. He has had a lesson which he will not soon forget."

P. S. We learn that it has been satisfactorily ascertained that Smith is innocent of the charges against him. We are glad of it. The man who would come here at this time to raise a rebellion, is unworthy the name and the respect of a man. He is, indeed, fit for murder, stratagem, and spoils. We congratulate Mr. Smith that the suspicions against him have proved to be unjust."

And this was all the satisfaction that I could obtain!—*New York Mirror*.

TORTURE.

The Rack, so frequently used in the Tower during the sway of Elizabeth and James, was a large open frame of oak, raised three feet from the ground. The prisoner was laid under it, on his back on the floor, his wrists and ankles were attached by cords to two rollers at the ends of the frame; these were moved by levers in opposite directions, till the body rose to a level with the frame. Questions were then put, and if the answers did not prove satisfactory, the sufferer was stretched more and more, till the bones started from their sockets.

2. The *Savenger's Daughter*, also used in the Tower, was a broad hoop of iron, consisting of two

parts, fastened to each other by a hinge. The prisoner was made to kneel on the pavement and contract himself into as small a compass as he could. Then the executioner kneeling on his shoulder, and having introduced the hoop under his legs, compressed the victim close together, till he was able to fasten the extremities over the small of the back. The time allotted to this kind of torture was an hour and a half, during which time it commonly happened that from excess of compression the blood started from the nostrils sometimes, it was believed, from the extremities of the hands and feet.

3. *Iron Gauntlets*, likewise used by the Protestant Inquisitors in the Tower, were machines that could be contracted by the aid of a screw. They served to compress the wrists and to suspend the prisoner in the air from two distant points of a beam. He was placed on three pieces of wood, piled one on the other, which, when his hands had been made fast, were successively withdrawn from under his feet. "I felt," says Father Gerard, one of the sufferers, "the chief pain in my breast, belly, arms, and heads: I thought that all the blood in my body had run into my arms and began to run out of my finger ends. It was a mistake; but the arms swelled till the gauntlets were buried within the flesh. After being thus suspended an hour, I fainted; and when I came to myself, I found the executioners supporting me in their arms. They replaced the pieces of wood under my feet, but as soon as I was recovered, removed them again. Thus I continued hanging for the space of five hours, during which I fainted eight or nine times." [This, let it be marked Anti-Catholics, was the work of Protestant religionists.]

4. A fourth torture was a cell called *Little Ease*. It was of so small dimensions, and so constructed, that the prisoner could neither stand, walk, sit, nor lie in it at full length. He was compelled to draw himself up in a squatting posture, and so remained during several days. Had some of our City Theologians lived in the days of Elizabeth and James, they would themselves as schismatics, have tasted these formidable persuasives to their own creeds.—*London and Paris Observer*.

THE FEAR OF DEATH.

It is often a subject of remark how small an influence, the approach of a public execution exerts upon the subject of it, when he has the opportunity of dying *en heros*. One of the most remarkable instances of *non chalance*, in regard to death, is that of the Duc de Lauzen, mentioned by Croly in his life of George IV. Lauzen is represented as being a finished specimen of the higher order of French nobleness; possessing "great elegance of manners and striking talents, but utterly prodigal and unprincipled." In 1795 having succeeded to the title of Biron, he retired to Passy and turned philosopher. "For a while he was the wonder of the pre-eminent sons of science and freedom, who enjoyed his classic banquets, and exulted in the arrival of the golden age. But the republic was now mounted on its car and rushing, with fiery wheels, over the frontiers of rival states, and the necks of potentates and armies. Biron became an avowed republican; was placed at the head of an army, fought and conquered; was suspected, was seized by the convention, and completed the course of a revolutionary general by dying on the scaffold." The tribunal ordered his execution, but graciously allowed a delay of one hour between the sentence and the death. On returning to his dungeon, he ordered oysters and white wine. While he was indulging over his final meal, the executioner entered, to tell him that "the law could wait no longer." "I beg a thousand pardons, my friend," said the duke; "But do me the honour to allow me to finish my oysters." The request was granted. "But I had forgot," observed Biron: "you will have something to do to-day, and a glass of wine will refresh you: permit me to fill one." The offer was graciously accepted. "Again, I had forgot," added the duke; "there is our mutual friend the turnkey." The turnkey was called in; three glasses were filled the three were drunk off *a la sante*; and in a few minutes after, the head of this gay libertine, traitor, and philosopher was rolling on the scaffold! And thus men usually die who suffer capital punishment. The scaffold makes them heroes and christians; the tender sympathies of the mob makes them martyrs. In a majority of cases, it will be found, we apprehend, that dread of confinement for life, has more influence in the prevention of crime, than the halter

or the gallows, or the blood of the guillotine. No man lives a hero in the penitentiary—all die as heroes on the scaffold.—*Cincinnati Chronicle.*

CHINESE CUSTOMS AND MANNERS.

It is a custom with the Chinese builders, on fixing the upper beam of the roof of a building, to let off fireworks, and worship it, or the spirit with pervades over the ground on which the house stands: when they congratulate the owner on their proceeding thus far with the building. The journeymen generally got a little liquor on the occasion. It is a very general opinion, that the masons, by concealing in the wall an image, or the representation of some evil spirit, can materially affect the happiness or prosperity of those who live in the house; hence it becomes a usage to worship the patron of the mansion, that success and happiness may attend the inhabitants.

CREDULITY IN THE EAST.

Any evidence which comes from the East should be cautiously sifted—and to the east the evidence in favour of the contagiousness of plague may be originally traced: The credulous character of the Orientals is well known. To say nothing of the gross religious superstitions of the Levantines, the belief in peris, yampires, djins, and ghosts, is almost universal. I amused myself with collecting such superstitious stories as fell in my way; and for any one fact which was adduced in proof of the contagiousness of plague, I found ten which proved the existence of peris; that they had been known to visit certain districts, they had intermarried with mortals, had provided them with food, had transported them through the air, and given abundant evidence of their presence and power. As to vampires, there are numerous villages in which the authorities have interfered to hunt and inter the suspected vampire and there is a recognised class of vampire destroyers (vampirdji) to be found in the Levant. Djins or genii, both beneficent and maleficent, are universally supposed to visit mankind, and it would be difficult to find an Oriental who doubted the frequent appearance of ghosts. Professional magicians are every met with by their arts have sometimes mystified even Europeans. *Dr. Bowring.*

SPANISH ETIQUETTE.—The etiquette of the Spanish court was the most severe in Europe. One of their kings even fell a victim to it. Philip III. being newly recovered from a dangerous malady, was sitting near a chimney, in which was so large a fire of wood, that he was almost stifled. Etiquette did not permit him to rise, nor a common domestic to enter. At length the Marquis de Pobar, chamberlain, came in, but etiquette forgade his interference, and the Duke of Useda, master of the household, was sent for. He was gone out; and the flame increased, while the king bore it patiently, rather than violate his dignity. But his blood was so heated, that next morning an erysipelas of the head appeared, and a relapse of the fever soon carried him off.

EXCUSES FOR NOT GOING TO CHURCH.

Overslept myself. Could not dress in time. Too cold. Too hot. Too windy. Too dusty. Too wet. Too damp. Too sunny. Too cloudy. Don't feel disposed. No other time to myself. Look over my drawers. Put my papers to rights. Letters to write to my friends. Mean to take a walk. Going to ride. Tied to business six days in the week. No fresh air but on Sundays. Can't breathe in church, always so full. Feel a little lazy. Expect company to dinner. Got a head ache. Intend nursing myself today. New bonnet not come home. Tore my muslin dress coming down stairs. Got a new novel. Must be returned on Monday morning. Wasn't shaved in time. Don't like a liturgy, always praying for the same thing. Don't like extempore prayer. Don't know what's coming. Don't like an organ. 'tis too noisy. Don't like singing without musick, makes me nervous. Can't sit in a draught of air, windows or doors open in summer. Stove so hot in winter, always get a head ache. Can't hear an extempore sermon, too frothy. Dislike a written sermon, too prosing. Nobody to-day but our minister, can't always listen to the same preacher. Don't like strangers. Can't keep awake when at church. Fell

asleep last time I was there. Sha'n't risk it again.—Mean to inquire of some sensible person about the propriety of going to so public a place as church. Will publish the result.

THE ACORN.

If an acorn be suspended by a piece of thread within half an inch of the surface of some water contained in a hyacinth glass, and so permitted to remain without being disturbed, it will, in a few months, burst, and throw a root down into the water, and shoot upwards its straight and tapering stem, with beautiful little green leaves. A young oak-tree growing in this way on the mantle-shelf of a room is a very elegant and interesting object. I have seen several oak-trees, and also a chestnut tree, thus growing, but all of them, however, have died after a few months, probably owing to the water not being changed sufficiently often to afford the necessary quantity of nourishment from the matter contained in it.—*Gardners Gazette*

ELIZABETH WYDEVILLE

Was the daughter of one of Henry the Fifth's esquires. She had married in extreme youth a Lancasterian knight, Sir John Grey, of Groby, and in her twenty-sixth year knelt at the feet of the licentious and amorous Edward, as the widow of an attainted traitor, to solicit for her orphan children the restoration of their family lands. Edward attempted her seduction, was firmly resisted, and at last offered to share his throne with her. A "stolen marriage" followed; for Edward did not at the instant dare, by proclaiming such an alliance, to risk offence to the formidable Warwick, then fighting the last great battle that assured the Yorkist throne. The "hollow crown that rounds the mortal temples" of a queen, kept little else than misery within it for poor Elizabeth Wydeville. Her first-born children she lost; and it was in the "sanctuary of Westminster," whither, comparatively poor and friendless, she had flown during the temporary success of Warwick and Clarence, that she gave birth to the ill-fated Edward the Fifth. The restoration of her husband again placed her on the throne; his sudden death and the designs of Gloucester again drove her with her children into a miserable refuge, in which she is touchingly described by Sir Thomas More as "sitting alone, low upon the rushes, and desolate and dismayed," while an Arch bishop of York unavailingly endeavors to console her. On the subsequent accession of Henry the Seventh, Elizabeth Wydeville received a formal recognition as Queen Dowager of England; but this seems to have been the only advantage bestowed on her by the arrangement which raised her daughter to a share in the Tudor throne. She died at last neglected and desolate. This is the affecting notice of her will, her death-bed, and her funeral; after directing that she shall be buried at Windsor—without pomp or great expence, a direction most strictly followed—she continues: "And whereas I have no worldly goods to do the queen's grace, my dearest daughter, a pleasure with, neither to reward any of my children according to my herte and mynde, I beseeche Almighty God to bless her grace and all her noble issue, and with as gode herte and mynde as is to me possible, I give her grace my blessing, and all my foresayde children." Such "small stuff and goods" as she possessed, she directs to be sold to pay her debts; and she entreats her son, the Marquis of Dorset, and her dearest daughter, the queen, to see that her wishes are fulfilled. Such is the will of the last queen who wore the crown of the Plantagenets; not a single jewel, not a silver cup, nor furred mantle, did the widow of one of our wealthiest and most splendour-loving sovereigns possess, "to my dearest daughter a pleasure with;" not a single mark or noble to pay for those church services which the poorest in the land sought so anxiously to obtain. No monument was erected to her memory; and while Tudor reared for himself the most gorgeous sepulchral chapel which Europe can show, the last queen of the most illustrious dynasty that every swayed the sceptre of England, neglected in her death, dishonored in her obsequies, slumbers without a tomb.—*Miss Lawrence's Historical Memoirs of the Queens of England.*

AN HONEST JURY.

The celebrated trial of Penn and Mead, in the reign of Charles II. (1670,) must be familiar to many of our

readers, as the most singular proceeding ever witnessed in any court of law or justice. These two extraordinary men had been guilty of no offence, unless preaching in the open air can be considered in that light; in their indictment, however, they were charged, in the ridiculous and fictitious jargon of the law, with tumultuously assembling, with force of arms, in Grace Church street, &c. The jury chose to think and decide for themselves on the occasion, and declared, by their verdict, Penn merely "guilty of speaking in Grace Church street."

The court, perhaps the most prostituted and amenable ever assembled, were very wroth with this verdict, and the scene that ensued is perhaps unparalleled in the history of the world.

The Mayor suggested they should add to their verdict the words "to an unlawful assembly," but they remained firm. The Recorder exclaimed—"We will have another verdict by the help of God, or you shall starve for it!" The jury remained locked up two nights, but they were as inflexible on the third day as on the first, and stuck to their verdict.

The infamous court insisted upon it, that "not guilty" was no verdict; upon which Mr. Penn observed, if that was the case, "Magna Charta and the Trial by Jury were a nose of wax." After much bullying and swearing, the court were obliged to record the verdict, but fined each jurymen forty marks, and ordered them all to be imprisoned till their fines were paid.

VEGETABLE ORIGINS.—Turnips and carrots are thought indigenous roots of France. Our cauliflowers come from Cyprus; our artichokes from Sicily; lettuce, from Cos a name corrupted into *Gause shallots*, or *eschallots*, from Ascalon.

I have been reading on the subject, and was struck with the numerous ideas on commerce and civilization, which may form a dinner. Will you have a dessert from memory? The cherry and filbert are from Pontus, the citron from Media, the chestnut from Castina in Asia Minor, the peach and the walnut from Persia, the plum from Syria, the pomegranate from Cyprus, the quince from Cydon, the olive and fig from Greece as are the best apples and pears, though also found wild in France, and even here. The apricot is from Armenia.

RIDDLE.—The French delight is to try the *esprit* of children by a kind of riddles. For example: A man has a little boat, in which he must carry, from one side of a river to the other, a wolf, a goat, and a cabbage, and must not carry more than one of these at once.—Which shall he take first, without the risk that, during one of his navigations, the wolf may devour the goat, or the cabbage? Suppose he carry the wolf, the cabbage is lost—if the cabbage is equal; for he must risk his goat, or his cabbage, on the other side of the river.

The answer is. He must take the goat first, the wolf will not touch the cabbage; in the second passage he carries the cabbage, and brings back the goat; in the third he transports the wolf, which may again be safely left with the cabbage. He concludes with returning for the goat.

DIAMONDS.—The mines of Brazil furnish annually from 25 to 30,000 carrats, (a carrat is four grains,) at from 10 to 13 pounds of rough diamonds. The expense of exploring the mines is about \$7 per carrat. If a slave finds a diamond of more than 70 grains he obtains his freedom. A rough diamond weighing one carrat sells for \$9; two carrats \$36; four carrats \$144; eight carrats \$586; sixteen carrats \$2304, &c. A cut diamond, weighing sixteen carrats, if the form and color please, is worth \$9016. The cutting of diamonds is effected by means of diamond powder on a horizontal wheel of soft steel. The diamond consists of pure crystallized carbon, or pure charcoal.

GO IT BOOTS.—A Mrs. Boots, of Pennsylvania, has left her husband, Mr. Boots, and strayed to parts unknown. We presume this pair of boots are right and lefts. We cannot say, however, that Mrs. Boots is right, there is no mistake that Boots himself is left. At the last accounts he was pursuing her *hee* with all his might. Go it Boots.

POPULAR TALES.

STORIES OF THE IRISH PEASANTRY.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

"Mind not high things : but condescend to men of low estate."
ST. PAUL.

THE LANDLORD ABROAD.

(Concluded.)

When she recovered, there was a great deal too much feeling excited to admit of many words: the poor girl laid her head on her lover's shoulders, and wept bitterly: the widow stood at the other side, and with more affection than worldly prudence, said, "My dear Paul, never heed it. I'll tell you what: we have a snug house here, and as good as two acres of land, and a bigger penny saved than you might think of, for I had no mind to let my daughter be beholden to you all out, and laid by what I could. So I'll tell you what Paul: I'll spake myself to the priest, and get the words said as soon as may be: and then, instead of Peggy's going home to you, avic, why, you'll come home to us. Where's the great differ, Paul? Don't I know the girl's heart is in ye? It's no time to be denying it now when ye're in trouble; and sure ye're the same as my own son this many a day. May be it's a showing of God's mercy after all. I'm not as light either on the foot or in the heart as I used to be, and would be lonely many a time if she was away; but now I'll have a son, instead of losing a daughter; and Mark has my lord's ear; and if that wouldn't do, I'm not too old to go to London myself, and get spaking to him; and, sure, with my two birds in my cage, though it is but *duffy* one," sobbed the kind woman, looking round cheerfully through her tears, "I'll be a proud and a happy woman, and no need to hire a labourer now, or be beholden to the neighbors, who never let a lone woman hire, if they can help her. Sure you'll do a brand's turn for Peggy's mother for sake's sake. "Or," she continued, after a pause, with a generosity that would have done honor to a heroine, "or, if it would be more agreeable to you, Paul I'd settle the bit of land and on the both of you, for it was given to me by the lord for myself, to do what I pleased with, at a pepper-corn rent. And that would ease the proud spirit that you have ever had, Paul darling: and small blame to you, for your people war far above us, and yet you never looked down on us, nor on her."

"Look down on you—on her?" he exclaimed, pressing his betrothed to his bosom; "who ever looked down on Peggy Clement? But no mother, no; by all that's holy I'll be revenged, I'll be revenged, justice I'll have! If I can't have it by law, I'll have it, see that now!" he continued; and for a moment forgetting the presence of the two women he loved best on earth, he stamped his foot violently on the ground, and suddenly dropping on his knees, threw his arms upwards, and clenching his hands, swore a deep and bitter oath, that unless his farm was given back, he would "water the earth with the blood of agent or landlord." This was very frightful; and while the widow and her daughter looked on him, they clung together, unable to restrain their words, yet trembling at their import.

"I didn't deserve this from you," said the gentle old woman weeping; "I thought to turn the throuble from you, and you have turned black bitterness on me."

"No, mother, no, Peggy!" he exclaimed, the warm and affectionate current of Irish feeling rushing back to his heart, now that he had given words on his fury; "no no, you'll be proud of me yet: I'll do no meanness, nothing to call a color to your cheek; nothing, though I'm not to be trod on like a worm in the dust.—No money to pay for a new lass! I might have had full and plenty to spend for a new lass, if it had not been that I spent it on the land, and now for it to be taken from me! I'm not the only one in the place that cries shame: not the only one that will have revenge. Go through the town land, into the villages, along the high roads, and ye'll hear the same thing from every lip; ye'll see the same purpose in every eye. Didn't Macmurray himself say—"

"Don't name Macmurray," interrupted Peggy, speaking for the first time; "he's had, egg and bird, and no fit companion for you at all at all, Paul; his

character's blasted this many a day, and he always had a spite to the family: have nothing to do with him; for God-sake have nothing to do with him. Keep yourself to yourself, Paul; no harm can ever come of that."

"She speaks the truth, avic," added the old woman: "take patience, and it will come round, it will come all round; ye're of good stock, Paul, with fine health praise be to God, and a good character; and with that, no need of fear for any boy of five and twenty; think of what I said, Paul."

"God bless you dear mother; it is not because I'm not down on my knees to thank you, and bless you, that I don't feel your goodness. And come bad of good, in the presence of the Almighty I swear there's no girl on the face of the green earth will ever have my heart but Peggy Clement; though as things are, I mean from what I know, I, I, can have no claim on her promise, Peggy—I—"

He could not finish his sentence, and Peggy looked upon her lover in stupified astonishment. It never occurred to her, indeed it very seldom occurs to Irish women of her class, that poverty should offer any barrier an union. And the poor girl's feeling were torn by the love-beatings of her own heart, and the dread that Paul's "heart" was changed towards her. What was the cause of this declaration, neither mother nor daughter had time to inquire; for suddenly he invoked a blessing on the widow, and kissing the maiden's lips, burst from the cottage. When he was gone, strange as his conduct appeared, no word of reproach escaped his friends. Peggy after a genuine flood of tears, communed with her mother for a long time.

Nothing could exceed the agitation of the neighborhood. Wild rumours were afloat; positive injustice had been already to more than to Paul Kinsala; and the fine old trees, trees, that had been the pride and glory of the neighborhood for years, were doomed to the woodman's axe; in truth, the beautiful valley of Kibbally, that during the landlord's residence had been gemmed with cottages and adorned by happy smiling faces, might now be called a valley of tears. Great as the change had been, it needed this to complete it; and the sighs and moans of, in this instance, a decidedly ill-used peasantry, mingled with the free air and bright sunshine that poured upon the landscape! The bitterest curses were heaped upon the agent's head, who, notwithstanding his desperate injustice to Paul, had not exceeded the instructions he received from the landlord abroad, whose difficulties had dictated the heartless order, that he was to rack and drive, and get money by humane means if he could, but get it by any means sooner than not get it. His very nature seemed changed by his necessities; there was evident movement in the country to resist this oppression, and plenty of persons (who, having forfeited their own claim on society, and become lawless) were sufficiently anxious to induce others to follow their example, and spread the spirit of discontent far and wide. Peggy Clement with the assistance of the village schoolmaster, indited a letter not only to her brother, but to Lady Ellen, stating the rights of the case, and pleading, if not elegantly, eloquently, for her lover, and indeed for all those who had been honest, faithful, and true in their callings. These letters were, to the schoolmaster's astonishment and her own, not only written but despatched that very day; while the widow was "questing" though the neighbourhood picking up every bit of news, not from a love of idle gossip, but from the deepest anxiety to discover if the machinations of others, or his own impetuosity, were likely to lead Paul into serious mischief. The widow Clement, though not young, was both clear and quick-sighted. She knew that if Paul was led to do any thing rash, his life would pay the forfeit, for he was too fearless and too frank to have a villain's caution; and, moreover, she knew that the happiness, the existence of her child, hung upon him. There were strong incentives to the curiosity and the caution of a woman and a mother, and a strong feeling of respect for the family mingled with her sympathy for the distressed and ruined tenants, who were breathing vengeance on every whisky house in the neighborhood: for mischief is never undertaken in Ireland without its having been first planned over the burning fluid which stimulates them to the destruction of themselves and others.

"There's enough work now for day laborers, any way said Larry Tools to Andy Smith."

"And what will they get for it? Eightpence a day, and the negur that offers it saying, 'that if the neighbors don't take it he'll get plenty of the mountaineers that will.' Think of that! bringing staving strangers down upon us, whose boast it used to be, to keep our own poor from begging! Let them come and take what they can get, that's all! I'll never work in it for eightpence a-day! We never were offered less than tenpence before: However, let'em go on their own way: there's one comfort, it won't last for ever."

"Sure the agent says the common's my lord's and that no cattle, not even a pig, is to go on it now without payment, and the marsh beyond it too, think o'that and the turf we had for cutting off the bog is to be paid for! I wonder does the lord know that?"

"There is a Lord knows it!" answered Andy again: who had always been discontented; "but never heed it won't be always so, I'll go bail."

Many such hints did the widow hear, but she and her daughter had been unable that evening to determine what course to pursue as regarded Paul Kinsala. That night passed, the next day, and the next. The spirit of discontent increased more and more. Some said Paul had refused to yield possession; others that he had gone to London to appeal against the agent's decision. The first, may even the second day, Peggy had borne herself bravely. She had restrung her nerves and waited the result with many and many an earnest and deeply breathed prayer to those in whom she trusted, that she might be spared more suffering, or taught to bear it. Her wheel, or knitting needles, pursued their wonted motions, and she moved about the house as usual, save that restless gaze was ever directed to the door or window.

The agent had been pelted and hooted through the village, and had thought it wise to station a police force in the castle that had once been guarded by the hearts of an affectionate people. There were other disturbances; more than one act of wild excess committed, at once absurd and unjustifiable; and Peggy's cheek grew pale, and her step feeble, in the course of one little week.

"I shall die, mother, and soon," said the poor girl: "there's a weakness about my heart, and a mist, like the film of a winding sheet, over my eyes, that means no good. If Paul wasn't either something bad, he'd have been here before this; and after all you said to him. But may be so best. I had two hopes in the world, mother, you, my hope for you was, that I might be a blessing and a comfort to you hereafter; and when the Lord thought fit that I might close yer eyes—my hope in him!—But it's all gone, like the bloom of that thorn tree, which the last wind shook to the earth."—The widow did not overwhelm her beloved child with consolation. She said few words, but she said them wisely, and endeavored, by every simple means in her power, to vary her employments. She knew that she might suffer greatly, she had really a strong and active mind, and that those who have such seldom die, as it is called, for love.

The widow Clement felt all this; yet, while her trust in the Almighty schooled her to patience and obedience, it did not cramp her exertions; and with a firm resolve to find out if things were as bad as she suspected, and how Paul was engaged, she contrived some new occupation for her daughter, and set off determined to fathom the troubled waters; and, he it remembered, it was the troubled waters of a disturbed Irish district this solitary unprotected woman resolved to fathom.—She left the cottage soon after day-break, and, about one o'clock, Peggy, whose eyes, despite her employment, were seldom off the undulating line that showed how the road wound round the mountain, perceived the approach of the letter carrier. She flew to meet him.

"It's bad for the town land," he said, "when even you Miss Peggy, have a serious face. There's nothing else going now: the boys at the castle have turned out for higher wages in regard of the trees they're felling and the place is so shut up that they won't let me pass the lodge though I have English letters. They say there's a dispatch gone off for more police. God help us if that's thrue, for they're ripe for a ruction through the whole town land. Some say the agent's not in the house, some say the property's sold; but God be with ye, Peggeen gra, you're not minding a word I'm saying," and the old man retraced his path.

No painting could convey an idea of the rapid change—

of color and expression that passed over the cheeks and brow of Peggy Clement, as she stood at her cottage door, the sunlight resting on her hair, which fell in heavy masses on her neck and bosom. She held the letter before her with both hands; her bosom heaved conclusively; and though her very arms trembled, still she grasped the paper so tightly that there was no danger of falling. Her very soul seemed drinking in the contents; but whether the draught was of joy or sorrow, it would have been impossible to tell. She gasped for breath, pressed her hands upon her bosom, turned to the cottage, and twice ejaculated "mother!" Then remembering that her mother was not there; that she had no one near to whom she could disclose her emotions, she dropped upon her knees, and, throwing her head back as if she wished her grateful thoughts and feelings to wing their way to heaven, she uttered a few broken exclamations of joy and gratitude; then, hastily throwing on her cloak, and drawing the hood forward so as to conceal her agitation, she followed in the path pursued by the old postman. At first my heroine walked with great rapidity, but then she suddenly paused, and said within herself, "but I'm not to tell it, except to my mother and Paul. Mother will be part-sorry, and Paul, but where shall I find Paul? But any way, I'll find her." She had not proceeded very far, when she saw her mother coming towards her, and before she could communicate her news, the old woman burst into tears. A few words can express their nature; she had received information, how it does not matter, that the agent had left the castle; that, finding the country so outrageously disturbed, he had taken refuge, as secretly as he could, at the house of a neighboring gentleman resolving to proceed to Dublin that night; that he believed his intention was unknown perfectly unknown but that it had transpired; and that several persons had determined he should never reach his destination.—The widow had every reason to believe that Paul Kinsala was of the number. To give the doomed man information of what was intended, would have been to draw down the vengeance of the party upon their own heads. Much as Peggy had suffered, she saw not only the wickedness but the impolicy of the fearful crime they meditated. The heat and bravest sink beneath small trials, and many great affairs are incapable of small sacrifices; but present an object of sufficient magnitude before them, and their courage and fidelity stand forth boldly and at once to encounter and overcome. So it was with this simple peasant girl. She told her mother what she intended. The old woman would have accompanied her, but time pressed. She was already worn out with walking and anxiety, and no third person could share their confidence. But she looked on her daughter; and the bright flashing of her eye, the proud and determined carriage, that, as it were, bespoke, while it enshrined her purpose, assured the mother that her daughter was determined. As long as she was by her, she felt assured of her success, when however, she was out of sight, her spirits sank, and she could only weep and pray, sitting on the hill side, from whence she still saw Peggy's receding figure.—The day was on the wane, and yet she felt as if the sun would never set. Then again she fancied he set too quickly. The crescent moon hung its silver bow in the clouds before the fading away of daylight. The widow could not return to her cottage; she fancied she should see her child sooner where she was; she would not, could not stir. At last she took out her beads; one by one, the silent tellers of her devotion dropped from her fingers while her lips mechanically repeated her prayers. Still Peggy came not. The firmament was glittering with those jewels of immortality, types beautiful and mysterious, of him who is the same "to-day, yesterday, and for ever." Still her daughter came not; there was no bell to toll the passing world of passing hours, but hill and valley, mountain and river, were dark beneath the sky; the grasshopper had folded his wings under the shamrock, and heaven's own minstrel nestled with her young in the deep corn-furrow: the vanguard of the rooks had swept towards the woods of Killbally, were they were soon to be despoiled of their homes—their last *caw! caw!* had sounded in the widow's ear. She was sorry they were all past—crows are good company on a mountain's brow. The still whistle of the curlew suddenly darted like an arrow through the air. She started to her feet, as if it had been the warning whistle of Whiteboy, and the humming beetle

who had rested on her cloak, whizzed away, wondering why the mountain moved. Presently, as she looked around [for still the daughter came not,] she saw a large bird flying heavily, heavily, between her and the now risen moon, upon which she had unconsciously fixed her eyes. It came nearer—then turned and hooted—again and again. Widow Clement was a strong-nerved woman, yet the hoot of that wild owl sent the blood curdling to her heart. She could support the silence no longer; the solitude became frightful to her. But it was no longer solitude; it was peopled by her fancies. She walked with rapid strides, not towards her own home, but along the path her daughter had pursued.

The destination of Peggy Clement was a hut about three miles from where she had met her mother. It was ruined and desolate, save when peopled by those who wished concealment. It could not be distinguished from the high road, along which Mr Crumple was to pass, and still it was close to it. My tale is already too long; I must hasten to its conclusion. Her hand girl though she was, did not tremble when she knocked at the door, that was fastened on the inside; nor when she had done so, was there the least noise or reply. The inmates were evidently on their guard against intrusion. Again she knocked. No answer.—At last she knelt down by the door, and placing her mouth to the latch-hole, she said—"Paul Kinsala, Peggy Clement is here, and will stay here until the time comes when for a reason you have, you will all have it." There was a murmur within—a whispering; the door was silently unfastened; a hand whose touch sent the blood thrilling from her arm through her whole frame led her in, where all except the light of her own brave virtuous spirit, was dark; and a voice she would have given worlds to hear any where but there, whispered "You are mad!"

"You are all mad!" she said aloud, and the tones of her clear fearless voice made music in the darkness.

"Strike a light, see me, and hear what I have to tell you! Strike a light—a gun-flint will do it, and ye're not wanting *that*." She was obeyed, but the light emitted from the small candle was hardly enough to render visible the countenance of five men, who peered at her where she stood, close to Paul Kinsala, who trembled by her side as if he were the aspen, she the oak. "I don't ask ye why ye are here—I know why; but I will tell ye why I came. Ye want vengeance on the agent! Boys, boys, it's a poor vengeance that returns evil, as it would here, five fold on yourselves; for sooner or later, such is found out. I thought to have been here be ore, though there's plenty of time; and boys, what d'ye think I've brought ye—*vengeance*!" There was a movement in the hovel; and Paul who had shrunk to her side, from that feeling which presents a high mine from coming in contact with a high mind, when it knows it has been guilty of an unworthy action advanced again.

"Indeed it's truth I'm tell'ing; and I hope ye'll remember me in yer prayers, for God's mercy, I'll keep the stain of blood from yer souls this night. Listen to me thin, and here's my *credentials*." She took from her bosom the letter she had received from the postman:

"Here's news—the old lord's dead!"

Various ejaculations followed this announcement.

"The letter is from my brother Mark. The old lord is dead of a sudden; and when he was still in it, before the breath was out of his body, he gave his consent to the heir's marriage with lady Ellen. Ye all know how rich the heir was, and how my Lord could not abide the name of him in the house. But, somehow, under some false name, he knew lady Ellen, and won her heart; and the last thing my lord did was to give them his blessing. And lady Ellen wouldn't hear of the love of him. Mark says, until the heir promised to redeem Killbally from debt and agents, and reside six months of the year at the old castle!"

When Peggy entered, not one of the party could have been called sober; all were more or less intoxicated; and, all were laboring under natural excitement. This unexpected announcement sobered them, and a shout of triumph burst from four of the number. The fifth would have preferred murder to gold or prosperity; and so waited with the cold blooded determination of a villain to hear what would follow.

"Where's the proof of this?" he inquired.

"Here," said Peggy, triumphantly showing the letter. "And more—my lord acknowledges the promise of a new lase to you, Paul, and the heir promised it—promised it before Mark." It was only in saying this that her voice faltered.

"And because you get a new lase, I suppose we all may go to the *devil*," retorted Shawn Glyne; "but if ye forget yer oaths, boys, I don't forget mine. I swore I'd have the heart's blood of Crumple, and I will; before all the holy saints of heaven, and by this blessed book, I will!" He sank on his knees, and kissed a small prayer book which he drew from his vest.—Nothing could be more picturesque than the appearance of the interior of the hut at that moment; the light of the candle fell full upon Shawn's face, darkened and distorted by every bad and violent passion, and the erect form and bright animated countenance of Peggy Clement was also distinctly visible. As she stood a little in advance of her lover, every other object seemed clouded and misty; but these two, so different, yet so expressive of their several characters, were finely contrasted; the one so like an angel, in all the pure and holy semblance of good and firm intent the other composed of great and powerful elements, yet blighted by sin—converted from a man into a demon.

The party were perplexed by the determination of their comrade; they hated the agent with a bitter hatred but Peggy's clear statement of what had occurred, convinced them at once that they would have justice, without taking the law into their own hands; thus their personal safety was secured, and their purpose effected. But Shawn had already passed the pale, and his hatred to the agent was mingled with a fiendish desire to see others steeped in crime as deeply as himself.

"You hear him, Paul," said Peggy, and her voice sounded sweetly, as a voice from heaven. "You hear him, what do you say?"

"I swore I'd have justice," replied the young man, "and I saw but one way. The Lord, in his mercy, has seen another, and it won't be the first time I've had reason to bless your step and your voice. You have saved me from destruction."

Shawn advanced towards him while he spoke, but Peggy stood between them. "Thank God!" she exclaimed, "thank God, Paul, I've heard yer words; 've blest ye for them. My heart's lighter, for I knew yours could never be rightly in it. I'm satisfied of that. I see Shawn—I see that ye're determined to have the agent's life; and there are others whose minds are not made up. But your opportunity is past."

Again there was a movement amongst the men; more decided than before. They pressed towards the girl as if uncertain what she had done, or what they must do; her lover would have drawn her towards him; but she stood firm.

"Your opportunity is past, I say. I told the agent he would be murdered if he quitted where he was. I sent to hasten the soldiers that now, ay, at the minute, protect the house. No one suspects ye—that will tell, And bless God, every one of ye—if ye don't now, ye will, and on yer bended knees—that the little wisdom of a simple girl saved ye from a crime that would have brought disgrace on yer country, and, sin to yer souls for ever!"

SPONGE FISHERY.

When at the Island of Rhodes, I went to the sponge fishery, which is curious and interesting. It is a laborious and dangerous employment, but so lucrative, that five or six successive days afford those engaged in it the means of support for an entire year. The sponge is attached to rocks at the bottom of the sea, serving as a retreat to myriads of small crustacean animals, which occupy its cavities. The fisherman dives for it to the depth of even a hundred feet, and sometimes continue for five or six minutes under water, unless the quantity of sponge they may have collected becomes inconvenient or unmanageable, when they are hauled to the surface by the crew of the boat to which they belong: the divers occasionally fall victims to sharks that attack them under water. The sponge is prepared for market by being pressed to dislodge the animalculæ it contains, and afterwards washed in lye to deprive it of mucilaginous matter.

ADVICE TO MEN IN DEBT.

Ascertain the whole state of your affair. Learn exactly how much you owe. Be not guilty of deceiving yourself. You may thus awaken suspicious of dishonesty, when your intention was far otherwise.

Deliberately and fully make up your mind that come what will, you will practice no concealment, or trick, which might have the appearance of fraud.—Openness and candor command respect among all good men.

Remember that no man is completely ruined among men, until his character is gone.

Never consent to hold as your own one farthing, which rightfully belongs to others.

As you are under circumstances of great trial and as many eyes are upon you; do nothing rashly. If you need advice, consult only a few. Let them be disinterested persons of the most established reputation.

Beware of feelings of despondency. Give not place for an hour to restless and enervating melancholy.—Be a man.

Reduce your expenditures to the lowest amount.—Care not to figure like those around you.

Industriously pursue such lawful and honest arts of industry as are left to you. An hour's industry will do more to begot cheerfulness, suppress evil rumors, and retrieve your affairs, than a month's moaning.

If you must stop business, do it soon enough to avoid just charge an attempt to involve your unsuspecting friends.

Learn from your present difficulties the utter vanity of all earthly things.

ON RELIGION.

The views of each individual in society on this subject are the private property of each holder. They are the secret gems of each being, enclosed in the casket of each heart, into which the meddling world have no right to pry, and which should be but the sacred secret between man and his God. It is not alone where the loud anthem or pealing organ resounds—not only where the crowded congregation and ministerial prayer is prayed—not in the hum of the busy city or attentive village. The solitude and desert—the closet and the midnight waking—the sea and the mountain, are like houses of God to commune with Deity, and devotion ascends with equal spirit from all and each. We wrestle not with the custom which builds the stately dome, and establishes the hebdomadal period, as time and place for human worship. Neither do we contend against the prayer of one for hundreds. But there is a devotion beyond this—it is that of secret, silent penitence for sin—that which calls not for words to express the thought, which wends its way to heaven on a noiseless wing—which is at the throne of God as soon as conceived, when Truth stands forth to present it in its purity as a rich offering from a son to his eternal Father.

EXTRAORDINARY MONOMANIA.—A Lyons paper states that a man rather advanced in life was arrested a few days ago in that city, on a charge of mendacity.—He had made a considerable collection, aided by certificates from various ecclesiastics. On his being searched, his pocket-book was found to contain eight bank notes of 1000f. each, and in his pocket was a considerable sum in specie. He was questioned how, with so much wealth, he could venture to degrade himself by begging, and he replied that he had a great many grandchildren, to whom he wished to leave a handsome independence. He was, in fact, a lunatic, with the monomania of mendacity, and has been ascertained to be worth 150,000f. He has two sons established in a thriving manufactory near Rouen, and two daughters, both adventitious marriages. His malady came upon him some years ago, and his sons took the precaution of writing to the chief magistrates of the country, warning them of it, and requesting that he might be sent back to his family. This has been complied with by the Procureurs du Roi of Lyons.

A Cincinnati paper the News, seriously tells its readers that sheep have been sold in Ontario county in this state, for a shilling a head! Somebody must have been pulling the wool over the News man's eyes—indeed a whole fleece.

AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER.

ALBANY, SATURDAY, APRIL 18, 1840.

Those of our subscribers, in N. York, who intend changing their place of residence the ensuing first of May, will please acquaint Mr. Wm. Boardman our agent in that city.

REMOVAL.—The American Masonic Register office, has been removed, to the corner of South Market and Division streets over the hat-store of Mr. E. S. Herrick. Entrance in Division-street.

To those of our friends and patrons at the South who have not complied with our terms, on account of the difference in eastern and southern money, we would say, that the bills on any specie bank, in their neighborhood will be received in payment for their subscriptions. Will those of our friends, who intend to afford us a substantial patronage, remit their several amounts with as little delay, as possible. The payment of a single subscription at one time or the other, is of no consequence to a subscriber; but when these small sums are put together, it makes a material difference with us, and constitutes the means whereby we are to gain a livelihood; and it is only by promptness on the part of our friends, that we can do our duty by them, or justice to ourselves. Postmasters, are authorised to send money to printers, free of postage.

PROSOPOLGY.—This new system for the discovery of character, which has attracted considerable attention in our neighboring cities, was delivered a few evenings ago, by its originator, Giles F. Yates, Esq. of Schenectady, before the young men's association here, and to the entire satisfaction of a large and fashionable audience. We regretted much that time compelled Mr. Y. to curtail its fair proportions: However, we expect at some future opportunity, he will do us the favor to repeat it. His subject was "external indications of human character and disposition." He justly observed that we form our opinion of individuals from their external appearance, and he assumed the province of unfolding those outward marks and tokens of character, and of showing how far they deserve to be relied upon. The indicia of character he showed is furnished by a person's autography, the works of an author, of an artist, of a mechanic, the labours of a professional man, in short every thing appertaining to an individual, depending on his choice and volition, the tones of his voice, his air, mien, carriage, gait, and walk, the form and proportions of the body, limbs, dress and temperament. We were much pleased with his description of the temperaments, which he arranged into seven distinct parts. These he afterwards resolved into three simple ones.—First, the mental, which he divided into cerebral and nervous. Second, the sanguine, which he divided into the sanguine, arterial, and venous, or bilious and Phlegmatic. Third, the muscular and melancholic. He next took up the subject of cranology, in which while he gave due credit to the system of Phrenology, he showed, we think, conclusively, that some objections to it are well taken; particularly those drawn from the want of correspondence between the inner and outer surface of the skull, frontal sinus &c. Facial physiognomy next claimed his attention. In this connection he gave an account of the science of De La Porta, and showed the analogy between the human countenance and that of the brute. He contended that Physiognomy and Phrenology make too great pretensions, when they claim to furnish exclusive tests of human character. The next branch of his subject was Pathognomy, or the science of the passions; and last of all he proved the true science to

be the science of expression. To this he gave the name of Prosopology, derived from two Greek words, "Prosopon and Logos," signifying the human countenance and all the general appearance and external marks and distinctions of character. Every person is born with an elementary face, with no fixed expression in it, and the changes are induced in this face by modes of thinking, feeling and acting in after life. The principle of his system is that the muscles of the countenance and body, being operated upon in a particular way for a long time, acquire a fixed expression, known and read by the accomplished Prosopologist.

Mr. Y. evinced great research and a thorough knowledge of human nature. The interest of his lecture was greatly added to by a large number of appropriate painting and diagrams. This last production of Mr. Y. has added another leaf to the well earned chapter of his reputation.

THE NEW YORK SUNDAY ATLAS.—There is no paper which we exchange with that we read with more pleasure, than the Atlas. By the last numbers, we perceive that its proprietors, Messrs Herrick, West, & Ropes, have commenced giving a series of illustrations by some of the cleverest artists in New York, of the Portraits of the People. These are accompanied by graphic sketches of character, which with the usual News, Tales, Criticisms, Humor, &c. make it as interesting a sheet, as comes from the New York press.—The Atlas is printed weekly, and the paper and illustrations are given (not afforded) for \$1.50, per annum a secret in art of printing, which we have not yet learned. If Faust had "dealing with the devil," as was alleged, to produce a bible at the low price of 120 crowns, what kind of an animal would the same generation think he must "have dealings with," to produce the same amount of matter for sixpence. Where will the yankees stop.

It will be perceived by a card, in another column, that our Brethren of Troy intend celebrating the 24th of June with becoming ceremony. The Brethren of Troy are as justly celebrated for their Masonic spirit, as her citizens are in other matters. The pageant will undoubtedly be imposing and solemn.

FOREIGN NEWS.—The packet ship South America, brings important foreign intelligence. England has now declared war against China. The preparations against China, are said to be formidable. The Emperor of China has issued a decree declaring the trade between the two countries closed forever. Several British vessels were also sold to the Americans, and are now under the flag of that nation. The Imperial Commissioner Line, however, issued an edict peremptorily putting a stop to the purchase of vessels from the English by the Americans or others.

COL. CROCKETT.—A gentleman formerly in the Texas War Department, discredits the recent letter reviving the report that Col. Crockett is alive, and in a Mexican mine. Mrs. Dickinson, who was an eye witness of the massacre in which he fell, saw the Colonel struck down, and testified at the time the Mexicans run their swords through the bodies of their victims.

FORREST played at the Tremont Theatre, Boston, on each of the five open nights of last week, to large and intelligent audiences. He played Richieu and Rolla for his benefit on Monday night.

Garrit Van Schiack was last week tried in the Ulster Oyer and Terminer for the murder of Ozias Pettiborne, on the 3d Dec., 1838, convicted of manslaughter in the 2d degree, and sentenced to the state prison for 7 years.

Death of Mr. Parkins.—The eccentric and celebrated Joseph Parkins, Ex-Sheriff of London, died at Newark, N. J., after a brief illness.

INTELLIGENCE.

DEATH OF A VENERABLE MATRON.—The last Princeton Whig announces the death, on the evening of the 8th inst., at her residence, near that borough, of Sarah Clarke, aged near 90—a respected member of the Society of friends. This aged person was the last survivor of those few whose privilege it was to attend upon and minister to the wants of the gallant General Mercer, during the few days (8 or 10) of extreme anguish and suffering that he survived the battle of Princeton, in which he fell mortally wounded, on the ever memorable 3d of January, 1777, within a few rods of where she has lived more than eighty years. The house is now standing, and in which she spent a long life; it was pierced with many a ball on the eventful day.

A YOUNG RASCAL.—Messrs. De Bree & Price, wine and liquor dealers, No. 12 South Seventh street, Philadelphia, having discovered a deficiency of twelve to fifteen thousand dollars in their stock, traced the deficit to a lad in their store, who has been in the habit of selling liquor at half price to John Miller, the keeper of a porter house in Race street, below Ninth. The honest tavern keeper is under bail of \$1000 to answer to the charge. This was "leaking at the tap" to some purpose.

A couple of weeks since Mr. Howard Manley, of Clarkson, near Rochester, in splitting wood, found several quarts of beech nuts in a hollow log. They were mixed with rotten wood, leaves, fire weed &c., together with considerable water. The nuts were sprouted, and thoroughly soaked. Mr. M's children washed them, and eat as many of the nuts as they chose for a few days; when all that had partaken of them were seized with sickness at the stomach, vomiting and diarrhoea. A girl about 8 years old died on the second day of her attack. A younger boy has merely escaped with his life; and all of the family that partook of the nuts have suffered more or less. The deleterious effects are supposed to have resulted from worms and insects that were in the rotten wood.

MARRIED WOMEN.

An Act in respect to insurances for lives for the benefit of married women. [Passed April 1, 1840.]

The People of the State of New York, represented in Senate and Assembly, do enact as follows:

§ 1. It shall be lawful for any married woman, by herself, and in her name, or in the name of any third person, with his assent, as her trustee, to cause to be insured, for her sole use, the life of her husband for any definite period, or for the term of his natural life; and in case of her surviving her husband, the sum or net amount of the insurance becoming due and payable, by the terms of the insurance, shall be payable to her, to and for her own use, free from the claims of the representatives of her husband, or of any of his creditors; but such exemption shall not apply where the amount of premium annually paid shall exceed three hundred dollars.

§ 2. In case of the death of the wife, before the decease of her husband, the amount of the insurance may be made payable after her death to her children for their use, and their guardian, if under age.

Summery Mode of Dico c.—An odd genius named John Rowland, on Sunday night quarrelled with his wife, and, after beating her, got her down to the dock at the foot of Water street, where they reside and threw her into the river. The woman was rescued by John

Walton, a watchman, and her husband taken to the watchhouse. Yesterday the wife appeared, and forgiving John his intended summery severing of their marriage ties, bailed him out of prison and they left the office together in the most loving manner imaginable.—*Express.*

MOST MELANCHOLY.—A newly married couple, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Cisney, were drowned in Point Creek Ohio, on the 25th ult., by being accidentally thrown into the water from a wagon. They had been married but two days before. The husband was drowned in the attempt to save his young wife. They both sunk, clasped in each other's arms.—*N. Y. Star.*

THE WAY TO WIN A KISS.—The late Mr. Bush used to tell this story of a brother barrister. As the coach was about starting before breakfast, the modest limb of the law approached the landlady, a pretty, quakeress who was seated near the fire, and said he could not think of going without giving her a kiss. "Friend," said she, "thee must not do it." "Oh, by heavens, I will!" replied the barrister. "Well, friend, as thou has sworn thee may do it! but thee must not make a practice of it."

Decapitation on a Railroad.—A young man named Elwood Yerkes, aged about 20 years, son of Mr. Norman Yerkes, on Sunday evening last, had his head cut off by being run over by two railroad cars, in Broad street, Philadelphia, a short distance above Market. The amputation was effected so completely, that the part severed from the main body was *actually taken up on a shovel.* It is almost unnecessary to state that death ensued almost instantaneously.

SLEEP WALKING.—John Peck, clerk to Mr. James English, No. 256 Fulton street, on Tuesday evening walked off the wharf at the foot of Vesey street, while sound asleep, was in the water 2 hours and 45 minutes before he was taken out. When found he was hanging to a spike at the end of the wharf, having lost a patent lever watch, coat, boots, hat, and a miniature, all worth \$119.23. He lays at present in a precarious state.—*New York Sun.*

The Salma, one of the largest class of steam boats on the Mississippi, a few days since struck a log in consequence of breaking her tiller ropes, and immediately sunk. There were on board at the time 160 persons, all of whom were saved. Among the passengers were the Ravel family, who lost the whole of their properties and dresses.

Opening of the Canals.—The Canal Commissioners have given notice that the Canals of this state will be opened for navigation on the 20th inst.

Cases of Poisoning. A black girl, servant in the family of Geo. W. Goines, a colored barber of Philadelphia, has been arrested for poisoning the family of her employer by administering poison to them in custard. One child, a girl three years of age, died; the others are recovering. The girl aimed at the life of Mrs. Goins, to whom she gave the poisoned custard, but Mrs. G. not being fond of sweet food, gave it to her children.

MARRIED.

Last evening, by the Rev. Mr. Seymour, Mr. Alexander McAlister, to Miss Mary Armstrong, all of this city.

At East Galway, Saratoga co. by the Rev. Duncan Kennedy, Mr. Alexander N. Webb, editor and proprietor of the *Fulton Co. Republican*, to Miss Caroline E. Lefferts.

At Clinton, on the 8th inst. by the Rev. Wayne Gridley, Rev. J. Finney Smith, Professor of Languages in Hamilton College, to Miss Adelaide Gridley, daughter of O. Gridley, of Clinton.

On Wednesday evening, 15th inst., by Rev. Dr. Sprague, Albert Conkling to Harriet M., daughter of Mr. E. Hills, all of this city.

On Sunday evening, 12th inst., by the Rev. S. R. Smith, Mr. Nathan Porter, of West Troy, to Miss Margaret Doyle, of this city.

On the 2d inst., by Friend's ceremony, at the house

of John R. Biddle, in Byberry, Pa., Samuel Cary, Jr., of Albany, to Jane Marsh, daughter of the late Henry Marsh, of Sadsbury, Chester county, Pa.

NEVER GIVE IT UP GIRLS.—Mr. John Ayrention, lately led to the altar, in Philadelphia, Miss Rhoda Grapsom, after a courtship of thirty-four years! This shows what may be done if we only stick to it.

DIED.

At New York, on the 13th inst., after a short illness, Elizabeth Van Vechten, relict of the late Rev. Samuel Smith, of New Jersey.

At Monticello, Sullivan co., on the 2d inst., Mrs. Phebe, wife of Hon. John P. Jones, aged 55 years.

In New York, Ellen, widow of Jedediah Hall, 65. Ann, wife of Abram W. Gallier, 23. Thomas R. Walker, 33. Miss Ann Stephens 28. George P. Truitt, 25. Mrs. Emily A. Witlock, 31. Thomas Straight, 27. Ann, Huxley, 57. Hannah Etsell, 66. Mary Glennen, 25. Mrs. Sarah Vyse, 67.

ANNIVERSARY OF ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST.—The Masonic Fraternity of the City of Troy, have resolved to celebrate the approaching Anniversary of St. John the Baptist and respectfully invite the attendance of the Brethren, Companions, and Sir Knights in good standing at St. John's Hall, in said city, on the 24th of June next, to unite with them in the festivities of that occasion.

It is expected that Apollo Encampment of Knight's Templar, and the appendant orders, will at that time be publicly constituted and its officers installed in due and ancient form.

J. HEGEMAN, Secretary A. L.

WM. PERKINS Sec'y A. C.

S. C. LEGGETT, Rec'r A. E.

JOHN S. PERRY, W. M. A. L.

JOEL G. CANDE, H. P. A. C.

THOMAS T. WELLS, G. C. A. E.

Troy April 18, 5840. Committee of Arrangements.

CALENDAR OF COMMUNICATIONS.

EACH MONTH.

Temple Encampment	Albany	2d Friday.
Temple R. A. Chapter	Albany	2d & 4th Tuesday.
Mount Vernon Lodge	Albany	1st & 3d Thursday.
Temple Lodge	Albany	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Apollo Lodge	Troy	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Apollo Chapter	Troy	2d & 4th Tuesday.
Apollo Encampment	Troy	3d Monday.
Phoenix Lodge	Lansingburg	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Olive Branch	Bethany Ge.	1st Wednesday.
Genesee Encampment	Lockport N.Y.	
Mount Moriah	Louisville Ky.	1st & 3d Saturday. p. f.
Ohio Lodge, No 101	Wheeling Va.	1st Monday.
Wheeling Chapter, 19	"	21 Thursday.
Wheeling Encampment	"	2d Monday ev. month.
Washington Council	"	1st Saturday.
Utica Lodge, 47	Utica,	last Thursday.
Oneida Chapter, 67	"	1st Thursday.
Utica Encampment, 3	"	3d Tuesday.

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POETRY.

NIGHT.

BY PROF. LONGFELLOW.

I heard the trailing garments of the Night
Sweep through her marble halls!
I saw her sable skirts all fringed with light
From the celestial walls!

I felt her presence, by its spell of might,
Stoop o'er me from above;
The calm, majestic presence of the Night,
As of the one I love.

I heard the sounds of sorrow and delight,
The manifold soft chimes,
That fill the haunted chambers of the Night,
Like some old poet's rhymes.

From the cool cisterns of the midnight air
My spirit drank repose;
The fountain of perpetual peace flows there,
From those deep cisterns flows.

O holy Night! from thee I learn to bear
What men has borne before!
Thou layest thy finger on the lips of Care,
And they complain no more.

Peace! Peace! Orestes-like I breathe this prayer!
Descend with broad-winged flight,
Thou welcome, the thrice-prayed for, the most fair,
The best-beloved Night!

STANZAS.

Mark the lone and withered leaf
On that rose's bosom lying;
Who would not wish life as brief,
Could they be so blest in dying?
Had that leaf less soon decayed,
'Twould have fallen mid storm and showers;
How much sweeter now to fade
On a grave of smiles and flowers!

Did I know as fair a breast,
With a fond heart 'neath it beating,
Where I might beloved rest,
While my latest breath was fleeting;
When the hallowed moment came,
Which so many meet with anguish,
I should almost curse my frame,
If to death it would not languish:

For, oh, 'tis better for to die
At once, when one we find to love us,
And to feel our spirits fly,
Regretted, to the world above us,
Then be doomed to live, and see
Cold estrangement from us sever
Hearts that once were pledged to be
Mingled with our own for ever!

BOYHOOD.

Oh, once again, who would not be a boy?"—Byron.
The dream of early youth,
How beautiful they are—how full of joy—
When fancy looks like truth,
And life shows not a taint of sin's alloy.

When every heart appears
The temple of high thought and noble deed—
When our most bitter tears
Fall o'er some melancholy page we read.

The summer morn's fresh hours,
Her thousand woodland songs—her glorious hues:
Oh! life's so full of flowers,
The difficulty then is were to choose!

The wonderful blue sky—
Its cloudy palaces, its gorgeous fancies—
The rainbow tints which lie
Like distant golden seas near purple plains.

These never shine again,
As once they shone upon our raptured gaze;

The clouds which may remain,
Paint other visions than in those sweet days!

In hours thus pure—sublime—
Dreams we would make realities: life seems
So changed in after-time,
That we would wish realities were dreams!

LITTLE CHILDREN.

BY MARY HEWITT.

Sporting through the forest wide,
Playing by the water side;
Wandering o'er the heather fells,
Down within the woodland dells;
All among the mountains wild;
Dwelleth many a little child!
In the baron's hall of pride:
By the poor man's dull fireside;
'Mid the mighty, 'mid the mean;
Little children may be seen!
Like the flowers that spring up fair,
Bright and countless every where!

In the fair isles of the main;
In the desert's lone domain;
In the savage mountain glen:
Among the tribes of swarthy men;
Wheresoe'er a foot hath gone;
Wheresoe'er the sun hath shone
On a league of peopled ground;
Little children may be found!

Blessings on them! They, in me,
Move a kindly sympathy!
With their wishes, hopes, and fears;
With their laughter and their tears;
With their wonder so intense,
And their small experience!

Little children, not alone
In the wide earth are ye known;
'Mid its labours and its cares;
'Mid its sufferings and its snares.
Free from sorrow, free from strife,
In the world of love and life,
Where no sinful thing hath trod,
In the presence of our God!
Spotless, blameless, glorified,
Little children, ye abide!

THE BRIDAL.

Did you see the red rose on its bonny green stem,
As it opened its lips for the dew?
The newly-fledged birds, did ye look upon them,
Just fluttering their wings ere they flew?
Did you mark the young light dawning down in the east,

With clouds cold and silent above?
Did you hear the bells ring at the village spread feast,
And see the young bride and her love?

O, the rest it has bloom'd, it is withered, 'tis dead,
And its leaves blown away with a breath!
O, the birds they are grown, they are strong, they are fled,

And the fowler has done them to death!
O, the light brightened forth over woodland and dell,
Then it faded and faded away!
O, the bells that were ringing, are tolling a knell,
And the bride and her love—where are they?

C. NEALE.

CLEOPATRA'S DEATH.

BY J. G. PERCIVAL.

'Twas noon upon the pyramids; the sun
In his high zenith, looked in splendour down
O'er Egypt's vernal valleys; not a breath
Breathed thro' the lofty sycamores, or waved
The labouring palms' thick foliage; mid-day's sleep
Was on the orange grove and silently
The deep, broad bosom of the mighty Nile,
That "mother of the waters," rolled along;
Throughout the land.

The batt's din had ceased,
Full many a phalanx of Egyptian youth
Had fallen at Actium, and the bloody troops
Of Rome's insidious Emperor had quenched

Their thirst for carnage, and had overthrown
The towering expectations, and the hopes
Of the ambitious Antony, and male
The high triumvir rue the fatal day
That brought his steps within the walls of Taras

Who for his wedded Queen when he had rent
The cord that bound his life; it were a stroke
To crush Man's towering spirit—but it fell
On Cleopatra, like the lightning, bolt
Upon the willow-on her couch she sunk,
Within her guarded palace; her whole heart
Broke forth in an ungovernable gush.—
Go from my presence, servants; do not strive,
With counterfeited sympathy to sooth
This heaving bosom; 'twere but mockery.
Sorrow has built his home within mine heart;
Affliction there is dwelling; I have drunk
Deep of the sentimental chalice; who
Has stood before me with deceitful smile,
And accents on his tongue, which might have lured
A less unwary bosom. O, what now
Is regal pomp to me! The princely robes,
The powerful sceptres, and the blazony
Of every earthly crown, are but as gold
That gilds a baser metal: O, how man
Is bound a slave to fortune. He who thinks
That life may be breathed out in pleasing dreams
And happy moments, has ne'er seen the world
Or studied quinine nature. But the foe
Is on my footsteps, and must I be bound
By a proud tyrant in degrading chains,
And borne from freedom? No, the world shall see
That Cleopatra still must die a Queen."
She rose upon her couch, and throwing back
Her curling tresses, they disclosed a face
Whose pale expression could not but divulge
The workings of the bosom. She had nerved
Her feelings for the worst, and now she looked
On death with fortitude.—
She clasped the envenomed serpent to her bosom,
And drawing round her the imperial robe
Of earthly majesty, again she sunk
And breathed away her life.

SOUR GRAPES.

My love, thou'rt fairer than the dawn
Of April's brightest day,
And the beauty of thy cheek outvies
The liveliest tints of May—
The odoriferous perfumes,
Which lead the spicy gale,
To thy sweet life-inspiring breath,
Are virtuous and stale.

O how enchantingly around
That polished neck of thine,
Thy artless raven tresses bright,
In glossy ringlets twine!
And as they wave so feelingly
O'er fields of purest pearl,
Ten thousand beauties sport around
Each captivating curl.

Those eyes, do turn them, dear away,
So ravishingly they roll,
Those sun eclipsing diamonds,
They pierce my inmost soul,
Those lips how do they sparkle forth
The ruby's brightest glow,
And thy breast outshines in purity
The winter's drifted snow.

Thy voice—how divinely sweet!
'Tis like the seraph's note,
And fairy-like thy perfect form
Seems o'er the air to float—
Words can not tell, nor thoughts can dream
The pangs I undergo
For thee, and wilt thou be mine
My heavenly angel?—"No!"

What! zounds! thou red haired freckled slut!
Thou garlic breathed old maid!
Thou squinting, raw-boned, overgrown,
Ungainly, croaking jade!
What! rid of thee, ye lucky stars!
I'm thunderstruck with joy!
I would not marry such a chub,
For all the wealth of Troy!

AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER

AND LITERARY COMPANION.

BY L. G. HOFFMAN.]

ALBANY SATURDAY APRIL 25, 1840.

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MASONIC.

For the American Masonic Register and Literary Companion

Mr. Hoffman.—The following is in the main a circumstantial narration of facts. If you think such an article admissible you will insert it; if not no harm is done. It is designed if carried out to show the origin of prejudice and in the case of Masonry how utterly groundless it is.

The writer of this article, was born in New England more than sixty years ago. He was brought up and educated under strict moral and religious discipline. During his boyhood, he heard many learned disquisitions, concerning *Free Masonry*, as the wise narrators called it. It was at a period, when few lodges had been established in this country, and probably at that time, no one nearer than Boston. Much excitement, however, existed, especially amongst those, who could guess they knew, exactly what the thing was.

The writer has to this day, a distinct recollection of the impressions made on his mind, by those grave opinions, and the many learned conversations, which occurred in family visits, and neighborhood intercourse. Whatever was the topic of a winter evening's discussion, the subject of *Free Masonry*, commonly found a conspicuous place. Whenever, or wherever it came up, every person took an active part in the conversation; every one manifested a deep concern, and felt in duty bound, to relate all the stories he had heard, with such additions, as truth required in giving a plain statement of facts. The most ignorant and illiterate, on such occasions, especially, became exceedingly wise and knowing. They fully comprehended the whole mystery, and in turn, could comment on it, with all the apparent, self complacency, of the deep Philosopher, and the gravity of the sage. Some were fully persuaded of the invisible agency of evil spirits, and Demonic intercourse, and would talk of them, till children could see, or think they saw the lights burn, with a bluish cast, and occasionally conjectured they could smell something, which strongly resembled sulphur.

Others would portray the deep and dark designs of its members, and caution the youth, to beware of them especially girls and women. Many said, they had often times heard of some one, who had been informed of a man, that said his wife once looked through the key-hole of the door, and actually saw something black in the shape of a man, with the appearance of a cloven foot, and a long pole in his hand, which she had no doubt was a pitch-fork. Some had heard, how a certain inquisitive lady, the wife of some one of the landlords; at the old Bull's head, in London, once contrived to conceal a black boy, in a chest, which stood in the lodge room, that he might look out through a small crack, and see what was done; and how the Masons came together, and tried to work, but could not. How they searched every part of the room, and all the closets, and finding no person, tried again and again, but could do nothing. At length, they broke open the chest, found the boy, turned him out of the room, after which, all things went on well. Such sober and well authenticated realities as these, with many other accounts, involving deep mystery, and all having been handed down by faithful tradition, from one generation to another, were abundantly sufficient to settle the question, in the mind of every man and woman, that nothing short of downright witchcraft, lay at the very

bottom; and it was a clear case, that *old split foot*, as he was modestly called, managed the whole concern. By such relations, from the lips of Fathers, mothers, Uncles, aunts and neighbors, often repeated, with such additions, as each one happened to recollect, who could wonder, that the heads of children, [whose ears are always open to such stories] should be well furnished for midnight dreams, of the most horrid aspect. No wonder, that strong prejudices should be deeply implanted, in their credulous minds; nor is this a whit less surprising, than that wild infatuation of which every one has heard, or read, in the scenes of the Salem witchcraft. Such were the early impressions made on the mind of the writer. He had been taught, and for a time verily believed, Masonry was but another name for the black Art. That some mysterious influence sealed the lips of Masons, and restrained all action, when any concealed attempt was made, to discover the secret. That they could tell each other at a great distance, and it was even said, they could distinguish one another, when they met in a dark room, without a word being spoken.

The manner of making Masons too, was in those times, well understood. No one, it was true, had exactly seen the process with his own eyes, but he had not the least difficulty in his mind, both of conceiving, and telling the precise manner it was done.

In the year 1801, the writer went to the state of N. Y. and took a school in ——. Here he soon learned, somewhat to his surprise, and not a little to the gratification of a trembling curiosity, that there was a Masonic Lodge in the place. The thrilling stories of boyhood, instantly placed themselves in fearful array before the mind, and every discriminating faculty, with eyes and ears were put in immediate requisition. Anticipation threw aside her crutches, to keep pace with the visionary flights of a chimerical imagination. What had been viewed at a distance, under the most terrible imagery, must now be met and tested.

S. T.

[To be continued.]

For the American Masonic Register.

EULOGIUM ON MASONRY.

The increase of useful knowledge; the worship of one eternal Great First Cause of all things, and the admiration of his attributes which excited by the contemplation of his works; the exercise of benevolence towards a distressed brother; and the practice of every moral and social virtue, are among the primary objects of our institution. We are instructed to value more than life the sacred obligations of Honor, Probity, Truth, Friendship, Hospitality, and all those charities which bind man to man; and to adorn, by our public and private conduct, the dignity of our profession.

It is one beautiful feature of Masonry, and one which is peculiar to itself, that whilst it speaks, by signs well understood, an universal language, it unites in the same bond of brotherly affection the native of Europe, of Africa, and America; it dissolves, as into one mass, all religious and political prejudices, whether of education or of habit; and acknowledges no other distinction than vice or virtue, good or evil. Indeed all the worst passions of men, which the intemperate discussion of these otherwise important subjects is calculated to arouse, seem to be hushed to rest in a lodge of Freemasons; and the reflecting mind contemplates

with delight a scene of perfect harmony unequalled in any other association upon earth.

Men unacquainted with our mysteries are apt to imagine we have nothing to conceal; and will frequently contend that the whole of masonry consists in conviviality, and in ceremonies at once trifling and superficial. Our secrecy, of itself, is a virtue; and our ceremonies, as every brother well knows who has paid them the attention they deserve, are not only useful but necessary. Every sign we make, every implement we use in our labor, every object we view in the lodge, inculcates some moral lesson, and presents to our mind's eye some error to be avoided or some duty to be performed. When we advert to their origin we perceive clearly how insensibly our mysteries would sink into disregard if they should cease to be mysterious, how pleasure upon the ideas they convey through the senses to the soul, and we learn to estimate their value only from their propriety and usefulness.

It has been judiciously remarked, by an able writer on this subject, that "the application of sensible objects to a figurative use is *amusing* as well as *instructive*; and the imagination, the most ungovernable of all the human faculties, is made subservient to the cause of virtue, and instrumental to moral improvement. For that, by easy and apposite symbols, we learn the difference between physical and moral good; to judge of the Creator by the works of his creation; and to infer from thence, that our wise Masterbuilder, who has planned and completed a habitation so suitable to our wants, so convenient to our temporary residence here, has exercised still more wisdom in contriving, more strength in supporting, and more beauty in adorning, those eternal mansions where he has promised to receive and reward all faithful Masons hereafter."

"Thus our faith and hope are exercised by the study of masonry, but there is a virtue which divine authority has pronounced greater than faith and hope; and to this excitement of virtue or charity are our masonic labors more especially directed; to visit the sick and the fatherless in their affliction, to comfort those that mourn to weep with those that weep, and to carry as it were into the dungeons of human misery the divine essence of masonry, by acting as a ministering Angel of consolation and of Mercy, the Representative of Heaven.

These are our professions in the Lodge; but do they regulate our conduct out of it, in our commerce with the world?—In what, brethren, would Freemasonry excel, if it had no influence upon our general deportment? It is only by acting upon the square and living within the compass—by practising the duties of morality, and limiting our desires—that we can demonstrate to the ignorant and the prejudiced the well founded superiority of our pretensions. If our order be built upon basis of brotherly love, of temperance, of prudence, and of justice, let us be careful "to walk worthy of the high vocation wherewith we are called." Besides,

"The soul's calm sunshine, and the heartfelt joy,"

arising from a conduct so regulated, how consolatory will be the assurance, that when our sun of life (which may have risen brilliantly from the east) shall set in the west—when we shall be called from labor to everlasting refreshment—we have in reserve a seat at the right hand of the Almighty Grand Master; and that "when the earthly house of this tabernacle shall be dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands eternal in the heavens."

W.

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.

MAGNIFICENCE OF THE MEXICAN KING.

The accounts which the Spanish writers have left us of the magnificence that prevailed in the court of King Montezuma, and of the state in which he lived in his capital, remind us forcibly of the pomp and grandeur which are generally supposed to be the accompaniments of an eastern despotism. The subjects of the Mexican monarch entertained a most exalted idea of their sovereign and his attributes; they held his person in the utmost veneration, and regarded his authority as entitled to the most implicit obedience. "His people," to use Gomara's words, "had him in such reverence, that he permitted none to sit in his sight, nor yet in his presense to wear shoes; nor look him in the face, except very few princes. Hee changed his owne apparell foure times every day, and hee never clothed himselfe againe with the garments which hee had once worn, but all such were kept in his gualdrobe for to give in presentes to his servants and ambassadours, and unto valiant souldiers which had taken any enemy prisoner, and that was esteemed a great reward and a title of privilege. Hee bathed him in his lot-house foure times every day. Hee seldom went out of his chamber but when he went to his meate. Hee ate always alone but solemnly, and with great abundance."

Every person, indeed, who entered the palace, either to serve the king, or to confer with him on any business, used to pull off his shoes and stockings at the gate. To appear before the sovereign in a pompous dress, would have been deemed disrespectful; consequently, all the great lords, when they were about to appear in the presence of majesty, stripped themselves of the rich dresses which they wore, or concealed their magnificence beneath humbler coverings. From this observance, only the nearest relatives of the sovereign were exempted. Even men of consequence, when they came from a distance, entered the palace barefooted, in a plain habit; and, instead of going up to the gate directly, they advanced in a circuitous manner. All persons on entering the hall of audience, and before addressing the king, made three bows, saying at the first, *Lord*; at the second, *My lord*; and at the third, *Great lord*. They spoke with lowered voices, and held their heads inclined in a posture of respectful attention; and the answer which the monarch vouchsafed to return them, through his secretaries, was received with as much humility as though it had been the judgement of an oracle.

The palace in which the king usually resided was a vast edifice of stone and lime, which had twenty doors opening into the public squares and streets; three great courts, in one of which was a beautiful fountain; several halls, and more than a hundred chambers. "The walls were made of mason's worke, and wrought of marble, jasper, and other black stone, with veines of red like unto rubies, and other stones, which glistened very faire: the roofes were wrought of timber, and curiously carved: the timber was cedar, cypresse, and pine-tree, the chambers were painted and hung with cloth of cotton, and cloth made of cootes haire and feathers." All the servants of this palace were persons of rank; and besides the constant residents, there used to come six hundred nobles every morning, to attend the royal pleasure. They passed the whole day in the ante-chamber, conversing in a low voice, and waiting the orders of their sovereign; their servants remained without, and were so numerous as to occupy three of the small courts of the building. Like the rest of the royal residences, this palace was surrounded with "excellent faire gardens of medicinall herbes, sweete flowers and trees of delectable savour." Montezuma did not permit his grounds to be used for the growing of "pot-herbes, or things to be sold," saying that "it did not appertaine to kings to have things of profit among their delights and pleasure;" such traffic, he desired to leave to merchants.

SHAKING HANDS.

A writer discoursing on the philosophy of shaking hands, says: "The ladies may rest assured of this, that a gentle man who will not squeeze their hand when he gets hold of it, does not deserve to have a hand in his possession; and that he has a heart seven hundred and ninety nine times smaller than a grain of mustard seed."

THE MORALIST.

For the American Masonic Register.

EARLY DEATH.

The scenes of a death-bed are always solemn, ever impressive, and they teach us lessons which we never forget. The death of the infant, whose life has been but a short drawn breath, awakens feelings in our minds which cling to us for weeks, and which haunt us amid the bustles and cares of life. It is a strange and spectacle, the separation of soul and body united for so short a time. We ask, "why were they brought together, so soon to be sundered? Why, breathed the withering blast of the Destroyer upon a bud so young and tender?" Why oh death, pass by the countless thousands whose tottering limbs and silvery locks bespeak them ripe for the grave, and fix thy dart in the bosom of the innocent guileless infant,—the sweet flower, just opening its beautiful leaves to the bright sun of life,—whose sinless prattlings of things it sees but does not comprehend, just begin to delight the ears of the fond mother and call off the heart of the father from business, cares and trials, to listen awhile and be glad.

Such are the questions which arise in our minds as we gaze upon the little heap of dust, and which sometimes lead us to conclude that it is something wrong,—that it is inconsistent, and we are disposed to arraign the motives of God—of Him who gave the infant life, and who had a right when he saw fit to take it again. But it is wrong to call in question His reasons. "His ways are not as our ways,—they are past finding out." 'Tis enough for us to know, that in doing that which seemeth to Him good." He has done that which is right.

But why should we complain? There is much to console us in the infant's death, much to be learnt.—The infant spirit is called away from the world uncontaminated by the guilt and the sin with which it is filled to overflowing; and before its trials and heart-crushing cares have embittered the enjoyment, and broken the charm of its existence. It goes up to its eternal home pure and spotless, appears before its Maker unstained and unpolled. Then why complain? There is much to be learnt in the death of an infant. Oh what a proof it is of the uncertainty of life! What a warning to the youth of a score, to the middle-aged, and the gray-haired! 'Tis a voice crying unto us—"Trust not the morrow it may never come! Prepare to die! Be ye also ready." Happy is he who listens; thrice happy he who obeys, and when the summons arrives, is ready and waiting to go.

J. S. S.

MISCELLANY.

ANECDOTES OF THE DRAMMA.

THE DUTCHESS OF ST. ALBANS.

The following anecdotes of Miss Harriot Mellon the actress, afterwards the Duchess of St Albans, are quoted from her memoirs, by Mrs. Cornwell Baron Wilson. Some of our readers may be reminded that she began her professional career very humbly, both in fame and fortune [National Gazette]

[Here is an instance of her genuine country simplicity, which occurred during her temporary stay in the Strand when she first came to London.]

On the second day of her arrival, Harriot, enchanted with the little 'snatch' of the London sight, she had on the preceeding day, in spite of her mother's strict injunction, resolved to venture out and walk on in a straight line for a short distance, when she would return.

She set towards the city, and walked on, till she arrived at a large place with pillars, and having statues of kings and queens (which she afterwards discovered was the Royal Exchange) and there she began to feel very weary, but no sooner did she experience fatigue, than a kind old gentleman, with a bunch of hay in his hand, inquired, did she want a coach? This was the very thing she required; so she told the coachman he was to drive her all over London, and then bring her home. 'La' love ye, Miss said the man, that would

cost ye a sight of money. "But look here, sir," said she, producing her purse, "I have a shilling to pay you." The good tempered old Jehu, wondering at her simplicity, said, ah! Miss, I can only set you down a quarter of the way home for that money; but get in, and we'll see about it. To her infinite delight, she was established in a jingling old carriage, whence she glanced at the bright shops as it hurried past, until the driver stopped, and announced that he had exceeded the shilling fare. What was she to do? fatigued, without money, and, (worst of all,) not having as yet seen enough of beautiful London, she inquired, with tears in her eyes, would not dear old Mr. Coachman put her on just another street? Having ascertained that she was but just arrived in London, the kind-hearted man, shaking up his multitudinous capes, said, well, then sit still, and don't cry, my dear; bless your pretty face: I've got daughters myself, and I'd rather drive you half over Lunnun than leave 'e to find your way alone! And he actually drove her the entire distance to her own home, saying as he let her out, "This is a bad job, but I must take it out of another fare. Now don't you go out by y'rself never no no more in Lunnun, 'cause you won't find many such fools as me."

HER INAUGURAL LECTURE BEFORE SHERIDAN

As a specimen of her declamation, he requested her to read the scenes of *Lydia Languish* and *Mrs. Malaprop* aloud, from his own play of the Rivals.

She felt greatly frightened, and answered, with the native, unaffected manner which she retained through life, "I dare not, sir, for my life! I would rather read it to all England. Suppose, sir, you did me the honor of reading it to me?"

There was something so unassuming and child-like in the way she made this daring request, that the manager entered into the oddity of the matter, and read nearly the whole play to his delighted young auditor. She became so identified with the drama, that she forgot all dread of the author, and, on his request, she read the scenes of *Lydia* and her aunt with so much spirit, that Mr. Sheridan 'applauded' repeatedly, told her she could play either character, and gave her an engagement.

THE HIGH DISDAIN OF MRS. SIDDONS.

Mrs. Siddons at that time, had produced her grand study of *Jane Shore*. At Liverpool, this *chef d'œuvre* was announced, and the house was full to excess, but the wretches in the gallery, seeing the principal merchants with their families present, thought this a delightful opportunity of indulging their wit respecting the soldiering. Accordingly, they formed two lines one on each side of the gallery, and kept up a cross-dialogue of impertinence, about chasing guns with brown sugar and coconuts, and small arms with cinnamon powder and nutmegs, from the commencement of the play until its very end.

Miss Mellen was in an agony, but Mrs. Siddons, calm though deadly pale, merely said to her, with a slight tremor in her voice, that she would go through the time requisite for the scenes, but would not utter them. She went on to the stage, said aloud, 'It is useless to act,' crossed her arms, and merely murmured the speeches; all enjoyment was totally lost through an unmanageable gallery, while the queen of the Drama went through the entire character *Jane Shore* "in dumb show" on the first night it was attempted there.

A CHIVALRIC SAILOR SCENE TOLD BY HERSELF.

"When I was a poor girl, working very hard for my thirty shillings a week, I went down to Liverpool during the holidays, where I was always kindly received. I was to perform in a new piece, something like those pretty little affecting dramas they get up now at the minor theatres; and in my character I represented a poor, friendless, orphan girl reduced to the most wretched poverty. A heartless tradesman persecutes the sad heroine for a heavy debt, and insists on putting her in prison, unless some one will be bail for her. The girl replies, 'Then I have no hope—I have not a friend in the world.' 'What! will no one be bail for you to save you from prison?' asks the stern creditor. 'I have told you I have not a friend on earth,' was my reply. But just as I was uttering the words, I saw a sailor in the upper gallery, springing over the railing, letting himself down from one tier to another, until he bounded clear over the orchestra and foot-lights, and placed himself beside me in a moment,

"Yes, you shall have *one* friend. At last, my poor young woman," said he, with the greatest expression in his honest, sun-burnt countenance, "I will go bail for you to any amount. And as for you, (turning to the frightened actor,) if you don't bear a hand and shift your moorings, you lubber, it will be the worse for you when I come athwart your bows."

Every creature in the house rose; the uproar was perfectly indescribable; peals of laughter, screams of terror, cheers from his tawny messmates in the gallery, preparatory scraping of violins from the orchestra; and amidst the universal din, there stood the unconscious cause of it, sheltering me, the poor, distressed young woman, and breathing defiance and destruction against my mimic persecutor. He was only persuaded to relinquish his care of me by the managers pretending to arrive, and rescue me, with a profusion of theatrical bank notes.

SUDDEN DEATH OF POOR PALMER THE ACTOR.

Palmer had been laboring under great mental distress, arising from pecuniary difficulties. Mr. Aikin, the manager, prevailed on him to perform the *Stranger*, on the 12th of July; and the representation was so fine, that by general desire, he was induced to repeat it. Whilst rehearsing on the morning of performance, he received an express relating the sudden death of his son. The play, of course, was deferred, for the wretched father was carried almost senseless from the theatre. After some days, he was urged to reappear, and the broken spirited man made but little resistance.

He arrived at the theatre tolerable calm in the evening, but was silent, whilst respect for his misfortunes threw a solemnity over the generally gay green room. He went through the play almost mechanically until the fourth act, when the *Stranger* has to refer to his children. He was dreadfully agitated; the audience feeling too deeply even to encourage him; finally, in uttering the well known words,—"There is another and a better world!" he expired—a case, if ever there was one; of a broken heart. The theatre was closed for some time afterwards.

On the day of his burial, prayers being read his body was committed to a grave, seven feet deep dug in a rack. The coffin was of oak covered with black cloth, and on the plate was simply inscribed, "Mr. John Palmer, aged 53." A stone was to be placed at the head of the grave, with the very words he had spoken in the character of the *Stranger*:

"There is another and a better world."

PHARAOH AND NAPOLEON.

The miraculous cleaving of the Sea, its walls of waters on either hand of the dry passage like ramparts; and their ruinous junction, after the chosen people had passed through, afford a picture of sublimity unequalled on the canvass that heaves with the grandest scenes of time. The site of this event has been pointed out from the day of its occurrence to the present, and in Napoleon's expedition to the Nile in that early period of his military career; as Lockheart relates, it was near being the scene of another catastrophe that might have had an important influence on the destinies of the world. Towards evening, Napoleon and his suite rode into the shallow waters of the Red Sea at the reputed spot of Pharaoh's overthrow desirous of ascertaining to what extent they were fordable to their horses. Darkness was gathering, when suddenly the tides there exceedingly rapid were upon them and the horses found themselves beyond their depth. The point of compass was lost, the shore was not visible, and a council of war was instantly called to decide on measures for escape. Napoleon, by one of those decisions of mind so frequently useful to him in the future emergencies of his eventful life, ordered a circle to be formed, and each horseman to ride from it as a radius from a centre, stopping when the depth of water prevented further progress. The next movement was for all to follow the horseman that rode on the farthest, showing the longest path of shoal water—and this was Napoleon's path from the grave of one of the Pharaoh's.

D'Israeli says that "when a man has been twice rejected by a female, his feelings are somewhat strange." Very likely. We have known some who were only rejected once, and they felt mighty queer about it.—*N. Y. Mercury.*

THE GRAVE OF L. E. L.—The following extract from the journal of Capt. Henspath, published in the London Railway Magazine, will prove interesting to many of our fair readers, who have been charmed with the poetry of Miss Landon:

May 1st. Arrived at the castle, and was conducted by a soldier to the apartment of Captain Maclean, the Governor. I delivered the newspaper sent by Messrs. Kings, and his Excellency appeared very much affected on seeing the lines it contained, written on the death of Mrs. Maclean. Having heard that the remains of Mrs. Maclean were interred in the castle-yard, I gave a soldier a trifle to show me the spot. She is buried in that part of the courtyard facing the sea, close to the ramparts; no stone marks her grave, and were it not for the few recently placed bricks, it would be difficult to find the spot. It is not even raised above the level of the yard. I thought, while contemplating the narrow space she now occupies, of her own words:

"The beautiful! and do they die
In your bright world as here?"

It will be something to say in England, "I have visited the grave of 'L. E. L.' on the coast of Africa."

THE GATHERER

The oldest "Old Hickory."—The ship General Jackson, which cleared at Savannah on the 9th inst. for Liverpool, as we learn from the Georgian, can be traced back to 1765, making her seventy-five years old.—She was originally a Portuguese ship, built in the East Indies, of Teak wood; taken by the English, and captured last war by the True blooded Yankee, a private armed schooner, belonging to Rhode Island, owned by J. D'Wolf, Esq. She still belongs to his sons. More wonderful still, her bottom plank was never caulked.

Rural Simplicity.—A young cockney lady, whose ideas of a country life were formed from reading *Thompson's Seasons*, received an invitation to spend a few weeks with her aunt, about fifty miles from London: and was extremely disappointed at the total absence of that Arcadian simplicity which she had pictured to herself in a country life. One day, however, she considered herself fortunate, by encountering a shepherd returning from the fields, with crook in hand—"Youth," said she, "why have you your pipe with you?" "Bekase, me'am," answered he, "I han't got no backee."

A Novel Affair.—A few days since a gentleman riding in the west part of town reined his horse up to a boy who was standing in front of a house, and offered him a pocket-book. The boy, not understanding the design of the stranger, and taken by surprise, refused to accept it; when the stranger threw it into the street by the boy and rode off. The pocket-book was taken into the house opened, and was found to contain two hundred and three dollars in bills of the Hartford bank. There was also a slip of paper attached to the roll of money, on which was written with a pencil, "Give this money to Miss ———." The name was that of a young lady who has been for some years partially deranged, and who has lived in dependent circumstances.—*Hartford Rev.*

SILK.—The manufacture of silk was introduced into Sicily about the year 1130, by Roger, king of that island. The workmen were a part of the booty taken by him in the wars of the Holy Land. In France, the first manufactory was established at Tours, in 1470, by Louis XI. The workmen employed there were brought from Venice, and other cities of Italy. The first pair of silk stockings worn by a monarch of France, were worn by Henry II., at the marriage of his sister. The number of looms now employed in France is 84,000. They employ 160,280 weavers, at an annual expense of 70,926,670 francs, or about 800 francs to each weaver. The manufactories of Lyons employ 40,000 workmen. The value of the raw material consumed in the kingdom is 139,623,300 francs; and the value of the manufactured article is 211,550,000 francs, of which 138,550,090 are exported, and the remainder, 73,000,000 francs, consumed in France.

A Screamer.—There is a young lady of "sweet sixteen" down the Seneca river, who cuts her two cords of wood per day, when not too much engaged in household affairs. Being at school the other day, she settled some difference between herself and the school-mas'erly trunelling him head foremost out of the house, and closing the door upon him. What a glorious remedy for the "hard times" such a "companion in arms" would be!—*Ohio Journal.*

A Wonderful Clock.—A clock maker in Vienna, whose name is Mathias Ratzenhofer, has constructed a clock of which the following description is given:

Its dial plate, which is fourteen inches in diameter, has in the centre the dial for Vienna, and around and radiating from it seventy-two cities of different parts of the world, each with its own dial and the name of the place. It shows the difference of mean time between Vienna and the seventy-two other towns, and is set in motion by a four pound weight only; all the other clocks, however, are put in motion from the centre of the Vienna clock, so that if the work stand still, nothing more is necessary than to set the Vienna clock to make all the other clocks indicate the true time.

MIXING IN.—Railroads abolish all distinctions in travelling, and consequently must be unpopular among the aristocracy abroad, who, of course, must resort to this mode of conveyance so long as it continues in vogue. A late foreign Periodical says that within the last year, a Countess and her daughter, the fairest of May Fair, two hand-cuffed convicts, a constable and three servants of different capacities, were the contents of one carriage on the Birmingham railroad!

REAL TRAGEDY AT BELLVIEW—NINE PERSONS KILLED.

Bellview, in Iowa, about twelve miles below this place, on the Mississippi river, was the scene of a most distressing tragedy, on Wednesday last, as we learn from those who have seen gentlemen who were on the spot.

It appears that a man who was known as Squire Brown, but whose real name is believed to be Dean, kept a grocery and hotel at Bellview, which was noted as a place of resort for all the counterfeiters, horse thieves and robbers of every other description infesting the neighborhood. Lately, many robberies have been committed in the vicinity, and suspicion immediately rested on Brown and his gang. A states warrant was placed in the hands of Sheriff Warren, for his arrest, but Brown refused to obey the summons. Brown was then told that if he would leave the place he should not be molested—this he positively refused to do, and even threatened the lives of those who should interfere with him. On Wednesday the sheriff summoned the people to his aid, and an attempt was made to take Brown, who retreated to his house. A large number of persons (many armed with rifles) soon collected before his door, who were determined to assist the sheriff in the execution of his duty.

While in front of the house, and before any attack was made, Brown and his party fired their rifles into the crowd, and four persons were killed on the spot. A rush for the house was then made, when he and a friend made their appearance, armed, and Brown on the instant received in the head three or four rifle balls which laid him dead. His comrade was also shot down by his side. Three others were mortally wounded at the same time, two of whom are since dead. Many of the gang made their escape, but the citizens succeeded in arresting five or six more, who are now in confinement. So exasperated are the citizens of Bellview, by the wilful murder of four of their number that they declare it their intention to give the prisoners an immediate trial and hang them to day.

We have heard another version of the affair, which states that only one of the citizens was killed, and three of the robber's gang.

The above sketch may not be precisely accurate, but the main facts of the case may be relied on as being correctly stated. Bellview has been noted for some time past as a dangerous neighborhood. We have heard our friends often remark that they would not consider their lives safe, at any time, at Brown's hotel, that Bellview was decidedly a perilous place for a stranger. We therefore rejoice that the gang of villains has been broken up, and that their leader and protector has met his deserts.—*From the Iowa News.*

POPULAR TALES.

HAMMERTON.

A TALE.

BY THE OLD SAILOR, AUTHOR OF "TOUGH YARNS," &c.

Few families could boast of a prouder ancestry than the Hammertons of the county of C—; but the unrestrained hospitality, as well as unbounded generosity that had marked their character, had impoverished their means, so that when young Augustus, at the age of seventeen, became the sole representative on the death of his father, he found the estates mortgaged to nearly their full worth; and he was enabled to do little more than, by the sale of personals, to raise a sufficient sum to purchase a first commission in the army, and to leave an amount in the hands of his agent to raise him a second step, should an opportunity occur to buy his promotion. But he required no superfluities; his regiment was in the revolted colonies in North America, under General Burgoyne, and in three weeks from his first mounting the scarlet, he was careered across the ocean for New York; where, immediately on his arrival, he proceeded up the Hudson to join and found his corps encamped nearly opposite to Saratoga. Nature had been extremely bountiful to the young man; his stature and appearance were majestic; his manners amiable and engaging; his features remarkably handsome; but there was at times a wild and reckless impetuosity in his temper, which forced him into extremes of passion that subsequently caused him many hours of uneasiness and sorrow.

Only two days elapsed after his joining, and the disastrous affair at Bennington, took place, in which Augustus was hotly engaged, and, solely by his great strength and activity, escaped the fate of his less fortunate companions, who were either cut to pieces, or taken prisoners; in fact, from the successes which at first attended the royal forces, it became too customary to treat the rebellious troops with contempt and indifference; and, notwithstanding the several humiliating lessons which the former were compelled to learn they did not grow much wiser from experience. And, here it is highly worthy of remark, that British blood was opposed to consanguinity. The indomitable spirit of those who first trod the bleak New-England shore, was bequeathed to their descendants, who fought for their wives, their children, and their home—every man in such a cause was a soldier; and although Burgoyne was considered brave, yet his fondness for Indian warfare strongly embittered the feelings of the Americans against him, whilst his pompous proclamations rendered him an object of ridicule. The success of the militia and countrymen at Bennington, though rather heavy to the British as to loss in numbers, was yet more serious in its consequences, through the confidence with which it inspired the enemy. A few hundred undisciplined troops with rusty firelocks, scarcely a bayonet amongst them, and no artillery, had defeated two detachments from the army composed of veterans inured to service, well equipped, and having four brass field-pieces, which fell into the hands of the continentals, together with a thousand muskets, nearly the same number of swords, and four baggage-waggons. Before this victory, the irregulars were dispirited and alarmed, but now, elated with their triumph, they flocked to swell the ranks of the American line, and gave additional stimulus to that energy which soon afterwards set their country free.

It is no part of my intention to enter upon a detailed history of transactions connected with the insurmountable obstacles and disasters that constantly opposed and beset Burgoyne, from the period of his meeting with the check at Bennington, at the time of his surrender; suffice it to say, that in the many sanguinary contests that took place, as well as the arduous and harassing duties on the banks of the Hudson, Augustus Hammerton established his reputation for bravery, discipline, and good conduct; but even his short experience showed him that several who commanded were totally inadequate to fulfil the onerous obligations of their office; they held the enemy too cheap, till adversity taught them the necessity of respecting the valor of those foes whom they had looked upon with disdain. Wisdom with them was dearly purchased by the loss

of four thousand men (many of whom were the finest in the British service), a beautiful train of horse artillery, amounting to forty pieces, and all the arms and baggage of the troops; in short, the army which had excited the highest expectations in England, and which at first spread havoc and dismay throughout the United States, was defeated, forced to surrender, the men and officers plundered and ill-used, and ultimately sent back with shame in their hearts.

In the battles that had been fought, the skill of the American riflemen had caused great slaughter amongst the British officers, so that Hammerton, at the time of capitulation, had charge of a company, to the command of which he was eventually confirmed. By the convention of Saratoga, the royal troops were to embark at Boston, but it was evidently the design of Congress to keep five thousand men from active service, for they delayed the embarkation of Burgoyne and his people as long as they possibly could, making use of pretects and subterfuges that were both frivolous and vexatious, to justify their proceedings; and at last, contrary to the stipulations agreed upon at the surrender, the men were barassingly detained in Massachusetts, then marched to the back settlements of Virginia, and scarcely any of them obtained their release except by exchange.

This campaign produced an effect upon Captain Hammerton that governed his future life; the privations he had undergone, the ungenerous treatment he had experienced whilst a captive, the incompetency of many who were placed above him, the want of subordination amongst the troops which led to the most calamitous results, together with other circumstances, rendered him harsh and severe as a disciplinarian, when, after his exchange, he once more assumed a command; he had witnessed the evil and frequently fatal effects of a want of proper control over the soldiers, and, verging upon the opposite extreme, he became rigid in his exactions, and severe in his punishments. These peculiarities, added to the impetuosity of temper which has already been alluded to, strongly marked his future life, and proved the source of all the misfortunes by which that life was clouded. But we must not anticipate.

Shortly after his rejoining the army, Hammerton was promoted to the rank of major, and placed upon the staff of the commander-in-chief; but this not suiting his desire for more stirring occupation he was sent in charge of a detachment to lay waste the villages in South Carolina. But Major Hammerton was not exactly the man to carry the havoc and devastation of warfare among the helpless and the innocent; whilst the atrocities practised by the Indians disgusted him beyond measure; and when, after the battle of Camden, Earl Cornwallis issued the proclamation consigning all who had taken part in the outbreak to imprisonment, confiscation of property, or death, the generous feelings of his nature revolted against a decree that afforded to cruelty, malice, and ruffianism, a full opportunity of indulging unrestrained barbarity; indeed, notwithstanding his rigid notions of obedience to command, the feelings of the man almost overpowered the mechanism of the soldier, and he was on the point of retiring in disgust, when a circumstance occurred that changed the tenor of his life. In constant occupation amid the rough usages of a barbarous war, that covered the country with blood and desolation, rancour and grief, Hammerton had but little time for that social intercourse with the world which softens the asperity of human nature, and binds, by ties of endearing intercourse, the compact which constitutes man the protector of the weaker sex.—He had never experienced those emotions which cause the heart-strings to vibrate; his attachments had ever been devoted to his profession. Parents, brothers, sisters, he had none; and the few relatives who had honoured him with notice previous to his departure from England, had done so in a cold and formal manner by no means accordant with his warmth of temperament; he was alone, but not desolate; the path to fame and rank was open before him, and he resolved to earn, if he did not gain, both. But still there were seasons when his milder affections longed for something gentle to cling to—something more than merely the slight friendships of the world to attach him to existence.

He was in his twenty-second year, when, in the neighborhood of Ninety-Six, a district of the upper

country of South Carolina, he encountered a party of Indians, who, in carrying out the orders of the commandant according to the proclamation of Earl Cornwallis, had attacked and destroyed the estate of a family supposed to be favorable to royalty (for on such occasions proof was not necessary), and were now carrying off their prisoners, consisting of an aged and grey-haired man, of truly patriarchal appearance, and his two grand-daughters—the one, three and twenty, majestic and proud amidst the terrors that surrounded them, the other between eighteen and nineteen, shrinking with alarm from the touch of the Indians, and with weeping eyes, clinging to her elder sister for support. Both were beautiful, though widely different in the character of their beauty. The object of the Indians was ransom; and here the authority of Major Hammerton was of no avail. The savages had but followed the strict letter of the proclamation, and that too, even with mercy, for Mr. Campbell had been guilty of concealing his only son, the surviving parent of the two females, from the vengeance of his foes; the unhappy man having obtained a British protection as a loyalist, and served in the royal army, but subsequently, commanded a troop of cavalry in the service of the United States. This, by the decree of Cornwallis, which said, "Every militiaman who has borne arms with us, and afterwards joined the enemy, shall be immediately hanged," consigned him to a disgraceful death.

A lovely spot was the rustic cottage and grounds of Mr. Campbell sen'r. whose advanced age rendered him incapable of taking any part in the sanguinary struggle that was going on, but his doors were never closed against the sick or wounded of either side, who were carefully attended and nursed so as to excite the gratitude of all; he was highly esteemed, his property respected, and his family beloved. What circumstances induced his son to quit the royal army for the continental, has never fully appeared; nor is his conduct to be defended, as he must have well known that he compromised the safety of his father and of his daughters. Capt. Campbell was defeated in a skirmish, and, unable to re-collect his scattered men, he fled from the field, and was hotly pursued by the enemy who could not overtake him. The Indian allies, however, had always cast a longing eye upon the valuables in the cottage, but more especially on the ladies; and having tracked the captain to the residence of his aged parent they at once entered the building and demanded the prisoner. Trusting to the secrecy of a particular spot, the ladies had concealed their father, and consequently, his presence at the cottage was denied; but a young negro, in expectation of reward, betrayed the place of his concealment. He was dragged forth, and though beauty and age pleaded for his life, yet they pleaded in vain. Only time was allowed him to embrace his children, and bid farewell to his heart-broken father, for in less than ten minutes from the period of his discovery, his body was heaving with convulsive death throes as it hung suspended from the branch of a favorite tree, round the trunk of which his children had been accustomed to play in earlier years. But Indian cupidity and cruelty was yet unsatiated: the valuables were removed—the cottage burned to the ground—the plantation laid waste, and that which had been a smiling paradise, was in a few hours a scene of ruin and devastation. All would have probably shared the same fate (for by the decree all were equally culpable), but the avarice of the savages induced them to spare the females, under the conviction that their redemption would be purchased by some one.

Such was the position of affairs when Major Hammerton encountered them, and, for the first time in his life, love made an impression on his heart. The weeping Elizabeth clung to his knees, and with beseeching looks, as well as earnest entreaties, implored him to save them from their implacable and cruel foes. Never did the bloody ruthlessness of war appear more hateful to Hammerton than at that moment; but he knew the wily character of the barbarians he had to deal with, and therefore he endeavored to restrain the impetuosity of his temper, till thrown off his guard by the impassioned appeals of the beautiful girl, who fancied that the major's coolness proceeded from indifference as to their fate, he demanded their release. Also! he was in a moment sensible of the illegality of his request, as well as the impossibility of enforcing it; for except a corporal and an orderly, he was unattended, whilst the

Indians mustered thirty men. The tribe belonged to the most murderous in that part of the world, and the chief instantly became sensible of his advantage.

"My dear brother does not speak with the tongue of wisdom," said he calmly; "the father of his people has decreed death for treason—is it not so?"

By "the father of his people," Hammerton well understood that Cornwallis was meant; and although distressed beyond measure at the conviction, yet the fact was undeniable, that they were at the mercy of their captors. The place they were in was far distant from any of the posts; it was a piece of scenery rich in wild beauties. There was the tangled foliage, with its many shades of green, enveloping the dark-skinned warriors in their paint, who surrounded the prisoners, together with the major and his men, whose scarlet dresses, mingling with the drapery of the ladies, gave a vivid effect to the picture. The chief stood in the centre with his battle-axe poised upon his arm, and proposed to release his captives for a ransom.

"Name the amount," exclaimed Hammerton, with eagerness, while the full blue eyes of Elizabeth beamed upon him through her tears with gratitude.

The chief enumerated his services, the scalps he had taken, the wounds he had received, enhanced the beauty and qualifications of his prisoners, extolled the generosity of the British, and then concluded by demanding an enormous sum for the release of the ladies and their father. Hammerton felt an inclination to promise the amount, however extravagant, but his principles of honor and honesty revolted at the thought of deception; besides, he had those to deal with whom it was very difficult, if not altogether impossible, to deceive. The Indians were able and willing auxiliaries against the continentals, and it was dangerous to depart from a strict line of integrity in dealing with them. Still, Hammerton felt the ransom demanded was far beyond his immediate means; and, therefore, after a plausible harangue, in which he depreciated the value of the captives, he finished with offering something more than half the sum demanded. The chief betrayed no emotion; there was not the slightest symptom of anger or resentment; not a muscle of his countenance changed; but raising his tomahawk, he cleft the skull of the elder of the sisters, who fell dead at his feet. The spectacle which followed no pen can describe; the aged grandfather sunk prostrate on the body of his son's child; the kneeling sister clasped her hands in speechless horror, and gazed with stupefied amazement on the deed. Hammerton's sword was instantly but, but a dozen bows were bent, and the arrows drawn to the head, against his breast. The corporal, and the orderly held him back, and prevented him from rushing on certain destruction, while the chief, with folded arms remained unmoved at the sight of the bleeding victim before him. At length.

"My brother is a chief," said he, pointing to the major's uniform; "his captives are his own, and the Huron does not interfere; why then should my brother be angry with his friend for making the ransom less."

The truth instantly flashed upon Hammerton's mind; in lessening the amount proposed he had unwittingly consigned the noble-minded Matilda to death, for the savage, artful in his bargains, would not reduce the terms for the three, but by pitting one of them aside, he at once entered upon the major's offer, which he agreed to accept, and which the officer now unhesitatingly pledged his word should be forthcoming. The usual preliminaries being arranged, the Indians resigned possession; but on raising the venerable man, it was discovered that his spirit had passed away, and he was spared the infliction of further agony. The bodies of the dead were conveyed to the nearest post, where they were consigned to the tomb, and as soon as circumstances would admit, Elizabeth became the major's wife, and on a more affectionate, more faithful or more devoted never existed. But, alas! their union was not destined to endure. Mrs. Hammerton expired in giving birth to her second child, and the major was left with a bereaved heart, that was never to love again, and two infant sons.

We must now pass over a series of years, during which Hammerton was promoted to be lieutenant-colonel, and served in Holland, and other places, till the expedition against South America, which his regiment embarked, and was conveyed to the river Plate. Both his sons held commissions under their father, and

experienced from him that rigid discipline for which he had become proverbial, and which deadened the confidence and filial feeling that a child should cherish for his parent. But still he denied them no indulgence consistent with their profession, and never suffered an opportunity to escape which promised to advance their welfare and as he thought their own happiness. The eldest, Augustus, combined in his disposition the high-spirited notions of his father, with much of the softened feelings of his mother; the youngest most strongly resembled the latter; and both were admired and beloved by the regiment, in which they had in fact been educated. Soon after landing, having marched to the neighborhood of Monte Video to besage the city, the young lieutenant became acquainted with a Spanish family, resident at a large farm about seven miles from the city walls, and near to which a strong post had been established to cut off all communication with the interior. The command of this post was given to Colonel Hammerton, and the young lieutenant, which a detachment of the regiment remained with his father. Those who have been in South America must well recollect the fascinating beauty of the females who seduced many a soldier from his duty and allegiance, and induced them to desert, notwithstanding the rigid watchfulness of the commandant, and the severe punishment inflicted where the delinquent was caught.

Donna Isabella, the eldest daughter at the farm, was extremely lovely, and she possessed those manners which could not fail to attract admiration, as well as to attach the affections of a heart like that of the young lieutenant; in short, they became mutually bound to each other, and entered upon their earnest ardent love, as if it was the only desirable good or delight of existence. Colonel Hammerton was ignorant of this; for the young man was aware that if it came to his father's knowledge, he should be removed to a distance, and therefore the lovers communicated in secret, and met as often as prudence would allow. But at length the dispositions for storming the city were made, and Colonel Hammerton and his men were ordered to join the main body. But the colonel had received intelligence of a strong force of irregular cavalry and guerillas advanced upon the post, which it was absolutely necessary to keep in check; he therefore determined to despatch his son to the general, informing him of the circumstance, and requesting further advice. Augustus received directions to be prepared for departure by daylight the following morning, and strict injunctions were given that no one was in the mean time to quit the fort. Evening approached, and Augustus longed to ride to the farm to acquaint Donna Isabella that he was about to leave her, but would return as speedily as possible, and claim her as his bride. But his father kept him in his presence giving him various instructions, and enjoining him to a strict adherence to integrity of purpose; it was late before they separated, and the last words of the commandant, were, that the lieutenant should hold himself in readiness at a moment's warning to mount and be off. Sharp were the struggles in his breast between love and duty: the young man revered his parent, but he felt convinced that even the near relationship between them would not screen him from the effects of a breach of military discipline; and yet his very soul sickened at the thoughts of leaving the place without one parting word with Isabella.

It happened that the sentry at the gate was a young soldier, whom Augustus had more than once saved from punishment, and the grateful fellow longed to testify by some means or other his sense of the obligation. Love overcame reason in the officer's breast, and he easily prevailed upon the sentry to allow him to take his post whilst he ran to the farm for the purpose of delivering a note to Donna Isabella, informing her of his almost immediate departure, and earnestly soliciting her to accompany the bearer, that they might enjoy a few minutes interview. Wrapped in the great-coat of the soldier, the young lieutenant entered the sentry box, and, leaning against the side, weariness overpowered him, and in the midst of ruminations of happiness he fell asleep.

It was a still, calm, cold night; the stars were brightly shining, and in the tranquillity that prevailed none could have conjectured that the demons of mischief were abroad to work evil. Yet so it was. The Col.

restless at the news he had received, could not remain in his quarters; he rose, and after pacing the platform for several minutes, an irresistible impulse urged him to proceed towards the gate. The sentinels had promptly challenged and received the countersign as he approached, but at the most important post no one was to be seen, not a voice heard. The wrath of the commandant was raised to a pitch of ungovernable fury. He advanced towards the box, saw the supposed sentry asleep; his sword was instantly plucked from the scabbard and plunged through the young man's heart; the colonel heard one heavy groan as the body fell to the ground, and then passed on to the guard-house to direct another man to be sent to the gate, and a party to remove the dead. But in the mean time, the sentry returned with the lady, and discovering what had occurred, he fled and joined the ranks of the enemy. The colonel was still in the guard-house when the corpse, together with the distracted Isabella, who had been found prostrate on the bleeding body, were brought in. But who can paint the stern agony of the father when he beheld the lifeless form of his son, slain by his own hand through intemperate zeal, and heard the curses, "not loud but deep," that were muttered by the guard. After perpetrating the rash act, reflection had wrought contrition; but now what were his feelings as they extended the fine manly figure of the young man upon the table, and he saw in a moment that life was extinct; all the rigour of the soldier gave way, and the strong man wept like a helpless infant. But we must pass over the scene.—Isabella became an idiot; the colonel was tried and acquitted, but he retired from the army. His second son could not be prevailed upon to quit his father, and obtaining leave of absence, they returned to England. Here they found that the agent in whose hands he had left the business of clearing the incumbrances from the family estate, had succeeded beyond his most sanguine expectations—it was free, and he took possession. But remorse preyed upon his mind, and he determined to withdraw from the world, to some wild spot where he might toil and nurse his grief in secret. By the death of a relative, the place on Mahaica-creek was bequeathed to him, and thither he went: nor would his son remain behind; he disposed of his commission, and employed his days in striving to soothe the affliction of his parent's heart. The estate was not large, and required but few slaves; yet on the arrival of Hammerton, he made them cease from labor, gave them small allotments for themselves, merely retaining their services when required, and he commenced his own personal exertions in the construction of his botanical garden. Hospitable and generous, all found plenty and a welcome at the Solitaire, but he himself was seldom seen. The son sometimes drove to the town—the father never: yet exercise renewed his health; the climate agreed with him; a desire to revisit the world, and place Edward in the seat of his ancestors, was reviving in his breast, when an occurrence took place that once more plunged him into misery and madness.

Whatever was the colonel's motive for suffering his negroes to live in comparative idleness, certain it is that the plan produced disastrous results, not only to himself, but also to the neighboring planters: for the Solitaire soon became the refuge for the runaway, and a rendezvous for all bad characters, who were easily concealed by day in the thick bush that had been suffered to grow undisturbed, and at night when necessity compelled them, they engaged in marauding excursions for subsistence. Nor were the colonel's grounds more free from depredation than those of his neighbors; whilst his tender plants, reared with much care and labor, frequently were trodden down and destroyed.—Remonstrances and threats were equally unavailing, till at length he determined to make an example of the first marauder he could catch. For this purpose he secretly sallied forth after nightfall, armed with his rifle. Edward, however, detected his father's watchings, and, apprehensive that he might fall into ambush generally contrived to be near him, though unseen.—Nor were the negroes so ignorant of his whereabouts as he imagined, but, unwilling to do him personal injury, they hoped by intimidation to deter him from his practices; and, therefore, on one occasion they assembled in a body and entered the grounds. But the rascals had miscalculated their powers; the colonel was sensible to fear, and boldly advanced upon the slaves, who, terrified at his daring, turned to retreat.

Edward witnessed the whole, and suspecting that the design of the negroes was to tempt his father into the bush, he rushed forward with the intention of preventing him. Had he spoken—had his voice been heard—the catastrophe might have been spared, but, eager to save his parent, he thought not of himself. The night was dark; the colonel beheld some one hurrying with rapidity upon him, and, satisfied it was a reprobate slave, he raised his rifle. It was a work of a moment—there was a report—a flash; the young man sprang from the ground with a piercing shriek—he was mortally wounded.

For several days did the agonised father watch over the couch of his dying son, and could his sufferings have appeased the angel of death, his life might have been prolonged; but the decree had gone forth, and, with his last breath, endeavoring to console his distressed parent he expired. Thus fell two fine youths by the impetuous hand of a father, who, in losing his children, was indeed bereaved and alone in the world. Once again he was tried for shedding the blood of his offspring, and as before an acquittal followed; but bowed down to the earth with the affliction, his mind gave way under the heavy pressure, and for months he passed his whole time over the grave of Edward, who was buried by the creek side. A tomb was ordered from England, and placed upon the spot; a shrubbery in that luxuriant clime quickly grew around it, and the boatmen, as they row up and down, tune their chants to the memory of the departed.

Plantain grow round white man grave,
Sing sadly row;
Plantain grow round white man grave,
Sing sadly row;

The colonel lived several years after my visit, a melancholy monument of the evils which spring from rashness and ungoverned resentment. He was at length found dead by the side of his son's tomb.

AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER.

ALBANY, SATURDAY, APRIL, 25, 1840.

Those of our subscribers, in N. York, who intend changing their place of residence the ensuing first of May, will please acquaint Mr. Wm. Boardman our agent in that city.

REMOVAL.—The American Masonic Register office, has been removed, to the corner of South Market and Division streets over the hat-store of Mr. E. S. Herrick. Entrance in Division-street.

Those of our subscribers who intend changing their residence in the city, will please notify the carrier.

ATTEMPT TO MURDER.—Under this imposing caption, the Schenectady Reflector in noticing a recent race between two of our North River boats, says—“If the wholesale steamboat murders on the western waters will not deter the owners of steamboats here from carelessly and rashly jeopardizing the sacrifice of human life, the travelling public can effect it by a practical application to their pockets—avoid their boats as you would a powder magazine in a thunder storm.”

This is all very good advice, but unfortunately the fault is as much with the “travellers,” as with the officers. The passengers, in too many instances become interested in the races, and it is by their countenance that racing is tolerated. When the feelings are excited, the consequences are lost sight of; and it is only when a blow up takes place, with some 20 or 30 persons scalded, that the public manifest much “virtuous indignation,” and then it lasts just 5 days.

An anecdote, in point, is told of a southern lady.—This lady who was a widow was in the habit of travelling up and down the Mississippi with the produce of

her plantation. She had once lost a large amount of property, by racing, and she resolved for the future never to travel in a boat, unless the captain would pledge his honor, that no racing should be allowed. One season, she shipped on board one of the boats a large supply of bacon, for another market, having obtained the usual pledge from the captain. She came on board. It so happened that an opposition boat, was to leave the wharf, half an hour after her departure.—By and by, the opposition came dashing along in fine style. The lady, with several other passengers became nervous. “The opposition boat was gaining on them.—The lady paced the deck, her eye one moment on the captain, and then on the other boat. At last she asked the Captain, if his boat had as much steam as could be prudently carried. The Capt. said he thought so. But still the other boat gained on them. The lady fidgetted, but the boat in mockery to her feelings kept on its steady and safe course. A feeling of impatience became general among the the passengers—and the lady said to the captain in an under tone, that it would really be mortifying to have so ill looking a boat to go past them. “But, Madam,” says the captain, “I gave my word to you that I would not allow any undue trial of speed, and I must keep my word.” “Well, captain, the other passengers appear so anxious to get in first, that I will release you from your promise this time, for I know your boat can carry more steam with safety.” By this time, the opposition was only a few rods astern,—the word was given “let her go.” Wood was split up, the best pieces selected, but still the other boat gained slowly. At last the lady could stand it no longer: “Captain,” says she, “we must beat that boat.—Let the men break open a cask of bacon—that will do.” The cask was broken open, the bacon was added to the flame, and the result was the bacon was burnt up, but the boat BEAT!

THE LATE ORATORIO.—A writer in the Eve Journal of Tuesday, has some very sensible remarks in relation to the late Oratorio. His remarks, however, will not be duly appreciated: Among other things he says—“From the manner in which the house was filled on the first night, and the unequivocal sign of surprise and pleasure exhibited, I confidently expected to find the Church thronged nightly by admiring crowds; that this taste of a feast, would have brought the participants again and again to the banquet: but such I regret to say was not the case; the audiences have indeed been in every respect, except in numbers, all that could be desired, but in this important particular, the second and third night were very deficient.”

The whole secret of the matter is, that there was a lamentable oversight in fixing the price of admission. If the charge of the last night, had been fixed for the former ones, the piece would have had a respectable run for eight or ten nights at least. Putting the price down made the matter worse, it was a kind of left handed permission to the second table, which unfortunately touched the pride of many, who like Caleb Balderstone will forego a great deal of comfort and enjoyment “a’ for the credit of the family”.

Kingston U. C. was visited with a very destructive fire, on Friday last, occasioned by some sparks from the Steam-boat Telegraph, while that vessel was firing up. About 75 houses were destroyed, together with a Steam-boat, 5,000 barrels of flour, several schooners laden with flour, &c. Fifty kegs of powder became ignited, which was the means of scattering the fire. Providentially, no lives were lost.

MR. PRICE—who is said to have been associated with Mr. Swartwout, in the defalcations to government has written to the Hon. Mr. Vanderpool, of Congress denying all connection with S. and asking the appointment of a committee to investigate the affair. He says, “I beg leave to avail myself of your kind proffers of continued friendship for me, to my son, who has recently returned from the United States, and to request your aid in procuring the appointment of a committee who shall be empowered during the ensuing recess of Congress, to interrogate most specially all persons, and examine all offices, books and paper, in any wise connected with the collection of the revenue in the southern district of New York from the 14th of April 1834, unto the present time.”

He further says, that if the same rule of adjustment is applied to the settlement of his accounts, as has been judiciously settled in like cases, the government will be found upon investigation to be in his (Price's) debt.

NICHOL'S AMPHITHEATRE—This establishment is now among us, and may be put down as the most splendid affair in the country. Its internal arrangements are unique, and forcibly remind the spectator of the Amphitheatre's and Arena's of the olden age which we read of. Every thing connected with this splendid concern is in the best style. Madigan and young Nichols, are the best equestrians we have ever seen. Even the clown once in a while perpetrates an original, not found in the stereotype edition of old saws and worn-out truisms.

VANDALISM.—The Monument of General Brock—which was erected by his countrymen to his memory in Canada, has been shamefully destroyed by some villain, without any apparent motive, other than fiendish malignity, which does sometimes exist in the human breast. No man was more respected for his many virtues than Gen. Brock, although our enemy during the war, and we trust that this outrageous desecration of his memory will be visited on the authors of it, with the virtuous indignation of an abused community.—We hope the villain is not an American.

Land Sales.—Iowa Gazette of the 4th inst., notices the close of the land sales at Burlington and states that the whole amount received during the sales, amounted to three hundred and fifty seven thousand five hundred dollars—of this, \$255,000 was in silver, and \$55,000 in gold.

O. K. & V. G. The Boston Post says that a distinguished Senator at Washington, has avowed his determination to vote against the appointment, to any office of any man who wears on his upper lip a bunch of hair, no matter how strong his political recommendations.

Death of Judge White.—The Knoxville Times of the 10th inst., announces the demise on the morning that day of the Hon. Hugh L. White. The event had been daily expected for some weeks previous.

THE MUSEUM, continues to afford additional attraction. Yankee Hill, who has no equal in his line, has been engaged with Miss Reynolds, for a short time, and will undoubtedly draw full houses.

The President of the U. S. has directed, that all Mechanics and labourers, in the employ of the government, shall work ten hours a day, and no more.

THE JARVIS CASE RENEWED.—The Hartford Review notices a rumour that Mrs. Jarvis, lady of the Rev. Dr. Jarvis, has petitioned the Court of Chancery of New York for a divorce, with an appropriation of a part of his property in that city, and that the Rev. Dr. has been notified to appear and show cause why such petition shall not be granted.

During the last ten years the United States are said to have imported \$82,000,000 worth of iron, chiefly from England.

The Wisconsin Enquirer mentions as a fact not generally known, that a large quantity of copper ore has been shipped from the western part of that territory to England, within the past year, to be smelted. It is said that the ore is of so valuable a quality that it yields the exporters a handsome profit.

Church burned.—The brick church, at Salem, Washington county, was wholly destroyed by fire last Sunday. It cost \$10,000, and is the third edifice the congregation has lost by fire.

A Court Martial will assembly at the Navy Yard in Philadelphia, on Monday, the 25th of May, for the trial of charges against Commodore Jesse D. Elliott; Commodore Jacob Jones will be President, and John M. Read, Esq., of Philadelphia, Judge Advocate.

During the last ten years, the United States are said to have imported \$85,000,000 worth of iron, chiefly from England.

A CARD.—The Treasurer of the Orphan Asylum acknowledges the receipt of \$125 61 cts., the avails of the gratuitous exhibition given by Mr. S. H. NICHOLS, proprietor of the Victory Arena and Great Western Circus, on Thursday afternoon, for the benefit of the above institution.

Intelligence.

Effect of Intemperance.—Thomas Colmine, a Canadian by birth, by trade a bootmaker, residing at 74 East Broadway, yesterday created considerable disturbance in consequence of having indulged too much in drinking. His noise attracted a crowd about his residence, and the neighbors to put a stop to the annoyance, sent for a Sunday officer. Colmine, on hearing of this, hastened up stairs and precipitated himself from the attic window on to the sidewalk, thereby breaking his arm. It is feared that the unfortunate man will have to suffer amputation. Such is the lamentable issue of a fit of drunkenness and the consequent temporary insanity of a citizen, who bears the reputation of a reasonable and industrious person in his state of usual sobriety.—*Signal.*

Murder.—A highly respectable lady named Hill, residing at Hempstead, L. I., was murdered by her negro on Thursday last. He was working in the garden of her house, and she was giving him directions, when he struck her over the head twice with his spade—she died two hours afterwards. He was arrested, and a verdict of wilful murder recorded against him. He now pretends to be mad, and says that the Lord told him to do it.

SACRILEGE.—An ostensorium was stolen out of St. John's church of this city, on Tuesday, whilst the mechanics were employed at the completion of the vestry. The article cost \$70; to the thief it would not be worth \$10. The ring and rays only were of silver, the stand was plated. It is hoped the daring perpetrator of this outrage will be detected.—*Argus.*

Destructive Conflagration.—We learn by a gentleman just from Hanover, Pa., that the Female Academy at McSherry's town was entirely destroyed by fire on Thursday night. It was known by the name of St. John's Academy, and was a branch of the Emmettsburgh Institution.—*Boll. Post.*

Brutal Murder. James Pigg, residing in Canton, Miss., deliberately and most wantonly murdered a deputy sheriff of Madison county, named William J. Norment, a couple of weeks since. Pigg's property had been levied on by the Sheriff, and while Norment was jocularly and in a friendly manner talking with Pigg in relation to a thread made by the latter to whip the Sheriff and all his officers, Pigg raised a gun heavily loaded with slugs, which he fired at Norment, and shot him dead on the spot. The murderer was with much difficulty preserved from the vengeance of the mob, and lodged in Vicksburgh jail.

Distressing Accident.—On Tuesday last, Wm. F. Burnett, aged 14 years, son of the late John Burnett, Esq. of this County, was killed by the falling of a tree. He was on horseback riding through the woods with his brother, who saw the tree as it was falling, and immediately gave the alarm, but before the unfortunate youth had time to spur his horse out of the way, the tree struck him upon the head with such force that it broke his skull and killed both him and his horse instantly.—*Bruins. Ad.*

TEXAS.—We yesterday received, by favor of our attentive correspondent at Galveston, Texas papers to the 9th inst., but find in them little to note. Nothing further has been heard at Houston in relation to the massacre at San Antonio.—The sufferings of the prisoners taken by the Comanches are represented to be of the most appalling description, and it was considered doubtful what course the savages would pursue toward the unfortunate captives. That they will visit upon them terrible retribution for the massacre at San Antonio, was apprehended, and an attack upon Bexar was anticipated.—*Sun.*

Announcing the Demise of exalted persons in China. The lady of his Excellency, the Hoppo, died lately at Canton. Her death was announced in the Tartan manner, by saying "that she had gone to ramble among the genii." The governor, and all the great officers of the province, called and expressed their "veneration." The phrase is not one of grief, but rather one of anger and indignation.

Slide of Earth in Canada.—On the morning of the 4th inst., a large tract of land of several hundred acres near three rivers, Lower Canada, slid off into the river. There were upon it two houses, cows, and other domestic animals, and five hundred sugar maple trees.—The land went off gradually, and the inhabitants (including the men employed in making sugar, who took the alarm as soon as they saw the trees moving,) made their escape.

Strangled.—A drunken female in England, recently went to bed with her bonnet on. In that restlessness which intoxication often creates, she fell out of bed, and her bonnet becoming fastened between the bedstead or bed-post and the wall: she was so drunk as not to be able to unloose the strings and was in consequence strangled.

The bill to aid the *Albany Medical College*, (by an annual appropriation of \$5,000 for five years,) passed the Assembly on Saturday with scarcely a dissenting voice. The fact speaks for itself of the high and deserved popularity of the institution among all who have the opportunity to judge of its excellence as a school of medicine.—*Argus.*

AN AWFUL DEATH.—In Adams county, Ill., a few days since, the lifeless body of a man named Taylor, was found in a situation, disclosing the fact that he died in a most horrible manner. He went out alone to cut timber in the woods, and it appears that a log which he was at work upon rolled, and throwing him upon his back, passed on to his thigh, where it stopped, and no exertion which he could make could remove it. He was thus held until he died—it was eleven days from the time that the accident happened until the body was discovered. From the appearance of the ground around he must have lived several days and nights, and used extraordinary exertions to extricate himself.

DAVID CROCKETT.—The Boston Traveller has been informed that the son of Col. Crockett, (a member of congress from Tennessee,) has received information inducing him to believe that the report in relation to his father being in one of the mines of Mexico, is correct. Steps will be immediately taken to ascertain its truth, and procure his liberation.

TOOTHACHE.—The following is a safe and speedy relief for this most excruciating complaint. Take alum and common salt, pulverise them, and mix them up in equal quantities; then wet a small piece of cotton causing the mixed powders to adhere, and place it in the hollow tooth. A sensation of coldness will immediately follow, which will gradually subside, and with it the torments of the toothache.

Militia Fines.—Within the last two years, fines have been collected in the city of New York, by brigade courts martial, to the amount of \$16,700; a very large part of which has been exhausted in the expenses attending said boards.

MARRIED.

On the 20th inst, in this city, by the Rev. J. Leonard, Jr., Andrew M. Jackson, of the city, of New York to Mary Ann Wallace, of this city.

DIED.

On Sunday, 19th inst. of a lingering illness, which she bore with christian fortitude, Mary, wife of James Sickles, in the 66th year of her age.

At N. York Pena, wife of Zophar Jarvis, 45. Miss Frances E. Kimball, 27. Phoebe, wife of Jacob Bell, 51. Samuel B. eldest son of Gideon Lee. Thomas Sullivan, 26. Catharine, wife of Joseph Regan, 30. Maria, wife of David Driver, 29. John Sutton, 67. Maria P. Pangloss, 19. John Hone, 31. At Peekskill, Henry Rundell, 35. At Sing Sing, John Umy, 65.

ANNIVERSARY OF ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST.—The Masonic Fraternity of the City of Troy, have resolved to celebrate the approaching Anniversary of St. John the Baptist, and respectfully invite the attendance of the Brethren, Companions, and Sir Knights in good standing at St. John's Hall, in said city, on the 24th of June next, to unite with them in the festivities of that occasion.

It is expected that Apollo Encampment of Knight's Templars, and the appendant orders, will at that time be publicly constituted and its officers installed in due and ancient form.

J. HEGEMAN, Secretary A. L.
WM. PERKINS Sec'y A. C.
S. C. LEGGETT, Rec'r A. E.
JOHN S. PERRY, W. M. A. L.
JOEL G. CANDE, H. P. A. C.
THOMAS T. WELLS, G. C. A. E.

Troy April 18, 5840. Committee of Arrangement.

CALENDAR OF COMMUNICATIONS.

EACH MONTH.

Temple Encampment	Albany	2d Friday.
Temple R. A. Chapter,	Albany	2d & 4th Tuesday
Mount Vernon Lodge,	Albany	1st & 3d Thursday.
Temple Lodge,	Albany	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Apollo Lodge,	Troy	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Apollo Chapter,	Troy	2d & 4th Tuesday.
Apollo Encampment,	Troy	3d Monday.
Phoenix Lodge,	Lansingburg	1st & 3d Tuesday
Olive Branch	Bethany Geo.	1st Wednesday.
Genesee Encampment,	Lockport Nia.	1st & 3d Saturday, p. f.
Mount Moriah,	Louisville, Ky.	1st Monday.
Ohio Lodge, No 101,	Wheeling Va	2d Thursday.
Wheeling Chapter, 19,	"	2d Monday of month.
Wheeling Encampment	"	1st Saturday.
Washington Council,	Utica,	1st Thursday.
Utica Lodge, 47,	"	1st Thursday.
Oncida Chapter, 57,	"	3d Tuesday.
Utica Encampment, 3	"	

THE AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER,

Is Published every Saturday by L. G. HOFFMAN

Corner of South Market and Division Sts. Albany.

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P O E T R Y .

MASONIC SONG.

TUNE—*Auld lang syne.*

Adieu! my friend, alas! adieu
To those delightful streams
Of pleasure, that I've shar'd with you,
On friendship's pleasing themes,
My friends, &c.

Oft have I met your fond embrace,
With hands in friendship join'd;
Oft has it fill'd my heart with bliss
Which cannot be defin'd,
My friends, &c.

Oft have we met, as friends should meet,
Each by the other blest;
When ev'ry moment had its sweet,
And ev'ry joy its zest,
My friends, &c.

Your kindness on my heart I'll write,
Your friendship and your love;
When I esteem such blessings light,
Forget, my heart, to move,
My friends, &c.

Accept what I can ne'er reveal,
What words can ne'er impart—
The warm emotions that I feel,
Fresh flowing from my heart,
My friends, &c.

May friendship, harmony, and love,
And ev'ry joy be thine,
That heart can wish or life improve;—
It is a prayer of mine,
My friends, &c.

And when, at last, as soon we must
Be, summon'd to the tomb,
O! may we meet among the blest,
Clad in immortal bloom,
My friends, &c.

Then there, among angelic choirs,
Harmonious voices raise,
And strike aloud celestial lyres,
To our GRAND MASTER'S praise,
My friends, &c.

THE NUN.

BY EMMA C. MANLY.

She was very fair
And intellect had poured its richest light
Upon her nature; but, alas for her!
She had a woman's heart, and Love too soon
Twined his light fetters round her spirit's wing,
Binding it down to earth. Her life had been
Like a calm summer's day, and she had dreamed
Its hours away 'mid those sweet fantasies
That youthful feeling loves. No threatening cloud
Had darkened her pure heaven of sinless thought,
She looked on all things with the loving eye
Of happy innocence, and her sweet voice
Was like the carol of young birds in spring,
The echo of a glad and joyous heart.
Alas! alas! that grief should enter here!
But never yet was gentle woman led
By intellect to happiness. The light
Of genius serves but to illumine the waste
Of blighted hope, and she who rashly fans
The sacred flame, like the poor Hindoo wife,
Lights her own funeral pyre. Ay, Aline loved
As the heart loves in youth—as women love
In every season. Genius, beauty, all
That man can prize, or woman boast, were given
As offerings to one deity. She lived!
But in his presence. Absence was to her
The soul's deep midnight; for he was the sun
Of her bright world of dreams, and her young heart,
Like Memnon's heart, beneath his eyes alone
Gave out its hidden music. It was deep,
Intense devotion, pure as infancy,
Yet strong as death, which dwelt within her breast.

A life of tenderness could scarce repay
Such self-forgetting love. But, ah! the lot
Of woman was upon her, and she met
A woman's recompense.

The time had come
For their first parting now, and days passed on;
Yet bright anticipations filled her heart,
And she was happy. But long weeks and months
Rolled by, and yet he came not. Then the rose
Faded from Aline's cheek; yet she was calm;
And, though her lips grew paler, it still wore
Its quiet smile; but, oh! what eye could trace
The daily withering of her heart, the slow
Protracted martyrdom of hope? At length
They told her he was married. No reproach
Broke from her lips, but meekly, like a flower,
She sunk beneath the blow. The heavy hand
Of sickness fell upon her, and she prayed
To leave a scene of suffering and of sin.
But death came not; and, when the healthful flow
Of life's pure current came again, she turned
From all her former joys, and found her home
Within a convent's walls.

When I first saw her, five long years had past,
And peace once more dwelt in her heart. Her cheek
Was pale as marble, and her features wore
The settled calmness of a spirit schooled
By early suffering. The fierce storm had past,
But left its trace of desolation. Time
Had done his kindly work, and she could smile
Once more with cheerfulness; but when she spoke
Of earlier days, a soft and dewy light
Shone in her dovelike eyes, as if a tear
Had burst from its sealed fountain.

From the Lady's Book.

'TIS MY WIFE AND INFANT BOY.

There is a tie I may not sever,
Though fond pleasures pass away;
And a spell which binds me closer,
In affliction's darkest day:
Though the cries of wo surround me,
Or the laugh of festive joy,
O! that spell doth still enchant me;
'Tis my wife and infant boy.

Yes! the smiling world deceives us,
And its mirth is oft unkind;
And its gilded pleasures leave us,
Not a lasting joy behind:
But though oft it hath deceived me,
Now it can no more decoy,
For a halo shines around me—
'Tis my wife and infant boy.

There are scenes of wild commotion,
There is many a tender theme,
There are thrills of deep emotion
Felt in fancy's pictur'd dream:
But a dearer spell enchains me;
A spell of rapturous joy,
Draws its silken chords around me.
'Tis my wife and infant boy.

Once the sound of mirth could charm me,
With its wild enchanting strain,
But it never more can harm me,
Or its sound enchant again:
For a sweeter tie doth bind me;
And my happier thoughts employ.
(More the world could never give me.)
'Tis my wife and infant boy.

Yet the minstrel's harp I cherish,
And I love to hear its strain,
And I would not have it perish,
No, nor seek the ear in vain:
But when its wild notes thrill me,
And inspire my heart with joy,
O! I wish for no one near me,
But my wife and infant boy.

TOO SOON.

Too soon! too soon!—how oft that word
Comes o'er the spirit like a spell;
Awakening every mournful chord

That in the human heart may dwell:
Of hopes that perished in their noon—
Of youth decay'd—too soon!—too soon!

Too soon!—too soon!—it is a sound
To dim the sight, with many a tear;
As bitterly we gaze around,
And find how few we loved are here!
Oh!—when we shall again commune
With those we lost—too soon! too soon!

Too soon!—too soon!—how wilt that tone
Bursts on our dearest hours of bliss,
And leaves us silent and alone,
To muse on such a theme as this;
To frown upon the quiet moon,
Whose parting light comes all too soon!

Too soon! too soon!—If e'er were thine
The joys, the fears, the hopes of love;
If thou hast knelt before the shrine
Of beauty in some starlight grove;
Whose lips, young roses breathed of June,
Thou'st wept those words—too soon!—too soon!

Too soon is stamp'd on every leaf,
In characters of dim decay!
Too soon is writ in tears of grief,
On all things fading fast away!
Oh! is there one terrestrial boon,
Our hearts lose not—too soon!—too soon!

CONTRARIES PLEASE THE LADIES.

A fool and a knave, with different views,
For Julia's hand apply;
The knave, to mend his fortune sees,
The fool, to please his eye.
Ask you how Julia will behave?
Depend on't for a rule,
If she's a fool, she'll wed the knave,
If she's a knave, the fool.

THE PROVINCE OF WOMAN.

BY HANNAH MOORE.

As some fair violet, loveliest of the glade,
Sheds its mild fragrance on the lonely shade,
Withdraws its modest head from public sight,
Nor courts the sun, nor seeks the glare of light;
Should some rude hand profanely dare intrude,
And bear its beauties from its native wood,
Exposed abroad its languid colours fly,
Its form decays, and all its odours die.
So woman, born to dignify retreat,
Unknown to flourish, and unseen be great;
To give domestic life its sweetest charm;
With softness polish, and with virtue warm;
Fearful of fame, unwilling to be known,
Should seek but heaven's applauses and her own;
Should dread no blame but that which crimes impart,
The censures of a self-condemning heart.

PERILOUS SITUATION OF A CHILD.

Fear seized her soul. The mother saw her child
Upon the rock that overhung the water.
And shrieked to it, in hurried accents wild,
"Come down you slut! You know you had'nt
oughter."

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The following Brethren have kindly offered to act as Agents for
the American Masonic Register. They are duly authorised to
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AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER AND LITERARY COMPANION.

BY L. G. HOFFMAN.]

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MASONIC.

MASONIC ORATION.

Delivered before the Grand Lodge of South Carolina, by Br. FREDERICK DALCHO.

Free-Masonry is the most perfect and sublime institution ever formed, for promoting the happiness of individuals, or for increasing the general good of the community. Its fundamental principles are those grand bulwarks of society, *universal benevolence*, and *brotherly love*. It holds out, in its precepts, those captivating pictures of virtue, which stimulate the brotherhood to deeds of greatness, and offers to its professors, *dignity and respect*.—It expands the ideas, enlarges the benevolent feelings of the heart, and renders man the friend of his species. It teaches those great and awful truths; on which futurity is founded, and points to those happy means, by which we may obtain the rewards of virtue. "It also instructs us in the duty we owe to our neighbour, and teaches us not to injure him in any of his connexions, and, in all our dealings with him, to act with justice and impartiality. It discourages defamation; it bids us not to circulate any whisper of infamy, improve any hint of suspicion, or publish any failure of conduct. It orders us to be faithful to our trust—not to deceive him who relies upon us; to be above the meanness of dissimulation; to let the words of our mouths express the thoughts of our hearts; and whatsoever we promise, religiously to perform."

When the rude blast of war assails an unhappy country with its ravages, and embattled legions of kindred men are opposed in direful conflict; when all around perish by the victor's sword, and humanity stands appalled at the sight, the *Free-Mason's extended arms* preserves him from destruction: He meets with friendship and protection from his enemy, and, instead of receiving the fatal weapon in his bosom, his heart is gladdened by hearing the endearing appellation of *brother*. When the corsairs of Algiers, with unprincipled fury, attack the defenceless vessels of unoffending nations, and load their unhappy crews with the bonds of servitude, to drag a miserable existence under the lash of tyranny—the *Free-Mason's well known sign* preserves him from chains, and the kindly offices of a brother, are extended to him.

Such being the principles and advantages of Free-Masonry, it ceases to be a matter of surprise, that in every country, the art has been professed and encouraged, by the most enlightened and virtuous of their inhabitants. The rulers of mighty empires, and the chieftains of great nations, have, oftentimes, joined our fraternal society, and immortalized their names by practising the virtuous principles of the Order.

The manner in which the mysteries of the Craft are revealed to us, none but Free-Masons can ever know. The ceremonies used, on these occasions, are calculated to impress upon the mind of the candidate, religious awe, and a high veneration for the cause of virtue.

The origin of Free-Masonry may be dated from the creation of the world. The symmetry and harmony displayed by the Divine Architect in the formation of the planetary system, gave rise to many of our mysteries.

"—Let there be Light! Proclaim'd the Almighty Lord
Astonish'd Chaos heard the potent word:—
Through all his realms the kindling ether runs,

And the mass starts into a million suns;
Earths round each sun, with quick explosions, burst,
And second planets issue from the first:
Bend, as they journey with projectile force,
In-bright ellipses their reluctant course;
Orbs wheel in orbe, round centres, centres roll,
And form, *self-balanced*, one revolving whole;
—Onward they move amid their bright abode,
Space without bound, the bosom of their God!"

In the earliest age of man, when the human mind, untainted by the vices and prejudices of later times, unshackled by the terrors and anathemas of contending sectaries, and the machinations of bigoted priests, the God of Nature received the homage of the world, and the worship of his adorable name constituted the principal employment of him, to whom the mysteries of nature were first revealed. After the deluge, the worship of the Most High was obscured by clouds of imagery, and defiled by idolatry. Mankind were conscious of some great and incomprehensible cause of the uniformity and wonderful progression of the works of nature; and, bewildered in conjecture, they represented the great unknown cause by such objects as appeared to produce the most powerful effects on the face of the world, from whence the *sun* and *moon* became the symbols of the Deity. As the manners of the people became more depraved, and their knowledge of truth was lost in their apostasy, and their ignorance and superstition increasing with their debasement, they, at length, forgot the emblematical allusion, and adored the *symbols* instead of the *Divinity*.

I am afraid that the same charge may be made against the Free-Masons of the present day; and that many are satisfied with the outward trappings of the Order, and neglect to study those grand principles, of which the decorations are but emblematical signification. The splendid parade on a Masonick festival, the gorgeous apparel to attract attention and make the vulgar stare, are, I am afraid, objects of more real concern to many, than the exercise of those acts of benevolence which are strongly included by the Order.

In many of the ancient nations of the east, their religious rites were enveloped by the priests, in allegories, emblems, hieroglyphics, and mystic devices, which none could understand, but those of their own Order. From these ancient examples, the mysteries of the Craft have been wisely concealed from the vulgar; and under cover of various well-adapted symbols, is conveyed to the enlightened Free-Mason an uniform and well-connected system of morality.

I am of opinion that the ancient society of *Free and Accepted Masons* was never a body of architects; that is, they were not, originally, embodied for the purposes of building; but were associated for moral and religious purposes. It must be evident to every Free-Mason, that the situation of the Lodge, and its several parts, are copied after the tabernacle and temple; and represent the universe as the temple in which the Deity is every where present. Our manner of teaching the principles of our mystic profession is derived from the *Druids*, who worshipped one supreme God, immense and infinite; our maxims of morality from *Pythagoras*, who taught the duties we owe to God as our creator, and to man as our fellow creature; many of our emblems are originally from Egypt; and science of *Abraz*, and the characters of those emanations of the Deity, which we have adopted, are derived from *Basilidas*.

The word *Mason* is derived from the Greek, and, li-

erally, means, a member of a religious sect, or one who is professedly devoted to the worship of the Deity. The reason of the term *Free* being prefixed, is probably derived from the crusades, in which, every man engaged in the expedition must have been born free, and under no vassalage or subjection. The term *Accepted* is derived from the indulgences granted by the Pope to all those who would confess their sins, and join in the enterprise for the recovery of the Holy-Land. It is well known, that immense numbers of Free-Masons were engaged in the holy wars, and that their gallant and enterprising conduct gained them the esteem of the leaders of the army, who solicited initiating into the mysteries of their Order.

That Free-Masons were considered as a set of architects, most probably took its rise from this circumstance: When Moses ordained the erection of the sanctuary, and afterwards, when Solomon was about to build a temple at Jerusalem for the worship of the only true and living God, they chose, from among the people, those whose wisdom and zeal for the true faith, attached them to the worship of the Most High, and committed to them the erection of those works of piety.—It was on those great occasions that our predecessors appeared to the world as architects.

To cultivate peace and good will towards men, to improve the general condition of mankind, and to worship the only true and living God, in fervency and truth, are among the indispensable obligations of Free-Masons. A firm belief and acknowledgement of the Supreme Being, the grand architect and ruler of nature, forms the first essential of a Free-Mason; who ought cheerfully to submit to his divine commands, and to rely on his almighty protection, whose *wisdom* cannot mistake his happiness, whose *goodness* cannot contradict it.

As humanity ever springs from *true religion*, every religious sect, who acknowledges the Supreme Being, are equally respected by the Order. Religious disputes are banished from our societies, as tending to sap the foundations of friendship, and to undermine the basis of the best institutions. The great book of nature is revealed to our eyes; and the universal religion of her God, is what we profess, as Free-Masons.

Religion's all! descending from the skies
To wretched man, the goddess, is her left
Holds out this world, and, in her right, the next:
Religion! the sole voucher man is man;
Supporter, sole, of man above himself;
Ev'n in the night of frailty, change, and death,
She gives a soul, a soul that acts a God.
Religion! Providence! an after state!
Here is firm footing; here is solid rock;
This can support us: all is sea besides;
Sinks under us; bestorms, and then devours.—"

The duty we owe to our country, is another important obligation on a Free-Mason. To pay due obedience to the laws, and to respect the government of the country in which we live, is a debt of gratitude we owe; for the protection of our lives, our liberty and our property.

The faithful discharge of the duties, which we owe to each other, and to the great family of mankind, in general, will enhance the brethren in the eyes of the world, and support the reputation and utility of the Craft; against the cavillings of ignorant or malicious men. It is not sufficient that we know these obligations, but it is our indispensable duty, both as gentle-

men and as Free-Masons, to practice them.

The behaviour of a Free-Mason, is of considerable importance, both in private societies, and in his intercourse with mankind generally; not merely as it affects his own character, but as it oftentimes brings on the Order unfavourable reflections. From these considerations, my brethren, I hope you will indulge me with a few minutes attention, while I point out to you these failings which sink us in the estimation of the world, and render us less acceptable to the society of our friends.

The first thing necessary in all societies, is to render ourselves agreeable to those, with whom we associate. As urbanity of manners is indicative of a polished mind, so is a rough, harsh demeanour the natural attendant on ignorance and brutality. The greatest mark of incivility is to pay no attention to what is agreeable or unpleasant to the feelings of those whom we converse with. To give unbounded sway to our own humours, without reflecting how much it may interfere with the ease and social rights of others, is a breach of good breeding, of which none would be guilty, but those who place no value on their own character, or on that of the company they are in.

Treat no person with contempt, it is repugnant to good manners, and militates against the principles of our institution. Pity the weakness of human nature, and cover the failings of a brother with the mantle of fraternal love. Turn no one into ridicule, under the specious pretext of innocent amusement, though your language should be decorated with the flashes of a mistaken wit. The subject of your raillery will feel the keen wound; you will embitter those hours with pain, which he had dedicated to festive gaiety, and social recreation; and you will make an enemy, where you before had a friend. Although the rest of the company may smile at your efforts to please them, yet it will not be the smile of satisfaction; they will feel an irksome restraint in your presence, lest they should inadvertently, give you some trifling cause to turn them into ridicule, in the next company you went into. In this manner, you will lose your friends, your acquaintances will shun you, and you will feel yourself alone in the midst of society. To conceal from the world the failings of our friend, is *charitable*; to speak of his virtues, *noble*; but to flatter him to his face, and to revile him behind his back, and point him out as an object of ridicule, befits, only, the character of an assassin.

The sweetest consolation and pleasure we receive from society, is in the enjoyment of friendship. It smooths the rugged paths of life, and dissipates corroding care from our brow. When our bodies are writhing with pain, and our minds tortured with anguish, friendship, pours into the wounds the sweet balm of sympathy, alleviates pain, and makes sorrow smile.—Friendship extends through every branch of the great family of mankind; its influence is as unbounded as the horizon: it unites men of different religions and countries, and of opposite political sentiments, in the firm bond of fraternal affection. The wandering Arab, the civilized Chinese, and the native American; the rigid observers of the Mosaic law, the followers of Mahomet, and the professors of Christianity, are all cemented by the mystic union. How valuable is an institution founded on sentiments like these—"how infinitely pleasing must it be to him, who is seated on a throne of everlasting mercy! to that God who is no respecter of persons."

Be not elated with the pride of birth, as merit alone can give value to distinction. Intrinsic worth lifts a man above the genealogy of ancestors, and the pageantry of sounding titles. Value not yourselves upon your honours; they may, for a time, be objects of envy and jealousy, but will crumble with the dust, and "leave not a wreck behind." Least of all, pride not yourselves upon your riches; they are insufficient to gratify the numerous wants they create, they may be treasured up by the miser, but the man of benevolence cannot esteem them, but as they afford him the means of doing good to his fellow creatures. Rational equality, as it is the most natural state, so is it the most pleasing and desirable.

Love the whole human species, but, particularly, those who are united to you by the mystic union.—When the deep signs of poverty assail your ear, stretch forth the hand of relief, and chase necessity* and want from a brother's door. If afflicted by misfortune, com-

fort their souls and sooth them to tranquillity. And if they are exposed to danger give them your assistance. It is this sympathy with the pleasure, and pains, with the happiness and misfortunes of our fellow men, which distinguishes us from other animals, and is the source of all our virtues.

The key-stone of our mystical fabric is Charity. This amiable virtue, glorious as the beams of morning, in whose beauty thousands rejoice, is the vital principle of our society. It should form the basis of all our dealings with each other, and be as a square to regulate our actions with all mankind. The wants of a brother particularly interest us; but *merit* and *virtue* in distress, wherever they meet us, will always claim the pointed attention of every true Free-Mason. Our own circumstances are to be the criterion of our beneficence. The rich bestow, with liberal hands, the gifts of fortune; the poor their consolation, advice and protection. This is, oftentimes, a source of relief; they frequently stand in want of a friend to make known their distress, and to interest, in their favour, those, whose benevolent hearts rejoice in the opportunity of relieving the wants of a fellow-creature.

Honest, industrious men, borne down in the world by the pressure of misfortune, not attributable to any misconduct on their part, but, by the acts of an overruling Providence, ingulfed in ruin; the lonely and disconsolate *widow*, the sad relic of a faithful friend, an affectionate husband, whose cheerful labours had yielded her the comforts of life, now thrown for protection and support on the bosom of benevolence; the orphan in tender years, cast naked and helpless on the world; and the aged, whose spirits were exhausted in the toils of youth, whose shrivelled sinews, now unbraced by time, are unable to procure a scanty pittance for his subsistence; these, my brethren, are the true objects of charity; to relieve such will be showing your gratitude to that Beneficent Being who is the "Husband of the widow, and the Father of the orphan."

The subject of charity has been so pathetically described by an elegant writer, in language so far superior to mine, that I cannot do better than to transcribe it.

"He whose bosom is locked up against compassion is a barbarian;—his manners are brutal, his mind gloomy and morose, and his passions as savage as the beasts of the forest.

"What kind of a man is he, who, full of opulence, and in whose hands abundance overflows, can look on virtue in distress and merit in misery without pity? Who can behold without tears, the desolate and forlorn estate of the *widow*, who, in early life, brought up in the bosom of a tender mother, without knowing care, and without tasting of necessity, was not befitted for adversity; whose soul is pure as innocence, and full of honour, whose mind had been brightened by erudition, under an indulgent father; whose youth, untutored in the school of sorrows, had been flattered with the prospect of days of prosperity and plenty: one who at length by the cruel adversity of winds and seas, with her dying husband, is wrecked in total destruction and beggary; driven by ill fortune, from peace and plenty; and, from the bed of ease, changes her lot to the dank dung-hill, for relief of her weariness and pains; grown meagre with necessity, and sick with woe: at her bosom hanging her famished infant, draining off the dregs of parental life, for sustenance—bestowed from maternal love—yielding existence to support the babe? Hard-hearted covetousness and proud titles! can ye behold such an object dry-eyed?—Can avarice grasp the mite which should sustain such virtue?—Can high life lift its supercilious brow above such scenes in human life, above such miseries sustained by a fellow creature?—Perhaps the fatal hour is at hand, when consolation is required to close the last moments of this unfortunate one's life. Can the man absorbed in pleasure roll his chariot wheels past the scene of sorrow without compassion, and without pity see the last convulsion and the deadly gaze which paint misery upon the features of an expiring saint? If angels weep in heaven, they weep for such: if they can know contempt, they feel it for the wealthy, who bestow not of their superfluities, and scratch not from their vices, what would gladden souls sunk in the woes of worldly adversity. The eyes of cherubim view with delight the exercise of such benevolence as forms the character of the good Samaritan; and saints touch their golden lyres, to hymn humanity's fair history in the realms of bliss."

What should that human wretch be called, who with premeditated cruelty and avarice, devises mischief, while he is conscious of his neighbour's honesty; on whose exerted labour an affectionate and virtuous wife and healthy children, crowding his narrow hearth with naked feet, depend for sustenance; whilst he sees him with fatigued sinews, lengthen out the toil of industry, from morn to night, with unremitting ardour, singing to elude repining, and soothing his anxieties and pain with hope, that he shall reward his weariness by the overflowings of his wife's cheerful heart, and with the smiles of his feeding infants? What must he be, who knows such a man, and his craft or avarice extorts unjust demands, and brings him into beggary? What must he be, who sees such a man deprived by fire or water of all his substance, the habitation of his infants lost, and nothing left but nakedness and tears—and seeing this, affords the sufferer no relief? Surely in nature few such wretches do exist! But if such be, it is not vain presumption to proclaim, that, like accursed Cain, they are distinguished as the outcasts of God's mercies, and are left on earth to live a life of punishment."

Contrast this picture with the man of benevolence, who views the sufferings of humanity with an eye of pity, whose heart sympathizes with the distresses of his fellow creatures, who seeks for them in the deep recesses of misery, and in the retired hovels of poverty and woe.

As the various tools and instruments which we use in the Lodge, are all emblematical of the conduct which Free-Masons should pursue in their intercourse with society, I shall, therefore, endeavour to explain to you such of them as we most frequently use.

In a Lodge of Masters, the first object which deserves attention in the *Mosaic floor* on which we tread. It is intended to convey to our minds, the vicissitudes of human affairs, chequered with a strange contrariety of events. To-day elated with the smiles of prosperity, to-morrow depresses by the frowns of misfortune. The precariousness of our situation, in this world, should teach us humility, to walk uprightly and firmly upon the broad basis of virtue and religion, and to give assistance to our unfortunate fellow creatures, who are in distress; lest on some capricious turn of fortune's wheel, we may become dependants on those who, before, looked up to us as their benefactors.

The two emblematical pillars, erected in front of the porch of the temple, independent of the beauty which they added to the building, conveyed to the minds of those who entered a knowledge of the attributes of that Being to whom it was dedicated. The literal translation of the name of the left pillar is "*in thee is strength*," and that of the right "*it shall be established*," which, as a learned author observes, may very naturally be transposed in this manner—"O Lord, thou art mighty, and thy power is established from everlasting to everlasting."

The next object which demands attention in the *Holy Bible*, with the square and compasses thereon. As these instruments remind us to keep our actions within the bounds of propriety, and to square them with all mankind, the sacred volume on which they lay contains the unerring guide for our conduct through life, as it relates to our worship of the supreme Master of the world, and our conduct to each other. For these reasons, this book of the Divine law is never closed in our Lodges; "it is open to every eye, and comprehensible to every mind."

The letter G, which ornaments the Master's Lodge, is not only expressive of the name of the Grand Architect of the universe, but, also, denotes the scene of geometry, so necessary to artists. But the adoption of it by Free-Masons, implies no more than their respect for those inventions which demonstrate to the world the power, the wisdom and beneficence of the Almighty Builder in the works of the creation.

The blazing star is the emblem of prudence, which is one of the emanations of the Deity, agreeable to the system of Basilides*. It points out to Free-Masons the path which leads to happiness, and is the sure source of self approbation. It enlightens us through the dark

* This system he called Abrax, which is a mystical term given by him to the Supreme Being, from whom emanated 365 powers and intelligences: constituting virtue, prudence, temperance, self-love, justice, truth, charity, honesty, meekness, &c. &c.

and rugged path of life, and enable us to shun the many obstacles which would impede our progress and embitter our journey with pain.

The three great luminaries allude to the three Masonic degrees, and at the same time are emblematical of that effulgence which should illumine the mind of a Free-Mason, and which he can alone receive from a perfect understanding of the principles of the Order. The white apron and gloves are also emblematical. They are worn not merely as insignia of the Order, but as badges of that innate innocence and purity of soul which Free-Masons should always possess; and in this point of view, they are more honorable distinctions than any order of knighthood which can be conferred. On being invested with these badges of innocence and humility, and Free-Mason should firmly resolve to support that purity and integrity of heart, of which he, outwardly, wears the emblems.

The rule, the line, the plumb-line, the square, the compasses, &c. are all emblematical of the conduct we should pursue in society. To observe punctuality in all our engagements, faithfully and religiously to discharge those important obligations, which we owe to God, and our neighbour; to be upright in all our dealings; to hold the scale of justice in equal poise; to square our actions by the unerring rule of God's sacred word; to keep within compass and bounds, with all mankind, particularly with a brother; to govern our expenses by our incomes; curb our sensual appetites; to keep within bounds those unruly passions, which, oftentimes, interfere with the enjoyments of society, and degrade both the man and the Free-Mason; to recal to our minds, that in the great scale of existence, the whole family of mankind are upon a level with each other, and that the only question of preference, among Free-Masons, should be, Who is most wise, who is most good. For the time will come, and none of us know how soon, when death, the great leveller of all human greatness, will rob us of our distinctions and bring us to a level with the dust.

Although the society of Free-Masons is venerable for its antiquity, and in all ages has been respectable for its good conduct; yet it has, through falsehood and gross misrepresentations, groundlessly awakened the jealousy of some of the European States, and the obloquy of malicious tongues.—Have they not been accused of being leagueed together for the destruction of religion and government? Have they not been called atheists and blasphemers, and ridiculed as the dupes of nonsense? But while we discharge the duties and principles of our profession with integrity and truth, the venomous shafts of malice will fall harmless at our feet, and our minds will feel that ease and safety which alone results from conscious virtue.

An institution, which recommends submission to the laws of our country, adoration to the Supreme God of Nature, universal benevolence, and every virtue which can endear us to each other, which conveys instruction to the mind and expels rancour, hatred and envy, and every unruly passion, and binds all its followers in the bond of good will, is certainly worthy of praise and encouragement.—Such is the society of Free and Accepted Masons.

THE GATHERER.

INTEMPERANCE—INSANITY.

The bloated face, and trembling hand—indigestion and dropsy—diseased liver and kidneys—are common and acknowledged effects of intemperance. By this word intemperance, we do not mean merely drunkenness, but the practice of daily stimulating beyond their healthy and regular beats, the heart and blood vessels by potations of vinous, malt, or distilled liquors. It is not, perhaps, so generally known that the man of intemperate habits is prone to madness, and of course liable to become the inmate of a hospital, or lunatic asylum. The instances of temporary madness in drunkards are very common. After some days they may recover by suitable medical treatment, but if they return to their evil habits, they are exposed to fresh attacks which finally prove fatal. A wound or a fractured limb which, in common healthy constitutions, would soon heal will often excite to frenzy the habituated drunkard, and be the immediate cause of his death. The chances of recovery from any disease whatever, are in-

initely less for the drunkard than the sober man.—When the small pox prevailed so extensively, in 1823—4, we never knew of a drunkard who recovered from an attack of the natural disease, that is, where neither vaccination nor inoculation had been practised. He for the most part died delirious.

But, independent of these instances of temporary and accidental madness, there is a formidable list of the permanent and incurable kind, caused by drunkenness. In a table of 1270 lunatics admitted into the asylum at Cork, Dr. Hallaran says that 160, nearly an eighth of the whole number, were insane, from this unhappy indulgence. Though the French are comparatively a sober people, it appears that out of 2507 lunatics admitted into their hospitals, 185 were insane from the same cause. Men are often driven to self-destruction by a habit of drunkenness. Out of 218 cases of suicide, published by Professor Casper of Berlin, (in a list of 500) the causes of which were known, 54 were the effects of drunkenness and dissipation.

Presence of Mind.—If you should happen to meet with an accident at table, endeavor to preserve your composure, and do not add to the discomfort you have created by making an unnecessary fuss about it. I remember hearing it told of a very accomplished gentleman, that when carving a very tough goose he had the misfortune to send it entirely out of the dish into the lap of the lady next to him; on which he looked her full in the face, and said, "Ma'am, I will thank you for that goose." This manner of bearing such a mortifying accident gained him more credit than he lost by his awkward carving.

Prompt Answer.—Chateaufort, keeper of the seals of Louis XIII. when a boy of only nine years old, was asked many questions by a bishop, and he gave very prompt answers to them all. At length the prelate said, "I will give you an orange if you will tell me where God is." "My lord," replied the boy, "I will give you two oranges if you will tell where he is not."

A Hint to Belles.—Lady Blessington says, and surely she ought to know; that "those who are formed to win general admiration, are seldom calculated to bestow individual happiness."

Sir William Onslow, in his travels in Persia, mentions that there are hills of salt near Darbgirel, of white, black, green, yellow, and red colors. In all other countries, salt is produced from the bosom of the earth or from the concretion of the water; but here it appears it comes from the bed of the mountains.

The Roman Catholic Bishop of Montreal died at the hotel Dieu on Sunday last, and the corpse was exhibited in the chapel dressed in pontifical robes on Monday and Tuesday. Yesterday the same exhibition was made in a funeral procession from the cathedral, and the body was consigned to one of the vaults after the usual solemn formalities. The name of the deceased prelate was Jean Jacques Lartigue, and he was successively, Bishop of Telmesse, Coadjutor to Bishop of Quebec, and finally, Bishop of Montreal. It is stated that M. Bourget, the present Bishop of Telmesse will succeed the late Bishop of Montreal.—*Mont. Courier.*

Historical Celebration.—The Connecticut Historical Society, yesterday commemorated the adoption of the constitution framed by the inhabitants of Hartford, Wethersfield and Windsor, in the year 1639. Several representatives of societies from other states, with other invited guests, joined in the celebration. The exercises in the forenoon, were at the Centre Church.—The venerable doctor Webster, of New Haven, delivered the address on the occasion, which contained much that was interesting of a historical character.—Although upwards of 80 years of age, his voice was so clear and distinct as to be heard from all parts of the church. At 2 o'clock the company sat down to dinner at Gilman's hall, after which a great many fine speeches were made, and sentiments offered, which we

shall refrain from noticing, as we have had the promise of a full account of them from a member of the society. Among the venerable gentlemen present, besides the orator of the day, were Col. Trumbull and Judge Daggett, the former aide-camp to General Washington in the war of the revolution.—*Hartford Courant.*

New Haven and Northampton Canal.—At a meeting of the citizens of New Haven on Wednesday, last it was voted to be inexpedient for the city to expend any more money upon the Farmington Canal, or to loan the credit of the city to the "New Haven and Northampton Company." The vote of the 18th June authorising a further loan by the city (the certificates not being yet issued) was repealed. The New Haven Herald, in reference to these proceedings says:—

The toil and labor of twenty years are thus sacrificed in a single day, for it generally conceded that no further efforts will be made by the company to put the Canal in order and keep up a navigation.

The Great Western. which probably sailed on the 15th inst., is now hourly expected, with news a fortnight later than those received. From a report of the proceedings at the annual meeting of the proprietors of the Great Western Company, held at Bristol on the 26th ult., it appears that the actual net profits of the company during the year 1839, was £9,912, or near \$50,000. The average of her passages during the past season were: to New York, seventeen days and two hours; from New York, thirteen days and sixteen hours; her shortest passage outwards has been thirteen and a half, her shortest homeward twelve days and a half.—She has conveyed 1036 passengers, and has carried 1214 tons of goods, 96,578 letters, and 19,571 newspapers, besides parcels. The average from the commencement of the Great Western's passages from New York home, has been thirteen days and a half only, while that of the sailing liners during the same period has been twenty-three days.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Destructive Fire.—The Female Academy at McCherr's town was lately destroyed by fire. Few of the young ladies escaped with any thing save their night dresses. Mr. Albert, a gentleman in the neighborhood, provided them with shelter and accommodation, until they were relieved by their friends.

A gentleman who had visited the institution, for the purpose of bringing home his daughter, who was dangerously ill, found her, after an anxious search, about 2000 yards from the building, barefooted, and only enveloped in a counterpane. She was at once removed to comfortable quarters, and is now in perfect health. Her recovery is attributed to the effects of the fright.—*Buffalo D. Rep.*

ACCIDENT.—A man yesterday, while hurrying in great speed round a corner, met two ladies of his acquaintance, and pulling off his hat forgetfully, the following load of freight tumbled about the side walk:—Two apples, seventeen old letters, several unpaid bills, one of which for \$1.25 was receipted; one clean shirt bosom and collar; cigars *ad lib.*; a bottle of sarsaparilla syrup; a pair of false whiskers; a number of the Boston Notion; ditto of the Brother Jonathan; half pint of pea-nuts; two pair of brown drilling pantaloons; and a Harrison song book. The articles we understand have been nearly all recovered.—*Picayune.*

Warning to Stage Drivers.—We learn that Antony W. Watts, a Stage driver on the line between this place and Tuscaloosa, was killed on Wednesday night last, this side of Pickensville, by the upsetting of the Stage. He is supposed to have fallen asleep on the box, when the horses leaving the road descending a hill the wheel ran over a stump, which threw him off and under the body of the coach, breaking his neck and mashing the skull. Two passengers were inside. The horse stopped immediately.—*Southern Argus.*

A neighbor of ours says when he gets married he is determined his wife shall not wear the breeches, as he means to marry a woman so much larger than himself that they will not fit no how she can fix it. That's right.

THE LEGENDARY.

From the Edinburgh Journal

THE HEROINES OF BURNS.

It is generally known that the fine impassioned songs of Burns were mostly written with regard to real women—in some instances, of no great beauty in the world's estimation, and in most of very humble rank, but almost always genuine flesh-and-blood women of this world, whom the poet was pleased to admire for the time being. In this respect he was very different from the poets of the former age, with their suppositious Daphnes and Phillises—with Burns, to quote a line of old Maclurain, Lord Dreghorn.

"—Nelly, not Neera was her name."

Plain, downright Annies and Nannies, and Tibbes and Jeanies, they were every one of them. He was a great poet—more particularly a great lyrical poet, perhaps we may say the very greatest that has ever lived; and wherever he had been born, there was it certain that the women, whether in silk or druggat, must have been immortal. He rose in Kyle, amongst a simple peasantry, the female part of which wore short gowns and sometimes no stockings, and were accustomed to wield the muck-fork and the sickle, like the men themselves. But then it was Burns who had slighted amongst them, and the haberdashery of the imagination was ready to deck every one of them as finely as if they had been Scharissas or Vanessas.—It may afford some amusement to the reader to be introduced to such particulars of these persons as have been handed down to us.

We have the poet's own authority, that the first flame in his bosom was kindled in his fifteenth autumn by "a bonnie sweet sonsie lass," who was assigned to him as his partner on the harvest field. She was unwitting at first at the power she had acquired over him, and he himself did not know, as he tells us, "why he liked so much to loiter behind with her when returning in the evening from their labors; why the tones of her voice made his heart-strings thrill like an Æolian harp; and particularly why his pulse beat such a furious rattan when he looked and fingered over her little hand, to pick out the cruel nettle-stings and thistles." Love brought poetry to its aid, and he now composed his first verses, beginning "Once I loved a bonnie lass, and aye I love her still;" a very poor set of rhymes truly, but curious as the first tunings of so sweet an instrument. Her name appears to have been Nelly Blair, and like many of his subsequent flames, she was a house-servant. The daughter of an individual in whose house she at one time served, communicated, through a newspaper, a few years ago, her recollections of Burns's visits on the occasions when "rockings" were held in the house. Those were meetings of the rustic youth of both sexes, at which the lasses plied their spinning-wheels (for merly their rocks—hence the name) and the lads knitted stockings, the entertainment consisting of songs, and a light supper of country fare. Often did this lady meet Burns at the head of a little troop, coming from a distance of three or four miles, to attend these meetings, with the spinning-wheel of some lass over his shoulder, and a hundred jokes in his mouth to keep the party in merriment. Often had the lady of the house to find fault with her dam-sels next day, for their lack of alacrity, the result of Burns's too late sitting at his courtship with Nelly Blair.

Another of his very early Dulcineas was a certain Isabella Steven or Stein, who lived near his father's farm of Lochlee. He was then about seventeen. But alas, she was a heiress—her father a laird; that is to say, the proprietor of probably twenty acres of moorland, with a cot-house and garden. She, therefore, looked high, and the consequence was that the poet had occasion to write his song—

"Oh, Tibbie I hae seen the day
Ye wadna been sae shy,
For lack o' gear ye lightly me,
But troth I carena by.
Yestreen I met you on the muir,
Ye spakna, bnt gaed by like stoure;
Ye geck at me because I am poor;
Nae purer is than Nannie, O."

Thus we find that in the humblest spheres of life there are nice distinctions of grade; altogether unrecognisable, possibly, to one observing at a little distance, like that between stars of the fifteenth and sixteenth magnitudes, yet with immense gulfs between, for all that. Tibbie, by virtue of her father's two or three fields, passed like stout the tenant's son, whose name was ultimately to be great in both hemispheres.

His next serious fit of passion took its rise while he was studying mensuration at Kirkoswald. The fair maid's name was Peggy Thomson, and he celebrates her in his song "Now westlin win's and slaughtering guns;" she became the wife of a person named Neilson, and long lived in Ayr. But the particulars of this case need not be here entered into as they have already been introduced to our readers.

About the time when he was two or three and twenty, his attachments came in such thick and rapid succession, that there is no individulising them. Scarce a lass existed in the happy parish of Tarbolton who had not been a transient object of worship to Robert Burns. There was one whom he celebrates under the name of Montgomery's Peggy. To this girl, who had been reared in rather an elegant way, he made love, merely to show his parts in courtship; he got really in love, and was then refused. "It cost me several heartachs," he says, "to get rid of the affair." Another, named Anne Ronald, the daughter of a farmer, is said to have been the "Annie" of his lively song of "The Rig o' Barley." The heroine of "My Nannie O," that most exquisite of songs, was Agnes Fleming, the daughter of a farmer at Caldcotill, near Lochlee, and at one time a servant.

Her face is fair, her heart is true
As spotless as she's bonnie O:
The opening jowan, wad wi' dew,
Nae purer is than Nannie, O."

Was ever rural maid so canonised? He was not a lover himself, but an abettor of the loves of others.—"A country lad," he says, "seldom carries on a love adventure without an assisting confidant. I possessed a curiosity, zeal, and intrepid dexterity, that recommended me as a proper second on these occasions; and I dare say I felt as much pleasure in being in the secret of half the oves of Tarbolton parish as ever did statesman in knowing the intrigues of half the courts of Europe." We once conversed with an aged man in Tarbolton, who had served Burns partly in the same capacity; they would go together at night to houses in which lived girls admired by the poet; and these girls it was the duty of John Lees to ask out for his friend, who meanwhile waited near the door.—When he had succeeded in bringing out any favorite lass of the poet, he became of course *Monsieur de Trop*, and Burns would then say to him, "Now, Jock, you may gang hame." The old man seemed greatly to relish his recollections of these adventures.

At about four-and-twenty, while still assisting his father in the small poor farm of Lochlee, he became acquainted with the young woman whom he addresses in several of his published letters as "My dear E—." From these letters he appears to have at first made sure of obtaining the young woman's hand, but to have been finally rejected. It is probable that this person was the heroine of his song, "From thee, Eliza, I must go," which seems to have been written when he contemplated leaving her for a distant clime. The letters are in surprisingly pure English, and of more moderate and rational complexion than the most of his compositions of that class, while the song ranks with his best.

"Farewell, farewell, Eliza dear,
The maid that I adore;
A boding voice is in my ear,
We part to meet no more.
The latest thorb that leaves my heart/
While death stands victor by,
That thorb, Eliza, is thy part,
And thine that latest sigh."

Eliza long survived the poet, and if we may judge from the following obituary notice of her, she must have been a person somewhat above the common standard. "At Alva, on the 27th ult., in the 74th year of her age, Mrs. Elizabeth Black, relict of the

late Mr. James Stewart, vintner there. Though called upon to discharge the uncongenial duties connected with a humble public-house, and early deprived of her partner, Mrs. Stewart, in her guarded walk and conversation, during the many years she spent in Alva, threw such a moral halo around her character as secured for her the unceasing esteem and good wishes of her fellow-villagers. * * She was Burns's Eliza. She was born and brought up in Ayrshire, and in the bloom of youth was possessed of no ordinary share of personal charms. * * She early became acquainted with Burns, and made no small impression on his heart. * * She possessed several love-epistles he had addressed to her. It was when Scotia's bard intended emigrating from his own to a foreign shore that he wrote the stanzas beginning, "From thee, Eliza, I must go"—the subject being of course Elizabeth Black."

This brings us to Highland Mary, the most interesting of all Burns's heroines. He was now the joint tenant with his brother of the little farm of Mossagiel, in the parish of Mauchline. Mary Campbell, for such was her name, was as lowly a lass as any whom he ever admired, being the dairy woman at Colonel Montgomery's house of Coilsfield. There is a thorn near the house, beneath whose boughs the poet lover often met his simple mistress. He celebrates her charms, and the happiness he enjoyed from these stolen interviews, in the song of "The Highland Lassie."

"Nae gentle dame, though e'er so fair,
Shall ever be my muse's care,
Their titles a' are empty shew,
Give me my Highland lassie, O.
Oh, were you hill and vallies mine,
Yon palace and yon garde as fine,
The world then the love should know,
I bear my Highland lassie, O."

The design of going in search of fortune to the West Indies was still upon him, and he is found asking this mistress if she will accompany him;—

"Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary?
And leave auld Scotia's shore,
Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary,
Across the Atlantic roar!"

At length he resolved to marry her, and endeavor to remain contented at home; and they met on the banks of the Ayr, "to live one day of parting love," previous to a visit which she was to pay, in anticipation of her marriage, to her relations in Argyleshire. In the song of "Highland Mary," the history of this precious day is written in immortal light. Mary, as is well known, sickened and died at her father's house, in Greenock, leaving to the poet an image which never forsook him in all his after days, whether of joy or sorrow. Six or seven years afterwards, when a married man at Ellisland, he observed the anniversary of her death in a way which showed the depth of his feelings respecting her. In the evening, he retired to his stack-yard, in a state of great apparent dejection, and threw himself on a mass of straw, with his face upturned to the sky.—There he lay for hours, notwithstanding the kind remonstrances of his wife. When he came into the house, he wrote down, with the facility of one copying from memory, the grandly melancholy hymn beginning,

"Thou lingering star, with lessening ray."

We have treated Highland Mary shortly, for her story has been often told. We shall afford more space to the lady who next presided over the imagination of the bard—the celebrated Jean Armour. The father of the young woman was a master mason or builder of some substance, in the village of Mauchline. She was rather above the middle stature, of dark complexion, and irregular features, but of a fine figure, and great gentleness of nature, and a very agreeable singer and dancer. According to her own story, she and Burns first saw each other as she was one day spreading out clothes on the green to be bleached. As he passed by, his dog ran over some of the clothes; she called to the animal in no gracious terms, and requested his master to take him off. The poet made a sportive allusion to the old saying of "love me, love my dog," and some badinage was interchanged. Probably neither knew on this occasion who the other was; but their acquaintance was not to stop short here.—

We are enabled to continue its history by John Blane, a decent old man now residing in Kilmarnock, who was at this time Burns's plough-boy and bed-fellow.—There was a singing-school at Mauchline, which Blane attended, Jean Armour was also a pupil, and he soon became aware of her superior natural gifts as a vocalist. One night there was a "rocking" at Mossiel, where a lad named Ralph Sillar sung a number of songs in what was considered rather good style. When Burns and Blane had retired to their sleeping-place in the stable-loft, the former asked the latter what he thought of Sillar's singing, to which Blane answered that the lad thought so much of it himself, and had so many airs about it, that there was no occasion for others expressing a favorable opinion—yet, he added, "I would not give Jean Armour for a score of him.—You are always talking of this Jean Armour," said Burns; "I wish you could contrive to bring me to see her." Blane readily consented to do so; and next evening, after the plough was loosed, the two proceeded to Mauchline for that purpose. Burns went into a public house, and Blane went into the singing school which chanced to be kept in the floor above. When the school was dismissing, Blane asked Jean if she would come to see Robert Burns, who was below, and anxious to speak to her. Having heard of his poetical talents, she said she would like much to see him, but was afraid to go without a female companion. This difficulty being overcome by the frankness of a Miss Norton—the Miss Morton of the Six Mauchline Rellies—Jean went down to the room where Burns was sitting, and from that time her fate was fixed.

The subsequent history of this pair is well known. Jean ultimately became the poet's wife, and the partner of all of weal or woe which befell him during the Ellisland and Dumfries periods of his life. It is rather remarkable that, excepting two or three passing allusions, Jean was not the subject of any poetry by Burns during the earlier period of their acquaintance, nor till they were seriously and steadfastly married. He then, however, made up for his former silence. It was during the honeymoon, as he himself tells us, and probably while preparing a home for her on the banks of the Nith, that he composed his charming song in her praise—

"Of a' the airts the wind can blaw,
I dearly like the west,
For there the bonnie lassie lives,
The lassie I loe best;
Though wild woods grow, and rivers row,
Wi' mony a hill between,
Yet day and night my fancy's flight
Is ever wi' my Jean.
I see her in the dewy flowers,
Sae lovely, fresh, and fair,
I hear her in the tuneful birds
Wi' music charm the air;
There's no a bonnie flower that springs,
By fountain, shaw, or green,
Nor yet a bonnie bird that sings,
But minds me o' my Jean."

Not long afterwards, he infused his love for her into the still more passionate verses beginning, "Oh, were I on Parnassus Hill!" of which one half stanza conveys a description certainly not surpassed, and we are inclined to think not even approached, in the whole circle of British poetry—the vividness and passion rising in union from line to line, until at the last it reaches a perfect transport, in which the poet involves the reader as well as himself.

"I see thee dancing o'er the green,
Thy waist sae jimp, thy limbs sae clean,
Thy tempting lips and roguish ean—
By heaven and earth, I love thee!"

Mrs. Burns is likewise celebrated in the song, "This is no my ain lassie," in which the poet describes himself as meeting a face of the fairest kind, probably that of some of the elegant ladies whom he met in genteel society, but yet declaring that it wants "the witching grace," and "kind love," which he found in his "own lassie:" a very delightful song, for it takes a fine moral feeling along with it. Of "Their Groves o' Sweet Myrtles" we are not so sure that Mrs. Burns was the heroine, though, if the wives of poetical husbands always had their due, she ought to have been so.

Jean survived in decent widowhood for as long a time as that which formed the whole life of the poet, dying so lately as March 1834. She was a modest and respectable woman, and to the last a good singer, and, if we are not greatly mistaken, also a tolerable dancer.—She had been indulgent to her gifted though frail partner in his life, and she cherished his memory when he was no more.

Here for the present we must stop: the Ayrshire poet somehow contrived to admire so many ladies, that there is no rumpling them all into the compass of a single paper. We shall speedily resume the subject.

MISCELLANY.

THE WOODEN-LEGGED GHOST.

What may this mean, that thou, dead corpse! again
Revisist thus the glimpses of the moon
Making night hideous!

Most families, I believe, have their traditionary ghost story; which, when narrated to the group that gathers round the wintry fire-side, excites, according to the age and character of the listeners, terror, sympathy, doubt, incredulity or ridicule. Still it continues to be told, even by those who are urgent in their disavowal of belief in supernatural appearances: the story is kept alive, and recollected in after life; for the bias is a strong one of the mind, to dwell even on the shadows that pertain to that world of untried being which approaches toward us with its slow and noiseless, but irresistible and overwhelming, movement.

I remember in my youth to have listened with my whole heart to the following remarkable incident, as one which had undoubtedly occurred a few years before in the Island of Jamaica.

During a season of great mortality among the inhabitants of that island, in the year ———, a veteran Scottish regiment was stationed upon the high bluff of land that forms one point of a crescentular bay, and overlooks the town and harbor. Inland, towards the east, a small plain extends itself; while on the west and north, which is nearest the shore, and almost overhanging it, were several long one-story buildings, hastily erected of wood, for the accommodation of the officers of the corps, and consisting all of three or four rooms on each end, with a piazza on the side towards the sea, extending the whole length of the structure, and forming a shaded and agreeable promenade, during the earlier part of the day. The rooms opened upon the piazza, and communicated with each other by way of a side door, which was occasionally left open for the freer circulation of air.

In one of these barracks were quartered three officers of the regiment, Major Hamilton, Captain Gordon, and a third whose name I cannot at this moment recall. Major Hamilton's apartment was in the centre. He had lost a leg in the service, and usually wore a wooden pin, or stick, shod with iron; and being an alert man, fond of exercise, used to walk up and down this piazza for hours together, stopping occasionally at Gordon's door or window, and sometimes looking in at that of the other officer exchanging a cheerful word with them as they sat each in his apartment, endeavoring to beguile the time with dressing, reading, writing, thoughts of promotion, of home, and of a speedy and happy return to Britain.

The sound of the Major's step was peculiar. It was only the blow given by the iron ferule at the end of his wooden leg that was heard; for, although a stout man he trod lightly with the remaining foot, and heavily only with the wooden substitute, which gave forth its note at short intervals, as he paced to and fro, so regularly, that there was certain pleasure in listening to it.

Sounds that strike the ear in this measured way, affect us more than others. The attention becomes engaged, and they grow emphatic as we listen. The calker's hammer-stroke, as it flies from the dock-yard of the busy port, across some placid bay into the green and peaceful country, is an instance of this truth: the songster has it, in the line,

'His very step hath music in't.
When he comes up the stairs;

and the gentle *Lamb* felt it, when he said of his phisi-

cian, that 'there was healing in the creak of his shoes,' as he approached his apartment. Associated with this measured movement of the Major, was his deep cheery voice, that made light of danger and difficulty; whether on the field of battle, or as now amid the sickness, which, in mockery of the beauty of tropical skies and scenery, was devastating the colony at this melancholy period.

This sickness proved fatal to several officers of the regiment, and after some time, Major Hamilton was taken down with it. It was a fever, attended with delirium. The Major was confident of recovery; and indeed, from the great equanimity and happy temperament of his patient, his physician had hopes almost to the last. These, however, were not destined to be realized. He expired the seventh day after he was seized, while endeavoring to speak to his friend, Capt. Gordon, and was buried under arms at sunset of the same day.

Now it was on the second night after this mournful event, that Gordon, having retired to bed rather later than usual, found himself unexpectedly awake. He was not conscious of any distressing thought or dream which should have occasioned this shortened slumber, and as he commonly made but one nap of the night, and his rest had been latterly broken by the kind offices he had rendered his comrade, he was half surprised at finding himself awake. He touched his repeater, and found it only past one o'clock. He turned on the other side, and composed himself afresh. The thoughts of his friend came over his heart, as his cheek reached the pillow, and said: 'Poor Hamilton! Well, God have mercy on us!'

He felt at the moment that some one near him said 'Amen!' with much solemnity. He was effectually roused, and asked, 'Who is there?'

There was no reply. His voice seemed to echo into Hamilton's late apartment, and he then remembered that the door was open that communicated between the two rooms. He listened intently, but heard nothing save the beating of his own heart. He said to himself, 'It is all mere imagination,' and again endeavored to compose himself, and think of something else. He laid his head once more upon the pillow, and then he distinctly heard, for the first time, the Major's well-known step. It was not a matter to be mistaken about. The ferule sound, the pause for the foot, the sound again, measured in its return, as if all were in life.—He heard it first upon the piazza, heard it approach, pass through the door from the piazza into the centre apartment, and there it seemed to pause; as if the figure of the departed were standing on the other side of that open door, in the room it had so lately occupied.

Gordon rose. He went to the window that opened upon the piazza, and looked out. The night was very beautiful; the moon had gone down; the sky was of the deepest azure, and the low dash of the waves upon the rocks, at the foot of the bluff, was the only thing that engaged his notice, except the extreme brightness and lucidity of a solitary star, that traced its glittering pathway of light toward him, across the distant waters of the ocean. All else was still and reposeful. 'It is very remarkable!' said he; 'I could have sworn I heard it!' He turned toward the door that stood open between the two rooms. The Major's apartment was darkened by the shutters being closed, and he could distinguish nothing inside it. He wished the door were shut, but felt a repugnance at the idea of closing it; and while he stood gazing into the dark room, the thought of being in the presence of a disembodied spirit rose in his mind; and though a brave man, he could not immediately control the bristling sensation of terror that began to possess him. He longed for the voice of any living being; and though for a moment the idea of ridicule deterred him, he determined on calling up the officer who occupied the other apartment.

He passed out on the piazza, and as he approached the other extremity of the building, the sentinel on duty perceiving him, presented arms.

'Have you been long stationed here?' said Captain Gordon.

'Half an hour,' was the reply.
'Did you—did you happen to see any one on the piazza, during that time?'

'I did not.'

Gordon returned at once to his room, vexed with

himself for having been the sport of an illusion of his own brain. He closed his door and window, and went to bed. He was now thoroughly awake, and had regained, as he thought, entire possession of his faculties. "My old comrade," said he, "what could he possibly want of me? We were always friends—kind-hearted, gallant fellow that he was! No man ever was his enemy, except upon the field itself. Why should I have dreaded to meet him, even if such an event could possibly be?"

And yet, so constituted are we, that a moment or two after this course of thought had occupied his mind, he was almost paralysed with dread, by the recurrence of the same well-known step that now seemed pacing the dark and tenantless apartment. He even fancied an irregularity in it, that betokened, as he thought, some distress of mind; and all that he had ever heard of spirits revisiting the scenes of their mortal existence, to expiate some hidden crime, entered his imagination, and combined to make his situation awful and appalling. It was therefore with great earnestness that he exclaimed:

"In the name of God, Hamilton, is that you?"

A voice, from the threshold of the communicating door, addressed him in tones that sank deeply into his soul:

"Gordon, listen, but do not speak to me. In ten days you will apply for a furlough; it will not be granted to you. You will renew the application in three weeks, and then it will be granted you. Stay no longer in Scotland than may be necessary for the adjustment of your affairs. Go to London. Take lodgings at No. —, Jermyn-street. You will be shown into an apartment looking into a garden. Remove the panel from above the chimney-piece, and you will there find papers which establish the fact of my marriage, and will give you the address of my wife and son.—Hasten, for they are in deep distress, and these papers will establish their rights. Do not forget me?"

Capt. Gordon did not recollect how long he remained in the posture in which he had listened to the spirit of his departed friend; but when he arose, it was broad day. He dressed himself, and went to town; drew up a statement of the affair, and authenticated it by his oath. He had had no intention of quitting the colony during that year; but an arrival brought intelligence of the death of his father, and of his accession to a large estate. Within ten days, he applied for a furlough; but such had been the mortality among the officers, that the commanding officer thought proper to refuse his request. Another arrival having however brought to the island a reinforcement for the garrison, he found the difficulty removed, upon a second application, in three weeks. He sailed for Scotland, arranged his affairs, and intended immediately afterward to have proceeded to London. He suffered, however, one agreeable engagement after another to retard his departure, and his friend's concerns, and the preternatural visit that he had received from him, were no longer impressed so vividly as at first upon his mind.

One night, however, after a social party of pleasure, he awoke without apparent cause, as he had done on the eventful night in Dominica, and to his utter consternation, the sound of the Major's iron step filled his ears.

He started from his bed immediately, rang up his servant, ordered post-horses, and lost not a moment upon the way, until he reached the house in Jermyn-street. He found the papers as he had expected.—He relieved the widow and orphan of his unhappy friend, and established them as such in the inheritance to which they were entitled by his sudden death; and the story reaching the ears of royalty, the young Hamilton was patronized by the Queen of England, and early obtained a commission in the army, to which he was attached, at the time this tale was told to me.

It is also known that Capt. Gordon rose very high in his military career, and was throughout his life distinguished as a brave and honorable officer, and a fortunate general.

A green-horn lately took a notion to get married.—After the ceremony was concluded, Jonathan took a quarter dollar from his pocket, deliberately walked up to the parson, and handed it to him, saying, "Parson, keep the whole; you need not give me back any change."

AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER.

ALBANY, SATURDAY, MAY, 7 25, 1840.

Those of our subscribers who intend changing their residence in the city, will please notify the carrier.

Those of our subscribers, in N. York, who intend changing their place of residence the ensuing first of May, will please acquaint Mr. Wm. Boardman our agent in that city.

REMOVAL.—The American Masonic Register office, has been removed, to the corner of South Market and Division streets over the hat-store of Mr. E. S. Herrick. Entrance in Division-street.

INDIAN AFFAIRS.—At the west, it is again rumored that the British government is tampering with the Indians. With the Winnebagoes we may have some trouble, as they seem resolved not to emigrate, according to their treaty stipulations; and a military force is called in Wisconsin to enforce their removal if necessary; but we give no credit to any reports that there is danger of a general movement among the tribes, in consequence of foreign interference or otherwise.

CITY BANKS.—The N. York Sun, says, "the banks of New York have never done a more profitable or a more safe business than they have since they ceased discounting for every body who could write a promissory note and give any man of straw for an endorser. They were never better able to declare dividends than they now are; their debts were never of a less 'doubtful character;' and their business has never been more profitable—because it has never been more carefully or more cautiously conducted."

SINGULAR DEATH.—A few days since, the body of an imbecile young man was found in a chimney of an unfinished building in Philadelphia. He had been missing about six weeks. His father had been employed about the building, which he had frequented, and it is supposed that in an attempt to ascend or descend the chimney he got thus caught, and perished.

ANOTHER.—On the 9th of April, a lad nine years old, in Clayton, Jefferson co. while engaged in making maple sugar, fell into a kettle of boiling sap, and was scalded to death.

EXTINGUISHING FIRES.—A sensible writer in the Pennsylvania recommends that the water discharged from engines should be thrown directly upon the burning body, instead of above or over it; as in that case much of its effect will be lost, while in the latter case, it will not only operate immediately upon the mass, but will be converted to steam and thus diffused more generally. The writer remarks, that a given volume of water thrown as last described, will do at least five times mere execution than the same quantity thrown in the manner it usually is. Whether this statement be perfectly accurate or not, it is certain that much may be gained by a more considerate use of water by fire companies than is frequently witnessed.

EFFECTS OF THUNDER. Philadelphia papers state, that a thunder storm on Sunday last, raised from the bottom of the Delaware river, two bodies of persons who had been missing for several days. One was Mr. Rowley, president of the Delaware Fire Company, and his funeral was attended by the whole fire department of the city; the other was a son of a Mr. Mullen,

TEMPERANCE.—At a very large meeting of the Catholic inhabitants of Boston, on the 11th ult. a temperance society was formed, under the name of the "Boston Roman Catholic Temperance Confraternity," and the following pledge was adopted, after much discussion, with but one or two negative votes, viz. "To abstain from the use of all distilled spirituous liquors as an article of drink, or traffic, and to discountenance the use or sale thereof by others, nor to frequent nor partake of any intoxicating liquor in those places where ardent spirits are publicly exposed for sale as an article of common drink or refreshment."

ENCOURAGEMENT TO CELIBACY.—The Army and Navy Chronicle says, the War Department has passed a regulation, that no candidate from civil life who is married, shall be examined for appointment in the army. The reasons given for this step are, the necessity for young officers being in the field with their companies, the want of accommodation in small garrisons for families, and the inadequacy of the pay of officers for their support.

BETTER PROSPECTS AHEAD.—The Sun of Tuesday last remarks: "New York is now holding a position which, with patience and perseverance, must in a short time restore her to a high state of prosperity. The balance of trade is in her favor from almost every part of the world, and there is every prospect of it remaining so. Large quantities of produce are pouring in here for exportation, while imports are, and will be for some time, exceedingly light."

Caution to Mothers.—Last week, in New York, the corner was called to hold an inquest on the body of an infant, which died in consequence of taking four drops of laudanum, given to it by its mother, through ignorance of its effects.

A Mad Dog was reported to be seen in Broadway, N. York, last week.

The Mobile Journal states that that city is fast recovering from calamitous fires with which it was lately visited. In one street upwards of thirty brick stores and dwellings are in various stages of completion, and preparations for new buildings are going on all over the city.

Deaths, in New York, last week—123, viz. men, 37—women, 27—boys, 28—girls, 31—males 65, females 58. In Philadelphia, 103—adults, 48, children 54.

GRAIN.—The prospect of the grain crops in Pennsylvania is said to be very flattering; and rye stalks two feet and a half high and in full head are already announced.

The New York Gazette, so long, and so extensively known as a commercial daily paper, has been merged in the Journal of Commerce.

Another child was killed last week by a rail road car, in Philadelphia. The car passed over and beheaded the child.

THUNDER STORMS visited many places on Sunday last, and were uncommonly severe. The lightning struck in several instances in this city and neighborhood; but no buildings or lives were destroyed.

The Canajoharie and Catskill rail-road, is still in progress of construction, and twenty-three miles of it are now passed over by an engine and cars. When finished, this road will form an important branch of the great communication between the east and west.

JUSTICE WELL ADMINISTERED.—On Monday last two young men were fined \$10 each, and costs, for rudely and indecently disturbing the religious services at the African Union church in 15th street in N. York, on the evening previous.

N. Y. LEGISLATURE.—From present appearances, this body will adjourn on Tuesday the 12th instant.

BREACH IN THE CANAL.—The late heavy rains have caused a serious breach in the Erie canal, about two miles west of Schenectady. The water on the Schenectady level, of 7 miles is consequently drawn off and it is supposed that 4 or 5 days will elapse before the breach can be repaired and navigation resumed.

Intelligence.

FOREIGN NEWS.

[From the N. Y. Star.]

The packet ship United States, Capt. Britton, arrived yesterday from Liverpool, bringing dates to the 1st. inst.

There has been a reduction on the wheat duty of two shillings per quarter. Ministers are indirectly revising the Corn Laws. In tea nothing was doing, and the cotton market was dull.

The ministry has sustained another defeat on the Irish Reform Act.

The most important intelligence from France is the success of Thiers on the secret service money, which was to be considered a test of his administration. His majority was 86, which created great surprise, and every way strengthens the government.

The steam ships President and United States are in dock ready to receive their engines, and may be expected out in July next.

There is every reason to believe that there will be a congress of European monarchs, the ensuing summer, to decide upon the affairs of the East. This will be an important proceeding, and may derange the plans of Egypt and France, and also Russia and Persia.

The schah of Persia has quitted Tchérán with a large army to tranquilize outbreaks in some of the provinces. The Russians have met with reverses in the mountains of Chiva; and the Emperor will finally tread in the footsteps of Napoleon; and encounter the same disasters in sending his troops so far from their homes. It will be necessary to have another Congress of Vienna before the affairs of the East are settled, and we doubt whether their decrees can be as easily enforced in Asia as they have been in Europe.

Turkey has negotiated a loan with the Rothschilds, secured on the customs and the copper mines.

The penny postage works well and is greatly on the increase in England.

It is reported, but with what truth we are unable to discover, that France will take part with Turkey against Egypt. It was also rumored that the Bey of Tunis would join Abder Kadir, with a heavy force against the French, and that a French fleet would bombard Tangiers, in Morocco.

Affairs in Spain and their finances continue very unsettled.

Some curious details are given respecting Sir Moses Montefiore's visit to the holy land some time back.—On his pilgrimage he gave a talaris to every one of the Israelites. He made careful inquiries respecting the several biblical antiquities of the place and ascertained the amount of duty which the sacred places and villages paid to the Egyptian Government, which was 64,000 purses. On coming to Alexandria he offered the Viceroy to pay this sum out of his own pocket, provided the Viceroy would allow him to colonize the places particularized with Israelites, to which proposal the Viceroy assented, provided the colony should be considered as national, and not under European protection.—Times.

The sulphur monopoly is at an end in Naples.

The booksellers of Paris have united to recommend to the Ministry to adopt a measure acknowledging the copyright of foreign authors, and forbidding foreign or clandestine editions.

Out of a population of 83,000 who inhabit the 12th arrondissement of Paris, 14,368 are supported by public charity.

Lord Brougham, by special invitation, will visit the king and queen of the French, at the Tuileries, en route to England.

Female Insurrection.—There has been an insurrection of the female inhabitants of Roches de Condrieu, in the Isère, in opposition to the formation of a new cemetery, supposed to be injurious to the interests of several individuals. Two hundred of these Amazons declared their resolution to die on the spot rather than give up their point, but on the appearance of a detachment of troops order was restored.

The following article from the Argus shows the extent to which the Empire State is going in the work of internal improvements, and the objects to which her resources are applied.

INTERNAL IMPROVEMENTS.

Yesterday the two houses passed the bills in aid of the New York and Erie, Hudson and Berkshire, Auburn and Rochester, and Long Island Rail Roads.—They had previously passed the appropriations for the enlargement of the Erie Canal, and for the prosecution of the Black River and Genesee Valley Canals. The appropriations, so far, are as follows:

Erie Canal Enlargement*	2,500,000
Genesee Valley Canal†	500,000
Black River Canal,	250,000
N. Y. and Erie Rail Road‡	400,000
Hudson and Berkshire Rail Road	150,000
Auburn and Rochester Rail Road	200,000
Long-Island Rail Road	100,000
	\$4,100,000

In addition, the bill appropriating \$100,000 in aid of the Harlem Rail Road has passed the Senate, and the bills in aid of the Tonawanda Rail Road and for the purchase of the Oneida Lake canal and feeder, (the former \$100,000 and the latter \$50,000,) have passed the Assembly.

* As appropriation of 500,000 early in the session.
† For this year, an indefinite sum for the future.

IMPORTANT FROM MEXICO.

[From the N. Y. Eve. Post.]

Texas papers of the 15th of March have been received in New Orleans, which state that the Mexican Centralists, under Arista, and the Federalists, under Canales and Zepatra, have had a bloody engagement near Mier on the Rio Grande, in which the Federalists were totally routed, with great numbers killed and wounded, the exact number not being known. Those who escaped, retreated in great confusion to San Antonio. The Centralists, in pursuit, were reported to be within one day's march of the town; and Colonel Fisher of the Texan army, in command of three companies, had dispatched an express to the President for instructions as to the manner in which he should receive Canales. An answer had been sent, but its nature was not known. The Texan force consisted of only 300 men. That of the Mexicans was 1500. The news caused great alarm at Austin. It was supposed that Canales would attack the place, in which event the Texans would engage its defence.

Another Murder from Rum.—The Concord (N. H.) Courier contains an account of an appalling murder committed in that vicinity on Tuesday of last week, by an aged man named John Brown, upon the person of his wife, who was about 63 years of age, while both were under the influence of liquor. The old couple, it appears, lived at London, and were on their way to Concord with a lot of new baskets they had been making. When near Concord, Brown went into a grocery and purchased a bottle of rum, leaving his wife a few rods distant sitting on some stones, with the bas-

kets. On returning to his wife, he took from his pocket the full bottle, and each drank of it freely, when they took up their line of staggering for the street. When they had travelled nearly a mile, the rum began to have its perfect work, and the old lady was compelled to take a beating from the very hand that, half an hour before, had extended the bottle to her. This performance over, a moving on followed, and sixty rods ended the travelling of old Mrs. Brown. She was taken with a sinking, fainting turn, and carried into a friendly house, where she spent the night, most of it in a second fit, from which the physician could not raise her. She died on Wednesday morning, and the brute who gave her the rum visited a neighboring drunkery for rum, twice on that day, while his wife was an unburied corpse. It does not appear from the Courier's statement that Brown was arrested.

DIED.

In this city, on Monday last, Israel Williams, esq., a citizen highly and justly respected. His funeral was attended by the members of the bar (of which he was an ornament) in a body, and the circuit court was adjourned on that occasion.

On the 24th ult. Mr. Wm Boyd, aged 64.

On the 28th Mr. Alexander Cameron, aged 38.

Mrs. Mary, wife of Harvy Smith, aged 28.

At Utica, on the 28 ult. Hiram Pratt, esq. President of the Buffalo Bank.

At Auburn, on the 24th, Isaac Sherwood, esq. the well known stage proprietor.

At Boston, the Rev. John Kirkland, D. D. for many years President of Harvard University.

At Seekonk, R. I. Mrs. Esther, relict of the late Joseph Armington, aged 95—retaining her faculties remarkably and leaving 140 descendants.

CALENDAR OF COMMUNICATIONS.

EACH MONTH.

Temple Encampment,	Albany	2d Friday.
Temple R. A. Chapter,	Albany	2d & 4th Tuesday.
Mount Vernon Lodge	Albany	1st & 3d Thursday.
Ten ple Lodge,	Albany	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Apollo Lodge	Troy	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Apollo Chapter,	Troy	2d & 4th Tuesday.
Genesee Encampment,	Troy	3d Monday.
Phoenix Lodge,	Lansingburg	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Olive Branch	Bethany Geol.	1st Wednesday.
Genesee Encampment,	Lockport N.Y.	
Ohio Lodge, No 101,	Wheeling Va.	1st Monday.
Wheeling Chapter, 19,	"	3d Thursday.
Wheeling Encampment	"	3d Monday ev. o month.
Washington Council,	"	1st Saturday.
Utica Lodge, 47,	Utica,	1st Thursday.
Oneida Chapter, 57,	"	1st Thursday.
Utica Encampment, 3	"	3d Tuesday.
Mount Moriah,	Louisville, Ky.	1st & 3d Saturday. p. f.
Louisville Encampment	do	4th Saturday.
Council S & R Masters	do	Quarterly.
King Solomon's chapter	do	2d Saturday.

AUTHORISED AGENTS.

The following Brethren have kindly offered to act as Agents for the American Masonic Register. They are duly authorized to receive subscriptions and monies on its account.

William Boardman, New York City.
Tallnage Fairchild, Coxsackie.
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A post master may enclose money in a letter to the publisher of a newspaper, to pay the subscription of a third person, and FRANK the letter, if written by himself.

POETRY.

For the American Masonic Register.

THE MISER'S PRAYER TO DEATH.

Oh death! I know full well I'm old;
But see! my step is steady!
Then do not tear me from my gold,—
Alas, I am not ready.

Ah! yes, too well I know I'm old;
My locks are thin and grey,
But still I love to count my gold,—
Oh! send me not away!

Alas, alas! I'm very old;
My eyes are dim as night,
But I can't leave my shining gold,
While there's a ray of light.

Dread King of terr'rs, e'en tho' I'm old,
Still, still for life I crave,—
For ah, there are no heaps of gold
In the damp, dreary grave!

Oh call not, death, e'en tho' I'm old;
Oh say not "*Thou must die!*"
But spare me yet to count my gold,
While other years pass by.

Oh spare me yet, although I'm old,
And I'll prepare for thee;
I ne'er have dream'd of aught but gold,
Ne'er thought of dread Eternity!

But Death heard not that miser old,
In vain for life he prayed,—
Death forc'd him from his idol gold,
To rot among the dead.

J. S. S.

From Bayley's Ballads.

THE NURSERY TALE.

Oh! did you not hear in your nursery,
The tale that the gossips tell,
Of the two young girls that came to drink
At a certain Fairy well?
The words of the Youngest were as sweet
As the smile of her ruby lip,
But the tongue of the Eldest seemed to move
As if venom were on its tip!

At the well a Beggar accosted them,
(A sprite in mean disguise;)
The Eldest spoke with a scornful brow,
The Youngest with tearful eyes;
Cried the Fairy "Whenever you speak, sweet girl,
Pure gems from your lips shall fall;"
"But whenever you utter a word, proud maid,
From your tongue shall a serpent crawl."

And have you not met with these sisters oft,
In the haunts of the old and young?
The first with her pure and unsullied lip?
The last with her serpent tongue?
Yes—the first is *Goodnature*—diamonds bright
On the darkest theme she throws;
And the last is *Slander*—leaving the slime
Of the snake wherever she goes!

T I M E .

—He should know
That time must conquer; that the loudest blast
That ever filled renown's obstreperous trumpet,
Fades in the lapse of ages and expires. F. K. WHITE.

Oh! it is strange how man will dream
Of coming years, of joy and fame;
And speak of glory's distant beam
Encircling with its light his name:
Or tell of pleasures yet to be,
Hid in a dim futurity!

Will while his pleasant hours away
In useless indolence and ease,
Still whispering to himself—"A day

Of brighter joys and hopes than these,
Upon my life will yet arise,
And yield what now stern fate denies."

'Tis wonderful, how oft is shown
Hope's faithless light's futility;
The warning record still is thrown
To darkened eyes, that will not see!
To ears where adder-deafness dwells;
In vain's the note Time solemn knells!

'Tis sad—'tis fearful thus to see
Age loitering through life's little span,
And mark, the imbecility
Of God's most perfect creature, *man!*
In heedless youth his brightest powers
Wasting away like summer flowers!

'Tis worse than sad—for he should know
Time's fleetest pinion e'er is spread—
And that the pride, the hope, the woe.
The joy, which have their influence shed
Upon his life, and checked its stream,
Are borne along its course—a dream.

Ah, he should know, for all things teach
The moral, startling truth;
The ruined dome—pale floweret—each
Proclaim departed youth!
And man should learn from their decay,
How his own life sands drop away.

Yes—he *should* take the lesson home
By all Creation taught—
Nor let the daily warning come
Unmarked by act and thought—
A little while—how long—alas!
He knows not—and his *time will pass*.

A VISIT TO THE GRAVE OF A CHILD.

"Here is his peaceful bed,—
Beneath this humble mound
He sleeps,"—the mourners said
Then bent upon the ground.

Beside them knelt, a sweet,
A lovely cherub,—he
Had come with gentle feet
To bend his little knee
Upon his brother's bed,
Where slept the precious dead.

No sighs were heard,—a deep
And mournful feeling spake
Within,—'twas sad to weep
And feel the past awake.

To feel that beauteous head,
Again upon the breast,
And kiss that cheek of red
While in its living rest.

To gaze upon that brow
Of snow; those calm, blue eyes,—
Yet know that dear one now,
Dead in the cold earth lies!

A Sabbath hush there lay,
Around the mourning pair,
It seemed as grief that day
Breathed in the still, calm air,

For Christians may not mourn
In hopeless agony.—
Our God! to thee we turn—
The child—he lives with thee.

FROM THE LONDON COURT JOURNAL.

THE SOLDIER'S GRAVE.

He sleeps:—the burning breath of war
No more shall wave his purple plume;
No watching by the midnight star
Shall chill the warrior's youthful bloom
He sleeps:—the hour of mortal pain
And mortal pride alike are past:
His blood is scattered on the plain;
His cheek is withering in the blast.

A thousand storms may wander there;
May swell a thousand battles' cry;

For earth he has nor eye, nor ear;
Pain, pleasure, glory pass him by.
He sleeps,—the brother of the worm,—
By thunder and by trumpet unmoved:
And is this frail and faded form
All that is left of all we loved?

No:—mourner kneel and weep no more;
That faded form is not thy love;
Its hour was come, its course was o'er,
The spirit winged its way above.
Life might have sunk, a long disease,
Or evil chance have stained his fame;
Or passion's hopeless agonies
Have smote his bosom like a flame.

But now upon his living glance
Are sights to which the sun is dim;
Earth lost in the sublime expanse;
All nature one majestic hymn.
And wouldst thou for his glory weep,
And grieve him with thine idle tear?
Love was not born in tombs to sleep.
See yonder heaven!—thy love is there.

From the Southern Literary Messenger.

THE COFFIN.

The Coffin is come! 'tis a dreadful sound!
And tears are gushing anew,
For the Family, wrapp'd in grief profound,
Have caught that sound as it flew;
It sendeth a shock to each aching heart,
Suspending with awe the breath;
It says that the living and dead must part,
And seems like a second death.

Now heavy and slow is the bearers' tread
Ascending the winding stair,
And the steps which are echoing over head
Awaken a wild despair;
They know by the tread of those trampling feet
They're lifting the silent dead,
And laying him low, in his winding sheet,
In his dark and narrow bed.

Come follow the corpse to the yawning grave—
The train is advancing slow;
See children and friends and the faithful slave
In a long and solemn show—
Hark! hark! to that deep and lumbering sound
As they lower the coffin down,
'Tis the voice of earth—of the groaning sound
Thus welcoming back her own.

Now—ashes to ashes! and dust to dust!
How hollow the coffin rings!
And hands are uplifted to God, the Just,
The merciful King of Kings—
"Farewell forever! Forever farewell!"
Is heard as the crowds depart,
And the piteous accents, they seem to swell
From a torn and broken heart.

FROM THE KNICKERBOCKER.

LOVE'S ASTRONOMY.

How shall I pain thee!—shall I call thine eye
As beautiful as Night's most radiant star?
Or, half enraptured, shall I tell thee why
Its light hath made me an astronomer?
Ah lady!—by that eye so brightly pure,
Which speaks a heart so purely innocent,
By that fair brow so sweetly eloquent,
With all that's gentle in a cynosure:
By that seraphic smile of loveliness,
Which dazzles, not with bright hypocrisy:
I know thou art the star of my life's sky,
The Peri of my heart's lone wilderness;
What marvel then, if thou art such a star,
That I am a devout astronomer! H. W. B.

FROM THE KNICKERBOCKER.

E P I G R A M

On seeing the bust of Socrates in a debating Society.
Gods! who'd have sought, in such a place,
The philosophic Greek?
'Tis well for him, he cannot hear,
For you he cannot speak!

AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER

AND LITERARY COMPANION.

BY L. G. HOFFMAN.]

ALBANY, SATURDAY, MAY 9. 1840.

[VOL. I.—NO. 36.]

MASONIC.

LOUISVILLE, (K.)

LOUISVILLE ENCAMPMENT, NO. 1.

Sir Knights.—Wilkins Tannehill, M. E. G. Commander. O. Montcalm, G. John McDougall, C. G. Thomas P. Hart, Prelate. Thomas J. Read, Treasurer. Isaac Cromie, Recorder. Nathaniel Hardy, Sen. Warden. Thomas J. Welby, J. Warden. Wm. G. Phillips, Standard Bearer. C. Webb, Sword Bearer. Wm. F. Colston, Warden. P. Tombert, Tyler.

Regular communications, fourth Saturday in each month.

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KING SOLOMON'S CHAPTER.

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Regular Communications, 2nd Saturday in each month.

EXTRACTS FROM A MASONIC SERMON.

A panegyric adequate to the honors of, and various benefits flowing from the craft, is no easy task. It having, however, been so often attempted, by men of the first erudition, I shall apologize for my saying little on that point; while I endeavor sincerely, though humbly, to serve the science, by exposing the absurdity and weakness of the objections usually brought against it.

Masonry I affirm to be a mystic science, wherein, under apt figures, select numbers, and choice emblems, solemn and important truths, naturally tending to improve the understanding, to mend the heart, and to bind us more closely to one another, are most expressly contained. In proportion as the wise, the learned, and the good have studied it, they have loved it. But like all other virtuous characters, or things, it hath met with persecution. Its enemies have been many; nor have its friends been few. Mature reflection on the characters of its adversaries, in a great measure, destroys all they say. For, in the first place, no truly sensible man will ever speak against it. It is, cry they, a bad thing, an unlawful thing, a sinful thing. Why? Because we detest it, and abhor it. To pity such, is no mean part of christian love; since, I am persuaded, that even in good hearts the first emotions respecting them, were those of scorn and contempt. Of what use is it to reason with bigots, whether in religion, morals, or politics?

There are some who speak against it, more from the vanity of saying somewhat on the point, than that they can urge a single rational objection. If it be good, say they, why not tell it? But we apprehend, continue these wiseacres, there is nothing in it. As for words—signs—tokens, all stand depend upon it, there are no

such things. Now, what genuine Son of Ancient Masonry would hold converse with such people? Let them prattle on;—if it pleases any who hear, they must be as weak as themselves; and it never can injure you.

The weightiest objection is yet to come, nor will I flinch from it. Many thinking, serious, and judicious persons, urge thus: The reason why we are enemies to masonry is, the effects, which, from close observation, we have repeatedly traced. We have seen those, who call themselves warm zealous masons, most regular in their attention on lodge, ready to go any length, both as to distance of place, loss of time, and expenses, in pursuit of masonry, who never appeared at church, and frequently left their families without bread. Others we have remarked, apparently brimful of masonry, and vastly fond of each brother, doubtless, in the lodge, according to their principles, who yet would cheat, deceive, and supplant those very brethren in trade, and the ordinary transactions of society. They would defame them, and were it practicable, we have beheld them attempting to take, as it were, the very bread out of their mouths. Instead of being friends to mankind, or one another, they are like wolves, preying with ferocity on whatever comes in their way.

In the first place, the abuse of a thing is no valid objection to its inherent goodness. How many call themselves christians, who are a disgrace to it, yet ultimately hurt not the gospel, but themselves! Besides, man's worth is not to be rated from his own exaggerated account of the matter, but from what he actually, uniformly, and absolutely is. The apostle has told us: that whosoever provideth not for his own, is an infidel: therefore we conclude, that no good mason will ever be deficient in the due performance of all moral and relative duties. If a man is negligent in religious points, depend on it he is good for little in the lodge.

As to the second part of the objection, viz. that they will backbite and injure one another, is it too true.—But what does it prove? simply this—that in the best institutions upon earth, worthless characters may occasionally be found. In the holy family itself, consisting but of twelve, one was a devil. Did that hurt the integrity of the eleven? far from it. Why lay the faults of a few at the doors of large respectable bodies of men, who by assiduously working at the craft, have done honor to human nature? Where the heart is bad, what can you expect from the tongue? After all, is it more than what happens in the most solemn duties of religion? Have there not been wretches who could go to the table of the Lord, and the very next day traduce the moral character of the minister from whose hands they received the holy sacrament? And if that was not making it to themselves the cup of devils, I know not what the apostle meant when he made use of those terms.

Why need I multiply words to confirm it? Built on and drawn from revelation, must it not be of divine original? Adorned by the beneficent actions and amiable virtues of thousands, the first in point of rank, knowledge, and moral-excellence, of every language, in every age, and every clime, must it not possess an inherent worth? Thou heaven-descended beam of light, beauty, and perfection! how oft hast thou been the means of saving life and property; reconciled the most jarring interests, and converted fiercest foes to dearest friends! On, on then, my dear brethren, pursue the great lecture with alacrity and firmness, each moving

on the square of truth, by the compass of God's word, according to your respective stations, in all the rules of symmetry, order, and proportion. Nor dread when your earthly lodge shall be dissolved; your jewels will still be safe, and you shall be admitted into a more glorious lodge, even an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens; where angels and saints shall be your fellow crafts and companions; and the Supreme Architect of the Universe your ineffably great and glorious Grand Master—your light—your life—your joy—your all!

EXPOSITION OF THE IMPLEMENTS OF • MASONRY.

As the various tools and instruments which we use in the lodge, are all emblematical of the conduct which freemasons should pursue in their intercourse with society, we shall therefore endeavour to explain to you such of them as we most frequently use.

In a lodge of masters, the first object which deserves attention is the masonic floor, on which we tread. It is intended to convey to our minds, the vicissitudes of human affairs, checkered with a strange contrariety of events. To-day elevated with the smiles of prosperity, to-morrow depressed by the frowns of misfortune. The precariousness of our situation, in this world, should teach us humility, to walk uprightly and firmly upon the broad basis of virtue and religion, and to give assistance to our unfortunate fellow creatures, who are in distress; lest on some capricious turn of fortune's wheel, we may become dependents on those who, before, looked up to us as their benefactors.

The two emblematical pillars, erected in front of the porch of the temple, independent of the beauty which they added to the building, conveyed to the minds of those who entered a knowledge of the attributes of that Being to whom it was dedicated. The literal translation of the name of the left pillar is "in thee is strength," and that of the right "it shall be established," which, as a learned author observes, may very naturally be transposed in this manner—"O Lord, thou art mighty, and thy power is established from everlasting to everlasting."

The next object which demands attention is the holy bible, with the square and compass thereon. As these instruments remind us to keep our actions within the bounds of propriety, and to square them with all mankind, the sacred volume on which they lie contains the unerring guide for our conduct through life, as it relates to our worship of the Supreme Master of the world, and our conduct to each other. For these reasons, this book of the divine law is never closed in our lodges: "it is open to every eye, and comprehensible to every mind."

The letter G. which ornaments the master's lodge, is not only expressive of the name of the Grand Architect of the universe, but, also, denotes the science of geometry, so necessary to artists. But the adoption of it, by freemasons, implies no more than their respect for those inventions which demonstrate to the world the power, the wisdom, and beneficence of the Almighty Builder in the works of the creation.

The blazing star is the emblem of prudence, which is one of the emanations of the Deity, agreeably to the system of Basilides. It points out to freemasons the path which leads to happiness, and is the sure source of self-approbation. It enlightens us through the dark and rugged paths of life, and enables us to shun the

many obstacles which would impede our progress and embitter our journey with pain.

The three great luminaries allude to the three masonic degrees, and at the same time are emblematical of that effulgence which should illuminate the mind of a freemason, and which he can alone receive from a perfect understanding of the principles of the order.—The white apron and gloves are also emblematical.—They are not worn merely as insignia of the order, but as badges of that innate innocence and purity of soul which freemasons should always possess; and, in this point of view, they are more honorable distinctions than any order of knighthood which can be conferred. On being invested with these badges of innocence and humility, a freemason should firmly resolve, to support that purity and integrity of heart, of which he, outwardly, wears the emblems.

The rule, the line, and the plumb-line, the square, the compasses, &c. are emblematical of the conduct we should pursue in society. To observe punctuality in all our engagements, faithfully and religiously, to discharge those important obligations, which we owe to God, and our neighbor; to be upright in all our dealings; to hold the scale of justice in equal poise; to square our actions by the unerring rule of God's sacred word; to keep within compass and bounds with all mankind, particularly with a brother; to govern our expenses by our incomes; to curb our sensual appetites; to keep within bounds those unruly passions which, oftentimes, interfere with the enjoyments of society, and degrade both the man and the freemason; to recall to our minds, that in the great scale of existence, the whole family of mankind are upon a level with each other, and that the only question of preference among freemasons should be, who is most wise, who is most good. For the time will come, and none of us know how soon, when death, the great leveller of all human greatness, will rob us of our distinctions and bring us to a level with the dust.

MISCELLANY

A. SPANISH ROBBER.

BY GEORGE HOGGATH.

A noted Spanish brigand a short time ago, at Madrid, expiated on the scaffold the atrocities of his life. His history, as it transpired on his trial, is sufficient to furnish the ground-work of a romantic tale or melodrama, according to the most approved fashion of the day; though its incidents are of themselves wild and strange enough, even without aid from fiction.

The name of Beltran Labrador had long spread terror through the country round Madrid. He was not content with the vulgar crimes of robbery and murder but took a fiend like pleasure in putting his victims to the most horrible tortures. All the inventions of the ruffians, who under the name of *chauffeurs*, perpetrated such horrible cruelties in France during the Revolution, were poor and common-place compared to his devices for protracting the agony of the wretches who fell into his hands. At the head of a band of followers as ruthless as himself, he suddenly surprised the unsuspecting inmates of some peaceful dwelling, and having done his work of plunder and death, disappeared, leaving no clue by which his footsteps could be traced. His secutity was no doubt owing to his exterminating policy; for he always took care to leave behind him no living witness of his crimes.

In the village of Alameda del Valle, near Madrid, there lived a respectable farmer of the name of Ramon Espinosa, who passed for a man of substance, and was understood to keep in his house a considerable sum of money. He lived with his wife, his daughter, and his son, a child of eight years old, in a house at some short distance from the other houses of the village. One day he had brought home some oranges, and wishing to put them out of the little boy's reach, he laid them out on the top of a large press which stood in the kitchen; but this difficulty was not sufficient to balk the appetite of a boy of that age.—In the evening, finding himself left alone for a few minutes he began to scramble to the top of the press, in order to get at the oranges, and had just reached it when he heard the door open. Afraid of being caught in the act of theft, and not having time to get down, he laid himself flat on the top of the press, concealed by the ledge which ran along its front. His mother and sister

came in and noticed his absence, but without uneasiness, thinking he had gone into a neighbor's house; and were preparing to go for him, when they heard a knocking at the door. They both ran to open it, when three men, masked and armed, rushed in and seized them, threatening them with instant death, if they uttered a sound. They then commanded the women, with horrible threats and imprecations, to show them where Ramon kept his money. There either was none or the women did not know where it was kept, and they accordingly protested their ignorance. The robbers beat them savagely, and set about ransacking every place they could think of, even the press, on the top of which the poor child lay trembling, but without being able to discover the object of their search. Their disappointment rendered them furious. Labrador, finding a pair of pincers, began using it as an instrument of torture to compel the women to speak. They continued to protest their ignorance of any money being in the house; and the robber, thrusting the pincers into the fire, heated them red hot, and with them tore the flesh in large pieces from the bones of his victims. Even this horrid cruelty failed in its effect. The miserable women in their agony could only cry they had nothing to tell; and to complete the tragedy, the miscreant, having put a vessel of oil on the fire, poured the boiling liquid on the most tender parts of their bodies, till they expired under the violence of their tortures.

The ruffians, thinking themselves now without witnesses, set about their work of plunder, having previously taken off their masks; so that the little boy, who had escaped their search almost by a miracle, and had witnessed the whole dreadful scene, obtained a view of their hideous faces. They packed up the most valuable articles they could find and departed.

The poor child, half dead with grief and horror, crept down from his hiding-place; and gave the alarm. A pursuit immediately took place, but without effect. It was discovered that the robbers had entered Madrid, but at the gates of the city all traces of them were lost. Descriptions of their persons and of their horses were given to the police; strict search was made in all the inns and stables of Madrid; but for a considerable time every effort at discovery was fruitless.

At last, in the night of the 19th November, 1836, Don Francisco Huerta, the commandant of the city patrol, making his rounds, and going along the Passage of the Conservatory (*Travesia del Conservatorio*), observed near the door of one Gabriel Catalan, a working mason, a quantity of stable-litter which had not been swept away. The commandant entered this man's house to reprove him for his negligence, when Catalan said he had no horses. The denial appeared suspicious; and being urged and threatened by the commandant, the man at length confessed that he had three horses in his stable, of which he delivered the key. The horses were recognised as belonging to Labrador and his gang; and Catalan, being closely pressed, declared they belonged to Jose Perez, a Galician, who lived in the street of the *Panaderos*, at No. 14, in the second floor; another to Leandro Portigo, in the street Santa Brigitte; and the third to a Catalonian, whose residence he could not point out. He added that, four days before, these men had returned from the country with their horses, and that they were in the habit of taking frequent journeys.

Having obtained these particulars Don Francisco Huerta immediately repaired to the residence of Jose Perez, whom he arrested. Perez denied that he possessed any horse, but his servant admitted that he did. He was carried to prison, and judicial investigations set on foot. On being examined, he declared that his name was Jose Perez, and that he was born at Oviedo. All the parish registers of that city and its neighborhood were searched, but no entry of any such name was found in them; and in the course of the proceedings he was identified by several persons as the famous robber Beltran Labrador, a Frenchman by birth, and a tinker by trade. He was also recognised as having been formerly condemned, on one occasion, to four years' imprisonment, and on another to the same punishment for ten years; though he had on both occasions found means to make his escape. But his career was now ended. After a long time spent in collecting the necessary evidence, he was at length brought to trial, and condemned to die by strangulation (*el garrote vil*). On the 27th of October last this sentence was executed.

This man's fate inspired none of the compassion usually felt even for great criminals, when they are about to expiate their misdeeds by a shameful death. The ferocity of his countenance excited disgust; his small and hollow eyes gleamed with extraordinary brightness; and his whole deportment was marked with that brutal indifference, which showed that he was capable of committing every enormity without emotion and without remorse.

His deportment in his last hours was marked by several characteristic traits. When his sentence was read to him in prison, he continued smoking with indifference. When it was finished, he declared that his name was not Beltran Labrador, but Jose Perez; that he was no Frenchman, but a Spaniard, born and baptized at Orense. Some moments afterwards he appeared to be suddenly excited, and uttered several indecent and blasphemous expressions, but almost immediately resumed his usual quiet manner. He was visited by a priest, who began to exhort him to penitence and amendment. "Amendment!" cried he, laughing; "what is the use of resolving on amendment? I shall not sin any more; they won't give me time for that now." The priest endeavored to rouse him by describing the eternal torments of the damned. "I hope," was his answer, "that I shall get a discount of the two years I have been kept in prison; for there," he added laughing again, "I have been in hell to all intents and purposes, and have seen the very devils themselves. They came to me every Saturday, in the shape of officers and alguazils—a set of as ugly devils as there are in hell!"

The day before his execution he was in a somewhat better frame of mind. He confessed his crimes, a fearful tissue of enormities. The priest endeavored to persuade him to marry a woman who had lived with him a long time, and by whom he had a daughter sixteen years old. He obstinately refused till he was about to proceed to the scaffold, when he gave his consent. A delay of a few hours was obtained, a notary was sent for, the marriage ceremony was performed and the certificate drawn up and signed. The solemnity seemed to have some effect on the ruffian's mind, and he now declared that his real name was Bertrand Bue, and that he was a native of a small village in France.

When the moment of his departure for the scaffold was come, he walked with a firm step and an air of the utmost composure. He took leave of his companions in prison with some appearance of feeling, requested them to pray for him, and to say a "salve" to the Virgin for the repose of his soul. When he was mounted on the ass (according to the usual manner in which criminals in Spain are conveyed to the scaffold,) he adjusted himself carefully in his seat, and then, turning to the escort, said to them, "now Gentlemen, let us move on, if you please." He maintained the same demeanour to the last, and without the slightest change of countenance, yielded his neck to the executioner.

This man met his fate with a semblance of courage and firmness worthy of a martyr to some great or holy cause. His very jocularity actually brings to mind the last moments of Sir Thomas More. How little is to be gathered from mere manner! A monster, whose life was stained with the blackest and basest crimes, and whose mind must really have possessed the cowardice which is constantly allied to cruelty, could not have had a glimmering of the sentiments which have enabled so many of the best and bravest of men to conduct themselves, in outward show at least, precisely as he did. In this, as in other things things, extremes may meet, brutal insensibility may assume the semblance of exalted virtue.

Rhinoplasty.—Last week we saw a man at a lodging house in North street, in this city, who was in the process of having a portion of a nose transferred from the left fore arm to his face. A part of the tip and the right wing had been removed, and the operation was to repair the maimed organ by this novel resource of art. Instead of taking the piece designed for a patch, from the forehead, as commonly practised by the Talia-cottianists, it was thought far better in this particular instance, to resort to the arm, and thus save the face from a disagreeable scar, the usual deformity when the integuments are taken from the region of the forehead. From all that could be discovered, there was a fine

prospect of success, and by this time, it is presumed, the patient has returned home to the state of Maine. Dr. J. M. Warren, the surgeon who has heretofore been very successful in rhinoplastic surgery, was the operator.

From the N. York American.

STEAMBOAT NORTH AMERICA.

Mr Editor: I have observed several publications in the newspapers relative to this new and splendid boat; and as a noble acquisition to the cheapness, facility, and comfort of travelling on the North River, she is undoubtedly worthy of all that has been said of her.—In speed as well as every other desirable quality for a passage boat, she may challenge a competition with any thing afloat in our waters.

But there is another feature in steam navigation, triumphantly developed by her success, of which nothing has been said, but which should be made known generally, as the public have a deep interest in it. I allude to her using anthracite (Lackawana) coal, exclusively, as her fuel for generating steam. It has been heretofore, a disputed point, whether this description of fuel could be used in steamboats, and the same speed attained, as by the use of wood. That question is settled conclusively by the North America; for with twelve tons of Lackawana coal, and seventy cents worth of charcoal to kindle the fires, she makes her passage between New York and Albany in as short a time as any boat on North River. There is, indeed, abundant reason to believe, that she can do it in less time than any other. The value, both to the public at large, and to steamboat proprietors, of this demonstration, arises from the facts that,

1st. A great saving, probably over fifty per cent, is made by using this fuel instead of wood in steamboats, and as fuel is the largest item of expense in steam navigation, the result will be a corresponding reduction in the cost of travelling, or increased profits to steamboat owners.

2d. It will lead to the introduction of steam navigation on routes where wood has been too dear or too scarce to justify the experiment; or where, from the length of the passage, it was impracticable to carry a sufficient quantity of wood to perform it.

3d. The use of anthracite coal avoids all the danger and inconvenience now experienced from the sparks and smoke of wood fires. The experience of every traveller by steamboats, will enable him to estimate the importance of this change, to his individual comfort and security; and to the public at large its importance is demonstrated by the late conflagration at Kingston, Canada, and several that have occurred on the North River and elsewhere from the sparks of wood fires in steamboats: to say nothing of the destruction of the railroad bridge between this city and Newark, and similar accidents on other railroads, from wood sparks of locomotives, in which anthracite coal may just as well be used as in steamboats. Indeed, I doubt not, but that it will soon become the universal fuel on all steamboat and railroad routes, where it can be had as cheaply as wood. In our Atlantic steamers it will be substituted for bituminous coal, because it is cheaper—the requisite quantity will require much less room for stowage, and there will be no smoke to blacken and smut every thing about the vessel, as is the case now.

DISTRICT SCHOOL LIBRARIES.—A recent report from the accomplished and indefatigable Superintendent of Common Schools, gives gratifying evidence of the success which has thus far attended the introduction of District Libraries, as an auxiliary to our system of Common School education. It appears that during the last year, the very large number of 240,968 volumes have been placed in these circulating libraries in 6,001 out of the 10,694 school districts of the state.—It is to be remarked, that from many of the districts possessing libraries no returns have been received, and that the above statement is made up entirely from those which have made returns. It is probable, therefore, that the total number of volumes thus distributed within the last year will nearly reach three hundred thousand. To those who know that this number is made up principally of the invaluable series published by the Messrs. Harpers, it is needless to say that the character of these books is all that could be desired. Mr. Spencer well remarks of this successful experiment: "The oc-

casional does not require any comments on the inestimable benefits that will flow from placing within the reach of the young, and of every other inhabitant of the state whatever may be his condition, the treasures of science and literature, to be enjoyed without money and without price. The example of our state is properly appreciated throughout the Union, and is stimulating vigorous efforts to emulate it; and the time probably is not far distant when the whole wide extent of our country will be furnished with circulating libraries for the common use of all."—*Albany Daily Advertiser.*

The District School Journal.—We have received the first number of a paper with the above title, issued at Geneva, and edited by Francis Dwight, Esq. It is in the quarto form and published monthly at \$1 per annum.

New-York has laid broad and deep the foundation for universal education; and it remains to be seen what use will be made of the magnificent provision she has provided, what advances in the department of education will be accomplished, and how far the hopes and wishes of the friends of instruction and learning are to be realized. We think the adoption of the District Library system, one of the most decisive improvements made to extend useful knowledge in the state, and engrafted as it has been on the school system, it can not fail of the happiest results. As the means of still more widely diffusing a knowledge of our system; of awakening an interest in the great subject of education; of bringing the best modes of teaching before the public, and thus correcting some of the numerous evils which all admit to exist, we hail the appearance of this Journal, and if conducted with ability, which we can not doubt, it can not fail of rendering the most essential service to the cause of public instruction.

As this journal will contain the decisions of the Superintendent of Common Schools, on the various questions which arise and are submitted to him from the districts, it is clear that it should be in possession of every school district in the state, and we think each district should receive a copy, to be preserved by the clerk for the use of the district. All teachers, and all who feel an interest in the cause of education, should afford it an early and cordial support. It will contain original papers on all subjects relating to teaching, education, and the kindred topics, and will doubtless be a standard work on these topics. As such we cordially recommend it to our readers.—*Cultivator.*

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.—Such of our readers as were in the habit of passing down Ann street during the winter, may remember a cellar open in the day to the weather. Looking down, you observed a table on which were various pieces of brass—a man at times, was to be seen busily at work with them. At other times he might be seen with a woman in this open and exposed abode, playing with a pack of cards that had been used until nothing but practice or a microscopic eye could discover spots upon them. The game was enlivened with scraps of songs. The man was an Italian, and working in brass, could, most ingeniously, do almost any thing with it, from putting on a ferule to a stick or umbrella to the more exalted art of die-sinking. It was curious to watch this singular genius, and fancy, as one could not help fancying, the golden climate of his own sunny land, and see him thus light-hearted and merry in this chill climate, and in that exposed situation. It seemed as if nothing could bear down the natural elasticity and buoyancy of his disposition, and that he defied the very elements, warming himself with old memories and his own natural animal spirits.

A few days ago, those who passed the same abode might have seen a man lying on a bed in the same exposed situation, in evidently a death-sickness. They might have seen also, from the street, two or three friends playing cards near the miserable couch, and the leath struggle and the death of that poor Italian in that wretched abode.

There was another scene. The morning after the death, a number of persons, neighbors and others, were joined together in the cellar from whence the spirit had flown into the presence of its maker. The dead body lay without any of the last rites having been performed. The eyes were not closed—the limbs were not straightened—they were as in the shock, when soul

and body parted. "It's a shocking thing," said one humane man. "Very," said another, coolly pocketing some pieces of brass lying about. "Is there no one to take care of the property?" cried an individual who observed the transaction. "None," said the thief. "Has he any friends?" asked the humane man. "He don't want no friends now," explained an observer. "I suppose," said one person who had not before spoken, "he must be buried." "Of course he must," said the humane man, who immediately sent for a person to watch the body till the last sad solemnity could be decently performed.

Enough of this sad spectacle, which is one of the thousand instances that "truth is strange—stranger than fiction." Few could imagine hardships so strangely combatted—life so bereft of comforts, and death approaching and bearing its prey from such a dwelling—at least, not in New York.

The humane will grieve at the recital—the tender-hearted will shudder—the pitying eyes of woman will drop a few tears, and then will pass away all remembrance of the poor Italian who died thus strangely in a foreign land.—*N. Y. Atlas.*

Temperance.—An article in the London Temperance Penny Magazine shows that the British troops in India, during long marches and excessive hard service have been infinitely more efficient upon an abstinence of spirits than under its stimulus. Similar proofs are produced by this Magazine—from every part of the globe.

An Affecting Scene.—A friend of ours informs us, that as he was crossing the Peekskill creek, north of this village, on Friday last, he saw an aged man, his wife and four small children, sitting by the road side, cooking their meal, which consisted of a few potatoes. In conversing with them, he learnt that their names were Bruce, and that they were travelling to New York, where their friends resided. On his return, he saw a crowd collected, and engaged in dragging the dead body of the old man from the water, who had fallen from the bridge a short time previous, as it was generally thought intoxicated. Our informant states that it was heart rending to witness the tears and distress of the mother and children. Another little girl, about five or six years of age, was running amongst the crowd, crying for its mother. On inquiring, he understood it was the child of another woman, who was lying at the other end of the bridge very much intoxicated. We have not as yet been informed what course has been taken in reference to the wretched woman and children, or the result of the coroner's inquest, held on the body of the drowned man.—*Peekskill (N. Y.) Democrat.*

We find in the Saco (Maine) Democrat, the following description of an appalling event which occurred not long since in the village of Shapleigh, York county, Me., and which was caused directly by liquor furnished by the keeper of a grog shop to two young men.

HORRID DEATHS BY INTEMPERANCE.—On Wednesday the 25th ult. Joshua Hutchens, about sixteen, and Asa Grace, a little over eighteen years of age, (living with Wm. Ham 4th of Shapleigh) went to work for a retailer of ardent spirits; and, having finished their day's work, they called at the store, got their allowance of rum—afterwards they were furnished with more; and a little after dark they started, reeling and staggering for home. (The night preceding there had fallen about 12 inches of snow.)

The next morning Hutchens was found in the road, about one third of his way home, fallen with his face in the snow—a stiffened corpse! A messenger was sent to inform Mr. Ham—but, on his way, about three-fourths of the distance from the store to Mr. H.'s, the messenger found Grace, lying with his face in the snow, by the side of the path, dead. Grace was a brother to Mr. Ham.

Their bodies were immediately removed to Mr. H.'s, an inquisition was taken before Samuel Allen, Esq., one of the coroners for the county of York. The jury rendered their verdict (nem. con.)—"That the said Asa Grace and Joshua Hutchens came to their death by the excessive use of intoxicating drink, obtained at the store of Moses Goodwin, jr. at Shapleigh aforesaid, and subsequent exposure to cold in attempting to go home."

HISTORICAL.

HOSPICE OF THE GREAT ST. BERNARD.

This conventual establishment, famous in the annals of continental travelling, is situated on the mountain of the Great St. Bernard, in the Alpine regions of Switzerland. The Hospice stands at the very highest point of a great pass, connecting Italy and the Valais, and renowned as the route by which Napoleon carried his legions to the field of Marengo and the conquest of Italy. The height of this pass above the level of the sea, at the point where the Hospice is placed, is 1375 toises, or 7542 French feet, according to Saussure. The spot is thus the highest inhabited ground in Europe. The route is wild and precipitous in the most extreme degree, and is covered and enveloped by perpetual snows. Travelling is therefore very hazardous, and in particular during the seasons of winter and spring, at which latter period the avalanches fall with terrible frequency through the partial loosening of the snow. Yet the pass of the Great St. Bernard is much frequented, as it saves an immense round about to those journeying between Italy and the Valais. Nor are travellers deterred by the fact that scarcely one winter passes without lives being lost in the pass. And many more would be periodically sacrificed, but for the existence of the noble establishment which we are about to describe, the Hospice of the Great St. Bernard.

At what time the convent known by this name was originally founded, is not satisfactorily known. The most credible accounts represent the establishment as having been at first a sort of post for the protection of travellers from the predatory bands infesting the pass. Subsequently it fell under the charge of a body of monks of the order of St. Augustine, who took upon themselves the task of relieving the wants of travellers, and aiding them to escape the dangers with which nature has encompassed the route. That it might fulfil these objects effectually, the establishment was liberally endowed with lands and revenues to defray its expenses. In the course of time, the greater part of these funds were withdrawn, and at the present day the Hospice enjoys only some petty rents in the Valais, being indebted for support otherwise, chiefly to charitable contributions from various part of Catholic Europe. The same monastic brotherhood still retains the charge of the Hospice. It is a large lengthy building, very irregular in its construction, and in any other situation would be held gloomy in appearance; but rising, as it does, in the midst of a wintry solitude, its view is to travellers the most cheering that can be imagined. The ordinary purposes of the establishment, as it has been long conducted, are simply those of an inn, but an inn where the entertainer receives and cherishes his guests *gratuitously*. On this footing are received all travellers whatever, whom business, curiosity, or pleasure, may lead across the pass of the Great St. Bernard. "Here (says a visitor to the Hospice) rich and poor, Jews, Pagans, and Christians, persons of all ages, sexes, sorts, and conditions, are received with a kindness and courtesy which know no distinctions; their wants are supplied, and their sufferings are assuaged; no prying questions are asked, no remuneration is demanded, none is (individually) accepted. In a corner of the little chapel stands a box, into which those who can afford it, and who please to do so, may drop their contributions for the support of this admirable institution; but no hint is given, not even is the existence of the box indicated to the guest; if he finds it out and contributes, the act is entirely voluntary."

In this manner is the passing traveller entertained at this hospitable resting-place amid the Alpine snows. The duties of the establishment are performed by ten or twelve individuals, who are regular canons of the order of St. Augustine. In all, the *religieux* of St. Bernard amount in number to between twenty & thirty, but of these a portion are always absent on missions or other duties, while others reside temporarily at Martigny, a town at the base of the mountain, where there is a house belonging to the fraternity. The principal functionaries are the prevost, or superior; the prior; the sacristan, who has charge of the chapel; the steward; the cellarer, or purveyor; and the hospitaller, who superintends the infirmary. Almost all the brethren resident at the Hospice are young men, the climate being so severe for persons advanced in life. On this ac-

count, the prevost, usually an old man who has spent the best part of his days in serving the order, is privileged to remain at Martigny, visiting the Hospice only once a-year, on the festival of St. Bernard, to hold a chapter for the examination of novices. The prior for the most part resides, as acting superior, at the Hospice. A noviciate of one year is the course preparatory to admission as canons; but even to be received as a novice requires in the party a good education, a fair character, and a respectable standing in society. It is highly to the honor of these regions that men should be found ready to devote their lives thus to acts of charity, as well as to the continued endurance of no ordinary hardships and privations. Independently of incidental sufferings, the residents at the Hospice are much afflicted with pains in the head, eyes, and ears, as well as with indigestion; evils arising from the elevated atmosphere around them, and from the want of proper exercise for a great part of the year. The habits of the brotherhood are simple and regular. They rise early, breakfast at seven, dine at one, and sup at seven. The rest of their time is spent in devotion, or in cultivating the elegant accomplishments of drawing and music; while some of them, again, love to wander abroad, when the weather is favorable, and amuse themselves by examining the botanical or mineralogical features of the precipitous country around. Towards their guests, who are much more numerous in summer than one would readily imagine, the fraternity conduct themselves with the utmost courtesy and kindness. They converse frankly, and often surprise visitors by the exhibition of minds abounding as well in natural genius as in acquired information. To their lady-visitors, who often appear in considerable bands at the Hospice, the residents are most laudably attentive, and indeed have fitted up a saloon for their especial use, in a most tasteful manner. This was rendered somewhat necessary by a rule of the order, which forbids the entrance of females into the refectory of the building. So much have many lady-visitors been gratified by the entertainment given to them by the brethren of Hospice, that numerous little presents have been left or sent in consequence, most of which now adorn the walls and tables of the saloon. One is in the respectable form of a piano-forte. The provisions of the convent are usually brought from Martigny, which can be reached on mules in ten or twelve hours. A garden also furnishes various necessaries in summer.

Such is the character of the residents of the Hospice, as well as of the ordinary duties which they cheerfully perform. But they are often summoned to give assistance in cases of greater emergency than those of merely wearied travellers, and they show an equal readiness to answer the summons. In the winter and spring—that is, from November, till May—they hold a perpetual watch for travellers endangered in the pass by snow-storms or avalanches. Every day about noon, an active and experienced servant of the Hospice, called the *Marronnier*, leaves the convent, and goes about three miles down the pass to a spot where there is a small sheltered cot. In the neighborhood of this there is an eminence, commanding an extensive view of the pass. The *Marronnier* ascends this height, and calls as loudly as he can, if his experienced eye and ear meet no reply he returns to his shelter, but reascends in a short time and again makes his voice ring among the rocks. This process he repeats until the hour comes when he has to return to the convent to prevent the monks becoming alarmed about himself. In this expedition the *Marronnier* is provided with wine and other restoratives in a basket, which basket is borne by a faithful and docile companion, a *dog*. The dogs of the Hospice have acquired great celebrity for their sagacity. They are remarkably quick in comprehending the wishes of their masters, whether expressed by signal or word, and they bark at command. As their bay is loud and deep, their value is great in this respect alone, from their directing wanderers to any given spot, or informing them of aid at hand. With one of these fine animals to bear him company, the *Marronnier* performs his duties. If he finds any straggling traveller, he either brings him to the convent, or leaves him in the sheltered hut, and goes for assistance. Should the *Marronnier* not return at the wonted time, then the monks know that either himself requires help, or that he has fallen in with others who do, and a party immediately sets out to render it, taking with them the other dogs of the Hospice, which seldom in all exceed four in number.

The principal use of these creatures lies in their marvellous ability to keep the track, however deep the snow may be. They have also a strong scent, which leads them to the discovery of human bodies. Under the guidance of these dogs, the monks set out to give their help to the *Marronnier*, whether he individually, or others, may be the party requiring it. If they find straggling, but still living travellers, the monks supply them with the necessary restoratives, and get them conveyed to the convent. If dead bodies, as is but too often the case, are the objects discovered, these are placed in a small shed with grated windows, near the hut of the *Marronnier*, and there lie, until recognised and claimed by friends. From the low temperature of the region, bodies will remain here without decay for a whole year.

Of course, the fraternity of the Hospice, do not give up as lost the unfortunates whom they find in the snow without the liberal use of all possible remedies to revive them, and in the application of such means their experience has made them remarkably skilful. To attempt the sudden restoration of heat in such cases, it is well known, is a fatal step. The monks use friction, with snow and ice-water in the cases that fall under their charge, and their practice is attended with much success. The number of persons whom they rescue annually from the brink of destruction is very great, and as most of these are poor persons who have attempted to traverse the pass without guides, *gratitude* is the only return in general made to the fraternity for such services. "This the monks know well," says the visitor already quoted; "yet their humanity is unabated, and their efforts unrelaxed. When the rank and circumstances of those who enter this order, voluntarily to embrace poverty and privation, to encounter the dangers and terrors to which they must be exposed in the exercise of their duties, and to brave a climate so rigid and ungenial, that even the hardest constitutions cannot long withstand its severities—when these things are considered, it is impossible to conceive that any thing but the most exalted sense of duty, and the most enthusiastic and chivalrous devotion to the cause of humanity, could dictate a choice of life so full of hardships, and so destitute of attractions." The fraternity, it ought to be mentioned, keep watch on both sides of the mountain. A *Marronnier* descends regularly on the side of the Valais, as well as on the Italian side, and travellers are preserved from danger, from whatever quarter they may ascend. By the weatherier orders, the ascent is usually accomplished on mules accustomed to the journey. Yet, even with guides and every other provision that can be made, the drifting and falling of snow, as well as the sinking of avalanches—large enough sometimes to fill up whole valleys—the pass is for most of the year a dangerous route to all.

The road over the Simplon, in the same Alpine ranges, is one of the real benefits that Napoleon conferred on mankind during his extraordinary career. He also planned a road over the Great St. Bernard, and, but for his sudden fall, would have executed it in all probability. Many anecdotes are preserved relative to his famous passage on his way with his troops. Napoleon talked familiarly with the guide who attended him personally on the route, and learnt from the man that the passage of the army had disturbed all the ordinary business of the district, and had prevented himself from building a house which he had begun. Though desired by Napoleon not to go home without seeing him, the man was afraid of being impressed into permanent service, and took leave of the army secretly. Five years afterwards, a messenger came in quest of this guide, and paid, by order of Bonaparte, the whole expenses attending the erection of the house alluded to. Considering the multiplicity of Napoleon's affairs, this act was more extraordinary as an exertion of memory, than on account of its munificence. Another memorial of the grand army's passage over the Great St. Bernard is to be found in the monument erected to Desaix by his friend and chief, and which stands in the chapel of the Hospice. Most readers will remember that it was to Desaix that Napoleon owed the all-important victory of Marengo.

Enough has now been said to give the reader an idea of the character and objects of this excellent institution. The philanthropy and generous devotion of its residents well deserve, indeed, that in all quarters of the civilized world men should hold in honorable remembrance the Hospice of the Great St. Bernard.

ESSAYIST.

From the Southern Literary Messenger.

SUMMER-DAY DREAMS

IN THE COUNTRY.

Birds, Butterflies, Flowers, Owls and Sadness.

How sweet is the pensive, solitary note of that bird away down the hill! I must walk there and see his home to-day. I'll be bound 'tis a rare spot for verdure and coolness, away among the intertwining branches of verdant trees, with little windows to look out upon the blue sky and let in golden gleamings of sunshine. There go the butterflies in their giddy rounds, and I've time a plenty to sit and watch them, and to indulge in all my wayward fancies. This little insect causes new pulsations of delightful hope—stronger assurances of a blessed immortality—for its bright existence was once a dull, senseless chrysalis. How like they look, now, to thoughtless, gay girls, too giddy to taste of happiness when found. Sure the aroma from the chaste white jessamine on that verdant slope might tempt a longer visit. You little epicure, what do you want? Ha, now you are well punished for your capriciousness! You thought, from the luxurious show of that passion-flower, to have a dainty meal, did you? But 'tis nauseous to your delicate olfactories, and away you go, whirling round among the cotton blooms, which you do not deign to call upon. And now you've kissed that naseous Lida: you were lured by that fragrant thyme hard by. There, now, upon that pretty sand-dune, you'll find a nice dinner; savory and lavender, and rosemary, and thyme—and sweet, though lowly, "Sweet Polly." Sip a little from their tiny corals, and then let me catch you and philosophize. May be you and I shall meet again, when I've "shuffled off this mortal coil." Who dare say that we shall not? So curious an animal, embodying at once poetry, philosophy and religion, must have been created for important ends. I love to think that beautiful life, wherever found, will be immortal. Perhaps you are now only a chance visitant from some better region of the great empire of the Universe. Can't you tell me some of Nature's mysteries, which the churchish old dame keeps so close? I can't help thinking that a creature, which presents such curious phenomena, knows more than we are wont to think. Of all the animal existences, 'tis the most wonderful—hardly excepting lordly man.

Ah, you wise one! you could doubtless tell me many strange things, if our spirits could only commune without the intervention of corporeal signs. You may know what's become of the lost Pleiad; perhaps you are yourself some Flora from the exiled world. What all do you not know? Perchance you have fathomed many a deep thing that's puzzled the wise ones. It may be, that you know why the "faithful needle" is not always faithful to the pole; or, as philosophers call it, polar variation. Your cranium is as large, in proportion to your body, as man's—speaking after the manner of men; though, with you, mind many not be measured by ells, nor inches, nor quarter inches. I'll warrant you are a first rate sentimentalist. You can tell me, may be, by what strange sympathy I feel so sad every evening, when I look off in the empyrean and see the piles of white clouds, looking so pure and far off and unapproachable, like exalted virtue to the fallen spirit. Why should I feel sad? And I don't feel unhappy either. 'Tis only a sort of pensive yearning, which vents itself in a deep, long, gentle sigh. As soon as I see them I want to sigh. Is heaven up there? Is it the glittering of angel's wings, that's reflected from the shining tints of those snowy masses? Do fly up there, and look for the loved ones that have gone and left me in this lone world, and then come back and lend me your wings that I may fly away and be at rest. Oh, Heaven must be there, and that's the reason of the strong attraction I feel lifting me above earth, as I gaze upward on these ethereal palaces! But if it is not there, do look for it, for it would be so sweet to look towards when I pray!

Where do you sleep at night, my pretty one? I've always wanted to know, but never could pry into the secrets of your housekeeping. Like the wind, no one can tell whence you come, nor whither you go. I wonder now if you love moonshine, as pretty young creatures are apt to do? And are you not proud of that handsome coat of yours, as pretty young creatures

are apt to be too? Can't you tell me where those katydid's that sung me to sleep, as I sat musing in the window last night, stay all day—and how the chatteringers manage to keep silent so long? Oh! and if you could but tell me what ails that poor, lonesome dove, that just pours forth a few sorrowful notes in the morning, and then is so still all day. I'm afraid it's despair that makes it silent. I can't find its nest. Do look for it. You need not be afraid of the poor dove, timid flutterer, for it's gentle and sad, and would not harm you. Do remember to notice the color of its eyes for me. A sprite told me in a dream, on the first of May, that if I could look at them long enough to ascertain their color it would cure sorrow; and oh, I've a wound in my side from which my heart's blood is all the time exuding!

But ah, you happy one, you would not like to make so sad an acquaintance as the poor stricken dove!—But don't fear me if I am sad—I can smile; and oh, you don't know how loud I can laugh when the old night-owl sends forth his doleful serenade from that deep wood, (they say it's haunted,) and fills the simple household with bodings of woe! I can laugh, for I love to hear him. My heart stops bleeding when I think of his unrest, and why he can't sleep, and what he's doing the live-long night, and why will-o-wisp should be lighted up in that ugly marsh in front of his house every night. I guess the old misanthrope is after no good. How I should love to go and watch him! But I must not fright thee, pretty idler!

I love you, my dear, because you mind me of a pretty boy I once loved. He played and rambled about this parterre as you do, and sipped just enough of earth's pleasures to keep in ignorance of the bitter dregs which escape only the surface. I sat and watched his pretty sports, just as I do you, and I was happy as he; but one day he flew away and kept upward, till the blue sky came between me and him, and I have never seen him since. Oh, I've been so sad, and my heart has a great wound in it, although I'm forced to go about in this rough world, where the cruel ores make it bleed worse sometimes; and I'm obliged to laugh when I don't want to, and look happy for long, weary hours! But sometimes a bright smiling angel comes and presses my brow, and I think he pours something on my heart, and then he points upward, and I'm so happy that I feel as if I were dissolving away into bliss. I feel as if my body were turned to pure spirit. But you don't know any thing of this occult science of sorrow. Come then, I will try now and be happy like you. You know botany to perfection, don't you? You must be a terrible dolt if you don't, for you've been studying it all your life. So now, let's talk about the flowers. I laughed at you this morning, when you preferred those ugly, brown, old maids, to all the flowers in the garden. You kissed them a hundred times, and never noticed their neighbors, the flaunting marygolds, nor the morning-glory, nor the peepless passion-flower, except one little sip from this last daisy, and that made you sick, I guess. Too near an intimacy has often been known to convert admiration into disgust. Old maids are worth all the gay deceivers, an't they, my sapient? They bloom through five long months, never fearing the scorching heat nor the beating rain; there they stand, an apt emblem of woman's love, smiling alike in sun and storm.

BERTHA.

THE GATHERER

Quince Trees.—The cultivation of the quince is much neglected, though it may be justly ranked among the most valuable fruits. For preserves, it has long maintained a distinguished rank, and the fruit, either in a green or dried state, is not surpassed by any other article for communicating a pleasant and agreeable flavor to pies made of apples. It is easily propagated by layers and also by cuttings, and any approved kinds may be perpetuated by grafting in the usual manner.

It produces the finest, fairest fruit, when planted in a soft, moist soil, in a rather shady or sheltered situation. It keeps well if properly managed, and always sells for a very high price; the market never being overstocked with them, as is the case with many other fruits in plentiful seasons.

The quince derives its name of Cydonia, from the town of Cydon, in the island of Crete, whence it was ori-

ginally brought. There are four kinds of the quince, the pair quince, from the resemblance in its shape; the apple quince; Portugal quince, which is less hard and more juicy than the two preceding kinds; and the eatable quince, which is less astringent and milder than either of the other kinds enumerated. The trees being small, they can be planted ten or twelve feet apart along the fences, or in places where they will not interfere with other trees, or the business of agriculture. —*Farmer's Cabinet.*

Cotton in British India.—A late Natchez paper has published facts of some interest to the cotton planters in the United States. It appears that the British government last year appropriated sixty thousand dollars for the purpose of obtaining the necessary information, machinery and operatives, for improving the cultivation of cotton in British India. An English agent, sent to visit Mississippi and Louisiana, has succeeded in hiring eight Mississippians and one Louisianian, who are to proceed without delay to India, and on their arrival there, take charge each one of a cotton plantation which may serve as models for those of the natives. These Americans are to carry with them cotton-gins, as well as plantation tools and husbandry, of the most approved patterns known or used in the southern states. —*Sun.*

Puritanic Item.—In the year 1661, an inhabitant of Ipswich, residing in a distant part of the town, having absented himself from public worship, his farm was sold by order of the General Court, that he might live nearer the sanctuary, and be able more conveniently to attend upon its religious services. —*N. Bedford Reg.*

Puns.—A sensible pun is not always to be met with. I like them not generally, because they are too often forced and affected, but the following is good.

A parishioner asked his pastor the meaning of this line of scripture, "He was clothed with curses as with a garment." "It signifies," replied the divine, "that the individual had a habit of swearing."

A WHIG GAIN.—The town of Society Land, New Hampshire, at the recent election, gave one Whig vote, all told—which is more than it gave last year. An editorial wag remarks thereon that the Whig party was perfectly well organized! We have been in the same Society Land and a more rough, rugged, uneven spot does not exist in these United States. As there is not a foot of level ground in the place, the inhabitants all have one leg about two inches shorter than the other, to run on side hills to advantage. —*N. Y. Picayune.*

May Day in New York.—Some fifteen or twenty persons came yesterday to the upper police to make complaints of the trouble that befel them on the never to be forgotten 1st of May. These complaints were generally to the effect that they had rented or hired places, (and some had paid in advance for them) and some of the persons of whom they had hired would not suffer them to move in, and their furniture was consequently in the street. Some were refused, because as they were told, their characters were not as good as they should be—others because they would not fight their way in as fiercely as those within fought them out, and faces were scratched and blows were given, and "claret" flowed as the fruits of these May-day strifes. A brother and sister, who had a joint inheritance in a house, had a set-to for possession, the woman alternately in and out. At the last advices she was in the house and some of her furniture thrown out. Such is May-day. —*Sun.*

DIED.—in Friedland, at the residence of Lieut. George M. Hooe, U. S. N., in King George Co., Va., 26th ult., the faithful slave Bacchus, aged 110 years. The deceased had been in the family of his late owner more than forty years. He was employed as a teamster during the war of the revolution, and was in attendance with his team at the glorious and final siege of Yorktown. He saw Gen. Braddock as he passed on to his defeat, and could give a succinct account of that sanguinary action. The evening previous to his death he was walking about the farm in the full possession of all his faculties of mind and body.

AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER.

ALBANY, SATURDAY, MAY 9, 1840.

REMOVAL.—The *American Masonic Register* office, has been removed, to the corner of South Market and Division streets, over the hat-store of Mr. E. S. Herrick. Entrance in Division-street.

The Annual Communication of the Most Worshipful Grand Lodge of Connecticut will be held at Masonic Hall, N. Haven, on Wednesday, May 13, A. L. 5840, at 2 o'clock P. M.

MERITED ENCOMIUM.—We have inadvertently omitted to notice the subject of the following paragraph, which we now copy from the *Evening Journal* of the 30th ult. We have daily evidence of the rapid progress of our native citizens in the arts; and the successful efforts of Mr. CUSHMAN, in his sphere, richly deserve, and we trust will meet the liberal support of the public. A visit to his rooms, and examination of his specimens, cannot fail to afford pleasure.

THE NEW YORKER.—The last number of the quarto edition of this valuable publication is accompanied by a beautiful vignette engraven on steel, representing 'the outlet of Lake George,' designed as a frontispiece for the 8th volume. The engraving is skilfully executed, by Mr. T. H. CUSHMAN, of this city, whose talents and attainments as an artist cannot fail to elevate him to a high rank in his profession. The subject has been happily selected from a picture in the possession of Mr. James Horner of this city, painted by J. C. Ward, one of nature's most accomplished limners."

FROM EUROPE.—The Great Western arrived at N. York on the 3d inst., bringing English papers to the 14th ult. The money market was improving, but continued dull, and a cautious spirit was manifested by capitalists. A rupture between England and China appears more probable. A serious misunderstanding appears to exist between Great Britain and Naples, and it is asserted that a British naval force is to be sent to blockade the ports of the latter. The French army in Africa is extending its operations; but in the Arabs it finds powerful and inveterate enemies. The occupancy of Algiers and the interior will require a vast sacrifice of men and money on the part of the French.—Fresh disturbances have broken out in Spain, and Switzerland is agitated by internal commotions.

We know not what punishment to recommend, but surely it would be difficult to devise a suitable one for the hardened offender who will expose the lives of his fellow men like the "wretch" mentioned in the subjoined paragraph.

Tonawanda Railroad.—The cars on this road were thrown off the track on Saturday afternoon. An obstruction had been designedly placed on the track by some wretch, three miles east of Batavia. Four freight cars were broken to pieces. A reward of two hundred dollars is offered for the apprehension of the perpetrator of this outrage."—*Buffalo Com. Adv.*

BLOODHOUNDS.—By an account in the *New World*, of an expedition in Florida, for hunting Indians, and testing the bloodhounds recently introduced there, we are gratified to find that the dogs proved to be inoffensive, and every attempt to use them to hunt the natives proved a complete failure. Many trials were made with them, but they neither showed "signs of ferocity," nor could they be kept on an Indian trail. Col. Twigg had command of the expedition, and traversed the country for 10 days, with about 300 men, in detachments, but with no great success in any respect.

FIRES.—About 30 fires occurred in N. York during the last month, some of them of considerable magnitude; and we have accounts of others, in various directions, almost daily. Mobile has been again visited, and a large quantity of cotton destroyed. The country house of Capt. Rocket, of N. York, in Westchester co. was burnt on the 2d inst., loss 8,000. Another fire occurred in Richmond, Va. on the 3d. The barn of Mr. Ransford Otis, of Concord, Erie co., was burnt on the 23d ult. and Mr. O. consumed in it. It was believed that one McElroy, who had been working for Mr. O. murdered him in the barn, and then set the building on fire.

The village of Pontiac was nearly demolished by a fire on the 29th ult. which consumed 25 buildings (principally on Saginaw-st.) besides barns, &c. Loss estimated at \$25,000.

The loss by the fire in Kingston, U. C. is now estimated at \$400,000, of which about \$50,000 was insured.

ARMY MOVEMENTS.—The regiment of Col. Worth, 600 strong, are now on their way from Sacket's Harbor to Wisconsin; and the forces on our eastern border are hastening to the disputed territory; all to act as circumstances may require, either in removing the Winnebagoes from the land which they have ceded to the U. States, or to repel aggressions on the part of our British neighbors. We trust, however, that the promptitude with which the government acts in both these cases will prevent the necessity for offensive operations in either.

FROM TEXAS.—We learn that the account of the recent battle between the Centralists and Federalists in Mexico, was greatly exaggerated; that the Federalist army had not retreated to Austin, and that there was no danger of an invasion of Texas.

CRIMINAL NEGLIGENCE.—Two or three persons have been drowned at Brooklyn recently, by walking off of the ferry-boats on the dock, in consequence of a want of light at the ferry. And in Lowell, Mass. two persons have lately lost their lives by walking into the canal, probably from a similar cause.

A "BOSTON NOTION."—Three hundred tons of ice, the cargo of the barque *Eliza*, from Boston, sold, in Natchez, a few days since, for \$24,000 in specie.

A NOVELTY.—A ship from Muscat, European built and rigged, but manned by Arabs, is now in N. York. The crew excite much curiosity. It is stated that the ship brought some very fine Arabian horses as a present to our Government.

IN CONGRESS.—Mr. Novell, senator from Michigan, has introduced a resolution for discharging Mr. McKenzie from his imprisonment for a violation of our neutrality, and to remit the fine imposed upon him.

A HARD CASE.—The New York papers state, that on an examination into the affairs of the City Trust and Banking Company of that city, it appears that the claims against the Company amount to about \$800,000, and that there is not over \$500 to pay the whole. The dividend will therefore be one dollar upon every sixteen hundred dollars.

Deaths. in N. York last week, men 35, women 26, boys 32, girls 38—total 131. In Philadelphia, during the same week, 86, of whom 38 were adults, and 26 children under 1 year old.

THUNDER STORMS.—Meteorologists will have occasion to notice the prevalence of thunder storms, on Sunday the 25th of May. From as far south as Washington city, and from almost all parts of the country, we have accounts of their effects—on the same day, in the destruction of both lives and property. It is an unusual if not an unparalleled occurrence.

GROWTH OF N. YORK.—The number of buildings erected in the city of N. York during the year 1839 was 674, being 104 less than in the year 1838.

We give the following as we find it, without attaching to it a great degree of credit. Such atrocities may have been perpetrated—or the report may have been raised to justify a persecution of the Jews; or the story may have been got up to show a gaping and credulous community that "some things can be said as well as others."

SYRIA.—One of the most singular and horrible results of fanaticism on record has recently been brought to light at Damascus, by means of torture applied to certain of the Jewish merchants of that place, and in particular to a barber who was supposed to be in the secret of the cause of the mysterious disappearance of Father Thomas, the Superior of the Spanish convent, and his servant. Seven of the accused merchants have confessed their participation in enticing the victims into the house of a rich brother, suspending them with their heads downward, drawing off blood in buckets, cutting the bodies into small pieces, and hiding them in the sewer. The account goes on to say, that fanaticism alone had instigated these persons to commit the murder, "it being enjoined them by their laws to make use of the blood of a Christian to mix with their unleavened bread;" it further adds that the utmost indignation prevails at Damascus, and throughout other towns in Syria, against the unfortunate Jews, and that it required all the efforts of M. Ratti Menton, the French consul, to prevent the populace from rising and slaughtering the whole Jewish population of that city, from 20,000 to 20,000 in number. Numbers of Jews have turned Musselmans to save their lives.

Intelligence.

Forgeries in Philadelphia.—The Philadelphia papers of Saturday say that extensive forgeries have been discovered upon the different banks in that city. Accounts were opened in the names of Vanarsdale & Roberts, Steier & Wood, and George B. McCee & Co. Checks drawn by Vanarsdale & Roberts were deposited by one or other of the firms, with the word "Good" written on them, and the signature of the Teller forged. The amount of the checks was then drawn out. When the banks made their exchanges, the fraud was discovered, but too late to secure the offender, who had escaped. The amount obtained by these forgeries is reported to be, says the Gazette, about \$20,000.

Rail Road Accident, and Loss of Life.—A melancholy disaster occurred on Monday, on the Catskill and Canajoharie Rail Road, by the fall of a bridge, in Durham, over which the Rail Road passes. The whole train of five cars went down with the bridge, which was about 15 feet high. [The locomotive had reached the opposite bank and remained firm.] The crash was tremendous. A Mr. Tyler, of Durham, who had got on at Steven's merely for a ride, was instantly killed. His body was taken out of the water a few rods below. A colored man, a hand on board, had both thighs broken, and also one of his legs below the knee. His recovery is doubtful.

Several others were wounded, some of them severely, though it is thought not dangerously.

The number of persons on board was about 40. A large quantity of merchandise was tumbled into the creek, (which was much swollen by the late rains,) and carried down-stream, without the possibility of being saved.

The train was going westward when the accident happened, consequently the locomotive is on the west

side of the Creek, and cannot be got back till the bridge is rebuilt. So says our informant.—*Journal Commerce.*

Manufacture of Sugar.—Dr. R. H. Collyer, known to many of our citizens as a Lecturer on Phrenology, has spent the last three years in Louisiana, devising apparatus for the cheaper and more perfect manufacture of sugar from the cane. He has at length completed and patented his improvements, by which half the labor of sugar-boiling will be saved and the product come forth perfectly, and purely white, instead of the earthly brown hue which our new sugars uniformly present. So complete is his success that many planters have ordered his apparatus already, and we learn that the Hon. Wm. C. Preston has offered \$30,000 for the patent, which was declined. Patents have been secured both in London and Madrid, so as to secure the right from piracy throughout the West Indies.—*N. Yorker.*

Large Forfeiture.—The great cloth case which has been on trial in the U. S. District Court, in Philadelphia for nine weeks past, and which involved property to the amount of near \$100,000, came to a conclusion on Monday. The jury were but a short time absent, and returned a verdict for the claimants on the two first two counts, and for the United States on the remaining eleven. This forfeits all to the government, and would have done so had but one count been found for the United States.

Terrible Calamity.—The Philadelphia papers of Saturday contain an account of the launching in that city, on Friday, of a new yacht, called the *Spray*, which was rigged immediately, and with a company of about 150, and a band of music, proceeded on an excursion down the river. While still off the city, a squall upset her, and six or eight of the company are said to have met with a watery grave. The others were rescued by boats from the shore.

TEXAN STATISTICS.—The whole story told.—The following minute statistics of Austin are said to be correct:—On the first of January, 1840, the whole population, members of congress, speculators, gamblers, loafers, and all, amounted to 857—whites, 711. White adult males 550, white adult females 611 children 100, families 75, mechanics 35; lawyers 4, physicians 6, printing-offices 2, taverns 6, stores 9, groceries 9, billiard room 1, and faro banks 6.—*Houston Star.*

Amisted Case.—The Circuit Court at New Haven have affirmed the decree of the District Court *pro forma*, and the Government of the U. States, at the instance of the Spanish minister, has appealed to the Supreme Court of the United States. The Africans must therefore remain in jail until next January.

"Hard Times."—Notwithstanding the pressure in the money market and the complaint which has been prevalent for months past of the hardness of the times, we were told by a friend on Saturday, that there are not less than thirty new buildings now erecting in this place. Among the number, we presume, was included a spacious wing to the United States Hotel, 200 feet long, which will enable the proprietors of that establishment to accommodate not less than four hundred guests.

The American Hotel, by Mr. Wilcox, on the site of his former tavern house, is also nearly completed.—*Saratoga Sent.*

The New York Observer gives an account of two missionaries, Messrs. Williams and Harris, who have been killed and eaten by the savages, at the island of Ewomango, one of the New Hebrides.

Buenos Ayres.—Gen. Rosas has been re-elected Governor of Buenos Ayres for five years, and great rejoicings have taken place among the inhabitants, particularly in the capitol, in consequence thereof. The French agents are zealously opposing his administration, and aiding Rivera, who has organized 3000 troops, and has had \$80,000 advanced him by the agents, who have, furthermore, guaranteed him and Lavelle 2000 doubloons per month for the maintenance of their forces, which number about 9000 strong.

Revelsion in Multicaulis.—The morus multicaulis fever is entirely over, and is succeeded by a heavy ague. Thirty thousand of them in good order were offered at auction the other day at twenty-five dollars for the whole, but none would take them. The lot would have sold a year ago for some fifteen or twenty thousand dollars.—*Sun.*

AMALGAMATION.—"Newspaper Changes."—Our friend and confiere, Joseph T. Adams, the editor and publisher of the Daily Centinel and Gazette, and appendages, the semi-weekly Columbian Centinel, and semi-weekly New England Palladium, announces in the last number of the Centinel and Gazette, that all those papers have been united with the Daily Advertiser and the Chronicle and Patriot.—*Bost. Trans.*

The Mormons. since their dispersion in Missouri, have collected in great numbers at a place they have christened Nauvoo, in Illinois, where they are daily receiving numerous accessions of families and individuals. They have erected about 300 houses there since Oct. last. They had 3000 disciples collected at a recent conference at Nauvoo.

We are pained to announce the death of the Chevalier de Gerstner—a native of Prussia, and for the last year a resident in this country—a gentleman of high attainments, enlarged and liberal views, and great personal worth. He had studied our institutions—had gathered materials, touching the statistical and political and moral economy of the country, with peculiar industry and discrimination, and had published, and was in the course of publishing, the result of his investigations, in several works. The Chevalier was in the service of the Prussian government. He expired last week at Philadelphia, his immediate place of residence. His death will be widely deplored on both Continents.—*Argus.*

Distressing Accident and loss of lives.—Yesterday morning about five o'clock, as the sloop *Palmyra*, of Newark, was coming down the river, partly loaded with stone, from Rockland, bound to Newark, when off Fort Washington Point, she was struck with a sudden squall, and went down head foremost. There were five persons on board, three men, crew of the vessel, and two young women; from fifteen to seventeen years of age; passengers, who, with one of the men, met a watery grave. The names of the persons lost were Miss Ophelia L. Goodell, Miss Sarah Osborn, and Mr. Parkerson Springstead, of Rockland co. The names of the two saved are Capt. J. Potter and Wm. Potter—the latter of whom communicated to us the melancholy intelligence.—*Sun, May 6.*

Death of Dr. Olbers, at Bremen, Germany.—On the morning of the 2d of March, 1840, departed this life, Dr. Henry W. Olbers, aged 80 years. Dr. Olbers, is well known throughout the civilized world, as the discoverer of the small planets *Pallas* and *Vesta*; and has long ranked among the most eminent mathematicians and astronomers of the age.—*New Haven Herald.*

Two seamen, Peter Bacon, of Schenectady, and George Wilson, of N. York, (a Swede by birth) were drowned from on board the brig *Emma*, of Portsmouth. The E. was from Havana, for Boston, and put into Newport, R. I., on the first, with loss of fore and main top-masts, running rigging and sails. The two unfortunate men, above mentioned, were on the top-masts and went overboard with them.

THE AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER.

On the 25th ult. by the Rev. Dr. Campbell, John Davis, Esq. to Miss Mary, daughter of Peter Boyd, Esq. all of this city.

On the 4th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Leonard, Mr. Ja's Sprinks to Miss Matilda Seward, all of this city.

By the Rev. Mr. Page, Mr. John Robinson to Miss Elisabeth Tubel, all of this city.

On the 6th, by the Rev. Dr. Wyckoff, Mr. Joseph Henry to Miss Harriet M. Randall. Also, Mr. Charles Whale to Miss Eliza A. Staats.

By the Rev. Dr. Potter, William Lacy to Mary Millington, both of this city.

On the 7th, by the Rev. Dr. Campbell, Mr. Peter C. Don to Miss Amanda M. Hand, of this city. At Johnstown, Fulton co. by the Rev. Hugh Mair, Henry B. Stanton, esq. of the city of New York, to Miss Elizabeth S. Cady, daughter of the Hon. Daniel Cady, of the former place.

DIED.

On Thursday last, after a lingering illness, Mr. EDMUND B. CHILD, printer, and formerly publisher of the *Masonic Record*, &c.

In this city, on the 4th inst. Mr. Gerrit R. Van Zandt, aged 71.

Harriet Jane, daughter of Samuel Steele, aged 16. In Penn Yan, very suddenly, on Sunday morning last, Mr. Wm. W. Staats, aged 47 years, formerly of this city.

At Springfield, Mass. on the 1st inst, after a lingering illness, Erastus Chapin, jr. formerly of this city, aged 21.

In Troy, on the 28th of April, George Royal Crossman, son of John W. Crossman, aged three years and fourteen days.

Too dear for earth, his fleeting soul has fled,
And claimed its kindred with the Godlike dead;
O'er realms of everlasting bliss to roam,
And find in Heaven its long and blissful home.

In South Adams, Zachariah Padelford, 86—a soldier of the revolution.

At Fairfield, Vt. Rev. Benj. Wooster, 77, a veteran of the revolutionary army.

CALENDAR OF COMMUNICATIONS.

EACH MONTH.

Temple Encampment,	Albany	2d Friday.
Temple R. A. Chapter,	Albany	2d & 4th Tuesday
Mount Veruon Lodge	Albany	1st & 3d Thursday.
Temple Lodge,	Albany	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Apolo Lodge,	Troy	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Apollo Chapter,	Troy	2d & 4th Tuesday.
Genesee Encampment,	Troy	3d Monday.
Phoenix Lodge,	Lansingburg	1st & 3d Tuesday
Olive Branch	Bethany Gen.	1st Wednesday.
Genesee Encampment,	Lockport N.Y.	
Ohio Lodge, No 101,	Wheeling Va.	1st Monday.
Wheeling Chapter, 19,	"	2d Thursday.
Wheeling Encampment	"	2d Monday ev. o month.
Washington Council,	"	1st Saturday.
Utica Lodge, 47,	Utica,	1st Thursday.
Oneida Chapter, 57,	"	1st Thursday.
Utica Encampment, 3	"	3d Tuesday.
Mount Moriah,	Louisville, Ky.	1st & 3d Saturday. p. f.
Louisville Encampment,	do	4th Saturday.
Council S & R Masters	do	Quarterly.
King Solomon's chapter	do	2d Saturday.

AUTHORISED AGENTS.

The following Brethren have kindly offered to act as Agents for the American Masonic Register. They are duly authorised to receive subscriptions and monies on its account.

William Boardman, New York City.
Tallmage Fairchild, Coxsackie.
Joel D. Smith, Castleton.
James Teft, Coeymans.
S. C. Leggett, Troy.
S. D. Smith, Lansingburgh.
Joseph Blackburn, Poughkeepsie.
John S. Wood, West Greenfield.
Ebenezer Mix, Batavia.
Blanchard Powers, Cowsville.
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James M'Kain, Lockport.
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"A post master may enclose money in a letter to the publisher of a newspaper, to pay the subscription of a third person, and FRANK the letter, if written by himself."

POETRY.

MASONIC HYMN.

Supreme Grand Master! most sublime!
High thron'd in glory's radiant clime;
Behold thy sons, on bended knee,
Conven'd, O God! to worship Thee!

And as 'tis thine with open ear,
The suppliant voice of prayer to hear;
Grant thou, O Lord! this one request,
Let Masons be, in blessing, blest.

O give the craft, from pole to pole,
The feeling heart, the pitying soul,
The gen'rous breast, the lib'ral hand,
Compassion's balm, and Mercy's band;

With Charity that pours around
The wine and oil, on mis'ry's wound!
And heals the widow's, orphan's heart,
Deep pierced by sorrow's venom'd dart.

Then to thy throne the craft shall raise
One deathless song of grateful praise;
And Masons, men, in chorus join,
To hymn the pow'r of Love divine.

That love supreme, thy Love, O God!
Which Heav'n itself shall pour abroad;
'Till Light, Life, Peace, adorn the vale,
And angels, men, pronounce All hail!

FROM THE KNICKERBOCKER.

RETROSPECTION.

Oft Memory turns to vanished days,
Despite of present pain,
And in their sunshine fancy plays,
Till they seem ours again;
With all their unalloyed content,
With friends sincerely prized,
With joyous heart and innocent,
And hopes unrealized.
Before we jostled with the crowd
That ne'er for others feel,
When every thought we spoke aloud,
Uncareful to conceal.
For then, unlearned in worldly art,
Too credulous, we deemed
That every one was in the heart
As honest as he seemed.
But Time hath in his ceaseless tread
Unhappy changes wrought,
And we have lived to doubt and dread,
By disappointment taught.

We once had friends, but now must weep
They are no longer ours:
They sleep, where we at last shall sleep,
Among the perished flowers.
The gentle and the beautiful,
The manly and the brave,
Are mouldering now within the dull
Inexorable grave!
A chill bath o'er our feelings came,
And o'er our hearts a blight;
Unblessed and cheerless is the home
That once was our delight:
For they are gone, the cherished pride
And pleasure of our days;
How happy were we by their side,
To listen and to praise!
And sorrow oft, with poignant sting,
A tribute tear will claim,
As we behold each treasured thing
Familiar with their name.

When twilight, herald of repose,
Attends the sun to rest,
A sable robe she gently throws
O'er the emurpled west.
We dedicate that solemn hour
To those love could not save,
And yielding to affliction's power,
We visit oft their grave.
The sod hath felt our deep distress,

The zephyr borne our sigh.
That all their worth and loveliness
Is but a memory!

J. L.

From the Augusta Mirror.

LAY OF A LOVER.

I.
As 'tis the custom when one falls in love,
With ladies' eye—whether blue, black or grey,
Or with a little hand, (I do not mean a glove,)
Or tiny foot—or any thing that may
Be worth their loving, to invoke the mine
To aid the suppliants at their favored shrine—

II.
Refuse not then to hear my feeble lay,
To one in whom these charms were all combined,
And who—(as what they call "the world," doth say,)
Added to these, some rarities of mind,
And virtues—such as never mortal tongue
Hath spoke—and muse hath never sung.

III.
And first her feet—of these she had but two,
Like other feet they were—only so small,
That in the town she could not find a shoe
To fit them well, if they would fit at all.
In this perplexity, a pair was made that suited,
And she thus saved from going quite barefooted.

IV.
As to her hands—such hands are seldom seen,
And once beheld, you never could forget—
So soft, so delicate, and through each vein,
The warm, red blood coursed swiftly on—but yet
Seemed lingering, as if 'twere loth to part
From the fair cell, to seek its home, the heart.

V.
Their size was such as one would love to press
Within one's own, and pressing fondly—dream
Of married joys—domestic happiness—
Or of a cottage, near some pleasant stream,
Far from the world, where life with life alone,
Would be one long continued honey moon.

VI.
Her cheeks were sometimes like the lily—white,
And clear—then would come stealing, softly o'er,
A flush, faint as the tinge of morning's light
Is pencilled on the sky—heightening more,
Till o'er her face the mantling color flowed—
On deepest rose, no deeper crimson glow'd.

VII.
Her hair in wavy golden tresses hung,
Luxuriant flowing—and the rude wild wind
In sportive mood, her ringlets danced among—
And in a thousand little wreaths entwined,
Clustering in silken folds, they formed a veil,
That on her shoulders like rich drapery fell.

VIII.
There was a something beaming in her eye,
That laughed and sparkled 'neath that glad some
brow,
A melting tenderness—a witchery—
That held one spell-bound—though one knew not
how.
And so chameleon-like, their varied hue—
You now would call them black—then swear them
blue.

IX.
But every beauty were I here to sing,
That this fair one possessed—time, space, would
fail,
And sceptics might imagine her—a thing
Of fancy wild—merely an idle tale—
Creation of a brain, that, earth forsaken,
To airy castle building had betaken.

X.
Thus far my muse—when in my little room,
Happened a friend, and while he tarried,
Discouraging of the news—"Well, I presume
You know Miss ——— was last night married."
Heavens! and into an old pormanteau
I thrust my papers. Thus ends the first canto.

THE RIVAL WREATHS.

Two playful Doves, at break of day,
Went forth in search of flowers;
To deck their brows with garlands gay
They sought the dewy bowers.

A rose-clad bank appeared in sight;
And soon one blue-eyed vagrant
Intwined his sunny ringlets bright
With flowrets fair and fragrant.

His brother Cupid onward strayed,
Unmoved by his alluring,
To where an amarath displayed
Its blossoms long enduring.

The rose-crowned Cupid laughed aloud
To see his humble brother:
"Let daylight cease ere thou art proud
And scoff," replied the other.

They met again at close of day—
The roseate wreath had faded;
Poor Cupid wept in dire dismay,
His brow by thorns now shaded.

"I bade thee wait," his playmate cried,
"Till shades of night descended;"
And shewed each purple flower with pride,
Among his fair hair blended.

These flowrets take, like buds of spring
The rankling thorns they'll cover:
So constancy a balm can bring
When Love's warm dream is over.

London Literary Gazette.

THE DYING QUEEN.

"The King of Prussia is said to have exclaimed, in
an agony of grief, during the last illness of his lovely
and spirited queen—"If she were not my wife she
would recover; but I know she must die!"

Once more the life light breaks
Along her marked brow,
And the warm crimson blood awakes
Upon her wan cheek now.

Once more her dear lip glows
Beneath its balmy breath,
And the heart tide so gently flows—
It cannot be for death!

'Tis vain—alas, that she
Was shrined within a breast,
That throws its midnight destiny
O'er all it loves the best!

'Tis vain—the dream is vain—
Yet for another's tears,
The fading flower might bloom again
Through long and sunny years!

But no—it cannot be—
Bring the Sirocco's breath
Upon the soft spring flower, and say
It shall not sleep in death!

Deck the fair summer shrine
With gems by morning light,
And say they yet undimmed shall shine
Beneath the starless night.

My spirit is a shrouding pall
My bosom is a tomb—
Their shadow resteth upon all
Of loveliness and bloom.

HINDA.

RESIGNATION.

To be resigned when ills betide,
Patient when favors are denied,
And pleased with favors given;
Oh! surely this is wisdom's part,
This is that incense of the heart
Whose fragrance breathes to heaven!

Cooper.

AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER

AND LITERARY COMPANION.

BY L. G. HOFFMAN.]

ALBANY, SATURDAY, MAY 15. 1840.

[VOL. I.—NO. 37.]

MASONIC.

AN ORATION,

Delivered in Christ Church, Savannah, on the festival of St. John the Baptist, Dec. 27th, 1839, before Solomon's Lodge, No. 1. of Ancient York Masons.

BY THE REV. BROTHER GEORGE WHITE.

Masonic Brethren.—Our act of celebration begins with God. To the incomparable Architect who formed the brilliant globes that float in the regions of interminable space, Free Masonry presents its homage and gratitude. The festival which we this day keep, is the festival of *friendship*, benevolence, and good will to men. We do not thus annually convene, to make an ostentatious display of our numbers, to devise plans to advance the interests of a particular party, or to canvass the pretensions of candidates for public favor.—To indulge in revelry and intemperance, is not our purpose.

We have assembled to invoke the blessing of the Almighty upon our *Brotherhood*, to strengthen the bands of our union, to encourage each other in good works, and to renew our vows that we will faithfully endeavor to exemplify the sublime principles of our craft in the relations we sustain to society.

I bid you welcome to the celebration of this Jubilee. In the name of humanity I bid you welcome. In the name of benevolence I bid you welcome.

What friend to this venerable institution does not feel his bosom glow with pride, when he reflects that amidst the countless revolutions, that have convulsed the world, its principles have been maintained, in their original beauty and undiminished lustre. It carries on its front the marks of venerable antiquity. We are not, it is true, among those who believe that masonry can be traced to that period,

"When first the golden morn awoke,
With golden breezes whispering soft,
Sprang from the east with rosy win,
To kiss the heavenly first born spring;
Behold then from hallowed earth,
Gave Masonry immortal birth."

Neither are we satisfied that our fraternity had any connection with the mystical associations of Egypt, Greece or Rome. We do not think that any proof exists, that Archimedes, Pythagoras and Solon were masons. The principles of speculative masonry were doubtless well understood by these illustrious men, but it is asserting too much to say that they were masons, in the sense in which we now employ that term.

You must allow me, respected brethren, to remark, that I believe that the intemperate and extravagant attempts which have been made, to give masonry an origin, to which it is by no means entitled, have contributed in no small degree, to render it the subject of sarcasm and contempt. We should never permit our attachment for the institution, to lead us into the mazes of improbability. You may justly boast that masonry is the most ancient institution in the world.—The arches, the pillars, the porticoes, the pyramids, the amphitheatres and temples, formed by the hand of masonry, have perished, but the institution still exists. Powerful, and well-concerted schemes, have been devised, to banish it from the world. Excessive fines, galling chains, gloomy dungeons, painful exiles, furious flames and cruel deaths, are but a few of

the engines, employed by the ignorant, to destroy the beautiful fabric of masonry; but it has outlived the attacks of its most inveterate foes. Its principles have spread, and they will continue to spread till,

"The great globe itself,
And all which it inherits be destroyed,
And like the baseless fabric of a vision,
Leave not a wreck behind."

No human institution is so well calculated to promote the happiness of men as masonry. "Established on a liberal and extensive plan, its benignities extend to every individual of the human race, and its adherents are collected from every nation under heaven. It invites to its lodges the sons of virtue, of love, and of peace, that it might connect them by vows of eternal amity, in a most sacred, intimate, and endeared alliance, and invigorates their best endeavors for mutual and general advantage." It is the friend of man, in whatever condition he is found. Every species of human woe, it has endeavored to alleviate. Liberty never had bolder champions than the members of this fraternity. Against tyranny, oppression, and intolerance, it has ever waged an uncompromising war. A very large proportion of those noble spirits, who toiled, and suffered and bled, in defence of our holy religion, were members of this order. It has restrained the ferocity of passion, and curbed the licentiousness of appetite. It has quenched the fires of persecution, and extinguished the torch of fanaticism. It has brought together, men who were totally estranged from each other, by climate, prejudice, language and education, and taught them that they were all the children of one Almighty Father, and that therefore they should love as *brethren*. Protection of the weak has always been a prominent duty of masonry, and never was a duty more faithfully discharged, than when woman became the object; indeed, when she became the object, the duty was heightened to a pitch of enthusiasm. Admitting, that in the days of chivalry, devotion to the female sex was carried to a degree of extravagance, yet, it must be acknowledged, that masonry has been one among the chief instruments, by which woman has been raised from a state of inferiority, to her proper position in society.

In furnishing pecuniary assistance to the poor and needy, this institution is eminently distinguished. See ye yonder orphan, for whom no mother's bosom thorbs in soft sympathy!

"See ye the widow, forced in age for bread
To strip the brook, with maiming crosses spread,
To pick the wintry fagot from the thorn,
Then seek some nightly shade and weep till morn."

These are the objects of the true Mason's most tender care. If our customs allowed, we could easily bring into this assembly, living proofs of Masonic benevolence. No association of men can say, with so much truth as masonry, "When the ear heard me, then it blessed me, and when the eye saw me, it gave witness to me, because I delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless and him that had none to help him. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me, and I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy. I was eyes to the blind, and feet was I to the lame. I was a father to the poor, and the cause which I knew not, I searched out."

Notwithstanding the benevolent and peaceful objects of our order, it has to contend with opposition, arising

in most cases from an entire ignorance of the subject. The limits of my remarks will not permit a minute examination of all the objections advanced against our craft. One or two of the most popular of these objections, I will notice. It is said that the profound secrecy peculiar to Masonry, cannot be reconciled with those principles of benevolence which it professes. If masons are in possession of any thing, the knowledge of which would be beneficial to the world, why not divulge it? Why hide their light? We reply, that the privileges of masonry can be enjoyed by all who possess the requisite qualifications. But who are to be the judges of these qualifications? Not the mass of men at large, but masons themselves. Every society reserves to itself the right of deciding upon the qualifications of those who offer for admission. It is unfair, therefore, to deprive this institution of a right awarded to all others. To the virtuous the privileges of masonry are accessible. To communicate them to the vicious, would be to profane their sanctity. To publish them to the world, would be to defeat the very design of the institution—for these are its marks, and the means of its preservation. But secrecy is not peculiar to Masonry. Every profession, every art, every trade has its secrets. Empires and States, have their secrets. Families have their secrets, and their is not a heart in this assembly but what is the repository of some secret. The duty of secrecy is recognized and taught in the volume of inspiration. In the Old Testament as well as in the new, various allusions are made to this duty; and we all know that there are certain actions which the Divine Author of our religion declared, must be performed in secret, in order to be acceptable to him. It is further objected, that the privileges of this order, are frequently conferred upon the worthless and destitute. We admit this charge. But we ask if perfection can be found on earth? Are not other societies liable to imposition, and why may not Masonry be liable to the same thing? Masonry cannot dive into the hearts of men. It takes men upon their protestations of honesty. If deceived, the institution ought not to be censured, but those who are guilty of the deception. It is unjust to blame any society for the misconduct of its members. The best things are liable to be abused. Our benign religion has been perverted to the very worst ends. Are there not thousands who profess Christianity, whose daily conduct is in direct contradiction to their profession? In the church, have you not seen hypocrisy borrowing the cloak of Religion, and officiating at her very altars? Have you not seen pride and ostentation among those who claim to be disciples of the humble Jesus?—Have you not witnessed the revolting spectacle of sect arraigned against sect, persecuting each other with unrelenting animosity, on account of slight differences in their creeds, and forms of worship? But who blames Christianity for these irregularities and abuses? No one will venture to affirm that the misconduct of a Christian is an argument against Christianity. And by the same reasoning the immoral behaviour of Masons ought not to be attributed to Masonry.

We ask, is it not one of the most reasonable things in the world to expect, that in a society so extensive, and composed of such a variety of persons, that many, by immoral conduct, would bring discredit upon the order?

If there be any thing in Masonry, unfriendly to good morals, would it have been supported by the virtuous of every age? In the Masonic ranks have been found

the most distinguished men of every age and country. Kings, princes, nobles, bishops, have not hesitated to avow their attachment to our order. Washington, whose name will ever be dear to the hearts of every American, was a zealous member of this fraternity. In Masonry, there is nothing inconsistent with rigid morality. He who becomes a member of our order, has no motive offered him to become vicious. We do not pretend to put Masonry on a level with our holy religion, yet, we do assert that next to it, there is nothing better calculated to make men wise and virtuous.—What mean these badges in which the order now appears? What mean these various symbols? Why give we the scriptures such a prominent situation as that which they now occupy? Think not that they are only appendages, intended merely to excite the curiosity of the ignorant, and that Masons deal in some very mysterious arts. No! they are all expressive, and to the enlightened, fraught with instruction. To fear God is the first lesson inculcated in our lodges. Under circumstances of peculiar solemnity, Masonry endeavours to impress upon the mind, that a Being so infinitely above the comprehension of men; a Being, whose goodness is ascribed upon all creation, has unquestionable claims to our highest regard. To ask His mercy, to depend upon His providence, to reverence His name, and to rely upon His protection, however rough the journey of life may prove, are duties which are constantly enforced at our meetings. Brotherly love, truth, temperance, fortitude, justice and charity, have always been held in high repute by the friends of mankind, and by none more so, than by the members of this fraternity. Indeed, these have been called, Masonic virtues, from the great importance Masons attach to them. Brotherly love, how amiable in itself! No wonder that the poet king exclaimed, "Behold how good and joyful a thing it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." The Saviour not only taught this duty, but exemplified it in every action of his life—wherever he directed his steps, this virtue appeared to animate him. The disciple, who was honored with a large portion of his Master's affection, John the Evangelist, the patron of our order, in his beautiful writings, lays the greatest stress upon this virtue; and history records, that when the infirmities of old age disqualified him from any considerable participation in the privileges of the brotherhood, he would request to be carried to their assemblies, and would say to them, "Let us love one another." Oh! thrice happy would it be for the world, if the influence of this principle were more extensively prevalent. "The world in which we live" says a beautiful writer, "is full of beautiful sights and sweet sounds; it is a treasure house of loveliness and of melody. Whether the eye ranges over the face of nature at large, and marks all the varied, the magnificent, the sweet, the bright, the gentle, in wood and mountain, and valley and stream, or rests wondering and admiring on the bright delicate fabric of a flower, the rich hues of a butterfly, or the lustrous plumage of the birds—beauty and brightness are every where. The air we breathe, too is full of sweet sounds, whether in the singing of the birds, the murmuring music of the stream, or the hum of the insect world, upon the wing, is replete with harmony. But of all lovely sights, and of all the touching sounds whereof the world is full, there is nothing so beautiful, there is nothing so sweet, as the sigh and the words of benevolence."

Misery, is man's inheritance, and he who alleviates it to the extent of his power makes the nearest approach to his Creator. God is merciful, and the best acknowledgments we can render to him, is to imitate his mercy, and then "propitious heaven takes such acknowledgments as fragrant incense, and doubles all its blessings." Brotherly Love is the peculiar characteristic of Masonry. In discoursing upon the frailties of men, and the mutations of earthly good, it softens the heart, restrains the impetuosity of anger, and calms the agitated waters of strife. Truth, is another virtue upon which much importance is placed by Masons. Viewed in every respect, truth possesses the highest value. It is the foundation of all confidence between intelligent beings, and without it, misery would reign uncontrolled throughout every region of intellectual existence. If a regard to truth generally prevailed, what a change would be effected in the condition of the world! Confidence would exist in every department of society! What endless disputes would be prevented! How many ruinous litigations, would

be obviated! Character would then possess a sacredness, which the unhallowed head of calumny dare not touch. The obnoxious race of slanderers would be extinct; they would no longer swarm like wasps, about the haunts of society, infusing their deadly sting in every fair flower of promise, and feeding like the locust on the fresh verdure of growing reputation and fame. The sentiments of England's immortal bard would then be universally appreciated.

"Good name in man or woman,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls;
Who steals my purse steals trash, 'tis something, nothing,
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and he has been slave to thousands;
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed."

In this institution, an inviolable regard to truth is maintained, and illustrated by emblems of the most significant character. The upright Mason despises falsehood. Not only the grosser methods of dishonest gain, are objects of his abhorrence, but the more genteel artifices of fraud and *circumvention*.

Temperance, ranks among the Masonic virtues, and when we use this term, we would be understood to use it, not in the popular sense, as meaning moderation or an entire abstinence from the use of intoxicating drugs, but in the restraining of every passion, humor or habit, that might prove injurious to man in his individual or social capacity.

Fortitude is also a cardinal virtue with Masons. By it we understand that calm and steady habit of the mind, which either enables us bravely to encounter the prospects of ill, or renders us serene and invincible under its pressure. We all know that affliction is the lot of humanity. Upon the permanency of this world's comforts, none can place reliance. Cases frequently occur, in which, a single week, a day, an hour sweeps away all vestige of a memorable felicity, in which the sun travels faster than the flying shower, upon the mountain side,—faster than a musician scatters sounds in which, it was, and it is not, are words of the self-same tongue, in the self-same minute, in which the sun that at noon beheld all sound and prosperous long before its setting, looks out upon a total wreck, and sometimes too, upon a total abolition of any fugitive memorial that there ever had been, a vessel to be wrecked, or a wreck to be obliterated. Fortitude enables us to submit to the adverse changes of life with firmness. Never to be discouraged by difficulties, to persevere amidst repeated disappointments, to struggle manfully against opposition, and to trust in providence, are lessons which fortitude teaches. He who is blessed with this virtue, rises superior to all the ills of life. He is like a traveller who has ascended to the summit of some lofty mountain, in the midst of a tempest.—The spot on which he stands is luminous; though all around is dark, and whilst the woods and valleys below are wrapped in clouds and ravaged by the storm, he enjoys a glorious sunshine, a perpetual calm. Need you be reminded, my Masonic brethren, how frequently, and how forcibly you have been taught the virtue of Fortitude.

Justice is also held in high estimation by the members of this fraternity. It consists in a scrupulous regard to the rights of others. To the violation of this principle may be attributed a large portion of the evils with which the world is afflicted. If the principle of justice were universally recognised, the world would present a scene upon which angels would gaze with delight. To be just in every respect is a primary duty of Masons. They are taught faithfully to respect their engagements, never to take advantage of the ignorance and weaknesses of their fellow men, to give every one credit for integrity of purpose, until the contrary is shown, and not to misinterpret actions by ascribing to them improper motives.

St. Paul, in his inimitable description of this virtue, says, "And now abideth faith, hope, charity, but the greatest of these, is Charity." How can its features be painted. To draw it justly, the pencil must be drawn by the heart. Charity does not merely consist in almsgiving. To confine it to this single exercise, would be a gross abuse of the word. Whatever is kind, whatever is amiable, whatever is lovely, is included in Charity. It is hardly a virtue, which can be described by some peculiar or uniform mode of operation. It seems to be a combination of every good quality. It is a temper of mind, which induces an individual to

look at every thing with delight. "Not a breeze flies o'er the meadow—not a cloud imbibes the setting sun's effulgence—not a song from all the warbling tenants of the shade ascends, but whence the bosom of the charitable man can partake fresh pleasure and delight."—Charity, is man exalted to perfection. It is man endowed with the spirit of Deity. It never slanders, it never ridicules, it never undervalues, it never misconstrues a word, it never disregards reasons, it never perverts meaning, it gives to all due praise and credit. But why attempt a description of this God-like virtue?

"For a theme like this would ask an angel lyre,
Language of light and sentiment of fire."

These are the virtues which distinguish the order of Masons, and they are such as must command themselves to every lover of the human species.

MASONIC PRECEPTS.

Thy first homage thou owest is to the Deity. Adore the Being of all beings, of whom thy heart is full; although thy confined intellects can neither conceive nor describe God.

Look down with pity upon the deplorable madness of those who turn their eyes from the light, and wander about in the darkness of accidental events.

Deeply sensible of the parental benefactions of God, and with a heart full of gratitude, reject, with contempt, those shallow inferences, that prove nothing, but how much human reason degrades itself, when it wanders from its original source.

GRAND MASONIC BENEDICTION.

May the Supreme Architect of the universe shed his blessings abundantly upon this society; enable his servant, now raised to the office of grand master over our lodges, to discharge the duties of his important trust, to the honor of his holy name, and to the credit of this happy fraternity!

SPIRIT OF DISCOVERY.

DISCOVERIES AND IMPROVEMENTS MADE BY BELGIANS.

Oil printing was invented in the 15th century by John Van Eyck of Maaseyk.

Glass staining was improved in Belgium.

Therry Martens, of Alost, introduced the art of printing in Belgium, the first work issued from his press, was in 1473.

Josse Bade, of Asschen, brought the first printing press to Paris.

We are indebted so Hulloos, of the village of Plenevaux, for the discovery of the use of coal, at the close of the 12th century.

To Simon Stevin, of Bruges, we owe the decimal calculus, the discovery of the gravity of air and sail-carriages.

Louis de Berken discovered the art of cutting diamonds in 1476.

The fine linen termed "cambric" was first manufactured at Nivelles, about the commencement of the 13th century. In the 15th century, Courtrai had already acquired a reputation for its damask napkins.—As early as the time of the Romans, and Belgians were renowned for their woollen stuffs; during the 13th century these manufactures had attained a high degree of prosperity. There tapestries had made great progress towards the close of the 13th century.

Previous to the 16th century, Brussels and Mechlin laces were already held in high estimation.

J. B. Geoffroy, born at Mechlin in 1669, discovered the process whereby cloths could be dyed, so as to enable both sides to exhibit a different color.

It is asserted that the first chime of bells was made at Alost in 1487.

As early as the 10th century, Belgium contained iron foundries, and during the 15th, there arose within their boundaries the first blast furnaces.

It is said that the invention of the bomb-shell is due to an inhabitant of Venloo, in the 15th century.

It appears that the fire engines were invented at Ypres during the 16th century.

Tin was invented in the Province of Liege.

One of the wonderful inventions in hydrostatics, the 'machine' at Marly, intended to raise water to the height

of 502 feet above the bed of the Seine, is due to the genius of a Belgian machinist, named Renken or Rinnogin, born in 1648.

The first carriage with glass at the side and front seen in Paris, was made at Brussels in 1660.

To the people of Leige we stand indebted for the discovery of zinc, now so general in its application.

The telescope was invented at Middleburgh in the Province of Zealand, in the 16th century; about the same epoch Huygens gave the first idea of the microscope.

Before Galileo and Capernicni, the Cardinal Nicholas de Cusa, born in 1401, in the Province of Luxemburg, treated of the motion of the earth in opposition to the planetary system in use until then.

Gregory de St. Vincent, born in Bruges in 1584, had discovered and explained in his writings, replete with learning, those subjects which since made the reputation of Sir Isaac Newton.

John Charles de la Faille, a geometrician, born at Antwerp in 1597, wrote a treatise on the centre of gravity.

Ortelius of Antwerp and Gerardus Mercator, of Rupelmonde, may be considered as the parents of geographical knowledge.

Agriculture has at all times been held in great esteem by the Belgians: the best methods for the cultivation of the soil originated in Belgium, and was communicated by it to the other countries of Europe.

The management of the Vine was known at Ghent in the 10th century. In the 13th century the environs of Huy were covered with vineyards. In the 16th century the vineyards of Louvan were among the most celebrated in Europe.

The Archduke Albert was the first in Europe who had locust trees in his gardens, at Brussels.

Rhubarb, so usefully a drug, we owe to Charles the Fifth.

The first tea imported in Europe is due to some merchants of Ostend, in 1610.

Botany has always had some of its most zealous and industrious adepts in Flanders. In the 16th century her gardeners were acquainted with hot houses and green houses.

It was in the Belgian provinces that the manufacture of gilt and figured leather was invented. It was used for hanging rooms.

It was in Belgium that the first newspaper made its appearance. As early as 1550, Abraham Verhoeven, a printer at Antwerp, published a Flemish gazette, entitled "Courant," bearing the motto "Time will teach us."

The almanac of Matthew Laensbergh, canon of the cathedral of Liege, originated as far back as 1636.

The "floral games" did not as yet exist in France, when Belgium had its "chambers of rhetoric."

In the 16th century, James Metz, of Antwerp, invented spy-glasses.

Andrew Lepaute, a native of Luxemburg, and Anthony Sacre of Merckthem, distinguished themselves by several discoveries in the art of watch-making.

In jewelry and fine chased work the Belgians have excelled.

About the middle of the 15th century, Martin Schoonhauer, of Antwerp, introduced engraving upon copper, in the execution of which Belgian talent soon ranked among the first.

To John de Warin, of Liege, we are under obligations for important improvements in engraving medals, and also in coining.

Architecture was one of the arts whereby Belgium immortalized itself; besides the numerous and admirable specimens which embellish it, many chief d'œuvres were erected by Flemish architects in foreign lands.

Commencing with the 10th century, during a period of seven centuries, the Belgians have excelled in music. This delightful art owes to them some of its principal improvements. The monk Hubeald, of St. Amand's monastery near Tournay, who flourished in the 10th century, made several of the discoveries since attributed to Guido, of Arezzo.

Francon, of Liege, in the 11th century, and Henry Dumont, in the 16th century, made several very useful inventions in music.

Towards the close of the 13th century, Louis de Valbeke discovered the mechanism of the pedal.

Henry Van de Gutte, of Venloo, who lived in the

16th century, added a seventh note to the six in previous use, and divided the musical system into octaves.

Peter de Volder, of Antwerp, invented the organ with crescendo and diminuendo, in the 18th century.

As regards sculpture, Flemish artists have obtained an extended celebrity, and their paintings require no comment.

It was at Antwerp, in the 16th century, that the first exhibition of paintings took place.

The science of medicine was successfully taught and practised in Belgium from the remotest period.

The celebrated Andrew Vesale, of Brussels, who died in 1564, was the father of Anatomy in Europe, and speaks in one of his works of the circulation of the blood, the discovery of which is so generally ascribed to Harvey.

Van Helmont, of Brussels, and Palfin, of Courtrai, have rendered their names illustrious in consequence of their medical and surgical discoveries.

Rega, a professor in Louvain, had already avowed in 1750 the same opinions which have since obtained high renown to Broussais.

The original manuscript of the Pandects of Justinian was found at Florence, by Lawrence Terrentius of Audenarde.

MISCELLANY.

EMPLOYMENT.

Long Walks.—The unhappy are disposed to employment. All active occupations are wearisome and disgusting in prospect; at a time when every thing, like itself, is full of weariness and disgust. The unhappy must be employed, or they will go mad. Comparatively blessed are they, if they are set families, where claims and duties abound and cannot be escaped. In the pressure of business there is present safety and ultimate relief. Harder is the lot of those who have a few necessary occupations, enforced by other claims than their own harmlessness and profitableness. Reading often fails. Now and then it may beguile; but much oftener the attention is languid, the thoughts wander, and associations with the subject of grief are awakened. Women, who find that reading will not do, will find no relief from sewing. Sewing is pleasant enough in moderation to those whose minds are at ease the while; but it is occupation which is trying to the nerves when long continued, at the best; and nothing can be worse for those who want to escape from themselves. Writing is bad. The pen hangs idly suspended over the paper, or the sad thoughts that are alive within write themselves down. The safest and best of all occupations for such sufferers as are fit for it, is intercourse with young children. Next to this comes an honest genuine acquaintanceship with the poor; not mere charity visiting, grounded on soup tickets and blankets, but intercourse of mind, with real and mutual interests between the parties. Gardening is excellent, because it unites bodily exertion with a sufficient engagement of the faculties, while sweet compassionate Nature is administering cure in every sprouting leaf and scented blossom, and beckoning sleep to draw nigh and be ready to follow up her benignant work. Walking is good—not stepping from shop to shop, or from neighbor to neighbor, but stretching out far into the country to the freshest fields and the highest ridges, and the quiet lands. However sullen the imaginations may have been when sustaining too heavy a heart, here they are braced, and the lagging gait becomes buoyant again. However perverse the memory may have been in presenting all that was agonizing, and insisting only on what cannot be retrieved, here it is first disregarded, and then it sleeps; and the sleep of memory may have been in presenting all that was agonizing and insisting only on what cannot be retrieved; here it is first disregarded, and then it sleeps; and the memory is a day of paradise to the unhappy. The mere breathing of the cool wind in the face, in the commonest highway, is rest and comfort which must be felt at such time to be believed. It is disbelieved in the shortest intervals between its seasons of enjoyment; and every time the sufferer has resolution to go forth and meet it, it penetrates to the very heart in glad surprise.

The fields are better still; for there is the lark to fill up the hours with mirthful music; or, at worst, the robin and the flocks of field hare, to show that the hardest

day has its life and hilarity. But the calmest region is the upland, where human life is spread out beneath the bodily eye, where the mind roves from the pheasant's nest to the spire town, from the school-house to the church-yard, from the diminished team to the patch of fallow, or the fisherman's boat in the cove, to the viaduct that spans the valley, or the fleet that glides ghost-like on the horizon. There is the perch where the spirit plumes its ruffled and spreading wings, and makes ready to let itself down on any wind that Heaven may send.—Miss Martineau.

Melancholy Effects of Excessive Speculation.—A melancholy instance of the spirit of speculation, stimulated to madness by a pernicious credit, is recorded in the Baltimore Sun, communicated by a correspondent.—A store-keeper, in Blvidere, Warren county, N. J., a few miles from Williamsburg, whose name is James Quick, in company with his son, had purchased for credit, months since, immense quantities of grain from the farmers of Warren and surrounding counties. By offering an advance of prices, he monopolized in his neighborhood this article, which was principally sent to the New York and Philadelphia markets. At the time of contracting, the prices for grain were higher than at the present time; the consequence was, when it came to market, a loss experienced in its sale. In the meanwhile the time for payment to the farmers was near at hand without the debtors' having it in their power, to meet the demands against them. The son, to evade the difficulty, absconded, and the old man disappeared at the same time—it was thought he had followed the son, but the next morning the denouement of the tragedy was completed. The wife of the son, on attempting to enter the room of her father-in-law, where he had been concealed, found the door fastened; her fears were excited, the alarm was given, the room was forcibly entered, and the horror-stricken spectators saw before them the disfigured remains of their relative and neighbor, who had severed his throat with a razor. The amount of his indebtedness to the farmers in his neighborhood, is said to exceed one hundred thousand dollars.

High Doings at Hempstead L. I.—The village of Hempstead was on Sunday evening a scene of extraordinary popular commotion, during which one of the statues of the code Lynch was put into practical effect upon the persons of a couple of young negroes, who, as was alleged, in conjunction with a white girl, who lived in a respectable family in the village, had on Saturday night been carrying the amalgamation tenet of the abolitionists to the fullest extent. The report of this scandal upon the village spread through the town like wild-fire during the Sabbath, and collected at Anderson's tavern in the evening over a hundred warm bloods of Hempstead who, after holding a consultation, determined on inflicting summary punishment on both parties. They accordingly first caught the boys, and, dressing their heads and faces with a "large edition" of tar and feathers, whipped them in that plight thro' the main street. "up and down the middle" twice, and then let them "chasse right and left" into the open fields. In the meantime the friends of the girl, to preserve her from any violent demonstration of popular indignation, obtained a covered wagon, in which they placed her with the intention of smuggling her out of town; but a party of the Lynchers getting wind of the movement, forcibly stopped the wagon before it got out of the village, took Desdmona from it, mounted her on a board, and the board on their shoulders, and thus marched her to Anderson's. There arrived, they placed her in an upright posture on the counter, where they compelled her to stand upwards of an hour, exposed to the public gaze, probably for the laudable purpose of having her well known to "all whom it might concern," and they then dismissed her without injury. Among the spectators of this last act of serio-comic retribution, were several gallant enough to feel indignant at the public disgrace inflicted upon the girl; and among them was a well known broker of this city, who would have rescued her from the hands of the Hempstead Vandals had he been properly armed.—N. Y. Sun.

Best Consummum yet.—Why may Prince Albert be considered a saving and frugal personage? Because he lays by a sovereign every night.—N. Y. Sig.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

From the Southern Literary Messenger.

THE LEARNED BLACKSMITH.

[We invite the attention of the public to the subjoined communication from Dr. Nelson, of this city, [Savannah] accompanied by a letter to him from Mr. Burritt, already distinguished by Governor Everett, as the learned blacksmith of Massachusetts. Mr. Burritt's extraordinary acquirements, under the peculiar circumstances of his life, are only equalled by the modesty with which he shrinks from notoriety. We doubt whether there is a parallel instance on record of the same application to mental improvement, under such striking disadvantages. The most learned linguist now living, we believe, is Mezzofanti, the Professor of Oriental Languages at the University of Bologna, in Italy. He is said to speak and write fluently, eighteen ancient and modern languages, and twenty-two different dialects of Europe; but Mazzofanti has not been obliged to labor one-third of his time at the anvil for subsistence. Lord Byron said of him—"he is a monster of languages—the Briareus of parts of speech—a walking polyglot; and more, who ought to have existed at the time of the tower of Babel, as universal interpreter." What would Lord Byron have said of the self-taught Massachusetts linguist, whose wonderful acquisitions have been treasured up amidst toil and poverty, and in those intervals which are usually devoted to repose or recreation? If any of our readers should be incredulous in this matter, we need only refer them to the address of governor Everett, and also to the personal testimony and observation of Dr. Nelson, of whom it may be said, that no declaration of ours is necessary to entitle his statements to the fullest confidence.—*Ed. Mess.*]

To the Editor of the Southern Literary Messenger.

With a few friends, who have seen the following communication, I entirely concur in the opinion that it ought to be given to the public. It is a brilliant, an unsurpassed example of what may be achieved by persevering application to study. To all persons, especially to the young mechanics of our country, it may prove a beacon of light to guide them to higher destinies, by a diligent improvement of their "little fragments of time."

Of the verity of the statement made by the writer there cannot be a doubt. In the summer of 1838, Governor Everett, of Massachusetts, in an address to an association of mechanics of Boston, took occasion to mention that a blacksmith of that State had by his unaided industry made himself acquainted with *fifty languages*. In July of the following year, I was passing through Worcester, the place of his present residence, and gratified my curiosity by calling to see him. Like another son of Vulcan, Mr. Burritt was at his anvil. I introduced myself to him, observing that I had read with great pleasure, and with unfeigned astonishment an account of him by the Governor of his State, which had induced me to take the liberty of paying him a visit. He very modestly replied that the Governor had done him more than justice. It was true, he said, that he could read about fifty languages, but he had not studied them all critically. Yankee curiosity had induced him to look at the Latin grammar; he became interested in it, persevered, and finally acquired a thorough knowledge of that language. He then studied the Greek with equal care. A perfect acquaintance with these languages had enabled him to read with facility the Italian, the French, the Spanish and Portuguese. The Russian, to which he was then devoting his "odd moments," he said was the most difficult of any he had undertaken.

I expressed my surprise to his youthful appearance. He informed me he was but *twenty-seven years of age*; (to which statement I gave ready credence)—that he had been constantly engaged at his trade from boyhood to that hour, and that his education previous to his apprenticeship had been very slender.

Mr. Burritt removed from a village near Hartford, in Connecticut, where he was born and where he learned his trade, to Worcester, to enjoy the benefit of an antiquarian library stored with rare books, to which the trustees gave him daily access. "Yes, sir," said he, "I now have the key to that library, (showing it as if it were the most precious jewel, the real key to knowl-

edge,) and there I go every day and study eight hours. I work eight hours, and the other eight I am obliged to devote to animal comforts and repose."

The stage drove up and I most reluctantly left him, exacting however a promise that he would write me some account of himself—of his past and present studies.

The following is the first, but not the only letter which he has done me the favor to write. I have assurance that Mr. Burritt would not be so false to his professions as to object to its publicity. But I am equally well assured that it will give him more pain than pleasure.

Richmond, Feb. 4th, 1840.

TH: NELSON.

Worcester, Dec. 16th, 1836.

Dear Sir:—I sit down to write to you under a lively apprehension that you will accept of no apology that I can make for my long silence. But before you impute to me indifference or neglect, I beg you, my dear sir, to consider the peculiar nature of my occupations,—to reflect that my time is not at my disposal, and that my leisure moments are such as I can steal away from the hours which my arduous manual labors would incline me to allow to repose. I deferred writing some time, thinking to address you a letter on your return from the springs; but the nature of my business became such in the fall, that I was compelled to labor both night and day up to the present time, which is the first leisure hour that I have had for several months. I cannot but be gratefully affected by the benevolent interest which you manifested in my pursuits, both in our interview in Worcester, and in the letter for which I am indebted to your courtesy and kind consideration. I thank you most cordially for those expressions of good will. They are peculiarly gratifying,—coming as they do from one whose personal acquaintance I have not long had the means and pleasure of enjoying; a fact which proves, I fear, that I have been thrust before the world very immaturely. An accidental allusion to my history and pursuits, which I made unthinkingly in a letter to a friend, was, to my unspeakable surprise, brought before the public as a rather ostentatious *debut* on my part to the world; and I find myself involved in a species of notoriety not at all in consonance with my feelings. Those who have been acquainted with my character from my youth up will give me credit for sincerity, when I say, that it never entered my heart to blazon forth any acquisition of my own. I had, until the unfortunate *dénuement* which I have mentioned, pursued the even tenor of my way unnoticed, even among my brethren and kindred. None of them ever thought that I had any particular *genius*, as it is called; I never thought so myself. All that I have accomplished, or expect or hope to accomplish, has been and will be by that plodding, patient, persevering process of accretion which builds the ant-heap, particle by particle, thought by thought, fact by fact. And if I ever was actuated by ambition, its highest and farthest aspiration reached no farther than the hope to set before the *young men* of my country an example in employing those invaluable fragments of time called "odd moments." And, sir, I should esteem it an honor of costlier *water* than the tiara encircling a monarch's brow, if my future activity and attainments should encourage American *working-men* to be proud and jealous of the credentials which God has given them to every eminence and immortality in the empire of mind. These are the views and sentiments with which I have sat down, night by night for years, with blistered hands and brightening hope, to studies which I hoped might be serviceable to that class of community to which I am proud to belong. This is my *ambition*. This is the goal of my aspirations. But, not only the prize, but the whole *course* lies before me, perhaps beyond my reach. "I count myself not yet to have attained" to any thing worthy of public notice or private mention: what I *may do* is for Providence to determine.

As you expressed a desire in your letter for some account of my past and present pursuits, I shall hope to gratify you on this point, and also rectify a misapprehension which you with many others may have entertained of my acquirements. With regard to my attention to the languages, (a study of which I am not so fond as of mathematics,) I have tried, by a kind of practical and philosophical process to contract such a familiar acquaintance with the head of a family of languages as to introduce me to the other members

of the same family. Thus studying the Hebrew very critically, I became readily acquainted with its cognate languages, among the principal of which are the Syriac, Chaldaic, Arabic, Samaritan, Ethiopic, &c. The languages of Europe occupied my attention immediately after I had finished my classics; and I studied French, Spanish, Italian and German, under native teachers. Afterwards, I pursued the Portuguese, Flemish, Danish, Swedish, Norwegian, Icelandic, Welsh, Gaelic, Celtic. I then ventured on further east into the Russian empire; and the Slavonic opened to me about a dozen of the languages spoken in that vast domain, between which the affinity is as marked as that between the Spanish and Portuguese. Besides these, I have attended to many different European dialects still in vogue. I am now trying to push on eastward as fast as my means will permit, hoping to discover still farther analogies among the oriental languages which will assist my progress. I must now close this hasty, though long letter, with the assurances of my most sincere respect and esteem.

ELIHU BURRITT.

To TH: NELSON, M. D.

N. B. Please make my compliments acceptable to the ladies who were in your company when at Worcester. I should be much pleased to send them some trivial token of my remembrance and respect.

HISTORICAL.

From the Knickerbocker, for May.

REMINISCENCE OF THE LATE WAR.

*The Americans certainly exhibited a good degree of courage in several of their obstinate contests with the mother country; but in general, on land and sea, they showed little training, and less finesse. A successful *ruse de guerre* was a rare achievement; yet sometimes signal advantages were obtained by an emulation of the arts and small cunning of our Gallic neighbors.

DE ROOS.

In the summer of 1811, I was passenger in a ship lying at Long Hope, in the Orkney Islands, waiting for a convoy gun-brig, daily expected from Leith, in Scotland, to protect us to the Baltic sea. The detention of a week swelled our fleet to about twenty vessels, of various nations, among which were three or four Americans. Becoming impatient with the delay, seeing no prospect of a speedy deliverance, and fearing the French cruisers, which then infested the German Ocean, we had no choice but to await the arrival of the expected brig, or form a convoy of our own, sufficiently formidable to defend ourselves in case of attack. We determined on the latter; and a Yankee commander of a brig, which rejoiced in the security of fourteen wooden guns, and myself, undertook the management. We selected this brig, as a look-out vessel, and a large American ship, painted entirely black, as our commodore, who was required to carry by day a large red flag at the main, and a lantern at the peak during the night.

Our next difficulty was to obtain signals, to inform the fleet from time to time of the intentions of our commodore. This caused some perplexity; but my Yankee friend and myself, after some deliberation contrived, with three pieces of different colored bunting, and the ensign and pendant, to form seventy-five questions and answers, including a few points of the compass, in our course to Leith.

Walking one afternoon on the highlands overlooking the Pentland Frith, I met a gentleman, a passenger in one of the vessels forming our fleet, to whom I mentioned the arrangements we had entered into, and exhibited a plan of the signals. He examined them attentively, was agused with the contrivance, and remarking that he had a taste for painting, asked me if I had ever seen the signals used by the British navy. I answered in the negative, wishing him to explain what they were. We sat down, and with my pencil, on the back of a letter, I marked down, with lines and dots, used by heraldry painters, each signal as he described them, including the compass-signals. I never knew the name of this gentleman, but presume he was a British naval officer, on furlough. I thought no more of these signals; but on going on board our ship, threw them into my trunk, among various loose papers.

Our fleet sailed, making a truly formidable appearance, with our black commodore and his bloody flag.

the look-out brig ranging ahead, and sometimes far astern; and our vessels, of all nations, firing almost every hour in the day, and running up and down signals, by way of amusement. In this manner we passed along the coast of Scotland, within sight of land, and sometimes sufficiently near to discover the towns, observing, what we then considered remarkable, that no vessels were to be seen, save at a great distance, and those standing in for the shore.

Thus we continued quietly on our course, until the afternoon of the third or fourth day, when our attention was drawn to a vessel bearing down upon us. At the time, her top-gallant sails were only visible, but soon the top-sails made their appearance, when our commodore ran up the signal, 'A large merchantman ahead!' Having charge of our signals, and observing that the stranger's yards were very square and her canvas dark, I answered, 'A man of war!' Immediate preparations were now made for action, by our fleet coming together, hauling up courses, and taking in top-gallant sails; but not a flag was displayed save the bloody one of our commodore. In a short time the hull loomed up, and we then discovered the vessel to be a large gun-brig, displaying the English flag; and if any doubts existed as to her character, they were soon dispelled by a heavy shot thrown directly across our bows, when we hove to, as did all the fleet, and displayed our national colors. In a few moments a boat was alongside, and the officer, mounting the side-ladder, exclaimed, 'In the name of heaven, who are you?'

We informed him of what the reader knows already, and entering our cabin, explained the plan of our operations. Being one of those jolly fellows with which the British men-of-war then abounded, he laughed heartily at the idea, helped us to finish a bottle of wine, and stated that the fishermen from all parts of the coast north of where we were then lying, had run into Aberdeen, and reported an Algerian fleet near the coast. They were certain of the fact, from the circumstance of a large black ship, carrying a bloody flag! This rumor was transmitted to Leith by telegraph, and his vessel was despatched to ascertain the cause of the alarm.

In bidding us good afternoon, he observed that he would 'pay a visit to our commodore, and simply request him to haul down his red flag,' adding, that we were sufficiently formidable, without it, to frighten all the Frenchmen we might meet, before our arrival at Leith. Such proved to be the fact. We continued our course, falling in with no vessels, until we reached Leith Roads, where we were announced as a large fleet of merchantmen, under convoy of a United States' gun-brig.

But the reader will naturally inquire, 'What has all this to do with the late war with Great Britain?' To which I answer, that it is merely given by way of introduction, to show how I came in possession of her signals, and the use I subsequently made of them.

In the summer of 1813, the frigate 'President,' Commodore RODGERS, arrived in Boston harbor, after an unsuccessful cruise. The war was extremely unpopular among the people, and the uncharitable portion charged his not capturing any of the enemy's ships, more to cowardice, than to the difficulty he had encountered in finding any thing worth capturing, that was not convoyed by a force superior to his single frigate.

For the first time it occurred to me that the signals obtained two years previously, might be of service to the Commodore, in decoying some of the enemy's vessels within reach of his guns; and the thought no sooner entered my mind, than I sought them from among my papers, and put my plan into immediate execution. I drew a compass, in the centre of which was represented the President, lying at anchor in the harbor, and on the points, thirty-two signals by which the men-of-war designated to the fleet the course to be steered during the night, to evade a pursuing enemy; below, I painted the ten numbers, represented by as many flags, with two others, forming the affirmative and negative.

I was not personally acquainted with Commodore Rodgers, at the time, although intimate with most of his ward-room officers, by one of whom I sent the picture, with a letter addressed to him, showing how the signals were to be used, and observing, that he should obtain the number of one of the largest class of Brit-

ish frigates, and by hoisting it when an enemy was in sight, it would without doubt decoy her within his reach.

Meeting the officer intrusted with these despatches a few days afterward, he informed me that the commodore, soon after he had taken them into the cabin, appeared on deck, apparently highly pleased, and ordered one of his warrant officers to have some blue bunting painted black, very much to the surprise of the officers, who could not conceive for what purpose he intended it; but I was satisfied that the signals were to be made, one of them being black-and-yellow.

The 'President' sailed, and I thought no more of the affair, until some weeks after, taking up a newspaper, I therein saw it stated that she had taken the British government schooner Highflyer by stratagem.

Soon after the peace, dining with Commodore Rodgers, at his house in Washington, he related to me the following circumstances, which I give nearly in his own words.

'I acknowledged the receipt of your letter, he observed, and was determined to have the signals made on board, and to try the experiment, none of my officers understanding for what purpose they were intended. I cruised some time without meeting an enemy, until one afternoon we fell in with a schooner, some six or eight miles to windward of us. We hoisted the British ensign, which she answered by displaying another, and at the same time a signal at her main-top-gallant mast head, which I immediately discovered was like one of those you had given me. From the list of English frigates, I selected the number of the 'Sea-Horse,' one of their largest class, and known to be on our coast, and hoisted it. She bore down at once, and coming under our stern, I ordered her to heave to, and I would send a boat on board of her.

'This order was obeyed, and I despatched a lieutenant to bring her signal-book; enjoining on him, and the crew, the strictest secrecy respecting our character. He was politely received by the captain, whose vessel proved to be the 'Highflyer.' Our lieutenant's coat attracted his attention, not being of the latest London fashion, although the crown-and-anchor was on the button; but casting his eyes on the frigate, seeing the British ensign, and now and then the red coat of a marine appearing above the hammock-netting, his mind was apparently set at rest.

'The lieutenant informed him that he was requested to bring his signal-book on board the 'Sea-Horse,' in order to have some alterations made, as there was a rumor that the Yankees had possession of something like the signals, and it was therefore necessary to change the numbers! This ruse had the desired effect, and our lieutenant returned with the book, which placed me in command of the whole correspondence of the British navy. I then sent the gig for the captain, requesting him to come on board, and bring any despatches he might have in charge.

'On reaching our deck, he seemed surprised at the size of the vessel, praised her cleanliness, and the order in which every thing appeared; admired the new red-coats of the marines, and on being invited into the cabin, handed me a bundle of despatches for Admiral Warren, who, he observed, must be within forty miles to leeward. I ordered refreshments, and in company with several of my officers, we entered into general conversation.

'I asked him what object Admiral Warren had in cruising in that neighborhood! He said, to intercept the American privateers and merchantment, but particularly to catch Commodore Rodgers, who he understood had command of one of the largest and fastest-sailing frigates in the American navy! I inquired of him what kind of a man this Rodgers was; and if ever he had seen him? He said no; but he had understood that he was an odd character, and devilish hard to catch. After conversing on several other subjects, I abruptly put this question to him.

'Sir, do you know what vessel you are on board of?'

'Why yes, Sir,' he replied; 'on board His Majesty's ship Sea-Horse.'

'Then, Sir, you labor under a great mistake. You are on board the United States' frigate President, and I am Commodore Rodgers, at your service.'

'The dying dolphin never assumed a greater variety of colors, than did this poor fellow's face. 'Sir,' said

he, 'you are disposed to be humorous, and must be joking!' I assured him it was no joke; and to satisfy him on that head, handed him my commission. At the same moment the band struck up 'Yankee Doodle,' on our quarter-deck; on reaching which, he saw the American ensign flying, the red coats of the marines turned blue, and the crown-and-anchor button metamorphosed into the eagle.

'This affair,' observed the commodore, 'was of immense importance to our country. We obtained in full the British signals; the operations of Admiral Warren, by the non-receipt of his despatches, were destroyed for the season; and it probably saved the frigate, for the course I was running, at the time of my falling in with the Highflyer, would have brought me into the midst of his fleet during the night.'

New York, March, 1840.

G. B.

THE GATHERER.

A YOUNG ADVENTURER.—The New Orleans Bulletin of the 28th ult. states that on the previous Saturday a very pretty little girl, 10 or 11 years of age, was brought before Recorder Baldwin, by Capt. _____ of the ship _____, who reported that she came on board his vessel on Friday morning previous, at about 5 o'clock, A. M. with nothing on but a coarse and dirty domestic cotton frock, barefooted, and without any head dress.

The appearance of so youthful a visitor at that unseasonable hour, and so badly clad, awakened the captain's curiosity to know who she was and what she wanted.

The child on being questioned said her name was Elizabeth Stotts, her mother lived in New York, and had married a second time, and she had left her mother without her knowledge or consent, had clandestinely got on board of the ship Apalachicola, and arrived at N. O. on the 21st ult, when the officers put her on shore, and she had since slept in the woods.

The captain who brought her to, and left her at the Recorder's office, had purchased her a full dress, and from a dirty, filthy looking object, had rendered her a very pretty and interesting child. She appeared to be much disposed to remain with the captain, and screamed and shrieked very loudly when told she would have to leave him. The desire of the child was to return to New York, as she had seen enough of New Orleans; but still she would not object to go with the captain, who was bound to Liverpool—her ruling passion was to travel, and see the different cities; having already visited, in a similar manner, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Boston, &c. Her tale was somewhat doubted.

ANGLING EXTRA.—The Peekskill Democrat, of May 5, contains the following humorous account of a fishing excursion.

Almost a Sea Serpent.—An acquaintance of ours by the name of Jackson, in Putnam County, who was fishing for cat-fish in a small lake called "Mud Pond," one evening last week, finding that for several hours of silent watching he had got nothing more than what he termed *fisherman's luck*, and after repeating to himself—

"A stick and a string,
A worm on one end, and a fool on the other,"

Made up his mind to pull stakes and bear for home, fully convinced of the glorious uncertainty of angling. On raising his pole, he discovered that he had what some would call a "glorious nibble," but what he considered the bite of a sea serpent. "Now came the tug of war," each one striving to acquaint the other with his native element, and so nearly matched were the two, that it was for some time doubtful which would gain the victory. After resorting to several expedients, Jackson braced his foot against a bog, at the same time mustering his whole strength, and succeeded in pulling the monster on shore, which proved to be an enormous snapping turtle. Jackson, overjoyed at his success, immediately grappled one of his hind legs, and made tracks for home. On arriving at a wall which crossed his path, he without much ceremony, tumbled Mr. Snapper over and followed himself. Owing to the darkness of the night he unfortunately took

Snapper by the fore leg, when he instantly seized Jackson by the paw, giving him such a hearty grip, that he came near severing two of his fingers. Jackson bawled murder, but he was distant nearly a mile from any habitation, and with all his swearing, his kicking, and cursing, he could not induce Snapper to loosen his hold. What to do he could not tell. Poor fellow, he had no knife, and expecting every moment to see two of his fingers amputated. At length he seized the turtle with the other hand, and in that situation conveyed him to the nearest house. When a light was produced the turtle let up, leaving his captor's hand in a sad condition. He proved to be one of the finest kind of turtle, weighing 63 pounds.

Good Manners.—Does a gentleman and a scholar address another gentleman, with whom he is not on terms of familiar acquaintance, by the title of *Colonel*, or *Captain*, or *Squire*, or any other title, which he does not know to belong by some official relation, to the person addressed? Is not the use of such epithets, in the case supposed, an indication that he who uses them is ignorant of good manners, or that he deems the person he addresses to be inferior?

A man named Samuel Sarton, returned from a distillery, in the vicinity of Mount Pleasant, Miss., in company with his brother James, got into a dispute with the latter, which ended by James cutting the throat of Samuel, and then dashing out the brains of the murdered brother.

A Teller of a Bank in State street, this morning received through the post office, a ten dollar bill of the bank of New York, from some person who writes upon the envelope that this sum was overpaid to him several years since.—*Bos. Trans.*

Among the theatrical and other amusements advertised to "come off" at New Orleans on Sunday, 26th April, is a "Great Fight between seven French dogs, a Bear, an Ass, and Bull. Admittance \$1, children half price."

A Dublin paper observes: "The London tory journals have denounced the temperance movement in Ireland as a most alarming indication of rebellion against the Crown! This is a very significant proof of the terror inspired amongst the tories, by any advance of temperance amongst the people. Even in Dublin, where, from its mixed population, the friends of temperance were least sanguine in regarding the success of any attempt at a wholesale reformation, the evidences of the decided success of the movement are already apparent. The public houses in the off steets are disappearing; 'hot coffee' and 'good strong soup' are advertised on the sign boards, and three Roman Catholic clergymen have received into their branch total abstinence societies upwards of 20,000 members, preparatory to the visit of Father Mathew, who is to open his campaign against drunkenness in the Irish capital on the 26th of the present month.

True Piety.—There is a devotion that resembles the blaze of straw; but that which is spiritual, is like the Jewish altar—kindled from above, and which never went out. It is a stream fed by a living fountain, not a sudden torrent, however wide or impetuous at one time, produced by the melting of the snow, or a sudden thunder storm. The water, says the Saviour, "that I shall give him, shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life."

Swearing.—Profit or pleasure there is none in swearing, nor any thing in men's natural tempers to incite them to it. For though some men pour out oaths as freely as if they came naturally from them, yet surely no man is born of a swearing constitution.—*Tillotson.*

Good Breeding.—Great talents render a man famous; great merit procures respect; great learning esteem; but good breeding alone insures love and affection.

Honesty.—The more honesty a man has, the less he affects the air of a saint; the affectation of sanctity is a blotch on the face of piety.—*Lavater.*

AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER.

ALBANY, SATURDAY, MAY 16, 1840.

REMOVAL.—The American Masonic Register office, has been removed, to the corner of South Market and Division streets, over the hat-store of Mr. E. S. Herrick. Entrance in Division-street.

The Annual Communication of the Grand Lodge of this State, will be held in the city of New-York on the 1st Wednesday in June next, at the Howard House, Broadway. We hope our brethren of the State will endeavor to have every Lodge represented.

ST. JOHN'S DAY.—We publish the call for a Meeting of the Brethren of this city at their Hall on Thursday evening next. We trust that every brother in the city will attend. The Brethren of Troy are in active preparation for this day, which promises to be one of uncommon interest. We understand, that James Herring, Esq. of New York, the Grand Sec'y of the State, has been selected to pronounce the oration; and from his known ability, we may anticipate a performance that will do credit to himself and the institution. It is expected that the Hon. Morgan Lewis, the Grand Master of the State, will be present at the approaching anniversary, as well as the Grand Commander of the Grand Encampment of the State, who will install the officers in the new Encampment in Troy.

We would commend to our brethren generally, but particularly, those who may have occasion to visit the city of N. York, "The Masonic Register," advertised in this paper, for sale at this office.

ERROR.—In a part of this week's Register the date on the 1st page is May 15, instead of 16.

FLORIDA TROUBLES.—The late accounts from Florida are of the most unsatisfactory nature. It would seem that the marauding parties of Indians are increasing, both in numbers and in ferocity; and that the exterminating system prevails almost exclusively on both sides. Our troops shoot down the Indians and destroy their crops, &c. whenever they can; and the savages on the other hand, murder and destroy our people, &c. to the extent of their ability. What the end of these things will be, or when it will come, cannot be foreseen, but from present appearances the whole remaining Indian population must be extirpated (horrid as the idea may be) before we shall have peace in that territory. Such a state of feeling now exists, that it will not help the matter to inquire which party is the aggressor, or whether one is less guilty than the other, for nothing short of an entire abandonment of the country by the natives would satisfy their white neighbors; and the aborigines appear resolved to give up their country only with their lives, regardless of treaty stipulations or any other considerations.

WHAT NEXT?—A writer in the Jefferson county Carthaginian, calls loudly upon the "Executive committees" who some two years ago received an "immense sum" in money and goods, &c. for the relief of the "Canadian patriots," but of which the committees have never rendered any account to the public, as they engaged to do. The writer, very justly, we think, urges that the amount received and the manner in which it has been disposed of, should be published in order that both the donors and "the sufferers" for whose relief the contributions were made should know what has been done in the premises.

STEAM BOAT DISASTERS.—Nine lives were lost on the 22d ult. by the upsetting of the Steam-boat Green River, in Kentucky, as she was attempting to pass a lock and dam, on Green-river while the water was very high, and the current unusually strong. About the same number of persons were drowned by the sinking of the steam-boat Bedford, on the Mississippi, on the 25th ult. The boat was snagged, and sunk immediately.

RIOT AND HOMICIDE.—On the 10th inst., there was a riot among the laborers on the Erie canal, in Minden Montgomery co., and Richard Freeman and others were seriously injured. Freeman has since died, and others are dangerously ill. The rioters having absconded, the Governor has issued his proclamation offering \$150 reward for the arrest of each of them, among whom Michael O'Brien is particularly designated, to be paid on their conviction.

The Legislature of N. York adjourned on Thursday, after a session of 127 days, having passed 370 laws, principally of a local character, or relating to individuals. In both branches votes of thanks to the Presiding officers were unanimously passed.

"A GREAT GUN."—The largest cannon ever made in the U. States was cast on the 30th ult. at Cold Spring, at the works of the West Point Foundry Association. It weighed 13½ tons, is 12 inch bore, and will carry a shell of 160, or a solid ball of 240 lbs. weight. It was cast to the order of R. F. Stockton, of U. S. Navy.

The Democratic National Convention at Baltimore, have unanimously nominated President Van Buren for re-election, but concluded to make no nomination for Vice President, leaving that for the individual States.

ECONOMY.—The N. Orleans Courier of the 25th ult. states that the French ship Oscar has machinery for converting salt water into fresh. The machinery was invented by Mr. Rocher, of Nantes, and the water freshened by it cannot be distinguished from the water usually drunk. We believe machinery for distilling or freshening sea water has been invented by an American, and its use would prove a double saving, by allowing the transportation of other freight in the space now occupied by water casks.

POST MASTER GENERAL.—Mr. Kendall, on account of ill health, has resigned the office of Post Master General, and is to leave his post as soon as a successor is appointed. He is to edit the extra Globe, if published, till next November.

The Rev. C. B. Meigs, late missionary to Ceylon, arrived at Philadelphia on Saturday last, with his wife and three children, after an absence of 25 years.

The President has remitted the fine of \$250 imposed on R. Van Rensselaer for a violation of the neutrality law; and the residue of the punishment of W. L. McKenzie, for the same offence.

The Belgian Giant, is to leave N. York for Philadelphia to-day. A friend who has seen him, confirms the statement of a N. York paper, that Mons. Bibin (the giant) is "the noblest specimen of humanity that ever appeared in the western hemisphere," being between 7 and 8 feet high, and a perfect model of a man, and in his manners, "affable, courteous and gentlemanly to all."

Deaths in N. York, last week, men 37, women 26, boys 32, girls 33—total, 128.

Intelligence.

The following graphic article is from the N. York Sun of Wednesday last. Such scenes are not only animating, but tell well for the future interests of our country, and richly deserve to be recorded.

Sunday School Anniversary.—The Park never presented so truly gratifying and beautiful a spectacle as it did yesterday afternoon, between the hours of 4 and 6. "A multitude which no man could number," consisting of the teachers and scholars of the Sabbath School Union, (the anniversary of which was yesterday observed,) and thousands of gratified citizens, male and female, young and old, rich and poor, where there assembled, the former marshalled in procession, the latter crowding the avenues and the platform and steps of the City Hall, spectators of the impressive scene. The anniversary was celebrated at the Tabernacle, and much we regret that indispensable business prevented us from attending. In the afternoon, the scholars having previously assembled at their respective school rooms, proceeded by schools to Castle Garden, and from thence took up their line of march, through Broadway, for the Park, at half past three o'clock. Arrived at the southern end of the Park, they entered the large gate, and there separated by schools; formed two lines, one each side of the Park, in which order they marched round the Park, to the front of the City Hall, where the lines again united, and in double order proceeded through the Hall to the rear, when they again separated by schools, and each school proceeded to its respective rendezvous. The procession was one hour and ten minutes in ascending the steps of the Hall, on which, by a very happy arrangement, the Navy Yard Band was stationed, and, during the passing of the procession, performed numerous enlivening national airs. It was, altogether, a sublime and an impressive scene, and one which may well encourage the philanthropic and most commendable labors of those engaged in promoting the prosperity of the Institution and the welfare of the tens of thousands of participants in its happy influence in this city.

The Union has connected with it, 94 schools, from 83 of which reports have been received. The number of teachers employed is 2390, of whom 1152 are males, and 1238 females. The number of pupils is 18,076, viz.; white boys 8452; colored boys and adults, 519; white girls, 7909;—colored girls and adults 1194.

Rev. Howard Malcolm has been unanimously elected President of Shurtleff College in Alton, Illinois, in which Dr. Benj. Shurtleff, of Boston, has founded a professorship of Oratory and Belles Lettres.

Colleges.—The Christian Review states that there are ninety five colleges in the United States, containing about 9,750 students, twenty-seven medical schools, with about 2,750 students, and eight law schools, with 350 students.

Progress of the Temperance Cause.—The Pottsville Pa. Journal states that, through the exertions of the Rev. Mr. McGinnis, of the Catholic Church of that borough, 1,560 persons have been induced to sign the temperance pledge. A temperance reading room has also been established.

Western and Albany Rail-Road.—A contract has been made between the Albany and West Stockbridge Railroad Company and the city of Albany, by which the connecting link of the railroad between Boston and Albany, is to be built by the former Rail Road Corporation, from funds to be realized from the sale of the bonds of the city of Albany.

When the road is finished, a lease of it is to be granted forever to the Western Railroad Corporation, at a rate of seven per cent per annum, one per cent to be applied to the creation of a sinking fund, to be accumulated until it amounts to a sufficient sum to purchase the road.

This arrangement has been confirmed by a unanimous vote of the Directors of the Western Railroad Corpora-

tion and a corps of engineers nominated to take charge of the work, which will be commenced forthwith and completed in season to open a continuous line from Boston to Albany early next season. The passage between Boston and Albany will be made in nine hours—so that a person may breakfast in one city and take dinner at a fashionable hour in the other.—*Boston Trans.*

The bill for the union of the two Canadas, provides that the Governor General shall receive an annual salary of £7000; which is about \$7600 more than the salary of the President of the United States.

The Rev. Edmund S. Janes, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, has been elected financial Secretary of the American Bible Society.

A shower of sulphur fell at St. Louis, (Missouri,) during a heavy rain. It is a subject well worthy the attention of the curious.

Death from Fright.—The wife of the Rev. Mr. Gardner, of Leamington, (Eng.) was so much frightened by the noise occasioned by several logs of wood being thrown against the door of the house in the night, by some drunken rowdies, that she died in the course of a few hours.

Temperance in New York.—We would call the attention of our readers to the annual meeting of the City Temperance Society, advertised in another column. When it is recollected that three-fourths of the pauperism, crime and wretchedness, and a large proportion of taxes, in our city, is indirectly attributable to intemperance, every good citizen should feel a deep interest in all judicious means for the removal of so ruinous a vice. The association in question has, we learn, distinguished itself by its unremitting exertions and success for this purpose. Since its formation the licenses for the sale of strong liquors in this city, have in proportion to its population been reduced more than one half. In 1828 there was one licensed liquor store to 57 souls. The actual decrease of liquor shops the past year is 248. There has also been an amazing decrease of pauperism and crime in this city, as compared with the population. The number of criminals in the penitentiary and bridewell the last year was 454 less than in the preceding; and according to tabular record of indictments, tried before the Court of General Sessions, compiled by Jacob Hays, Esq., and published in this paper a few days since, in 1826, with a population of about 172,000 souls, the whole number of indictment was 652, whilst in 1830, with a supposed population of 325,000, the number was but 389, exhibiting a decrease of about 75 per cent, and of course a proportionate decrease of suffering and taxation. To encourage and sustain a society whose labors produce such results is true economy, and we would commend to our fellow citizens not only to attend their meeting, but to enable it to increase its usefulness by contributing largely to its funds.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Murder.—On Sunday week, a number of persons being assembled at a tavern in Brookfield, Orange co. they gave a colored man, named Adam Jansen, three tumblers full of liquor in quick succession, which Adam drank off, and in half an hour he was a corpse. It does not appear that his murderers were troubled at all by the authorities.

Methodist General Conference.—The Baltimore American says: This body, which is the legislative branch of the Methodist Episcopal church in the U. States, commenced its thirteenth session in the Wesley Chapel in this city, Friday morning. All the Bishops were in attendance except Bishop Soule, who is expected in a few days. The conference was organized by the appointment of the Rev. Jno. A. Collins, of the Baltimore Annual Conference, as Secretary, and the Rev. J. B. Houghaling, of the Troy Conference, and the Rev. Thomas B. Sargeant of the Baltimore Conference, as assistant Sec's.

Bishop Roberts, introduced the Rev. Robert Newton as delegate from the Wesleyan Methodist Conference in England. We understand that the Rev.

Mr. Stinson, the Representative of the Mission Department, and the Rev. Mr. Ryerson, the General Representative of the Wesleyan Methodist Church in North America from Canada, are also in attendance.

The Great Gaines Case.—The U. S. District Court in New Orleans have decided that Gen. Gaines through his wife, is legally entitled to all the vast amount of property (about \$4,000,000) left by the late Daniel Clark.

Another fire in Mobile.—A large fire took place at Hitchcock's press on the 25th ult. which destroyed 30,000 bales of cotton in the press and adjoining stores, belonging to planters. Insurance is said to have been effected in Wall-street for \$110,000.

SUICIDE.—A Mexican girl, named Gaudaloupe Lass, said to have been the most beautiful girl in Texas, lately killed herself in consequence of her mother insisting upon her marrying a man she did not love. She shot herself through the heart with a pistol.—*N. O. Bee.*

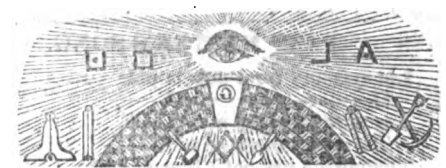
The Boston papers announce the death of Rev. Dr. Tukerman, late a distinguished Unitarian clergyman of that city. He died in the island of Cuba, whither he had gone for the benefit of his health.

Money.—I can get no remedy against the consumption of the purse; borrowing only lingers it out, but the disease is incurable.—*Shakspeare.*

PARADE.

By the Rev. Dr. Sprague, Mr. William Gibson, to Miss Theresa Van Buren, all of this city.

MASONIC NOTICE.



The Knights of Temple Encampment, the Companions of Temple Chapter, and the Brethren of Mount Vernon and Temple Lodges, together with all other brethren, in regular standing, are requested to meet at St. John's Hall, on Thursday evening next, the 20th inst. at 7 o'clock, in order to make arrangements to unite with the brethren of Troy in celebrating the 24th of June.

By Order.

HIRAM ARNOLD, Sec'y T. C.
JOHN HURDIS, Sec'y M. V. L.
LEVI EWING, Sec'y T. L.

Albany, May 15, 5840.

THE MASONIC REGISTER—For the year of Masonry 5840; containing a correct list of the Officers of the Grand Lodge and Subordinate Lodges, Chapters, Encampments, &c. of N. York, and its vicinity, with their times and places of meeting: &c. &c.—for sale at this Office, price 25 cents.—May 16.

CALENDAR OF COMMUNICATIONS.

EACH MONTH.

Temple Encampment,	Albany	2d Friday.
Temple R. A. Chapter,	Albany	2d & 4th Tuesday.
Mount Vernon Lodge	Albany	1st & 3d Thursday.
Temple Lodge,	Albany	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Apollo Lodge,	Troy	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Apollo Chapter,	Troy	2d & 4th Tuesday.
Apollo Encampment,	Troy	3d Monday.
Evening Star Lodge,	West Troy	1st Wednesday.
Phoenix Lodge,	Lansingburg	1st & 3d Thursday.
Olive Branch	Bethany Gea.	1st Wednesday.
Genesee Encampment,	Lockport N.Y.	
Ohio Lodge, No 101,	Wheeling, Va.	1st Monday.
Wheeling Chapter, 19,	"	2d Thursday.
Wheeling Encampment	"	2d Monday, ev. o month.
Washington Council,	"	1st Saturday.
Utica Lodge, 47,	Utica,	1st Thursday.
Oneida Chapter, 37,	"	2d Tuesday.
Utica Encampment, 3	"	1st Thursday.
Mount Moriah,	Louisville, Ky.	1st & 3d Saturday, p. l.
Louisville Encampment	do	4th Saturday.
Council S & R Masters	do	Quarterly.
King Solomon's chapter	do	2d Saturday.

POETRY.

For the American Masonic Register.

SHARON.

The green hills of Sharon, in memory seem
To my eye like the scene of a gorgeous dream;
A dream of fond dalliance, growing more fair,
Till it touched me with transport, and—vanished in
air.

Ah! why did I dote on a fabric so frail,
That fled like the gossamer borne on the gale?

The bright hills of Sharon, they gladden my sight,
As they smilingly welcome the morning's pure light;
In fancy I roam o'er their sun loving sides,
Where the daisy is dancing, the cloud shadow glides,
And their visions of beauty bewilder my brain,
As the dream of a dream, incoherent and vain.

The dark hills of Sharon, with forests o'ergrown,
I have loved in their stillness to wander alone;
But Ah! it was loneliness bitter to bear,
When I found not the feelings that met me once
there;

For the pictures of Fancy, portrayed in my youth,
Have been sadly defaced by the finger of Truth.

The bright hills of Sharon, I tread them again,
But to look for the Rose that I loved were in vain;
Though close to my bosom I wore it with pride,
Lest my sorrow should blast it, I laid it aside.
I could but have soiled it, or rudely have torn,
Full well then to others its fragrance is borne.

The green hills of Sharon are blossoming now,
As when they first witnessed my passionate vow;
But their blossoms shall wither, their sweetness shall
fail,

Like that vow, for the winter of scorn to bewail.
Cold care bids the rich love of youth to depart,
And the Glory of Sharon is gone—from my heart.

P. Jn.

PAST MASTER'S SONG.

Let masonry from pole to pole
Her sacred laws expand,
Far as the mighty waters roll,
To wash remotest land.
That virtue has not left mankind,
Her social maxims prove,
For stamp'd upon the mason's mind
Are unity and love.

Ascending to her native sky,
Let masonry increase;
A glorious pillar rais'd on high,
Integrity its base.
Peace adds to olive boughs entwin'd.
An emblematic dove,
As stamp'd upon the Mason's mind
Is unity and love.

From the Knechtbocker.

BENEFIT OF A DOUBT.

Good out of evil may be wrought:
Who never doubted, never thought;
The battle brightens, but the truce
Rusts out the blade, for want of use.

Who thinks as others, and agrees
With all, finds nought, and little sees;
Did all accord, then all might stand
Stock-still, and darkness drown the land.

Columbus differed, but he found
The prize his mighty mission crowned,
And a new world rose to unfold
The rooted errors of the old;

A REFLECTION.

To leave this world how hard the task,
And bid our joys adieu;
What though we pleasures leave behind,
We leave our sorrow's too:
And oft we find the cup of woe
Unmixed with joy or bliss;
Then to a better world aspire,
And sigh not after this.

ON MAN.

BY MAURICE O'CONNELL, NEPHEW OF THE GREAT AGITATOR.

I saw him in his glory,
Bewildered in his bliss,
And every joy that earth could give,
And every smile was his.
Mirth spread its wings on the balmy gale,
And laughter stifled the voice of wail;
But his heart still yearned for something more,
For a fairer land, for a happier shore;
Man was not made for this.

I saw him in the battle,
His head was black with gore,
And his eye flashed fire as the bickering steel
Each beating bosom tore.
And in scenes of slaughter he revel'd wild,
Like frantic mother that's lost her child;
But that demon scowl and that bacchanal rage,
Bring not a glew to the breast of the sage:
Man was not made for this.

I saw him court ambition,
I saw him mount her car,
And blast the earth with his noxious breath,
A solitary star;
And o'er vanquished worlds he soared supreme,
Like the eagle that dares the day-star's beam;
But a mighty void still craved in his breast,
And wild dreams stole on his nightly rest;
Man was not made for this.

I saw him scan the heavens,
And pierce through nature's laws,
And read the secrets of the deep,
And tell each hidden cause;
But his spirit beat 'gainst its mortal cage,
As eager to scan an ampler page,
And the brightness of each diadem star,
Only told of a something lovelier far;
Man was not made for this.

I saw him at the altar,
In sadness and alone,
And his bosom heaved and his lips were mov'd
In humble orison;
And the thought of his frailties woke a sigh,
And the tear of repentance stole to his eye,
And he bow'd him down to the holy sod,
To ask forgiveness of his God;
Oh! man was made for this.

I saw him on his death-bed,
No frantic fear was there,
But seraph hope was throned in his heart,
And he muttered a last fond prayer;
A crucifix was in his hand,
Redeeming pledge of a brighter land;
To clasp his dying Saviour he tried,
And in that effort of love he died.
Oh! man was made for this.

CHRIST STILLING THE TEMPEST.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

"But the boat in the midst of the sea was tossed with the waves
for the wind was contrary."

Fear was within the tossing path,
When stormy winds grew loud;
The waves came rolling high and dark,
And the tall mast was bow'd.

And men stood breathless in their dread,
And baffled in their skill—
But One was there, who rose and said
To the wild sea, "Be still!"

And the wind ceased—it ceased!—that word
Passed through the gloomy sky;
The troubled billows knew their Lord,
And sunk beneath his eye.

And slumber settled on the deep,
And silence on the blast,
As when the righteous falls asleep,
And death's fierce throes are past.

Thou that didst rule the angry hour,
And tame the tempest's mood—
Oh! send thy spirit forth in power
O'er our dark souls to brood!

Thou that didst bow the billow's pride,
Thy mandates to fulfil—
Speak, speak to passion's raging tide,
Speak, and say—"Peace, be still!"

"SPEAK NOT TO HIM A BITTER WORD."

Wouldst thou a wanderer reclaim,
A wild and reckless spirit tame;
Check the warm flow of youthful blood,
And lead a lost one back to God?
Pause if thy spirit's wrath be stirred;
Speak not to him a bitter word—
Speak not—that bitter word may be
The stamp that seals his destiny!

If widely he has gone astray,
And dark excess has marked his way;
'Tis pitiful—but yet beware,
Reform must come from kindly care.
Forbid thy parting lips to move,
But in the gentle tones of love;
Though sadly his young heart hath erred,
Speak not to him a bitter word.

POETS BEWARE.

BY THOMAS H. BAYLEY.

Poets beware, never compare
Woman with ought on earth or in air;
Earth may be bright, air may be light,
But brightness and lightness in woman unite.

Can you suppose eyes are like aloes,
Or that her blushes resemble the rose?
Where shall we seek for sloes that can speak,
Or roses that rival an eloquent cheek?

Surely you never saw lilies so fair
As the forehead that peeps through the curls of her
Surely her lips rubies eclipse, [hair!
The coral she wears and the nectar she sips!
Birds, in the spring, sweetly may sing,
But woman sings better than birds on the wing:

Then Poets, &c.

WITCHES.

Sheridan has taught us how to know one of this formidable class, when it is our misfortune to come within their range:

When well form'd features beauty's offspring speak,
And health's sweet roses tinge the youthful cheek—
When the bright eye its dangerous power displays,
Though modesty restrains its softest rays—
When words polite and sentiments refin'd
Are vouchers for the beauty of the mind—
Or maid, or widow—be she poor or rich,
My heart in terror whispers, "there's a witch!"

AUTHORISED AGENTS.

The following Brethren have kindly offered to act as Agents for the American Masonic Register. They are duly authorised to receive subscriptions and monies on its account.

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Tallmage Fairchild, Coxsack.
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"A post master may enclose money in a letter to the publisher of a newspaper, to pay the subscription of a third person, and FRANK the letter, if written by himself."

AND LITERARY COMPANION.

[VOL. I.—NO. 38.]

For the American Masonic Register.

One of the most frequent objections urged against *Freemasonry*, is "the profound secrecy observed upon certain parts of the institution." It is queried how it is consistent with those principles of good will we profess, to conceal any thing from the world. We answer, that the principles and privileges of the institution are open to all such as are qualified to receive them: but of these qualifications we must reserve the power of judging for ourselves. To the wise and virtuous the arcana of the craft, under proper sanctions, are freely communicated. But to reveal them to the ignorant and vicious, would be prostituting their purpose and profaning their sanctity. To divulge them in common, would be to annihilate the society: because they are its distinguishing features, the characteristics of the order, and the means of its preservation. Without them, therefore, it could not subsist. Besides, were all men acquainted with them, without regard to selection or desert, *the peculiar obligation to good offices* arising from the institution would revert back to the general duty of all mankind, and be subject to all those deductions it now meets with in the world at large, and against which it is our endeavor to guard.

However, to have secrets is not peculiar to *Freemasonry*. Every trade, every art, and every occupation has its secrets, not to be communicated but to such as have become proficient in the science connected with them, nor then but with proper caution and restriction; and often times under the guard of heavy penalties.—Charters of incorporation are granted by civil governments for their greater security, and patents for their encouragement. Nay, every government, every statesman, and every individual, has secrets, which are concealed with prudent care, and confided only in the trusty and true.

We only claim a like indulgence; "that of conducting ourselves by our own rules, and of admitting to a participation of our secrets and privileges such as choose to apply for them upon our own terms. So far from wishing to, deprive any one of the light we enjoy, we sincerely wish all the race of men were qualified to receive; and if so, our door shall never be shut against them, but our lodge, our hearts and souls shall be open to their reception."

Nothing more surely, need be said in apology for the mystery and concealment *Freemasons* profess. We will proceed to another objection allied to the foregoing, which *ignorance* also has surmised and *prejudice* propagated.

It is pretended that "*all who are initiated must swear to conceal certain secrets before they are communicated to them, or they have it in their power to examine their nature and tendency; and that this practice is unlawful.*" There would be some force in this objection were the obligation in itself immoral, or the communications and requirements incompatible with the great laws of religion or civil society: the very reverse of which is the case.

What the ignorant call "the oath" is simply an obligation, covenant, and promise, exacted previously to the divulging of the specialties of the order, and our means of recognizing each other; that they shall be

kept from the knowledge of the world, lest their original intent should be thwarted and their benevolent purport prevented. Now pray what harm is there in this? Do you not all, when you have any thing of a private nature which you are willing to confide in a particular friend *before you tell him what it is*, demand a solemn promise of secrecy? And, is there not the utmost propriety in knowing whether your friend is determined to conceal your secret *before you presume to reveal it*? Your answer confutes your cavil.

It is further urged against Freemasons that "*Their society is not founded on universal benevolence, because they oblige themselves to be kindest and most generous to their own members.*" That our first and choicest services are paid to our brethren, is true; but then we think it would be the greatest injustice if it were otherwise. Certainly a difference ought to be made between those who have a claim upon our assistance and charity, and those who have not. As our benevolence can reach only a few of the infinite number that need comfort and support, some discrimination is necessary: and what more proper than to give a preference to those who are allied to us by the strict bands of brotherhood and affection? So the apostle exhorts the christians to do good as they have an opportunity to all men; but enjoins their special and distinguishing regards to such as are of the household of faith.

Yet though we give a decided preference to such as have been tried, and proved, and found to be worthy; and have, in consequence, been made members of the masonic family; we are known to profess and practise charity unconfined and liberality unlimited, and to comprehend in the wide circle of our benevolence the whole human race.

It is also frequently argued against Freemasonry, that "*some of those who belong to it are intemperate, profligate, and vicious.*" But nothing can be more unfair or unjust than to depreciate or condemn any institution, good in itself, on account of the faults of those who pretend to adhere to it. The abuse of a thing is no valid objection to its inherent goodness.— Worthless characters are to be found occasionally, in the very best institutions upon earth. "If the unworthiness of a professor casts a reflection upon the profession, it may be inferred, by parity of reason, that the misconduct of a christian is an argument against christianity. But this is a conclusion which, I presume, no man will allow; and yet it is no more than what *he* must subscribe who is so unreasonable as to insist on the other." Nor is it any evidence that civil laws and political institutions are hurtful or unserviceable because there are corrupt citizens and disorderly members of a community.

The fact is, the best things may be abused. The bread of heaven grew corrupt when used indiscreetly. The common blessings of life are turned into curses if misplaced.

When you see base and unworthy men among the Freemasons, depend upon it, the fault is not in the institution, but in themselves. They have deviated from the principle of the craft. They have counteracted their profession, and are as bad Masons as men.

The greatest precautions are used to prevent the admission of unworthy characters. If from want of proper information, or from too charitable constructions, such are introduced, we deeply regret the

mistake, and use every proper method to remedy the evil.

Nor do we pretend to say that those only in whom we were deceived bring discredit on the institution.— There may be in masonry, as there has been in christianity, a falling away, or a fading in the once famed goodness of many of its members. Some there are who have been admitted with the best proofs of a good, a faithful, and a well substantiated character. Their name was beauty, and their actions praise. Their families were happy, their neighborhood satisfied, and the community honored, by their virtues and their worth; and masonry itself boasted the uprightness, constancy, and integrity with which they were distinguished. But now, alas! all, perhaps, have reason to lament, “that the gold is become dim, and the most pure gold changed.”

Such defections, you must be sensible, are not unfrequent in all societies: for, in this fallen world, societies are formed of Men; and men are fallible, imperfect, frail. But whether such disasters, such apostacy, should reasonably disgrace the institution, or be thought proofs of its immorality, judge ye: but "judge righteous judgment."

We do not hesitate to appeal to the world in justification of the purity of our moral system. Our *constitutions* are well known. We have submitted them freely to general investigation. We solemnly vouch them as the principles by which we are governed, the foundation on which we build, and the rules by which we work. We challenge the most severe critic, the most perfect christian, to point out any thing in them inconsistent with good manners, fair morals, or pure religion. We feel assured that every one who will take pains to consult the book must be convinced that the institution is friendly to the best interests of mankind, well calculated to meliorate the disposition and improve the character, and to adorn its faithful adherents with every natural, social and moral virtue.

This remark leads us to shew what Freemasonry really is.

It is a moral order of enlightened men, founded on a sublime, rational, and manly *piety*, and pure and active *virtue*; with the praise worthy design of recalling to our remembrance the most interesting truths in the midst of the most sociable and innocent pleasures, and of promoting, without ostentation, or hope of reward, the most diffusive *benevolence*, the most generous and extensive *philanthropy*, and the most warm and affectionate *brotherly love*. The members are united together by particular obligations, and acquainted by certain *signs* and *tokens* preserved with inviolable secrecy, from remotest ages. These were originally adopted in order to distinguish one another with ease and certainty from the rest of the world; that impostors might not intrude upon their confidence and brotherly love, nor intercept the fruits of their beneficence. They become an *universal language*, which "notwithstanding the confusion of foreign tongues, and the forbidding alienation of custom, draws from the heart of a stranger the acknowledgement of a brother, with all its attending endearments."

The decorations and symbols of the craft which are those of a very common and useful art, and the phraseology, which is borrowed from its higher orders, serve to characterise an institution which might justly claim more noble devices; and at the same time are used either as emblems or indications of the simplest and most important moral truths.

It collects men of all nations and opinions into one amiable and permanent association, and binds them by new and irrefragable obligations to the discharge of every relative and moral duty: and thus becomes the most effectual support and brightest ornament of social life, and opens a wider channel for the current of benevolent affections, and a new source to human happiness.

Its laws are *reason and equity*, its principles *benevolence and love*; and its religion, *purity and truth*. Its intention is *peace on earth*; and its disposition, *good will towards men*.

"I think (says a fine writer) we are warranted in concluding that a society thus constituted, and which may be rendered so admirable an engine of improvement, far from meriting any reproachful or contemptuous treatment, deserves highly of the community; and that the ridicule and affected contempt which it has sometimes experience can proceed only from ignorance or from arrogance; from those in fine, whose opposition does it honor, whose censure is panegyric, and praise would be senasure."

May the social virtues we cultivate and the heart-felt pleasures we experience in the lodge, be our companions through life! Their mild influence, their benignant spirit, will animate every scene of duty, alleviate every corrosion of care, brighten every sensation of joy, and in the hour of dissolution shed divine transport on our souls.

Let my brethren be reminded that in vain do we attempt the vindication of our most excellent society, or the commendatory description of its purposes and requirements, if our conduct contradict our profession. Let us then be cautious to avoid all those improprieties and vices which might tarnish the lustre of our jewels, or diminish the credit of the craft. Masonry will rise to the zenith of its glory if our lives do justice to its noble principles, and the world see that our actions hold an uniform and entire correspondence with the incomparable tenets we profess. Thus we shall "obtain a good report of them that are without;" and those who speak evil of us will be ashamed, seeing they falsely accuse our good conversation" and misrepresent our generous purpose. "For so is the will of God that with well doing ye may put to silence the ignorance of foolish men."

Remember that we are *The Associated Friends of Humanity*; that our sacred union embraces in its philanthropy the amities of the gospel; and that charity in its kindest exercise and largest extent is our distinguishing characteristic. Others wear the warmth of summer in their face, and the coldness of winter in their heart; but a Mason's *disposition* should be mild as the breeze, open as the air, and genial as the sun; cheering and blessing all around him; and his *deeds* pleasant as the clear shining after the rain; and refreshing as the dewy cloud in a harvest day.

W.

MISCELLANY.

HARD TIMES.

"Oh! these hard times!" said the man in broad-cloth to his washer-woman, as he turned away, from her bill for the last three months' washing. "I have no money now;" and he flung himself into the street. I saw him pay ten dollars for a gold-headed rattle, and twenty for a new fashioned fur cap. He never thinks of hard times when he wants to deck out his own dandy.

"Oh! these hard times!" said the father as he turned away the schoolmaster who had presented his bill for the quarter's tuition of his son. "Three dollars! in these hard times for school teaching! I can not pay you but one." Soon after he paid the dancing-master ten dollars for teaching the same child the genteel accomplishment of dancing, and said nothing about hard times.

Ah! these hard times!" said a robust, red-faced man, as he turned off his tumbler of brandy and sugar, and paid the bar keeper a shilling; I can see no prospect of better. Hard times these for a poor man to make money. I can not get money enough even to buy the comforts of life, let alone the dainties. Why landlord, as you live, I have had to do without butter in my family for a month, and can get no money to buy any. Good brandy, that!" and he filled another tum-

bler. Thus goes this strong able-bodied man's time and money, these hard times.

"Oh! these hard times!" said a loner, as he stretched his legs over three chairs by our stove: "Oh! these hard times!" and there he sat all day, repeating like a parrot, "Oh! hard times! hard times! hard times!" And I pitied the man from my soul, for I believe he thought it was hard times, when he alone was to blame for being lazy and spending what is better than money, his time, these hard times.

"Oh! these hard times!" said a young man who had been married a year. "I do not know how I shall live this winter, I can get no money to buy my winter stores." And I followed him home, where I found a man, woman and a boy, hired to wait on him and his wife, in these hard times.

Oh! oh! these hard times! and I thought, if these men would be industrious and economical, and content to live within their means, these hard times would soon become easy, and so concluded these hard times should be attributed to these lazy spendthrifts. And while these hard times continue, the industrious must support the idle.

POOR RICHARD.

From the Canajoharie Radii, published by Levi S. Backus, a deaf mute. Many of his articles, independent of their humor, would be creditable to most of our public journals.

A Drunken Frolic.—On Saturday an incident took place at the distillery which would do for an example to bipeds of more notoriety.

During the process of converting the grain into liquor, some part of the machinery gave way, which turned the liquor into the place where the swine are kept. The hogs (about 60 in number) soon began to drink with the relish of old toppers; and like them, the longer they drank the more thirsty they became, until the whole sty was turned into a bacchanalian revel, running and tumbling over each other—then rubbing their snouts one against another, which were probably expressions of eternal friendship, as we have seen drunken loafers seize each other by the hand to demonstrate their fraternal regard. After a while the scene changed and some became remarkable testy—others found their legs treacherous; while a few grave porkers we saw sitting on their haunches, looking as foolish as a man does when he knows he is disqualified for locomotion, and is afraid others will find it out.

In about one hour Momus took possession of the revellers, and they all united in sleeping off the fumes of their debauch.

We looked in the next day, and if their could be penitent hogs, there was some among them. They all appeared as though they had acted very foolishly.

The Female.—The following natural and true description of the paternal comfort derived from female children, is from a speech of Burrows, an eminent Irish lawyer: "The love of offspring, the most forcible of all our instincts, is even stronger towards the female than the male child. It is wise that it should be so; it is more required. There is no pillow on which the head of a parent, anguished by sickness or by sorrow, can so sweetly repose, as on the bosom of an affectionate daughter. Her attentions are unceasing. She is utterly incapable of remaining inactive. The boy may afford occasional comfort and pride to his family; they may catch glory from his celebrity, and derive support from his acquisitions; but he never communicates the solid and unceasing comforts of life, which are derived from the care and tender solicitude of the female child. She seems destined by Providence to be the perpetual solace and happiness of her parent. Even after her marriage, her filial affections are unimpaired. She may give her hand and heart to her husband, but still she may share her cares and attentions with her parents, without a pang of jealousy or distrust from him. He only looks on them as the assured pledges of his fidelity and the unuring evidences of a good disposition."

Daguerrotype Likenesses.—One of the most curious, as well as the most valuable, discoveries of modern times, is that recently made by a Mr. A. S. Wolcott, of this city, of a process by which the human likeness can be accurately taken, preserving not only the features, but the colors of the countenance in full

perfection. The process is similar to that of M. Daguerre, though a great improvement on the original discovery. Professor J. J. Mapes, in his "American Repository," which, by the way, is the very best scientific periodical of the day, in the last number of his work thus speaks of the discovery of Mr. Wolcott:

"In our last number we gave a full account of the Daguerrotype, as described by the inventor, with some observations relative to the improvements thereon; since this, Mr. Wolcott has completely revolutionized the process, and produced results heretofore unattainable."

"The inventor could not succeed in taking likenesses from the life, and in fact very few objects could be minutely represented, unless positively white, and in broad sunlight. Mr. W. commenced his experiments in October last, and one of his earliest observations led to the fact, that with the lens, the chemical and visual foci were not equidistant, and therefore to obtain a perfect impression, it would be necessary to bring both foci to the same point, so that at the point were the most perfect image was obtained, the greatest strength of chemical action would take place. As all rays reflected, whether of light, heat, or chemical action, are at right angles from the plane from which the reflection takes place, Mr. W. used a concave mirror instead of a lens, thereby not only doing away with the chief difficulty, but producing the result in a much shorter time."

"We have seen a number of the miniatures taken from the life with this instrument, which are the most striking resemblances of the originals. We cannot leave this subject without recording our humble opinion that Mr W's improvement does him and his country infinite credit."

Mr. Wolcott has taken a suite of rooms in the new building corner of Broadway and Chambers st., where our city belles and beaux can, at an expense of a mere trifle in point of time and money, procure a likeness of unsurpassed beauty and perfection.—*N. Y. Sunday Morning News.*

ASTRONOMICAL.

[From the N. Y. Journal of Commerce.]

AN IDEA OF THE UNIVERSE.

In the Christian Keepsake for the current season, among a very creditable variety of articles furnished for that beautiful annual by British writers, is a splendid essay by the distinguished Dr. Thomas Dick, so well known in this country by his works on various subjects kindred to that indicated by the heading above. The length of his essay makes it impossible to cite much of it in our columns, and as the volume itself will reach comparatively few of our readers, we have concluded to give them the Doctor's leading notions in our own words.

He begins with what the senses of a man command around him in the way of a *landscape*, and, comparing this little space with what is immediately around us on all sides, observes that it would be requisite—taking the general average of a pretty extensive landscape—that more than nine hundred thousand landscapes of the extent we generally behold should pass before our view ere we could form an adequate conception of the bulk of the whole earth. The surface of the globe, he says, contains no less than one hundred and ninety-seven millions of square miles. No human mind can form a conception of this.

The earth, however, is but an inconsiderable ball, when compared with other planets of our system. One of these bodies could contain within its dimensions nine hundred globes as large as the earth; another fourteen hundred; and were five hundred globes as large as that on which we dwell laid upon a vast plain, the outermost ring of the planet Saturn, which is six hundred and forty-three thousand miles in circumference, would enclose them all. And yet these bodies seem only small bright specks on the concave of our sky.

Again—earth, planets, comets and all—the whole subordinate solar system—how small is it, compared with its central luminary. No intellect can reach to the slightest conception of such a body. The sun is five hundred times larger than the whole, and would contain within its circumference thirteen hundred thousand globes as large as our world. To contemplate all the variety of scenery on the surface of this

luminary would require more than fifty thousand years, although a landscape five thousand miles in extent were to pass before our eyes every hour. What a scope were this for the explorations of intellect and imagination throughout eternity.

But this system, with its sun, is but a point in the firmament. Before we could arrive at the nearest object in this firmament we should have to pass over a space at least twenty *billions* of miles in extent, a space which a cannon ball, flying with its utmost velocity, would not pass over in less than four millions of years. What hosts of orbs are visible here of a winter's night! How vast they must be! There is every reason to believe that the least twinkling star which our eyes can discern is not less than our sun in magnitude and glory, and that many of them are even a hundred or a thousand times superior in magnitude to that stupendous luminary. And as the Creator does nothing in vain, as he must be supposed always to act in the plenitude of his perfections, those thousand stars which the unassisted eye can perceive in the canopy of heaven, may be considered as connected with at least fifty thousand worlds, compared with the amount of whose population all the inhabitants of our globe would appear only as the small dust of the balance. Here the imagination might expatiate for ages of ages in surveying this position of the Creator's kingdom, and be lost in contemplation and wonder at the vast extent, the magnitude, and the immense variety of scenes, objects and movements which would meet the view in every direction: for here we have presented to our view not only single suns and single systems, such as that to which we belong, but suns revolving around suns, and systems around systems—systems not only double, but triple, quadruple, quintuple and multiple, all in complicated but harmonious motion—motions more rapid than the swiftest planets in our system, though some of them move a hundred thousand miles in an hour—periods of revolution which vary from thirty to sixteen hundred years, suns with a blue or green lustre revolving around suns of a white or ruddy color, and both of them illuminating with contrasted colored light the same assemblages of worlds. And if the various orders of intelligences were unveiled to our view, what a scene of interest, grandeur, variety, diversity of intellect, and of wonder and astonishment, would be open to our view!

And still we should be on the verge of creation! The visible is as nothing compared to the invisible. The milky-way is found to consist of clusters of stars, and the late Sir W. Herschel, in passing his telescope along a space of this zone, fifteen degrees long and two broad, descied at least fifty thousand stars large enough to be distinctly counted; besides which he suspected twice as many more, which could be seen only now and then by faint glimpses for want of sufficient light; that is, fifty times more than the acutest eye can discern in the whole heavens during the clearest night; and the space which they occupy is only the 1-1375th part of the visible canopy of the sky. On another occasion, this astronomer perceived nearly six hundred stars in one field of view of his telescope, so that in the space of a quarter of an hour, one hundred and sixteen thousand stars passed in review before him. Now, were we to suppose every part of this zone equally filled with stars as the spaces now alluded to, there would be found in the milky-way alone no less than twenty millions one hundred and ninety thousand stars, or twenty thousand times the number of those that are visible to the naked eye. In regard to the distance of some of these stars, it has been ascertained that some of the more remote are no less than five hundred times the distance of the nearest fixed star—that is, nearly ten thousand billions of miles, a distance so great that light, which flies at the rate of twelve millions of miles every minute, would require one thousand six hundred and forty years before it could traverse this mighty interval!

Such is the explanation of the "Apparently irregular belt which appears only like an accidental tinge on the face of the firmament." Millions of magnificent suns where not a sparkle can be distinguished by human eyes!

And now, the Doctor asks, what shall we say if this vast assemblage of starry systems be found to be no more than a single nebula, of which several thousands, perhaps even richer in stars, have already been discovered? And that it bears no more proportion to the whole sidereal heavens than a small dusty speck which

our telescope enables us to descry! Such is the present theory, and it is founded on the most elaborate observations by the first astronomer of modern times.

And here a calculation is entertained as to the extent of what may in one sense be called the *visible universe*. There have been more than three thousand of these nebulae already discovered. Supposing the number of stars which compose the milky-way to be only ten millions, (half the number formerly stated,) and that each of the nebulae, at an average, contains the same number; supposing farther that only two thousand of the three thousand nebulae are resolvable into stars, and that the other thousand are masses of a shining fluid, not yet condensed by the fiat of the Almighty into luminous globes—the number of stars, of *suns* comprehended in that portion of the firmament which is within the reach of our telescopes, would be twenty thousand millions, which is twenty millions of times the number of all the stars which are visible to the naked eye!

Still our philosopher suggests, even these assemblages of systems may be but a single nebula to the whole visible firmament, or even as a grain of sand to the whole earth, compared with the invisible universe beyond.

Speaking of what we call the planetary nebulae, which are round, compact bodies, like planetary disks, when viewed through telescopes, Herschel mentions one in the constellation of Andromeda, "that would more than fill the whole orbit of Uranus," which is more than three thousand six hundred millions of miles in diameter. Such a body would, therefore, contain more than twenty-four quadrillions of solid miles, which is sixty-eight thousand four hundred millions of times larger than the cubical contents of the sun. Hundreds of these nebulae have never been resolved into stars. Some are thought to be luminous matter in the process of condensing. One of these, in the Sword of Orion, is computed to be 2,200,000,000,000,000 times larger than our sun. All these bodies may be supposed to be advancing to the formation of new systems for replenishing the voids of space, and displaying the Creator's glory.

The *motions* of this universe are the subject of a concluding hint. Nothing in nature is quiescent.—Every thing goes in its state orbit. And the rate of these motions, in every known instance, is not less than several thousands of miles every hour, and in some instances thousands of miles every minute. The fixed stars, though to a common observer they appear nearly in the same positions with regard to each other are found in some instances, to have motions far more rapid than those of any of the planetary globes, though their magnitude is immensely superior. The star sixty-one Cygni, whose apparent motion is five seconds annually—and consequently altogether imperceptible to a common observer—yet at the distance which this star is known to be placed, this motion is equivalent to one hundred and twenty billions of miles every year, or three hundred and twenty thousand millions every day. Such, modestly remarks the Doctor, are a few rude ideas respecting the universe. All these objects, however, do not constitute the universe. They are detached parts of it, and may be nothing to the whole. Of this whole, man probably may never be able to form a conception. The highest created intellect may not. To God only does it seem likely to be known.

THE GATHERER.

Honor to the Deserving.—On Wednesday the committees of both Boards of the Common Council met to carry into effect a resolution previously adopted by their respective bodies, to extend the right hand of fellowship and the hospitalities of the city to Ahmet Ben Aman, Captain of the Muscat ship *Sitanees*, (now in our harbor,) and the worthy and accomplished representative of his majesty, the Imam of Muscat, the friend and commercial ally of the U. States. He was received by the committees at the City Hall, presented to his honor the Mayor, and after passing through the Hall, was conveyed with the committees in carriages, to the public institutions of the city. They visited in succession, the Asylum for the Blind, that for the Deaf and Dumb, the Lunatic Asylum, and the Penitentiary on Blackwell's Island, the Alms House department at

Bellevue, the Croton Aqueduct at Harlem, and the R-Road Tunnel, through which they passed with great rapidity in the cars drawn by the locomotive. With all these the distinguished stranger expressed the highest satisfaction, and was more especially pleased and surprised at the ingenuity and skill of the blind pupils in manufacturing mats and embroidering covers for stools, which he saw performed, and likewise with their skill in music. He was also greatly pleased and surprised with the rapid travel in the cars under the tunnel and back by means of the locomotive. After their return to the city he reviewed two companies of our city volunteers, and in the evening partook of an entertainment in the Governor's room, with the Common Council and invited guests. We understand he will be conducted to the Navy Yard and Arsenal as soon as his convenience will permit.—*N. Y. Sun.*

A Judge Presented with White Gloves.—The present generation have witnessed many strange and important events. Catholic emancipation, the reform bill, and the progress of temperance, may be referred to as illustrations of the great changes brought about in our own time; but we must confess, albeit that experience had so well prepared us for strange occurrences, we never expected to hear of a Tipperary Assizes proving maiden, and of a judge of assize becoming thereby entitled to receive at the hands of the High Sheriff, a pair of true white gloves, as an emblem of peace, as a token of congratulation that the executioner should not be required to exercise his terrible functions. The sheriff upon whom this gratifying duty devolves, is Mr. H. Prittie, and the judge who has had the good fortune to be honored by this singular proof of the progress of order in Tipperary, is Baron Richards.—*Eng. Paper.*

Well Rewarded.—The Philadelphia Ledger mentions an interesting incident which occurred on Saturday evening, on the Schuylkill river. A gentleman, supposed to be a foreigner, fell into the water; he was saved from drowning by the assistance rendered to him by Israel A. Peterson, of Smyrna. The gentleman was so moved with gratitude towards his deliverer that he immediately presented him with \$5000 as a token of the estimation in which he held his services.

State Defalcation.—The Natchez Free Trader states that in consequence of the neglect and refusal of the Legislature of Mississippi to make provision by taxation or loan, to meet the two instalments due on the sale of the Planter's Bank stock, and the semi-annual interest for the others not yet due, payable in London, the state of Mississippi is doomed to suffer protest before the next session of the Legislature, on instalment and interest to an aggregate amount of \$496,710.

The Great Arctic Problem Solved.—Messrs. Simpson and Dean, of the Hudson's Bay Company, after two previous attempts (in 1837 and 1838), which were but partially successful, have at last succeeded in effecting a complete solution of the problem relating to a "North West Passage" to the Pacific Ocean. They have ascertained that such a Passage exists, and that Boothia is an Island. This great island is separated from the Main-land by a strait 3 to 10 miles wide, running from S. E. to N. W. and connecting the Gulf of Boothia with the Northern Ocean.—*Jour. Com.*

Weekly Consumption of Tea.

Great Britain	38,000,000 lbs.
United States	8,000,000
Holland	2,800,000
Russia	6,500,000
Germany	2,000,000
France	230,000
Total	57,530,000

The Fruits of Legislative Speculation.—The City Hall, Market House, and Public Square of Natchez, are advertised for sale under an execution. The city went into a land speculation some few years ago, and this is the result.

POPULAR TALES.

From Chambers' Edinburgh Journal

A TALE OF BOULOGNE.

"Do you know the difficulty of the task you propose to undertake, Otway?" said one of a party of young Englishmen, who were lounging and chatting together in a corner of the most fashionable public room of Boulogne.

"I do not see any particular difficulty in the matter," replied the individual addressed. "The women are women, I suppose, and have all the peculiarities of their sex, it is probable in sufficient strength and prominence; wherefore, I am free to confess, as they say in a certain house over the water, that my experience does not lead me to anticipate any gigantic obstacles in the way of making the acquaintance of these ladies, who seem to have excited so much curiosity among you good people, resident at this time, for various satisfactory reasons best known to each, at the town of Boulogne."

Having many of them very special reasons for a temporary trip across the Channel, the young men laughed heartily at the innuendo conveyed in Otway's words, and the first speaker resumed the conversation.

"You depend on that smooth face and those handsome limbs of yours, Otway; but you are a new comer; otherwise you would know that these goodly gifts of yours will be utterly thrown away in this attempt, seeing that the two fair dames of the chateau never admit visitors to speak to them, and prevent such a thing happening accidentally, by never crossing the threshold of their rickety tenement. All your precious endowments, therefore, Master Otway, would be lost here—vain and profitless entirely. Give up the thoughts of this wild-goose adventure in time, my boy, and do not make people laugh at you for your presumption, in attempting what others have failed in."

"You but raise my curiosity more and more," said Otway; "and I will and shall see these mysterious demoiselles." "You will try, you mean, to see them," returned the other. "I will both try and succeed," was Otway's rejoinder. "For a wager of a dinner and wine to all here, you find yourself just where you are with those ladies, two months after this date! Will you risk as much upon it, Otway?" "Why though an Englishman, you know that I am no bet-maker; yet I will take you at your offer before these witnesses."—"Nay, we shall have more witnesses," cried the other gaily; "all at present in the room must share socially in the good wine and viands, which your purse, I hope and believe, is doomed to pay for." As he spoke thus the bet-proposer turned round to those who, though in the apartment, had not been near enough to hear what had passed, and exclaimed in a loud voice, "Know all here present—" "Stop, stop," cried Otway, "remember, if I seek the acquaintance of these ladies, I shall do it respectfully; and although I have been foolish enough to bet upon the subject, I would not have the feelings of people of honor and repute, as they may be, hurt by such public—" "Pshaw!" said the other, interrupting in his turn; "these ladies never speak to mortal creature, and cannot be annoyed by any thing of this kind. Besides the proceeds of all bets that involve things edible and potable, must be shared in common, according to the laws of our society." "Go on, then, in folly's name," cried Otway, who saw that he might fall under the stigma of stinginess by further opposition. Accordingly, in a few moments the whole club of the loungers at Boulogne were made aware of the bet, and all connected with it.

Stephen Otway, a young man of independent fortune, had just completed a rambling tour on the continent, when the scene took place which has been described. On considering what had passed, he had too good a heart as well as head, to be quite pleased with the publicity which had been given to the matter, particularly as persons were implicated in it of whom he knew nothing. But his curiosity had been greatly raised by the account given to him of these persons. Two English ladies, he was told, had recently taken up their abode in an old unoccupied chateau, distant little more than a league and a half from Boulogne. At first they had walked out a little; but when some of the loungers of Boulogne, having heard of their arrival, had presented themselves in the neighborhood of the chateau, the ladies gave up their strolls, and never showed themselves without the walls of their dwelling. One of the

females was elderly, the other young and exquisitely beautiful, and the attire and deportment of both evinced that they were no inferior personages. Such was the report, at least, of the intruders alluded to, who saw the parties once, but never enjoyed the same pleasure again. All inquiries about them in the neighborhood, and many were made, proved fruitless, except in so far as the peasants of the little hamlet close by, who carried victuals regularly to the chateau, declared the old servant there to have once called the young lady "Miss Blake." Upon this hint the Boulognites made a new trial, and various invitations, duly accredited by lady-signatures, were carried to the English stranger, "Miss Blake," by whom they were all declined verbally, through the mouth of the old servant. The discomfited messengers, after some vain attempt to extract a word from the servant, were fain to return whence they came. These circumstances caused the ladies of the chateau to be the subject of much talk, and the object of much curiosity, part of which was no doubt owing to the idle situation and habits of those who entertained the feeling. What could cause a young and beautiful girl thus to immure herself, could not be comprehended, and guessing but made curiosity keener. Such was the state of mystery in which the matter remained, when Otway came to Boulogne. His romantic and adventurous spirit was at once captivated by the story, and this led to the engagement already described.

Though not quite pleased with that engagement, as has been said, Otway had still curiosity enough to resolve upon prosecuting the adventure, though he also made a determination to desist at once, if he saw any danger of hurting the feelings of the parties chiefly concerned. His first step was to take his drawing portfolio, and visit the chateau. It was an ancient solitary mansion, dark and gloomy in appearance, and rendered more so at this time, because the autumn had just passed, and the leaves were already beginning to fall from the trees around. Stephen Otway gazed long from a little distance upon the old house and its precincts, about which there was not the slightest sign of life or motion. He went away home that day, calling himself a "fool," and doubting even whether it would not be better to stand the laugh at once, and pay the bet. But the second day saw him again near the chateau, and on this occasion he felt as if rewarded for his trouble. The sounds of a harp, played by a skillful and delicate hand struck upon his ear, and charmed it so much, that he remained on the spot long after the melody had ceased. It would be tedious to detail the progress of his adventure day by day. Suffice it to say that he ventured in time to leave his secret stand and take up a new position, within sight from the chateau. The harp was silent at his approach, but he busied himself so intently to appearance with his drawing, or in reading, that at length his presence did not impede the music. Nay, as day after day went on, his presence seemed to excite less and less alarm, and he saw a female figure flit sometimes backwards and forwards, across the light blinds of the windows. A little ruse enabled him to know whether or not he was the object meanwhile, of any attention to the inmates of the chateau. He absented himself one day from his usual place, and took up another station behind a tree. To his inexpressible delight, a female figure came several times to the window, and peeped timidly towards the spot where he should have been.

Restless time was running on all the while, and a heavy fall of snow broke up Otway's visitations, telling him, besides, that many weeks of his time had now passed. But, in truth, he had almost forgotten the bet, having removed from Boulogne to a retired country lodging for some time back, and having his imagination entirely occupied with the fair unknown of the chateau, whom he of course clothed with all manner of virtues, mental and personal. As soon as the snow had partially melted, he flew to the old spot. Near to this place, he saw a number of peasants engaged in clearing the snow from a pathway, leading between the chateau and a wood at some little distance. What could be the purpose of this? An idea struck him.—It might be to permit the ladies to walk; but, then, if they did walk they must either break their old rules, or walk by night. Otway now remembered having heard it said at Boulogne among other hints, that the ladies did walk sometimes by night. He resolved to watch by the side of the path.

Night came, and Stephen still kept his place. But he was rewarded. From the point where he stood, he could see by the dim moonlight the front of the chateau, and two figures at length issued from the gate. They came towards the partial open spot near which Otway stood, and which he had chosen as the place where they would probably make a halt. He had not deceived himself. The ladies did stand still when they came thither, and one of them, after gazing for a time on the sky uttered these words: "It is only since the snows have fallen, dear aunt, that this country reminds me of our own England—dear England! Would that I saw it again!" "And what should prevent you, Caroline, from going there to-morrow? Is this a life for one young, rich and beautiful as you, formed to adorn the world, instead of pining in a solitude?"—"You promised, dear aunt, not to speak thus again," replied the younger lady: "but my own foolish exclamation led you to it. Why should I wish for England again? Father, mother, brother, and sisters, all gone—all in the tomb? And my own irremediable mishap, but for which I might have tasted happiness like others, but for which I might have ———. But why think or speak of it? No one could love me; no, I must banish such ideas. Let me live alone with my griefs, and with the memory of those I have lost." "I meant not to vex you, dearest Caroline," said the aunt kindly; "but come, the snow is too chill for the feet. It has banished the young artist for some days from our park." "The snow chases away the birds," replied the niece, and Otway was sure she sighed as she spoke the words.

The ladies turned and walked away. But they had only gone a few yards, when the younger lady screamed loudly, and, as if instinctively, cried for "help," Stephen sprang from his hiding-place, and rushed to the spot. The aunt had gone a single step off the path, while a cloud was on the moon, and had plunged through the snow and thin ice into a deep trench filled with water by the way-side. Otway attempted to pull her out, but finding some difficulty, he at once stopped in himself, and raised her in his arms, and placed her on the path. As soon as he was also out, he took up the almost lifeless lady again, and saying to the niece, who hurriedly poured forth thanks, that "her friend must be immediately taken home," they set out hastily for the chateau. The old lady was instantly put to bed, and with the active exertions of the niece and the old servant, was restored to life and warmth. Otway, meanwhile, was left in a handsomely furnished apartment, where, after her aunt's recovery, Miss Blake, for such was indeed the lady's name, rejoined him. "Oh Sir," cried she, while gratitude beamed on her lovely countenance, now for the first time rightly seen by Otway, "you have been our good angel. I owe to you a life as dear to me as my own. But good heavens!" she continued, as she saw Stephen trembling in spite of himself with cold and wet, "I have been so ungrateful as to forget your condition." Otway would have said something, but the young lady did not wait to hear it, and in a few minutes the old servant came to conduct him to a bedroom, which her mistress insisted upon his immediately retiring to. Our hero, who felt himself really almost unable to stand, obeyed the order, and followed the servant.

A night's rest and good fire, did not remove the effects of the adventure from Otway. He felt himself totally unable to rise. But what of that? The "sweetest voice in all the world," as he thought it, came to the door of his chamber, and made inquiries for him, mingled with many regrets that he could not be better accommodated. For two whole days Otway kept his room, and on the third evening he was enabled to rise, and was led by the attentive old servant to a parlor, where he was warmly welcomed by Miss Blake and her aunt. Here Stephen stammering and blushing, attempted to say something about his love of moonlight scenery, and also of "drawing," for the ladies had recognised him as the artist who daily visited the chateau. He moreover explained to them the circumstance of his having been on a tour, and having staid for a time at Boulogne on his way to England.—Some how or other, Miss Blake blushed also during this explanation. But more easy conversation followed, and Miss Blake played and sang to her visitor's great delight. He soon found, also, that she possessed a highly cultivated mind, in addition to grace of person and beauty of countenance.

For some days this intercourse continued, Otway's continued weakness forming the plea for his remaining at the chateau. Every time that he saw the young lady to whom he had been thus strangely introduced, he admired her more and more, and his wonder grew stronger as to the "misfortune," or mystery that hung around her—for there was mystery at the chateau. Otway never saw the ladies during the day. They took their meals alone, and it was only in the evening that they met him in the little parlor. Even there, something odd was to be observed; for only a single lamp was kept burning in it, rendering the apartment dusky and dim. The aunt, during her niece's absence, gave an explanation of these things by stating, that since the death of her parents Caroline had been unable to bear the light, through some nervous affection, or peculiarity of constitution. Stephen Otway was but half satisfied with this; yet when he looked on Miss Blake, he could not believe that aught of impropriety could attach to one like her. So modest seemed she, that when she met his eye, her own was ever cast upon the ground. Still Otway could not help flattering himself with the hope that she liked him, as he felt that he loved her. Such were his feelings and meditations after he had spent a week at the chateau, and the time had come when he ought to take his leave. One evening at this period, when the aunt was for a short time absent, he ventured to express his surprise that one so fitted to adorn society should fly it. Miss Blake became evidently somewhat agitated, but only replied that the death of her parents had affected her much.—Otway thought such a heart must be a treasure, when enclosed in such a form, and in a few moments he had told her that he loved her, and entreated her to permit him to visit the chateau, in future, and to hope that she would be his. Miss Blake showed great agitation, averting her face, and trembling from head to foot, she faltered forth in broken accents, "Leave me, Mr. Otway,—leave me, for your peace and my own! I am an unhappy creature—a miserable, unhappy creature! Fly from me!"

The aunt's footstep was heard at this moment, and soon after her entrance, Caroline retired. She did not appear again that evening, and on the morrow Otway left the chateau, as he had previously announced his intention of doing. He did not go, however, until he had sent a note requesting leave to inquire for the ladies at a future time, which permission he received in reply from the aunt. Stephen left the chateau with his thoughts brooding over one point—the mystery that seemed to surround Miss Blake. For several days did he ruminate on this in his solitary lodging, until the time came when he had to appear at Boulogne to settle the matter of the bet. But though he had gained his point on becoming acquainted with these ladies, one of them had become far too dear to him to make them the subject of further foolery, and he had long resolved to pay the bet, and mislead his Boulogne friends as to the issue. He was pretty sure that none of them would know what had passed at the chateau. So it indeed proved. Stephen gave the appointed dinner; and as some other nine-days' wonder had taken up the attention of the loungers, the ladies of the chateau, to Stephen's great satisfaction, were forgot after the first bumper to the entertainer, in honor of the occasion.

Before Otway left Boulogne again for the country, letters were brought to him from England. One was from an especial intimate, who, after giving him news of British matters, went on thus:—"I only learnt two days since of your having come to Boulogne, from our friend Woodley. He tells me of a bet—you did not use to bet, Otway—which you have taken up, about two ladies, who live in a retired manner near Boulogne, I think too well of you my dear Stephen, to believe you capable of annoying or insulting any lady or ladies, but if I am right in my supposition respecting those persons, I think you would feel especial regret at giving them a moment's pain. Caroline Blake, I think, is one of those ladies, and she is one of the best girl's that ever breathed, as well as one of the most lovely and most sensitive. Her sensitiveness, indeed, approaches almost to disease. Her parents, and in truth her whole family, died some time back, through a pestilential fever, and this girl almost killed herself by watching over their successive deaths. She was left the sole inheritor of an ancient name and a handsome fortune, but, unhappily, in her

attendance on the last of her family who died she also caught the seeds of the infection. She recovered her health, however, and all her loveliness, but alas—" Otway read a few words farther, and the letter dropped from his grasp. He fell back in his chair, and struck his brow with his hand. "Dreadful!" he exclaimed to himself, "Dreadful—irreparable loss! Poor Caroline! This then is thy unfortunate secret! And am I so poor a thing as to shudder at and forsake thee for what thy very virtues have occasioned? Yet is a horrid thing!" We shall give no more of the young gentleman's exclamations, but content ourselves with saying they continued long, so long, that an old crusty fellow, who slept that night below Otway's room in the inn at Boulogne, declared that he could get no rest till morning, for a stamping madman above.

The issue is what we have to do with. On the evening after receiving this letter, Stephen Otway presented himself at the gate of the chateau. He was admitted, and was received by Miss Blake, with a blush, which soon passed away, and left her countenance calm and pale. The minds of both the young people seemed to be internally occupied on this evening, and the aunt had the discourse chiefly to herself; but she left the room for a moment, and Otway seized the occasion to resume the subject of his love. "The night is beautiful," replied Miss Blake; will you walk with me a short way? I was prepared for your recurrence to this subject, and would speak with you. But no here, let me have the free air." She spoke this with a sort of assumed calmness. "Noble girl," thought Otway, "she could, but will not deceive me." The pair were soon ready for the walk. Stephen would have spoken as soon as they left the gate, but Caroline checked him. "Not yet—not yet," she said; "it may be the last time I shall see you! Do not shooen our meeting!" She leant on his arm at the same time, as if she were afraid of their separation being accelerated. They reached the spot, however, where the aunt's misfortune happened, and Miss Blake stopped short. She struggled in vain for a few moments to speak, but at last compelled herself, by a strong exertion, into calmness. "Otway!" said she, "you say you love me; but you will soon fly from me. I am an unhappy creature, and cannot blame you. See here, Otway! mark this irreparable blemish!" As she spoke, she lifted his hand to her face, and placed his finger on one of her eyes. "It is cold, lifeless glass! Now, I know you cannot but feel dismay and horror at me," continued she, averting her head; "fly from me, fly, and seek a more happy mate!" "Caroline," replied Otway, "I knew it, and I knew its cause! I love you still—more fondly than ever, since I have seen this new test of your nobleness of mind!"

These unexpected words so overcame the young lady, that she would have fallen to the earth, had not her lover's arm sustained her. His endearing words soon recalled her to consciousness. And now our story is ended, but we cannot help saying that Otway had never reason to repent of the marriage which followed soon after the events related. We have met his lady often in society, and should never have marked the blemish in her visage, had she not pointed it out herself on one occasion. Glass eyes are not hereditary. Her children have the most beautiful peepers in the world.

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.

JEWISH FEMALES.

BY MISS PARDOE.

Never, during my residence in the East, had I looked on any costume which equalled in richness, and their head dresses excepted, in elegance, the dress of these Jewish females. It was a scene of the Arabian Nights in action; and for a few moments I was lost in admiration. The mistress of the house stood immediately in front of the sofa on which we were seated: she was a tall stately woman, who looked not as though she belonged to a bowed and rejected race; she had the eagle eye, the prominent nose, and the high pale forehead of her nation, with a glance as fiery as it was keen.

Such as I have described her, she was attired in a full dress of white silk, confined a little below the waist by a broad girdle of wrought gold, clasped with gems; both the girdle and the clasps being between five and

six inches in width. Above this robe she wore a pelisse of dove-coloured cachemere, lined and overlaid with the most costly sables, and worth several hundred pounds; the sleeves were large and loose, and fell back, to reveal the magnificent bracelets which encircled her arms, and the jewelled rings that flashed upon her fingers. Her turban, of the usual enormous size worn by all Jewish women, was formed of the painted muslin handkerchief of the country, but so covered with gems that its pattern was undistinguishable; while from beneath it, a deep fringe of pearls, dropped with emeralds of immense size and value, fell over her brow, down each side of her face, and ultimately upon her shoulders.

Behind her were grouped her three daughters-in-law, in dresses nearly similar, save that, not being widows, they did not wear the heavy pelisse; and that the gold and pearl-embroidered sleeves and bosoms of their silken robes were consequently visible. The prettiest woman of the party was her own and only daughter, who had been summoned from the house of her husband on the previous day, to welcome the return of her youngest brother from Europe, where he had passed five years. She was nearly fourteen, with an expression half pensive and half playful; a something which seemed to indicate that her nature was too sad for smiles, and yet too gay for tears; as though the young bright spirit had been chilled and withered ere it had felt its freshness, and that it still struggled to free itself from the thrall.

Her dress was gorgeous; the costly garniture of gold and jewels, which almost made her bodice appear to be one mass of light, was continued to the knee of her tunic, where it parted to form a deep hem, that entirely surrounded the skirt of the garment. The jewelled fringe of her turban was supported on either temple by a large spray of brilliants, and fell upon a border of black floss silk, that rested on her fair young brow. Her arms were as white as snow, and seemed almost as dazzling as the gems which bound them; while her slender waist was compressed by a golden girdle similar in fashion, but richer in design, than that of her mother.

In their girlhood, the Jewish females take great pride in the adornment of their hair, but from the moment of their marriage it is scrupulously hidden; so scrupulously, indeed, that they wear a second handkerchief attached to the turban behind, which falls to the ground, in order to conceal the roots of the hair that the turban may fail to cover.

A sweet little girl of about nine years of age, the affianced wife of one of the brothers was introduced, in order to show me the difference of head-dress; and assuredly her *coiffure* was a most elaborate affair. She must have worn, at least, fifty braids, each secured at the end by a knot of pearls and ribbon; while her little chubby hands were literally covered with jewelled rings; and her feet, like those of the elder females, simply thrust into richly embroidered slippers.

The courtesy and hospitality of the whole family were extreme. They appeared delighted at the unusual circumstance of receiving Christians, who appreciated their kindly intentions; and when I promised in compliance with their earnest request, that I would repeat my visit, I had no intention to fail in the pledge.

Ingenious Mode of Self-Torture.—The following ingenious mode of self torture, practised by the native devotees in Calcutta and vicinity, is described by Rev. Mr. Duff, a Missionary of the Church of Scotland.—It consists in this: A number of devotees enter into a vow, that they will lie down on their backs on the earth, exposed to the blazing sun by day, and the chilling dews by night. They will have in one hand a little earth, and in the other a few seeds—with the one hand they place the earth under the lower lip, and with the other plant the seeds in it; and the vow is, that they will lie there, without moving, or speaking, or receiving any nourishment whatever, until the seeds sprout and germinate, and then they will return to their homes!—*Boston Jour.*

The salary of the Queen of England is £900,000. That of the King of the French, 400,000. The donations of his concert, out of her private purse, to public charities last year, are estimated at £43,000. She visits the abodes of poverty frequently, and the sick in the hospital monthly.

AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER.

ALBANY, SATURDAY, MAY 23, 1840.

GRAND LODGE OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK.

The Annual Communication of the Rt. W. Grand Lodge of the ancient and honorable Fraternity of free and accepted Masons of the State of New York, will commence on Wednesday, the third day of June, at 7 o'clock P. M., at the Grand Lodge room, Howard House, in the city of New York. Delegates from the country are requested to deposit their credentials with the Grand Secretary, at the G. L. room, immediately on their arrival in the city.

JAMES HERRING, *Grand Secretary.*

May 23—21

NOTICE.—The Brethren of Mount Vernon Lodge are requested to attend an extra meeting, on Tuesday evening next, at 7 o'clock, on business of importance. A punctual attendance of every member of the Lodge is requested. By order.

May 22, 5840.

JOHN HURDIS, *Sec'y.*

NORTH EASTERN BOUNDARY.—The most important news brought by the British Queen is a statement, generally believed, that our difficulty with England on this subject is adjusted, or likely to be so, by adopting the basis proposed by the King of the Netherlands—"splitting the difference" of the claims to territory between Maine and N. Brunswick, and in consideration of which the British government is to pay Maine £200,000. Whether such an arrangement, if concluded on between the two Governments, will satisfy the State of Maine, remains to be seen. We suspect it will not.

FOREIGN NEWS.—By the steamer British Queen, arrived at N. York, in thirteen days and eleven hours. London dates to the 1st May are received. The money market continued to improv.; the cotton trade was slowly recovering; the past winter in Greece had been very severe, so that 500,000 cattle had perished in the snow in Roumelia alone, and the price of provisions had risen, to a distressing degree. The plague had appeared at Damascus. A heavy fall of snow took place at Rome on the 25th ult, an occurrence that had not been witnessed so late in the year for nearly three centuries. The Theatre Royal in Cork was destroyed by fire on the 15th of April. The King of the French was to extend or complete his amnesty for political offences on the occasion of his son, the Duke of Nemours marriage, which was to take place on the 27th ult. The Chamber of Deputies had voted 1,500,000 francs for the blockade of Buenos Ayres, by a vote of 260 to 10. The Duke of Orleans was with the French army at or near Algiers. A new defeat is said to have been sustained by the Russians in Circassia. A British consul in Egypt had highly offended Mehemet Ali, by offering passports to Turks to return home. The Egyptian forces for defence amount to 200,000 men.

CRIME AND PUNISHMENTS.—In the U. S. circuit court at Charleston, John C. Lamb, aged 17, a clerk in the post office at Georgetown, S. C. has been sentenced to 10 years imprisonment, for stealing \$260 from a letter, and James Sanderlyn (who received the most of the money) was sentenced to 15 years' imprisonment for aiding him.

One Hoffman, was lately executed in Sandwich, U. C. for the murder of his child, begotten of his own daughter. The guilty, wretched mother and daughter had her sentence of death commuted to banishment to a penal colony.

John White was convicted of forgery, at Philadelphia, last week, and sentenced to twenty-one years' imprisonment in the penitentiary.

Noah M. Thomas was convicted last week, in Montgomery county, of the murder of Hallett Greenman, and sentenced to be executed on the 25th of June next.

Lorenzo Dow, or Pablo, was sentenced on Monday last, by Chief Justice Tany, at Baltimore, to be executed, for the murder of Capt. Langdon.

FIRES.—Yesterday morning a number of out-buildings were burnt in Howard street, in this city—the fire supposed to be accidental.

Fire in Guilderland.—The tavern, store, barns and sheds, of the late George Batterman, occupied by Messrs. Sloan and Vender, in Guilderland, in this county, were burnt last week, supposed to be the work of an incendiary. The loss of property is estimated at from \$10,000 to \$12,000, on which there was but \$3,000 insured.

The flouring mill of N. Tyson, near Baltimore, with its contents of flour and grain, was destroyed by fire on the 17th inst.

At Montreal, on the 6th a fire broke out in a distillery, and consumed about £10,000 worth of property, all uninsured.

At Little Rock, Arkansas, on the 23th ult. six buildings, coffee-houses, groceries, &c. were consumed.

At Philadelphia, a few days ago, from \$20,000 to \$25,000 loss was sustained by the burning of several houses, &c. in Arch-st.

THRILLING INCIDENT.—A short time since, the collector on the Morris canal, at Newark, N. J. discovered a child between three and four years old, floating in the basin of the canal, to all appearance dead. He sprang into the water and caught the boy, who proved to be his own son. Means for resuscitation were used for some time before the child gave signs of life, but he was eventually recovered.

ANOTHER.—The only child of Mr. Backus, editor of the Canajoharie Rith (an interesting, intelligent boy, 4 or 5 years old,) was taken from the Erie canal on Saturday last, after he had sunk the third time.—His rescue from death must be peculiarly grateful to his parents, who are deaf mutes.

APPOINTMENTS.—John M. Niles, late U. S. Senator from Connecticut, has been appointed Postmaster General.

Mr. C. C. Cambreleng, of New York, is appointed Minister Plenipotentiary to Russia.

A Lewis county paper of May 14, says, "the bill for the extension of the Black River Canal has passed the Assembly, and will probably pass the Senate this session, if an early adjournment does not prevent it." We should like to know how large a portion of the year should be spent in making laws for a community, and whether an adjournment after the middle of May, should be called an *early* one, when the session commences with the year.

Mr. Price, late U. S. att'y of the southern district of N. York, has returned from Europe, and given bail in the sum of \$82,000, at the suit of the Government.—He still asserts that if his accounts are adjusted on the principles adopted in settling with others, he shall owe nothing to the U. States.

Power of Conscience.—Some person has returned to Mr. Hoyt, collector of the port of New York, \$70, which had been over-paid him by that officer.

Wm. Johnston.—The noted Bill Johnston, the hero of the thousand islands, has escaped from our jail. The Jailer has offered a reward of \$50, and the Marshal of the district \$200 for his apprehension.

New York and Erie Rail Road.—The work on this important road has been recommenced with vigor.

Western Wheat.—Nearly 40,000 bushels of wheat arrived at Oswego in one day last week. In Michigan, it is said there is a quarter more wheat on the ground than there was last year, and that the prospect of a heavy crop was never better.

About 12 miles of the Vicksburg and Clinton railroad were recently broken up by a storm—damage computed at \$250,000.

African Bishop.—Application was made to the late Methodist General Conference, by the Annual Conference of Liberia, for the appointment of a Bishop for Western Africa.

Baptist Missionaries.—The ship Gen. Harrison sailed from Boston last Saturday for Calcutta, carrying out several Baptist Missionaries.

The Mormons. it is reported, have deputed twelve of their number to go to the Holy Land as missionaries to preach to the Jews. Perhaps it would be as well for our enlightened citizens to send the Jews home to Palestine first, and then try to Mormonize them.

Furs.—To the amount of \$100,000 are said to have been collected during the last winter at Logansport, Indiana, by the American Fur Company.

Accidents.—Hon. J. Q. Adams fell at the capitol, in consequence of being tripped by the floor matting, a few days ago, and broke his collar bone. The lady of Chief Justice Tany lately fell and fractured one of her limbs.

African Slavery.—Several vessels have recently been captured on the African coast engaged in the slave trade; and last week, at Baltimore, in the U. S. Circuit Court, the sentence of the District Court was affirmed, condemning two schooners, as having been built for that trade.

Intelligence.

New Counterfeits on the United States Bank, of the denomination of \$10, have made their appearance at N. York and Philadelphia. Their general appearance is calculated to deceive those unacquainted with Bank notes. The impression is not so good as on the genuine notes, particularly of the head and Pennsylvania coat of arms; the latter, at the foot of the note, nearly indistinct, and the portraits poor imitations. Date January 1, 1823, letter A, payable to bearer. Signatures of S. Mason, and G. W. Chapman, for Cashier and President smaller, and not so good as in the genuine, but still pretty good imitations. The banking house at the top very like the genuine.

INCENDIARISM.—The Lock-up house in the second ward of Washington city was set on fire on Sunday morning, but little damage ensued. The National Intelligencer also states that there is no room for doubting that the three other recent fires in that city—to wit the destructive conflagration of the Madisonian and Democratic Review offices, the house belonging to Mr. Ingle on Capitol Hill, and a house building burned still more recently—were all caused by some diabolical persons, either for malice or mischief.

There were three fires in Richmond, Va., within the twenty-four hours ending Saturday noon. Two of them were the work of incendiaries. They have rarely less than two fires, and frequently three, per day, in that city, of late. Few of them are accidental.

On the Mississippi.—A gentleman who left New Orleans May 1st, and arrived at Cincinnati on the 11th, in the steamboat Gen. Brown, states that nearly the whole flat country, from the mouth of the Ohio to New Orleans, is under water. Our advices from New Orleans to May 9th, represent the inundation in that vicinity to be already extensive, and the river still rising. The Picayune of that date contains the following:

By verbal accounts received yesterday, we learn that the Ohio, Upper Mississippi, Missouri—in fact all the tributaries of the Mississippi, are rapidly on the rise, and expect every day to see a general overflow is almost certain. All the Providence many of the plantations are now overgrown, and the river is breaking through the levees. St. Louis city overgrown, and from the 15th of statements and opinions of those acquainted with the river, there certainly is great danger, it will be a fearful deluge. On falling it leaves a thick sediment of mud, and the extent of the injury merchandise would be removed with difficulty, and at a enormous expense. Let us hope that the river may stay where it is.

The *Champlain* of the 15th inst. says.—“The town-plot of Cuba is completely submerged, and great fears are entertained of the destruction of New Orleans.”

Gale on Lake Michigan.—The steamer *Champlain* has gone ashore four miles south of St. Joseph high and dry. She is broken and leaping. Several trunks belonging to passengers were lost overboard. The gale was blowing strong on Sunday night from the North East, the time when the *Champlain* went ashore. The schooner *Mary* South was blowing about during the gale, she lost nearly all of her deck load and put two St. Joseph in distress. She arrived this morning in port, bringing the Captain and crew of the *Champlain*.

There was a blow on the Eastern shore of the Lake last Friday, in which the steamer *Gov. Mason* went ashore on the marsh of Muskegon river, a total wreck.—*Chicago World*, May 10th.

Flood.—The *Providence* Republican says:—“The heavy rain this morning raised the water in Lake Champlain to an unprecedented height. We believe there is not a wharf from Whitehall to St. John but is completely covered, inundated—some to the depth of two or three feet.”

The wharves at Montreal, and the rail road wharf a Laprade, are under water. We passed over them last week in a large boat, and large wood scows were “moored” upon them. Much damage has been done to the Champlain canal, and the “long bridge” at St. John has been materially injured.

Commerce of the Lakes.—The *Dunkirk Beacon* states that the commerce of our inland seas has increased for the last few years in a ratio hardly to be credited. The tonnage on the lakes, at this time, is estimated to be equal to a magnitude of thirty-five thousand three hundred and thirteen tons; the amount of capital vested in steamboats and vessels is computed at two millions three hundred thousand dollars. This estimate does not include any British vessels, nor the American vessels on Lake Ontario, as the means of procuring statistics in reference to them were not at hand.

Tornado in Missouri.—A violent tornado, accompanied with hail, occurred in the western part of Washington county, Missouri, a few days ago. Every thing, even the log cabins of the inhabitants, were torn up and scattered, a prey to the hurricane; and one little boy, who was playing near his father's house, was taken up and his brains dashed against a tree.

Fires on Long Island.—The dwelling of Mr. Robert Seaman, at Jericho, was, with its contents, consumed on Monday night last. On the following night, a small uninhabited building, a mile or two from Hicksville, near the Long Island rail road, was burnt, supposed to have been set on fire for the purpose of preventing its being converted into a place for the sale of ardent spirits.—*N. Y. Sec.*

Thirteen houses and ten barns and stables were destroyed by fire on the second instant, in the village of Springfield, Cumberland county, Pa.

AWFUL CALAMITY AT NATCHEZ.—The New Orleans papers of the 9th contain a brief account of the devastation of the city of Natchez, attended with the loss of many lives, which occurred the preceding day, in consequence of a tornado which visited that devoted city. About two o'clock P. M. a dark cloud made its appearance in the southwest, preceded by a loud and continued roaring of the winds as it came on swiftly, and with the speed of the wind it was met by another, which was waited directly from the opposite point of the compass. At the moment of the concussion large masses of seeming spray were precipitated to the earth, followed by a roaring of wind; houses were dismantled of their roofs, and immediately leveled with the earth. The air was filled with bricks and large pieces of timber, even large ox carts were uprooted and thrown hundred of yards from their original position. About sixty flat boats lying in port were driven from the shore and sunk. The ferry boat plying between Natchez and the opposite shore was capsized and sunk—every one on board is supposed to have perished. The steamer *Hind* was capsized and sunk—all on board lost. The steamer *Prarie* had her cabin entirely taken off—nearly all on board lost. The two hotels in the city; one partially and the other entirely to the ground—almost every house near was more or less injured. It was impossible to tell how many were killed; the streets were filled with large pieces of timber, rendering them impassable, and the work of extracting the bodies from the fallen houses was not completed when the Vicksburg, which brought the intelligence to New Orleans left. Some fifteen or twenty bodies had been found. It was very difficult to find a landing, as every house under the hill except five or six was blown down, and the river was filled with floating fragments of houses and flat boats. The tornado, in leaving Natchez, followed the course of the river about 8 miles down the coast—houses were leveled with the ground. The Court House at Concordia was wholly demolished, and the parish judge killed. The trees on the opposite side of the river, as well as those on Natchez island, were all torn up by the roots or deprived of their branches. The damage done to the crops was very severe. Some plantations were destroyed of all their trees, and others had their canals taken away by the storm.

The Tornado at Natchez.—From an extra, issued from the shattered office of the *Free Trader*, and from the N. O. *Picayune* of Sunday week, we gather some further particulars of the results of the appalling visitation from the sky suffered at Natchez on the 6th instant. From an estimate made by two of the best informed citizens, the pecuniary loss is supposed to be about \$1,260,000. From the ruins of the Steamboat Hotel, Mr. Alexander, the landlord, his lady, and bar-keeper, were dug out alive, as also Timothy Flint, the historian and geographer, and his son from Vicksburg, La., the Dr. Talamero and many others. Mrs. Alexander is considered dangerously injured; two of her children were killed in her arms. As many as nine dead bodies have been dug from the Steamboat Hotel. The number of burials which took place on the 8th instant, was about fifty, and many are still in a dangerous and dying condition.

The greatest loss of life was among the flat boats, which were swamped and destroyed before the unfortunate men could escape to the shore. The steamer *St. Lawrence* went down. It is said she was lifted many feet out of the water, and instantly dashed to the bottom of the river with every soul on board. The enormous body of water rolling in the Mississippi, and swelling to the very topmost limit of its banks, was lashed into foaming billows and flat boats were torn to pieces, and their scattered planks flew about in the wind like feathers. Every church and every public building shared in the ruin. Steeples were dashed to the earth, and houses all over the town were unroofed.

Public meetings have been held at New Orleans, Natchez, and several neighboring places, for the purpose of taking measures for the relief of the sufferers, and the neighboring planters were generously sending in large gangs of slaves to assist in clearing the streets and digging the dead from the ruins.

At Goffstown, N. H. the largest factory in the place, belonging to the Amoskeag Company, was consumed. Loss \$40,000, insured in Boston for \$25,000.

St. Louis and Hard Times.—We took a ride yesterday, says the *Argus*, about the city, and counted four hundred and twelve buildings which had been completed since the first of January, or are now in progress of erection. Amongst the number are several Churches, the new hotel and court house. The cost of the whole cannot be under \$500,000. At this rate St. Louis will invest in building this season near \$1,200,000; and still rents are very high, and we might say almost ruinous to the tenants.—*Miss. Argus*.

The Governor of Upper Canada has offered a reward of \$1000 for discovering the Vandal who blew up the monument erected in honor of Gen. Brock.

MARRIED.

In this city, by the Rev. Dr. Wyckoff, Mr. Rufus K. Velie to Miss Phebe Ann, daughter of David E. Gregory.

By the Rev. Mr. Huntington, Mr. William Muir to Miss Mary Freeman.

By the Rev. Mr. Leonard, Mr. John Coss, of Schenectady, to Miss Margaret A. Thornton, of this city.

By the Rev. Mr. Holmes, Mr. Harman W. Elmenloeff, to Miss Mary Ann Merrifield.

At Fayetteville, Onondaga county, the Rev. Charles Jones, of Lafargeville, Jefferson co., to Miss Calcina P. Garner.

At New Haven, the Hon. David Daggett, to Mrs. Mary Lines.

At N. York, John P. Crosby, to Margaret B. daughter of Benj. F. Butler, Esq.

DIED.

In this city, Mrs. Margaret, widow of the late Capt. Hugh Boyd.

Mrs. Ellen, wife of Daniel Lynch, aged 23. In Charlton, Saratoga county, Mr. Gideon Hawley, aged nearly 96.

At Pelham, Westchester county, Major George William Prevost, late of the British army, aged 73.

At New York, Mrs. Elizabeth, relict of the late John M'Queen, aged 84.

At Cambridge, Washington co., Mr. Daniel Wells, aged 86. Mr. W. with his father and four brothers (one of whom survives him) were engaged in the revolutionary struggle.

At Troy, on the 17th inst. Mrs. Mary A. wife of Day Oris Kellogg, aged 35.

Also at Troy, a few days ago, the wife of John H. Kendrick, supposed to have been strangled by her husband, in a fit of insanity. She was an estimable woman, formerly of this city. Her husband left Troy, but is said to have been apprehended at Burlington, Vt.

The Rev. Mr. Foote a Presbyterian minister, recently elected President of Washington College, Tennessee, was thrown from his horse about two weeks ago near Leesburg in that state, and killed.

Philip Celan, formerly of Albany, was drowned a short time since at Mauch Chunk, Pa.

MASONIC APRONS.—Those Brethren desiring Aprons for either of the Degrees of MASTER, MARK or R. ARCH, can obtain them, splendidly engraved on S. ram, by applying at this Office, at a price adapted to the times.—May, 5840.

THE MASONIC REGISTER.—For the year of Masonry 1840; containing a correct list of the Officers of the Grand Lodge and Subordinate Lodges, Chapters, Encampments, &c. of N. York, and its vicinity, with their times and places of meeting &c. &c.—for sale at this Office, price 25 cents.—May 16.

CALENDAR OF COMMUNICATIONS.

EACH MONTH.

Temple Encampment,	Albany	2d Friday.
Temple R. A. Chapter,	Albany	2d & 4th Tuesday.
Mount Vernon Lodge	Albany	1st & 3d Thursday.
Tenple Lodge,	Albany	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Apollo Lodge	Troy	1st & 2d Tuesday.
Apollo Chapter.	Troy	2d & 4th Tuesday.
Apollo Encampment,	Troy	3d Monday.
Evening Star Lodge,	West Troy	1st Wednesday.
Phoenix Lodge,	Lansingburg	1st & 3d Thursday.
Olive Branch	Bethany Co.	1st Wednesday.
Genesee Encampment.	Lockport N.Y.	
Ohio Lodge No 101.	Wheeling, Va.	1st Monday.
Wheeling Chapter, 19.	"	2d Thursday.
Wheeling Encampment	"	2d Monday ev. 6 month.
Washington Council	"	1st Saturday.
Utica Lodge, 47.	Utica,	1st Thursday.
Oneida Chapter, 57.	"	1st Thursday.
Utica Encampment, 3.	"	3d Tuesday.
Mount Moriah.	Louisville, Ky.	1st & 3d Saturday, p. c.
Louisville Encampment	do	4th Saturday.
Council 8 & R. Masters	do	Quarterly.
King Solomon's chapter	do	2d Saturday.

POETRY.

From the Southern Literary Messenger.

LOVE AND CARE.

Love sat in his bower one summer day—
And Care, with his train, came to drive him away;
"I will not depart," said Love!
And, seizing his lute,—with silvery words,
He ran his bright fingers along the chords,
And play'd so sweet, so entrancing an air,
That a grim smile lit upon the face of Care,
"Away—away!"—said Love!

"Nay, nay! I have friends!" grim Care replied;
"Behold, here is one—and his name is *Pride*;"
"I care not for *Pride*," said Love!
Then touching the strings of his light guitar,
Pride soon forgot his lofty air;
And seizing the hand of a rustic queen,
Laugh'd, gamboll'd, and tripp'd it o'er the green,
"Aha, aha!" said Love!

"Away with your jeers!" cried Care, "if you please;
"Here's another—lank, haggard and pale *Disease*!"
"I care not for him," said Love!
Then touch'd a strain so plaintive and weak,
That a flush pass'd over his pallid cheek;
And *Disease* leap'd up from his couch of pain,
And smil'd, and re-echoed the healing strain—
"Well done for *Disease*!" said Love!

"Pshaw! pshaw!" cried Care—"this squalid one see!
"How lik'st thou the gaunt look of *Poverty*?"
"I care not for him," said Love!
Then struck such a sound from his viol's string,
That *Poverty* shouted aloud, "I am king!"—
"The jewell'd wreaths round my temples shall twine,—
"For the sparkling gems of *Golconda* are mine!"
"Aye, aye—very true!" said Love!

"Nay, boast not," said Care—"There is fretful *Old Age*;
"Beware of his crutches and tempt not his rage!"
"I care not for *Age*!" said Love!
Then swept the strings of his magic lyre,
Till the glaz'd eye sparkled with youthful fire;
And *Age* dropp'd his crutches, and light as a fay,
Laughed, caper'd and danc'd like a child at play!
"Bravo, Sir *Eld*!" said Love!

"A truce," cried wrinkled Care, "with thy glee!
"Now look on this last one—'tis *Jealousy*!"
"Ah me! ah me!" said Love!
"Her green eye burns with a quenchless fire—
"I die! I die!" Then dropping his lyre,
Love flew far away from his cherished bower,
And never return'd from that fatal hour!
Alas for thee, blighted Love!

A FATHER'S WELCOME TO HIS WIDOWED DAUGHTER.

Come to thy home, thy childhood's home,
My pilgrim, lone and broken-hearted!
Here let thy footsteps cease to roam,
Grief hath been on thee since we parted.

Bring in, bring in, thy light-haired boys,
Bring in thy youngest blue-eyed blossom;
Hark! 'tis thy mother's gentle voice,
Calling the tremblers to her bosom.

Now rest thee, love, check now the tears
Down thy pale cheek each other chasing;
For well I know that brighter days
Thy busy thoughts are fast retracing.

Gems sparkled once on thy fair brow,
Thy sunny locks with care were braided,
Thou wert a happy bride, but now
Thy matron brow is thinly shaded.

Thou thinkest on that manly form
That stood that morn in love beside thee,
The voice that vowed through every storm
Of future life to shield and guide thee.

That voice is hushed, that form is cold,
'Tis this prolongs thy bitter weeping,
To think that one of beauteous mould,
In the dark grave is silent sleeping.

Yet cheer thee, love, look on thy boys,
Blight not their bloom with early sorrow;
O let them hear their mother's voice,
Greet them with words of hope to-morrow!

Tell them that He who kindly hears
The ravens from their rocky dwelling,
Will guide and guard their orphan years,
And sooth thy heart, with anguish swelling.

Then cheer thee in thy childhood's home,
My pilgrim, lone and broken-hearted!
Here let thy footsteps cease to roam,
Grief hath been on thee since we parted.

From the Little-Falls "Enterprise."

THE RETURN OF SPRING.

BY J. O. TERRY.

The Winter past, the gentle Spring
Begins to murmur and to sing:
How swift is Time's unwearied wing
Bearing us to our destiny!

Oh! when the earth is clad in green,
How pleasant 'tis to view the scene;
But with what sadness, while we lean
Upon the mournful *Cemetery*!

I joy to see the Spring return;
But 'tis a mournful thing to learn,
Its flowers must wreath about the urn
Of friends we loved so recently.

It brings the verdure to the plains—
The gentle dews, the grateful rains;
And all but hapless man regains
The blessings had as formerly.

But he must stand and see the year
Renew its beauty, and appear
Ever without some friend most dear,
Some friend he loved most tenderly;

And see the circle of his days
Grow less and less, while Spring displays
As if in cruelty, the blaze
Of all its glorious imagery;

And see his friendships, one by one,
Chiselled upon the marble stone;
Until he stands perchance alone,
The last of all his family!

But still to me the Spring is fraught
With all the brightest gems of thought;
Among it gayest flowers are brought
The hallowed scenes of Memory;

Of childhood, basking in its bliss,
In all its glee and gracefulness;
And sportive boyhood's ruby face,
Kissed by the winds endearingly.

Thus while I view its setting sun,
What time my daily toil is done,
I fondly sit and muse alone,
In sweet unconscious revery.

Orient, L: I. May 1.

THE SOVEREIGNS OF ENGLAND.

First, William the Norman; then William his son.
Henry, Stephen, and Henry, then Richard and John.
Next Henry the Third; Edwards, one, two and three;
And again, after Richard, three *Henries* we see,
Two Edwards, third Richard, if I rightly guess;
Two *Henries*, sixth Edward, Queen Mary, Queen
Bess;

Then Jamie, the Scotsman, then Charles whom they
slew.

Yet received, after Cromwell, another Charles too.
Next James the Second ascended the throne;
Then good William and Mary together came on;
Till Anne, Georges four, and fourth William all past,
God sent us Victoria—may she long be the last!

IF HOPE BE DEAD.

If hope be dead—why seek to live?
For what besides has life to give?
Love, Life and Youth, and Beauty too,
If hope be dead—say! what are you?
Love without hope! It cannot be.
There is a vessel on yon sea
Beclaimed and oarless as despair,
And know—'tis hopeless Love floats there.
Life without hope! Oh, that is not
To live, but day by day to rot,
With feelings cold, and and passions dead:
To wander o'er the world and tread
Upon its beauties, and to gaze,
Quite vacant o'er its flow'ry maze.
Oh! think, if this be Life; then say,
What lives when Hope has fled away?
Youth without Hope! An endless night,
Trees which have felt the cold Spring's blight,
The lightning's flash and the thunder's strife,
Yet pine away a weary life;
Which *older* would have sunk and died
Beneath the strokes their youth defied;
But cursed with length of days are left
To rail at Youth of Hope bereft.
And Beauty too—when Hope is gone,
Has lost the ray in which it shone;
And, seen without this borrow'd light,
Has lost the beam which made it bright.
Now what avail the silken hair,
The angel smile, and gentle air;
The beaming eye, and glance refined,
Faint semblance of that purer mind;
As gold dust sparkling in the sun,
Points where the richer strata run?
Alas! they now just seem to be
Bestow'd to mock at misery.
They speak of days long, long gone by,
Then point to cold Reality;
And, with a death-like smile, they say,
"Oh! what are we when Hope's away!"
Thus Love, Life, Youth, and Beauty too,
When seen without Hope's bright'ning hue,
All sigh in Misery's saddest tone,
"Why seek to live if Hope be gone?"

EPITAPH.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

She lived! what further can be said
Of all the generations dead?
She died!—what more can be foretold
Of all the living, young and old?
She lived,—as in her maker's eye,
At every step prepared to die:
She died,—as one exchanging breath
For immortality in death:
Her dust is here, her spirit there—
Eternity! O tell me where!

AUTHORISED AGENTS.

The following Brethren have kindly offered to act as Agents for the American Masonic Register. They are duly authorised to receive subscriptions and moneys on its account.

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AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER

AND LITERARY COMPANION.

BY L. G. HOFFMAN.]

ALBANY, SATURDAY, MAY 30. 1840.

[VOL. I.—NO. 39.]

MASONIC.

For the American Masonic Register.

NARRATION, &c.

[Concluded from No. 34, April 25, page 265.]

It now became necessary to ascertain, who were Members of this mysterious Association, that all due caution might be observed in order to escape danger. No difficulty, however, attended this inquiry, as most of the prominent men in the place, were said to belong to the Lodge, and held their meetings on every Thursday night, previous to the full Moon in each Month.

The next thing in course was, to watch, and carefully scrutinize their conduct, and if possible, spy out those peculiarities, which had been so strongly impressed on my mind, in early life. But after the most careful observation, under a kind of half-way expectation of some discovery, of a mysterious something, all those persons appeared, in all respects, to be very much like other men. Suspensions and evil surmises began to abate; and as acquaintance increased, they were generally found to be men of good intelligence, of sound understanding, of amiable and kind dispositions, and so far as could be seen, excellent citizens; enjoying the entire confidence and esteem of the whole village. This, at first, seemed somewhat surprising, but such was manifestly the fact.

In the mean time the Lodge convened, and a dozen, or more gentlemanly looking persons came to attend from some distance around in the neighboring Towns. As these fell in with their friends of the Order, they were received with a marked kindness, and cordiality, which could not escape observation. Their greetings appeared more like those of natural Brothers, who had long been separated, than citizens of different Towns, or even the most kind hearted Neighbors. And so far from any manifestations of evil design on their part, they not only seemed quite happy themselves, in their out of door intercourse, but evidently took pleasure in rendering others happy around them. The citizens of the village showed no alarm on the occasion, and all things passed off smoothly.

Thus far preconceived opinions, resulting from misinformation, and stories, groundless and fabulous, were obliged to yield to plain matters of fact, coming under personal observation. But to wind up the climax, and fully settle the question, it was not long after ascertained, that several of the members of that Lodge, were regular members of different churches, and all of them in good and regular standing.

But after having witnessed so much propriety and decorum, so far as all the good qualities of citizenship were concerned, still, something a little paradoxical appeared, in finding the christian man, an intimate associate. Having been impressed, that there was not only an utter incongruity between Masonry and Religion, but that all considerations involving serious matters, were wholly excluded, it was the more surprising to find men sound in the faith of the Bible, and at the same time, in the secrets of Masonry, so engaged and punctual, as to ride off, ten or twelve miles to be in regular attendance at a Lodge. This was of all others the most perplexing circumstance. Suffice it to say, not a doubt could longer remain in the mind, that I had been misled, and all the frightful stories heard in boyhood, were untrue or fabulous; and all my fears groundless.

Soon, I became intimately acquainted with Esq. —, and entered into free conversation, concerning the nature and object of the Institution, and became fully satisfied, it not only involved sound morality, but many other excellencies of valuable consideration. Mean while I became a member of — College, and from time to time, finding many Individuals, of sound understanding, high literary attainments, unimpeachable moral and Religious character, both as Laymen and Ministers, I forthwith determined, if accepted, to have personal knowledge and judge for myself. In coming to this result, my train of thought was, in substance, the following. No one, it is true, has urged, or ever asked me to come forward. That is somewhat singular, as they have reason to believe I am friendly; yet this may be one of their rules. The Institution, professes to be a useful one. Here are men, whose standing, character and Membership, are a safe pledge it is such, at least in their view. Men, whose consciences would never allow them, either to conceal faults or palliate crime, much less give that firm support, which would beguile the unsuspecting. I will become a Member, and if the Institution is valuable, if its principles accord with sound morality; if useful knowledge is to be acquired, the cause of charity promoted, the circle of social intercourse enlarged, and the medium of receiving and doing good to mankind opened, it is just what I want. But if, in my estimation it should prove otherwise, I can withdraw. The Masons can not compel me to associate, or attend at their meetings.

On these points my mind became settled. I was proposed for admittance, and in due time received.— After having passed thro' the three first degrees, I gave the whole matter as close an investigation, as my means and ability would permit; both in relation to historical facts, and probabilities, as well as moral principles and benevolent object. Thus far, all appeared well. In due time I was advanced to the higher degrees, and continued to examine each step, and compare each additional principle taught, with the standards of moral virtue, and judge of the appropriate influences the society was calculated to exert on Mankind. No discrepancies could be discovered between the former, nor any thing corrupting, or demoralizing as a necessary result of the latter. From that day to the present, (thirty-six years,) my views have, in those respects remained unchanged.

Under the circumstances and influences of an early education, I was thrown exactly on the point to bring every thing to the severest test. Never was a mind more trammelled with prejudice, or cumbered with extravagant images of visionary evils. And let it be borne in mind, there is no human Institution, more naturally exposed to the prejudices of Mankind, than Masonry. The reasons are entirely obvious. Masonry is called a secret society: and the word, secret, adds a fearful import to the name. Men have ever been prone to envy, what they could not find out. When told there are no principles of faith, or practice, unpromulgated to the World, they disbelieve the assertion, and go on to form for themselves, the most groundless opinions, and disseminate them under the most suspicious circumstances. With the less informed, or more credulous, any thing of this nature passes off for sound currency. Thus every successive generation comes up, under prejudices, more or less strong, simply because most opinions of Masonry, are founded on conjecture. The force of early education, the strength

and durability of pre-conceived opinions, especially in matters, concerning which, it is said, there is something a little mysterious, preclude all research, and shut out the light of truth from vast multitudes. All that is needful, in relation to Masonry, is an honest heart to ascertain, as a matter of fact, and not of conjecture, or hearsay, what the true principles are, and an unbiased judgment will always appreciate its merits. S. T.

MASONIC TALE.

From the Masonic Olive Branch.

THE SHIPWRECK.

A MASONIC TALE, FOUNDED ON FACT.

The evening was calm, not a cloud rested on the placid face of the heavens, and the glassy bosom of "the dark blue sea" mirrored back the glories of the cerulean arch above. We had sailed from the port of New York, bound to Havre; and as usual on board of packets, our ship presented a faint picture of the world in miniature. Leaning against the vessel's side might be seen the form of a lovely female, pining for the soft bland air of Italy, or the vine-clad hills of sunny France to rekindle the faded rose on her cheek and drive away the demon of disease. Here too was the honest Jack-tar rolling in his cheek his huge quid, and indolently watching the play of the waves, as they broke in tiny billows against the ship's bow, the bustling man of business dreaming of rich freights and brilliant speculations; the lover of pleasure flying from the lovely landscapes, the towering mountains, and bold streams of his own native land, to find his idol in the gay assembly, the crowded saloon, and fascinating dissipation of foreign cities—all, all impelled by the same resistless desire of happiness, and all ultimately meeting at the same point, "exhaustion of spirit."

The blue line of the horizon had faded from view, and the world of waters, in its sublime and silent loneliness, opened upon my vision. Those who have never experienced the emotions consequent upon such a situation can form no conception of the lonely feelings of the heart, as the last speck of land fades away in the distance, and the unobstructed gaze falls on the vast expanse of waters, meeting and mingling with the heavens. How lonely and desolate are the thoughts that fast crowd on the mind—how lovely does home then appear—a thousand little incidents trifling in import and unnoticed when transpiring now rush upon the soul with an intensity of painful interest—a father's parting advice, a mother's tearful benediction, the familiar objects about our homestead, the occupations of our friends—in imagination warm and vivid we see the domestic group seated around the cheerful hearth—the old family Bible is opened—they kneel—the prayer of faith goes up, and the keenly excited bosom asks fondly, am I remembered? Pleasing and painful as are these feelings, they are the offspring of the heart presented at the shrine of its purest and sweetest recollections. * * * * We had been out about a week; the day was of uncommon beauty; the sun had sunk to his rest, like a golden globe of fire, tingling with blood-red reflection the vast and expansive bosom of the deep. Who that has seen a sun set at sea but has felt emotions of unutterable grandeur fill his soul? Slowly he sinks to the horizon, seeming reluctant to leave the scene of glory; the parting beams fall with mellowed rays upon the sails and spars, while the

ocean reflects back from the crest of every billow, the iris colors that fall upon its breast: one last reluctant look is given, and he drops behind the utmost verge of the watery waste, softening the lingerings of his glory, as though in sad reflection on the loss sustained. Filled with a pleasing melancholy I was leaning over the taffrail watching with a dreary feeling of soul the track left by the ship in the waters. The hum of voices from the cabin mingling with the sighing of the waves, rose and fell on my ear like the tones of the Æolian harp, increasing the saddened emotions of my bosom: the glorious full moon was sailing through the heavens, casting her silvery mantle over the very waters that had been lighted with richer hues a little while before. How long I might have remained in this position I know not, but for an interruption by a hoarse voice almost beside me, and turning to see if I was addressed, I discovered two sailors, standing at the side of the ship, in deep and earnest conversation. The place in which this colloquy was held, the great caution seemingly observed by the speakers, all conspired to excite suspicion in my mind that all was not right. I listened attentively, and soon heard enough to convince me that a plot was on foot amongst the crew to murder the captain and passengers, and take possession of the vessel and cargo, and to hoist the black flag. Alarmed at these horrible discoveries, I hastened, silently, to the cabin to consult on the best means of defence. The captain, to whom I first communicated the conference on the quarter deck, seemed incredulous, but with promptitude led the way in making preparations to meet the evil. There were in all about thirty passengers, twelve of whom were steerage—three of the other eighteen were females. Amongst the number was a Mr. Arlington and his daughter, from Georgia, who had embarked for Havre, with the intention of making an European tour. The first mention of mutiny seemed to unman the old gentleman; he thought only of his lovely and accomplished daughter being exposed to the lawless and brutal fury of the abandoned crew. So great was his anxiety that for a few moments he appeared to be delirious with apprehension, nor could his feelings be subdued until I assured him that the prompt adoption of some plan to check the action of the crew would alone secure our safety. After numerous plans had been proposed, the captain suggested the propriety of the passengers repairing to the deck and terminating their deliberations there, lest they might be anticipated and the ship secured before they could occupy an eligible ground for defence. Mr. A. and myself were requested to remain in the cabin to protect and pacify the ladies if matters grew desperate. Lucy Arlington, to whom I had been previously introduced, seeing the cabin deserted by all save her father and myself, left her state room and joined us. Mr. A. was pacing the floor with disturbed steps, armed with a large cutlass; on the table lay a brace of pistols—alarmed at the sight of these unequivocal appearances of preparation for fighting, she timidly inquired the cause. At this moment a bustle on deck, and the clashing of swords fell on the ear, giving notice that the contest had begun. Mr. A. hurriedly replied to his daughter, "it means death, mutiny, murder; in, in my child, I'll protect you with my life," and springing like an uncaged lion up the companion way he joined the melee above, leaving to me the task of quieting the alarmed females, who now sprang into the cabin, screaming with terror. Lucy, stunned by the unusual and violent exclamations of her father, and deprived of his suddenly withdrawn support, would have fallen had I not caught her in my arms. In a brief and hurried manner I explained our situation, and begged that herself and companions would return to their state rooms, pledging myself for their protection. Lucy clung imploringly to me, forgetting her own situation she thought only of her father—"save him, save him," (she cried) "my father from the mercies-murderer. Oh fly to him—protect his honored person from harm, and with my dying breath I will bless you." I gazed upon the lovely suppliant; a feeling new and overpowered entered my soul, and in that hour of uncertainty and danger I loved! for the first time I drank in the soft and delicious poison that ennobles while it too often kills. I will, I replied, lovely maiden, peril my worthless life, if by so doing I can give comfort to your bosom in the preservation of your father. Seizing my pistols I was prepared to ascend, when Mr. A. and one or two of the passengers entered

the cabin and informed us that the fray was over; the ringleaders had been secured and security obtained: the captain, however, unwilling to trust to his crew, had ironed the most dangerous. Another danger, however, menaced us! A storm was at hand, and leaving them below I walked up. The passengers were grouped together on the quarter deck, watching the indications of the approach of a different enemy. The heavens, before so bright, had assumed a preternatural hue; huge masses of black cloud rolled up from the horizon to the zenith while even and anon the hot puffing of the blast told that the angry elements were gathering strength for battle. A dark heavy mist, which had been hanging about us, now settled down, and seemed packed down as by some opposing force above; the ocean was now tossing to and fro. Expecting the spirit of the tempest, the preparations necessary were rapidly making to meet the coming exigency, when the storm came thundering down upon us; every thing seemed to bend before its fury, as blast succeeded blast. "Be busy," shouted the captain, "furl in, furl in;" but it was too late. "Down for your lives, down," was heard above the roaring of the storm, as the lofty spars, stripped of their rigging yielded to the force of the elements, and with a thundering crash came down to the deck.

It was now a moment of intense interest: subordination was at an end; and the utmost confusion prevailed: the tall masts every moment threatened to go by the board, and we were no longer under the power of the helm. At length the order was given "cut away," and in a few minutes we floated a damaged wreck, driven at the mercy of the waves. Morning dawned, but so thick was the atmosphere, and so violent the unabated fury of the storm, that it brought no hope. Never shall I forget the deep look of anguish depicted on the countenance of Mr. Arlington when that gloomy and hopeless day at last broke upon our distresses. Wearied and fatigued, I had prevailed upon him to return, a short time before, to the cabin. As soon as the day broke I went down: his daughter was clasping, with frantic emotion, her father's neck, and weeping with violence; he raised his head at my approach, and asked if there was any hope of escape from a watery grave? My answer was only calculated to prepare him for the worst—it was the language of despair. The other ladies screamed in agony, while Lucy faintly murmured, "my father, we will die together." Weakened and enfeebled as I was by the anxiety and watchfulness of the night, and drenched with the waves continually breaking over us, deprived of hope and given up to die, the sorrows before me awakened new energies; fatigue was forgotten, and I repaired again on deck to join the anxious watchers for a more favorable turn in our affairs, but none came. As the night was closed upon us the mist disappeared, still the sky seemed angry, and the winds abated not. Through all that long and tedious night did we strain our aching eyes, looking out for succor, but in vain. With returning day our prospects were no better; our unmanageable hull was fast drifting towards land, but to what point we could not tell. About noon she struck with considerable violence, and the last link in home's chain was broken. The waves broke over us with fearful violence, and from the position in which we were thrown, it was evident the vessel must soon go to pieces. The captain had ordered the only boat left us by the storm to be launched, which was soon filled, and the heartless crew who, together with about twenty of the passengers had sprung in, pushed off, leaving the remainder hopelessly to perish. As evening came on the storm abated: the heavens grew clear; the waves, however, ran mountainous high: we had all assembled on the deck, expecting every moment to be our last, when the captain (who had nobly preferred to share the fate of those on board, rather than desert them in time of need) suddenly cried out, "a sail!" and in a few moments more a noble ship appeared bearing up on the bosom of the ocean but a short distance from us. Signals of distress were immediately hoisted: a boat was let down from the approaching vessel, and hope again kindled in the lustreless eye, and the flush of joy again mantled the colorless cheek of the miserable group on our storm-washed decks. The ship was now within hail; but our joy was short-lived. After several fruitless attempts to reach us, the boat returned, was hoisted up, and the effort at assistance given up. Oh! who has felt the disappointment of their warmest hopes?

who has felt the deep loneliness of that soul who, with help in view, finds himself left and forsaken, to die amid the roaring of breakers and the bursting of the stormy sea? Such were our feelings; so near was the stranger ship that the voices of the sailors could be heard; the situation of the fabled *Santalus* was more than realized. "Oh my God! my poor wife and children," exclaimed the captain, "I shall never see you more," and fell, overcome by emotion, on the deck.

Mr. A. had been folding his insensible daughter to his bosom, seemingly abstracted from the scene that was enacting around him; he had since the unsuccessful attempt for our rescue given up all hope and sunk into a settled despair. Startled by the exclamation of the captain, he seemed to be recollecting himself, and resigning his daughter to my arms, he cried out, as if just awakened from deep reflection, "perhaps so, perhaps so, I will try." He sprang upon the companion hatch: his hands and eyes were raised to heaven—thrice did he cry, in a voice that seemed to mock the attempt of the waves to drown its sharp and thrilling tones—as if overcome by the violence of the exertion, he sank fainting down. The wo-stricken group around him, startled by his cry, gazed with astonishment, fearing that the constant watching and deep sorrow had partially alienated his reason: the effect, however, upon the strange ship was electrical—an immediate bustle was seen on its deck, and again was the boat lowered. Oh God! with what intensity did I watch its movement—sometimes it sank into a yawning gulf—again it rose unharmed. The captain, who had sprung up on the first intimation of rescue while he gazed on the exertions of the hardy crew frequently muttered, "she cannot live in such a sea." But she did, and in a short time we were on board the ship — captain —, bound for Liverpool. For two days I was confined to my berth by a raging fever, and on the third I met, for the first time, my fellow-sufferers. Oh what a meeting was that, when I beheld the lovely girl, I had dared to love in the midst of dangers and death, safe from the awful fate that threatened to destroy us: still the action and cry that had caused the boat's crew to brave certain death for our deliverance haunted my mind. I mentioned it to Mr. A. and he seemed to wish to avoid the subject. I applied to captain —, for information. He replied, "it was the voice of a brother in distress, craving assistance which I was bound to render." "Mr. Arlington is a Mason; his action, when the voice could not be heard, convinced me of the fact, and at the hazard of my own life I saved his." We arrived safely in Liverpool, and not having any definite object in view in my visit to Europe, I consented to accompany Mr. A. in his tour. But a few months elapsed before I led the lovely Lucy to the altar; and on my return to America she soon had the satisfaction of knowing that she was not only a Mason's daughter, but also a Mason's wife.

TEMPERANCE.

From the Dublin Register.

PARTICULARS CONCERNING THE LIFE AND LABORS OF THE REV. THEODOR MATHÉW.

The following facts, which we have been enabled to lay before our readers, respecting this extraordinary and exemplary man, may be relied on as authentic, as they have been for the most part derived from himself. His great anxiety to draw a veil over the good things he has done is the only reason why they are not more numerous.

Mr. Mathew was born in the year 1789, at Thomas town House, the seat of the Earl of Llandaff, in the county of Cork. When about twenty years of age, he entered Kilkenny College, where, having completed the usual course of studies he took orders as a Franciscan friar. On leaving college he fixed his residence at Cork, where, in a short time, he earned a high reputation by the zeal with which he discharged the duties of his sacred office, and particularly by his powers as a pulpit orator. To enumerate the services which he rendered to his fellow citizens, particularly the humbler classes of them, is a task agreeable in itself, but one which would require more time and space than we can afford to bestow. Let it be sufficient to say, that he has spent the last five-and-twenty years in continual exertions to mitigate the sufferings of the poor.

of the neighborhood, and to raise them from the state of moral and physical degradation to which they had been reduced. Never, during that time was an attempt made to effect any of the great ends of charity—to instruct the ignorant, to feed the hungry, to clothe the naked—but it did not either originate with him, or at least receive his most ardent support. He never stopped to inquire whether such an attempt originated with a Protestant or Catholic; he required but to be told that its object was to confer a benefit on his fellow man. We need hardly say he is a true and consistent Catholic; but, at the same time, he believes there is room in heaven for every good man, to whatsoever sect he may belong. He never hesitates to say that he believes benevolence to be the great end of Christianity. His every word and action points him out as one of those (alas! how few,) who understand that the motive which called God from on high to dwell amongst us was, that we should love one another.

By such a course of life Mr. Mathew gained, in a short time, an unbounded influence over the minds of the surrounding poor. About two years ago it was suggested to him by a few benevolent individuals who had attempted to establish a total abstinence society at Cork, that he could not better employ his talents and influence than in reclaiming the humbler classes of his fellow citizens from the vice of drunkenness, which prevailed at the time to a frightful extent amongst them. He embraced the proposal without hesitation. About the commencement of the year 1838 he formed the first total abstinence society. The temperance movement, like all great revolutions, has grown from a small beginning. For several months after the first society was established the number of its members scarcely exceeded five hundred; it is now more than a million. We shall now mention a few particulars concerning the family of Father Mathew, which would be sufficient to remove any doubt concerning the merits of his motives, if those doubts had not already vanished from those who were originally his bitterest enemies. His immediate family consists of four brothers and a sister. One of those brothers, Mr. Thomas Mathew, is proprietor of a large distillery at Castlelake, in the county of Tipperary. Two others, Charles and John, have shares in this establishment, and have property embarked in it to a considerable amount. Each of these has suffered more by the present movement than perhaps any other person in Ireland. But this is not all. The sister, Gertrude Mathew, is married to an extensive distiller, Mr. Hackett, of Middleton, in the county of Cork. Mr. Charles Mathew is married to Miss Hackett, whose fortune is embarked in the Middleton distillery. Thus there is not a single member of his family on whom he has not inflicted a serious injury by his advocacy of temperance; nor were his friends the only persons who suffered by his benevolence. For several months after he established his society in Cork, he defrayed the expenses of it from his own pocket. He hired, at considerable cost, a riding school in Cove street as a place of meeting. He supported a number of poor persons, who came from the neighboring country into Cork, for the purpose of joining his society. He gave sixty thousand medals for nothing; and, in addition to all this, there was no degree of exertion which he thought too much for the furtherance of the great work in which he was engaged. Day after day he was at his post, encouraging and exhorting; his toil was unremitting, and his only reward is, that which Heaven never fails to bestow on a good man. Mr. Mathew is somewhat under the middle size—we should say about five feet eight—somewhat corpulent, but not so as to render him inactive. In his countenance there is a peculiar expression of benevolence. We will undertake to say that no one ever yet sat for an hour in his company and left it his enemy. His manners are simple and unaffected, his conversation always interesting, often instructive. We have already said that he gained in Cork a high reputation as a preacher. We ourselves had good fortune to form part of his audience, on the occasion of his preaching in the Metropolitan church in this city, and we never had the happiness of hearing a sermon which contained more eloquence, as well as sound philosophy. It is rather fashionable with some people, who think they can see farther into futurity than their neighbors, to talk of Mr. Mathew's labors as transitory in their effects, and of the happy change effected in

the habits of the people, as one that is not likely to outlast the enthusiasm that has given it birth. We entertain a different opinion, and we are convinced a little reflection will lead every thinking man to agree with us. What is it that forms the drunkard's chain? Assuredly nothing but habit. Nature has not employed in our hearts a desire for wine or whiskey. The propensity is born with no man. It takes rise from small beginnings, and grows by degrees upon the mind. May we not, then, fairly expect that time, which has given it its strength, may also take its strength away? It is a great thing to interrupt a habit. Suppose the great mass of the people should continue temperate for one year—and this supposition has been already realized with regard to a great portion of them—it is not too much to say that nine out of every ten will persevere. New habits will be created, new enjoyments will be felt—and what is, perhaps, as powerful a motive as either, a new fashion will be formed. It will no longer be considered one of the necessary accomplishments of a gentleman to be able to drink a certain quantity of whiskey punch. Excess will be looked upon in its proper light as a thing rather to be ashamed, than to be proud of. Taking all these things into consideration there is not the slightest ground for apprehension, as to the ultimate result of temperance in Ireland.

[In connection with the foregoing, we add the following extract from a communication of E. C. Delavan, Esq. to the editor of the Albany Argus.]

From a Dublin paper just received, we learn that Father Mathew continued to go from place to place, administering the pledge, and that the people appear ready on *morse* to promise everlasting abstinence from all that can intoxicate.

In the city of Dublin, 60,000 took the pledge in one week. In Loughrea and neighborhood 51,400. In Portlanna, 30,000 took the pledge the first day of Mr. Mathew's visit, and 50,000 in the second, making in all 80,000; many of the higher classes, protestant as well as catholic, united. As Mr. Mathew was to leave this place at half past 6 A. M., he was engaged from daylight of the third day till the time of his departure, in administering the pledge to thousands who had not taken it on the two previous days. The paper states—"that between Galway and Loughrea, and the road to Portlanna, from 180,000 to 200,000 persons took the pledge."

In these vast assemblages, not a single accident of any kind occurred, nor was a drunken man seen.—The plan for administering the pledge and ascertaining the number of those who received it was, to assemble them in regular ranks. Says an eye witness at one of these places, "As Father Mathew recited the words of the pledge, I was at a loss, whether to admire more the morality of the sight or its solemnity, for the pledge was at the same time repeated by the lips of 7,350 on their knees."

Of the 800,000 persons to whom Father Mathew has administered the pledge, within a few months, not one has yet been known to have broken it, or to have been brought before a tribunal of justice for any criminal offence. Whenever this extraordinary man administers the pledge, he admonishes the people of the nature of the promise they are about to make, and the inviolability with which it should be observed. He exhorts them while casting off the yoke of intemperance to abandon also every other vice, such as rioting, faction-fighting, private combinations, illegal oaths, taking of fire arms, serving threatening notices, &c. &c. He exhorts them also to forget religious animosities, to live in peace, with all to observe the laws of God and man, to respect the powers that be, *not from fear, but for conscience sake.*

A Contrast.—The St. Louis New Era, in giving an account of the tornado at Natchez, and its effects, as learned from that devoted city, says,—"The distribution of liquor, to aid in sustaining the fatigue, led to scenes of the most incongruous character. While some were weeping, lamenting and wringing their hands, others were laughing and shouting under the effects of the artificial excitement, which with the sights around them, seems to have transported them to a pitch of frenzy."

DISASTERS.

Howe Packet Ship Poland Burnt at Sea.—The ship Clifton, Capt. Ingersoll, arrived yesterday from Liverpool, bringing back the passengers and crew of the Poland, which sailed hence for Havre on the 11th inst., and bringing also the sad intelligence that that beautiful packet had been struck by lightning and consumed at sea, with the whole of her cargo. The ship was struck on Saturday, the 16th inst., in lat. 41 35. long. 58 30, at 3 P. M. during a shower of rain, wind about south west. The lightning struck the fore top gallant yard on the larboard side, and ran down the ties to the fore yard, thence along the fore yard to the head of the foremast, when it knocked off the fil of the topmast. It then ran down the mast into the lower hold, where it is supposed it set fire to the cotton which was stowed near the mast.

After an ineffectual attempt to get at the fire to extinguish it, the men being driven from their work by the smoke, the hatches were closed about eight o'clock and the boats were cleared and got out, and about ten P. M. the females and children, with as many men as was thought proper, were put into the long boat, and moored astern, where they remained all that night, and the next day and night, until Monday morning—the ship being holed to, in order to be easy, and in hopes of being discovered by some passing vessel.

On Monday morning, the wind having very much increased, with a rising sea, and the fire not appearing to have increased much, the boats were hoisted in again and sail made to the N. E. About 1 o'clock P. M. a sail was discovered, and the ship was put before the wind to speak her.

At 3 P. M. she spoke the ship Clifton, and Captain Ingersoll immediately complied with the request to be taken off, and assisted in saving all hands with his boat.

The ship was abandoned about 10 o'clock P. M. at which time the fire was very fast increasing, and the decks were growing hotter every minute. The passengers and crew saved but little except the clothes they had on, and a few light articles of little value.

We learn from Hale's News Room that the mail bags, letters and papers were also lost.

Capt. Anthony, of the Poland, and Capt. Ingersoll of the Clifton, are both spoken of in the highest terms of praise for their noble and spirited conduct on the trying occasion. The passengers publish cards of thanks to both those commanders, attributing their safety on board the Poland for two days "under Divine Providence" solely to the courage, coolness and constant vigilance of Capt. Anthony.

The Poland took out \$70,000 in specie. Her cargo, as far as we can gather, consisted of 270 bales Cotton, 80 bbls. Quercitron Bark, and 2700 bbls. Flour.—N. Y. Sun.

Terrible Hail Storm in North Carolina.—On Saturday last, about noon, the most frightful storm visited this place and the surrounding country, that we have ever witnessed. We have heard of such things, but we have met with no one who has ever seen them before. A black cloud which came up from the West, suddenly discharged its contents of wind, rain and hail in a perfect deluge. The hail came down at first in small bodies, and rapidly increased in size, until it fell in masses almost as large as a man's fist. The largest one we saw measured was 9 1-2 inches in circumference, but we heard of one which was picked up nearly twice as large. It continued for about ten minutes, in which time it destroyed the greater part of the growing crops and gardens within its range, pelted down nearly all the fruit, and broke perhaps from 20,000 to 30,000 panes of glass in this town alone. Pigeons flying in the air were knocked down dead, poultry were killed, horses standing in the streets were frightened, and galloped off in all directions, and indeed such a scene of alarm we have never witnessed.

It extended over a space of about 4 miles wide by perhaps 36 in length, in all of which the ground is covered with fallen vegetation, or the leaves and branches of trees. We have heard of no person being hurt.—*Fayetteville, (N. C.) Observer, May 13.*

The dwelling of Mr. John Driver, of the Chatham Farm, near Richburg, Md., was totally destroyed by fire on Thursday of last week.

TRAITS OF CHARACTER.

REMARKABLE CONDUCT OF A LITTLE GIRL.

The following extraordinary act was performed by a child in Lyons not long ago, according to a continental paper.

An unfortunate artisan, the father of a family, was deprived of work by the depressed state of his trade during a whole winter. It was with great difficulty that he could get a morsel of food now and then for his famished wife and children. Things grew worse and worse with him, and at length, on attempting to rise one morning for the purpose of going out as usual, in quest of employment, he fell back in a fainting condition beside his wife, who had already been confined to her bed by illness for two months. The poor man felt himself ill, and his strength utterly gone. He had two boys, yet in mere childhood, and one girl about twelve or thirteen years old. For a long time the whole charge of the household had fallen on this girl. She had tended the sick bed of her mother, and had watched over her little brothers with more than parental care. Now, when the father too was taken ill there seemed to be not a vestige of hope for the family, excepting in the exertions which might be made by her, young as she was.

The first thought of the poor little girl was to seek for work proportioned to her strength. But that the family might not starve in the meantime, she resolved to go to one of the Houses of Charity, where food was given out, she had heard, to the poor and needy. The person to whom she addressed herself accordingly, inscribed her name in the list of applicants, and told her to come back again in a day or two, when the case would have been deliberated upon. Alas! during this deliberation, her parents and brothers would starve! The girl stated this, but was informed that the formalities mentioned were indispensable. She came again to the streets, almost agonized by the knowledge how anxiously she was expected with bread at home, she resolved to ask charity from the passengers in the public ways.

No one heeded the modest unobtrusive appeal of her outstretched hand. Her heart was too full to permit her to speak. Could any one have seen the torturing anxiety that filled her breast she must have been pined and relieved. As the case stood, it is not perhaps surprising that some rude being menaced her with the police. She was frightened. Shivering with cold, and crying bitterly she fled homewards. When she mounted the stairs and opened the door, the first words that she heard were the cries of her brothers for something to eat—"read! bread!" She saw her father, swooning and supporting her fainting mother, and heard him say, "Bread!—she dies for want of food."

"I have no bread!" cried the poor girl with anguish in her tones.

The cry of disappointment and despair which came at these words from her father and brothers, caused her to recall what she said, and conceal the truth. "I have not got it yet," she exclaimed, "but I will have it immediately. I have given the baker the money; he was serving some rich people, and he told me to wait or come back. I came to tell you that it would soon be here."

After these words, without waiting for a reply, she left the house again. A thought had entered her head, and, maddened by the distresses of those she loved so dearly, she had instantaneously resolved to put it into execution. She ran from one street to another till she saw a baker's shop in which there appeared to be no person, and then, summoning all her determination, she entered, lifted a loaf, and fled! The shopkeeper saw her from behind. He cried loudly, ran out after her, and pointed her out to the people passing by. The girl ran on. She was pursued, and finally a man seized the loaf which she carried. The object of her desires taken away, she had no motive to proceed, and was seized at once. They conveyed her towards the office of the police; a crowd, as usual, having gathered in attendance. The poor girl threw around her despairing glances which seemed to seek some favorable object from whom to ask mercy. At last, when she had been brought to the court of the police office, and was in waiting for the order to enter, she saw before her a little girl of her own age, who appeared to look on her with a glance full of sympathy and compassion.

Under the impulse of the moment, still thinking of the condition of her family, she whispered to the stranger the cause of her act of theft.

"Father and mother, and my two brothers, are dying for want of bread!" said she.

"Where?" asked the strange girl anxiously.

"Rue —, No. 10" — She had only time to add the name of her parents to this communication, when she was carried in before the commissary of police.

Meanwhile, the poor family at home suffered all the miseries of suspense. Fears for their child's safety were added to the other afflictions of the parents. At length they heard footsteps ascending the stair. An eager cry of hope was uttered by all the four unfortunates, but, alas! a stranger appeared, in place of their own little one. Yet the stranger seemed to them like an angel. Her cheeks had a beautiful bloom, and long flaxen hair fell in curls upon her shoulders. She brought to them bread, and a small basket of other provisions. "Your girl," she said, "will not come back perhaps to day; but keep up your spirits! See what she has sent you!" After these encouraging words, the young messenger of good put into the hands of the father five francs, and, then turning round to cast a look of pity and satisfaction on the poor family, who were dumb with emotion, she disappeared.

The history of these five francs is the most remarkable part of this affair. This little benevolent fairy was, it is almost unnecessary to say, the same pitying specter who had been addressed by the abstractor of the loaf at the police office. As soon as she had heard what was said there, she had gone away, resolved to take some meat to the poor family. But she remembered that her mamma was from home that day, and was at a loss how to procure money for food, until she had bought herself of a resource of a strange kind. She recollected that a hair-dresser, who lived near her mother's house, and who knew her family, had often commended her beautiful hair, and told her to come to him whenever she wished to have it cut, and he would give her a louis for it. This used to make her proud and pleased, but she now thought of it in a different way. In order to procure money for the assistance of the starving family, she went straight to the hair-dresser's, put him mind of his promise, and offered to let him cut off all her pretty locks for what he thought them worth.

Naturally surprised by such an application, the hair-dresser, who was a kind and intelligent man, made inquiry into the cause of his young friend's visit. Her secret was easily drawn from her, and it caused the hair-dresser almost to shed tears of pleasure. He feigned to comply with the conditions proposed, and gave the bargainer fifteen francs, promising to come and claim his purchase at some future day. The little girl then got a basket, bought provisions, and set out on her errand of mercy. Before she returned, the hair-dresser had gone to her mother's, found that lady come home, and related to her the whole circumstances. So that, when the possessor of the golden tresses came back, she was gratified by being received into the open arms of her pleased and praising parent.

When the story was told at the police office by the hair-dresser, the abstraction of the loaf was visited by no severe punishment. The singular circumstances connected with the case raised many friends to the artisan and his family, and he was soon restored to health and comfort.

Talleyrand's Cunning.—A lady, who professed to be charmed with Talleyrand's wit, begged of him to write his name in her Album. His gallantry could not refuse, and he began to write a verse. "Arretez, Monseigneur!" exclaimed the lady; "it may be well for inferior persons to write verses, but the name of Talleyrand alone is enough to appear in my book. It is famous." He fixed his keen eyes on the supplicating fair one, and wrote his name, but at the very top of the page. The anecdote spread, and all Paris laughed at the happy evasion of perhaps seeing his name in a few days signed to a bill of 10,000 francs.

Extraordinary Courage.—A sheriff's officer was sent to seize a boat recently at Vicksburgh. As soon as he appeared in sight of the boat, those on board were a-bout to cut her loose. Placing a large knife in his

mouth, and with pistols ready cocked in both hands, without a moment's hesitation he fearlessly jumped on board. A cry of throw him overboard, only steel-ed him the more effectually, and approaching a person about to cast off the rope, with pistol presented, he summoned him to desist. It was effectual!—the person addressed was only a deck hand, and would rather work than fight! The officer, then cut the tiller ropes, and thus prevented the departure of the boat.—Finding themselves baffled, those on board entered into an arrangement by which he became the recognized owner of the boat, with the proviso, that he should proceed on her to Alton, Ill., where the owner not only paid the debt, but actually made him a present of a thousand dollars.—*Newport Repub.*

DESCRIPTION.

OPENING OF SPRING IN THE WEST.

When spring-time came, I was in my old haunts on the cliffs; observing Nature, as she proceeded to dress up her fair scenes for the gay season, and greeting the leaves and flowers as they came laughing to their places. I watched the arrivals by every soft south wind. I thought I recognized many a constant pair of old birds, who had been to me like fellow lodgers the previous summer; and I detected the loud gay, carousal-song of many a riotous new-comer.—These were stirring times in the woods! The robin was already hard at work on his mud foundation, while many of his neighbors were yet looking about, and bothering their heads among the inconvenient forks, or 'crotches.' The sagacious old wood-pecker was going around, visiting the hollow trees, peeping into the knot-holes; dropping in to inspect the accommodations, and then putting his head out to consider the prospect; and all the while, perhaps, not a word was said to a modest little blue-bird that stood by, and had been expecting to take the premises. I observed, too, a pair of sweet yellow-birds, that appeared like a young married couple, just setting up house-keeping. They fixed upon a bough near me, and I soon became interested in their little plans, and, indeed felt quite melancholy, as I beheld the troubles they encountered, occasionally, when for whole days they seemed to be at a stand-still. At last, when their little honey-moon cottage was fairly finished, and softly lined, they both got into it, by way of trial; and when I saw their little heads and bright eyes just rising over the top, I could not help thinking that they really had little hearts, of flesh, that were absolutely beating in their downy bosoms.—*Knickerbocker.*

A Picture of Vienna, by Earl Dudley.—A great nobleman here is in general a dull, ill-informed, and very debauched person; which is all natural enough, considering his wealth, his want of a career of honorable ambition, and his dignity, which enables him to trample with impunity upon those decencies which are indispensable in a better regulated society. The women seem to deserve the character they enjoy all over Europe, of being far superior to the men. I understand, for instance, that Prince Metternich's daughter, who was a year or two ago married to a Count Esterhazy, very properly began his education by destroying his numerous and valuable collection of tobacco pipes, and by teaching him to read. * * * You know what sort of government they have here—a heavy, lazy, stupid and stupefying despotism, but not violent nor cruel. The resources of the country are immense, but they are sadly wasted by an inveterate system of mal-administration in every thing—law, army, and finances. There is no trial in open court. Justice is very slow, and I am assured, venal. They have made the worst army out of some of the best materials in Europe, and at a ruinous expense. They have raised a great deal of money by taxes, and a great deal more by what is so incomparably more oppressive than the most odious and injudicious taxes, by fraudulent bankruptcies, and perpetual, foolish, ignorant tampering with their currency. All this has, of course, occasioned great injury to trade, great public dishonor, and extreme misery to individuals. What would you say to a paper reduced by excessive issues to 1200 per cent discount, taken, however, by the government (such was its honesty) at only 500 per cent, and paid for in a new currency issued at par, but which fell at once 50 per cent, and which, after having been as low as 405, has now

settled itself for some time at 300!—*Earl Dudley's Letters.*

TOILET OF A PAWNEE INDIAN DANDY.

He began his toilet, about eight in the morning, by greasing and smoothing his whole person with fat, which he rubbed afterwards perfectly dry, only leaving the skin sleek and glossy; he then painted the face vermilion, with a stripe of red also along the centre of the crown of the head; he then proceeded to his "coiffure," which received great attention, although the quantum of hair demanding such care was limited, inasmuch as his head was shaved close except one tuft at the top, from which hung two plaited "tresses." (Why must I call them "pig-tails?") He then filled his ears, which were bored in two or three places, with rings and wampum, and hung several strings of beads round his neck; then, sometimes painting stripes of vermilion and yellow upon his breast and shoulders, and placing armlets above his elbows and rings upon his fingers, he proceeded to adorn the nether man with a pair of moccasins, some scarlet cloth leggings fastened to his waist belt, and bound round below the knee with garters of beads four inches broad. Being so far prepared, he drew out his mirror, fitted into a small wooden frame (which he always, whether hunting or at home, carried about his person,) and commenced a course of self-examination, such as the severest disciple of Watts, Mason, or any other religious moralist, never equalled. Nay more, if I were not afraid of offending the softer sex by venturing to bring man into comparison with them in an occupation considered so peculiarly their own, I would assert that no female creation of the poets from the time that Eve first saw "that smooth watery image," till the polished toilet of the lovely Belinda, ever studied her own reflected self with more perseverance or satisfaction than this Pawnee youth. I have repeatedly seen him sit, for above an hour at a time, examining his face in every possible position and expression; now frowning like Homer's Jove before a thunder-storm, now like the same god, described by Milton, "smiling with superior love," now slightly varying the streaks of paint upon his cheeks and forehead, and then pushing or pulling "each particular hair" of his eyebrows into its most becoming place! Could the youth have seen any thing in that mirror half so dangerous as the features which the glassy wave gave back to the gaze of the fond Narcissus, I might have feared for his life or reason; but, fortunately for these, they had only to contend with a low receding forehead, a nose somewhat *sinuous*, a pair of small sharp eyes, with high cheek-bones, and a broad mouth, well furnished with a set of teeth which had at least the merit of denot- ing speedily every thing, animal or vegetable, that came within their range.

His toilet thus arranged to his satisfaction, one of the women or children led his buffalo-horse before the tent; and he proceeded to deck his steed, by painting his forehead, neck and shoulders, with stripes of vermilion, and sometimes twisted a few feathers into his tail. He then put into his mouth an old-fashioned bridle, bought or stolen from the Spaniards, from the bit of which hung six or eight steel chains, about nine inches long; while some small bells, attached to the reins, contributed to render the movements of the steed as musical as those of the lovely *Sonnante*, in the incomparable tales of *Comte Hamilton*.

All things being now ready for the promenade, he threw a scarlet mantle over his shoulders; thrust his mirror in below his belt; took in one hand a large fan, of wild goose or turkey feathers, to shield his fair and delicate complexion from the sun; while a whip hung from his wrist, having the handle studded with brass nails. Thus accoutred, he mounted his jingling palfrey, and ambled through the encampment, envied by all the youths less gay in attire, attracting the gaze of the unfortunate drudges who represent the gentler sex, and admired supremely by himself.—*Travels in North America, by the Hon. C. A. Murray.*

A Liberian Garden.—Gov. Buchanan, of Liberia, writes to the Board of the Colonization Society as follows:

"I am making a fine garden, into which I wish to collect specimens of all kinds of African fruit, flowers and plants, so that foreigners may see at the Gov-

ernment House, a fair sample of the beauties and excellencies of our country. I have already growing the tamarind, cinnamon, orange, lemon, lime, soursop, guava, pine-apple, coffee, pawpaw, grape, (both African and European) cocoa, pepper, arcedor pear, rose-apple, American peach, mango and cashew.—These are my fruits. I have also a great variety of vegetables and flowers. The cane field is in a fine state, and exhibits a most luxuriant growth; many of the stocks are ten and twelve feet high; this, for the second year, I am told is very remarkable. I am clearing the ground, and have a number of hands employed in planting, with a view to extend the plantation to a hundred acres as soon as possible."

MISCELLANY.

THERE IS A GOD.

The grass of the valley, and the cedars of the mountain bless him. The insect hums his praise. The elephant salutes him at the dawn of day. The bird sings for him under the foliage. Thunder displays his power, and the ocean declares his immensity. It is man alone, who has said "there is no God."

It may be said that man is the magnificent thought of God, and that the Universe is his imagination rendered sensible. Those who have admitted the beauty of nature as a proof of a superior intelligence, should have remarked a circumstance which prodigiously aggrandizes the sphere of miracles. It is, that movement and repose, darkness and light, the seasons, the march of the stars, with divers decorations of the world, are successive only in appearance, and in reality are permanent. The scene, which is effaced for us, is repainted for another people. It is not the spectacle, but only the spectator, who hath changed. God hath known a way in which to unite the absolute and progressive duration of his work. The first is placed in time, the second in space. By the former, the beauties of the universe are one, infinite and always the same. By the other, they are multiplied, finished and renewed. Without the one, there would have been no grandeur in the creation. Without the other, it would have been all momentary. In this way, time appears to us in a new relation. The least of its fractions becomes a complete whole, which comprehends every thing, and in which all things are modified, from the death of an insect to the birth of a world. Every minute is in itself a little eternity. Bring together, then, in thought, the most beautiful accidents of nature. Suppose you see at the same time the hours of the day and all the seasons; a morning of spring and a morning of autumn; a night bespangled with stars, and a night covered with clouds; meadows enameled with flowers, and forests robbed of their foliage by storms; plains covered with springing corn, and gilded with harvest. You will then have a just idea of the universe.

Is it not astonishing, that while you admire the sun sinking under the arches of the west, another beholder, observes him springing from the regions of the morning? But what inconceivable magic is it, that this ancient luminary that reposes burning and fatigued in the dust of the evening, is the same youthful planet that awakens, humid with the dew under the whitening curls of the dawn?—at every moment the sun is rising in the zenith or setting in some portion of the world; or rather our senses mock us; and there is truly neither east, nor meridian nor west.

Can we conceive what would be the spectacle of nature, were it abandoned to simple movements of matter? The clouds obeying the laws of gravity would fall perpendicular on the earth; or would mount in pyramids in the upper regions of the air. The moment after, the air would become too gross or too much rarified for the organs of respiration. The moon, too near or too distant from us, would be at one time invisible, and at another, would show herself all bloody, covered with enormous spots, or filling with her extended orb, all the celestial dome. As if possessed with some wild vagary, she would move up and down the line of the ecliptic, changing her side, would at length discover to us a face which the earth has not yet seen. The stars would show themselves stricken with the same vertigo, and would henceforth become a collection of terrific conjunctions. On a sudden the constellation of summer would be destroyed by that of winter.—*Bootes would lead the Pleiades; and the Lion would*

roar in Aquarius. There, the stars would flee away with the rapidity of lightning. Here they would hang motionless. Sometimes crowding into groups, they would form a new milky-way. Again disappearing altogether, and tending asunder the curtain of the worlds, they would open to view the abyss of eternity. But such spectacles will never terrify men, before that day when God, quitting the reins, will need no other means for destroying the system, than to abandon it to itself.—*Chateaubriand.*

THE BATHS AT CONSTANTINOPLE.—The baths constitute, as is well known, one of the most striking peculiarities of every Oriental town; and so generally are they liked, that in places where the Mahometan rule has ceased, as at Athens, the Turkish bath is still maintained, and numerous attended. There is a very excellent one at Galata, to which I often was a visitor. The first room which we entered was a large square apartment covered by a dome. Around it were elevated platforms, containing fifteen or twenty divans, where the bathers repose after the bath is finished. In the middle of the room was a handsome fountain. As soon as the undressing is over, an ample roll of blue cloth is bound around the hips by one of the attendants, and wooden pattens being put on, you are led into the bath. The floor and many of the walls of these places are entirely of white marble. The bath is generally a small square apartment of about eighteen feet, lighted by some dozen circular glasses, like bull's eyes, let into the roof of the dome. Two small marble cisterns, projecting from the wall, and into which a stream of hot water is constantly running, are the only evidences of bathing to be seen. It is not long however before the stranger finds out in what the bath consists. The floor and walls are of one uniform temperature, and the atmosphere almost suffocating when first entered. As soon as you sit down perspiration streams from every pore, and the attendants, chiefly boys, begin to rub you down with horse-hair gloves, deluging you with frequent basins full of hot water, which they dash over the head and face with such rapid succession as almost to take away the breath. The process of rubbing usually brings away a quantity of dead skin, especially from the arms and legs, and is excessively agreeable. As soon as it is completed, they bring in a piece of soap of most ominous dimensions, not unlike the hearth stone of an English housemaid, and cover you with lather from head to foot, washing it off by pouring hot water on the person as before. You are then conducted into an outer apartment of a lower temperature for a few moments, and finally to the divan in the large entrance hall, where you are wrapt up in dry, warm sheets, and the head is enveloped in a towel rolled round in the form of a turban. In this state you are placed upon the couch propped up by pillows, and the sensation of drowsy languor thus induced is indescribably agreeable. Many wealthy Turks remain whole hours in this state. As soon as you are cool, coffee and pipes are brought, and boys come in and sampoo your limbs, making the joints crack, and producing a glow through the whole system. Shaving follows if necessary; and if the nails of either fingers or toes require cutting, that office of love is then performed, and you are assisted to dress. The whole operation, which may last from one hour to four, or, indeed, for the entire day, if you like, is thus completed; and the luxury, including presents to the attendants, costs somewhat less than a shilling.—*Fraser's Mag.*

Caution.—A little daughter of a gentleman of Springfield, Mass., was brought home from school on the 8th, in a deep sleep, seeming almost like death. A physician was sent for, who by means of medicine made her vomit, when it was discovered that she had been eating peach stone meats. These meats contain a rank poison, and the rescue of the child from their deadly effects is most fortunate.

Right kind of Sympathy.—Several gentlemen of Genesee and Lapeer counties, taking into consideration the severe calamity which has fallen on their Pontiac neighbors, have subscribed and sent them 100,000 feet of pine lumber, and 150,000 shingles. This is really commendable.—*Buffalo Com. Adv.*

Absurdity.—For a man to have pockets put in his clothes, when he has nothing to put in them.

AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER.

ALBANY, SATURDAY, MAY 30, 1840.

GRAND LODGE OF THE STATE OF NEW-YORK.

The Annual Communication of the Rt. W. Grand Lodge of the ancient and honorable Fraternity of free and accepted Masons of the State of New York, will commence on Wednesday, the third day of June, at 7 o'clock P. M., at the Grand Lodge room, Howard House, in the city of New York. Delegates from the country are requested to deposit their credentials with the Grand Secretary, at the G. L. room, immediately on their arrival in the city.

JAMES HERRING, *Grand Sec.-ary.*

May 23—2t

MASONIC FESTIVAL.

The members of the *Masonic Fraternity* are requested to meet on the 24th of June, in the city of Troy, at the following places, viz

The members of *Apollo Lodge, Chapter and Encampment*, and all visiting *Sir Knights* in good standing, are requested to meet at St. John's Hall, No 2404 River-st.

Mount Vernon, and Temple Lodges and Temple Chapter and all visiting brethren and companies from the vicinities of Albany and New York, at Br. Henry Hall's Mansion House.

Phoenix Lodge, and visiting brethren north of Lansingburgh, the members of *Star Lodge*, and all visiting brethren in the vicinity of Petersburg, at L. S. Stearns' Hotel.

Evening Star Lodge of West Troy, and visiting brethren of Schenectady and that vicinity, at E. & P. Dorlon's Washington Hall, corner of River and Grand Division-sts.

Hudson Lodge, and all visiting brethren from that vicinity, at Br. Billings Blakeley's American Hotel, cor. Third and Elbow-sts.

The several Lodges, Chapters, Brethren, Companions and Sir Knights, are requested to meet at the above mentioned places, at 9 o'clock A. M. in order that they may be in readiness to form a procession at 10 o'clock, on Washington Square, under the superintendence of Sir Knight Archibald Bull, as Marshal of the day, assisted by Sir L. R. Lasell, Comp. R. Freeman, Bro. Thomas Greenell, B. M. Wilson, F. Belcher, M. Fairchild, L. McChesney and R. P. Dorlon. By order of the Committee.

N. T. WOODRUFF, *Chairman.*

MASONIC EXPULSION.—At a regular meeting of the Memphis Lodge No. 91, at their Lodge Room in the town of Memphis, on Tuesday the 14th of April, 1840, LAWSON B. McKEE, an entered apprentice Mason, was expelled from the privileges of Masonry for unmasonic conduct.

By order of the Lodge.

J. H. LAWRENCE, *Sec'y.*

NEW NIGHT LINE.—The *D. Will Clinton* and *Rochester* will after the 1st proximo, run in connection between this place and New York every night—time of starting eight o'clock, P. M.—and to go through without landing. The arrangement is a good one, and will no doubt better accommodate such as want the entire day for business, in New York or Albany.—*Argus.*

NEW MAIL ARRANGEMENT.—A late Boston paper states that the Post Master General has made such a change in the transportation of the mail between Albany and Boston, that it will hereafter be carried thence in connection with the Western and Worcester and Boston Rail roads, in 24 hours, instead of 43, as heretofore. Passengers may also go with the same speed.

Drowned.—On Thursday last, the body of Patrick McManus was discovered in the river near the south ferry in this city. The deceased had been missing about seven months, and the cause of his absence was

not known until the body was raised by the agitation of the water by the steamboat Albany, on that day. He has left a wife and two children in the city.

CALAMITY AT NATCHES.—The Free Trader gives additional particulars of the effects of the tornado at Natches, and states that the entire loss of property is more than five millions. The number of lives lost was supposed to be from six hundred to a thousand! Ninety-seven boats at the landing, with all on board of them were entirely destroyed. The village of Concordia opposite Natchez, was demolished, and several lives lost. The court was in session and the judge was killed on the bench. The complicated and heart-rending distress occasioned by this event can scarcely be conceived.

ANOTHER AND ANOTHER.—The steam boat Grampus, of N. Orleans, blew up on the 13th instant: two men were killed and others injured.

The Steam boat Greenfield, employed in towing boats, &c. on the Connecticut river, above Hartford, was blown up, and of five persons on board, the captain and engineer were killed outright, the machinist has since died, and a fourth is badly wounded.

RUMORS OF WARS.—Reports of fresh excitements in South America are afloat; that Peru has declared war against Bolivia, &c. We look in vain for any thing like a settled peaceful state of things on the shore of the Pacific; and indeed most of the states in South America appear to be as incapable now of appreciating and enjoying rational liberty, as they were at the commencement of their revolutionary commotions.

TEMPERANCE.—We propose in our next number to enrich our temperance department with a portion of the whole of the eloquent and appropriate address of our fellow citizen, Mr. Marvin, delivered at the late anniversary of the State Temperance Society.

Hon. Jabez W. Huntington, has been appointed U. S. Senator from Connecticut, vice Mr. Betts, deceased.

From China.—The last accounts are of a more pacific character. The Englishman who had been imprisoned by the government was released, and the blockade of Canton had been raised. The Chinese were preparing for war; but it was believed that a settlement, of the difficulties would be made without a resort to arms. The American trade was favored by the government.

Florida Murders.—are repeated under aggravated circumstances. Several families have been cut off by the Indians within a short time; and they seem to be emboldened, and more successful than usual.

Centennial Celebration.—On Monday next, the two hundredth anniversary of the settlement of Quincy, Ma. is to be celebrated in a splendid manner.

Vegetation.—The Plattsburgh Republican states, that a hop vine in that village grew twenty-three inches between sunrise and sunset, on the 19th instant; and that asparagus in the same village run up twenty-one inches in 24 hours.

The Somerville, N. J. Messenger says, a stalk of rye 7 feet 3 inches in height has been sent to that office; also, a cluster of fifty seven full grown stalks, with heads upon them, which appear to be the production of a single grain.

Upper Canada.—The volunteer forces on duty in that province are said to have been reduced to about 1,400 men. This augurs well for the future tranquility of the country.

Whaling.—The ship Columbus, Capt. Smith, of N. London, has just brought into that port, a cargo of 1000 barrels of oil, said to be the largest cargo ever brought into the U. States.

A whale which would afford 40 barrels of oil, was killed off Long Island, a few days ago. And eight whales were observed at one time recently off Cape Elizabeth.

[We cannot but hope that we shall find at least some extenuation of the barbarous conduct imputed to Capt. Rogers in the subjoined article, from the Troy Budget, if, indeed, the account is not an exaggeration. The statement was confirmed by another of the crew of the Beaver in New York; but still the fact of Capt. R. being examined and let to bail in the small sum of \$500 (as stated in the Sun) authorizes a belief that the transaction may have been of a less diabolical character than appears on the face of the narrative.]

An Outrageous Act of Inhumanity.—We have been favored with the following painful account, corroborated by three of the crew belonging on board the vessel herein named: The whale ship Beaver, of Hudson, Captain William Rogers, arrived in New York harbor on the 1st of May last after a long and tedious voyage of three years and a half. Mr. Murry stated that their first cruise was sixteen months, during which time a number of the crew got the scurvy, so as to endanger their lives. A man named Gordon, a boat-steerer, under the assumed name of Jack Brown, made the following remark—"If I was in your places forward—if the Captain, when we arrived in port, should refuse to give us liberty ashore, I would put a knife at his throat."

This remark soon reached the captain, for which he resolved to give him to the cannibals. He accordingly, when leaving port, steered to an island in the Pacific Ocean, by the name of Savage Island, inhabited by cannibals. When they came in sight of the island, the captain ordered one half of the crew to go below, and the remainder, with the exception of Mr. Gordon, to go aloft, which was obeyed, not knowing his design. In a few moments the men aloft espied, at a short distance from the vessel, quite a number of canoes with natives in them; they, however, soon came alongside; the captain then called Gordon to him, and asked the first mate (Lansing, of Albany,) what he should do with him. The mate's reply was, "Damn him, heave him overboard!" The captain accordingly seized Gordon and put him overboard. After the captain let go of him, he struck on the side of one of the canoes; the natives pushed him off, and would not have anything to do with him.

The captain, seeing that the natives would not take him, hastened below, brought up and gave to them a quantity of old rusty knives, to take the man and do with him according to their custom, that is, first to take his life, then roast him and eat him—(that is the custom of the cannibals.) When Mr. G. was but a short distance from the ship, the men aloft that beheld this heart-rending scene, could not help shedding tears of pity to hear him imploring for mercy! mercy!! until at length they reached some distance from the vessel, but that did not prevent them from hearing his pitiful exclamation, "for God's sake spare me!"

Mr. G. said that he belonged to the city of Troy, and the heart-rending thoughts of leaving a wife and two children to mourn his fate, must have rendered his anguish more poignant.—*Troy Budget.*

The affair of the ship Beaver.—Capt. Rogers, of the ship Beaver, was arrested on Monday by officer Quarv, of the U. S. Marshal's office, and held to bail in \$500 to appear and answer. He states that Gordon, the seaman, whom he was charged with putting into the hands of the cannibals of Savage Island, to be devoured, was a bad fellow, and guilty of offences that would subject him to punishment, and that he requested the

captain to land him on the island rather than to bring him home, of which the captain says he has evidence in Gordon's own hand writing.—*Sun*.

PHRENOLOGY.—We find the following article in a paper of 1802, among its foreign items. Perhaps it is not the least "curious" circumstance attending Dr. Gall's theory, that the publication of his doctrines was prohibited in the capital of the German empire within the last forty years. This may have been the first public notice of what is now called the science of phrenology; and it will be both new and pleasing to many of our readers; while at the same time it shows the progress of investigation, and the extension of liberal views. Who would think, at this day, of checking, much less of prohibiting the march of mind?

GALL'S THEORY OF SKULLS.

We have extracted the following, said to be an explanation of the theory of Dr. Gall, from a French paper, for the amusement of our readers.

"The doctrines of the celebrated German Dr. Gall, are not only curious, on account of the celebrity given to them by the prohibition against their being publicly taught in Vienna, but they are likewise remarkable for their results. As the brain is moulded by the skull, Dr. Gall, who thinks he has found in the conformation of the brain an explanation of the different moral and intellectual faculties of man, establishes the convexity of the skull as the rule from which he is to form his judgment; and contends, that the more convex the skull, the greater the capacity of the individual, which he supports by the examples of the skulls of many celebrated men. This convexity is generally remarkable in every great man; but handsome men, whose heads are more round and gracefully formed, have seldom much genius. He likewise believes himself able to determine the place of each of our mental faculties in the brain; the faculty of observation, for instance, lays just behind the forehead. This part is very convex in children, who, as is well known, are remarkable for this faculty. This convexity diminishes insensibly, and even becomes a concave, unless in great observers; and Dr. Gall concludes that liberty and custom may induce great changes in this faculty in man. He is in possession of the skulls of many celebrated persons, particularly those of Blumauer, Alxinger and Wurmer. In the brain of the latter he pretends to have discovered the organ of courage, which has its place about an inch above the ear. The skulls of animals furnish him with important discoveries. He has found in the skulls of singing birds, in those of celebrated musicians, and above all in that of Mozart, the organ of music. Finally, the wily brain of the fox, and the cat, as well as those of men whom he had known remarkable for craft, point out to him the organ of cunning. It is but justice to say, that the doctrines of Gall are very curious; how far they are well founded is not for us to determine."

Intelligence.

NATCHEZ.—With a promptness which does them honor, the citizens of New Orleans, immediately on hearing of the great calamity at Natchez, appointed a delegation to visit that city and tender to the inhabitants their sympathy and aid. Two thousand dollars, which were collected at the moment, the delegation took with them. Several physicians also accompanied them. In a letter to the mayor of New Orleans, dated Natchez, May 13th, the committee say:—

"The number of the dead cannot be accurately ascertained. The number of bodies recovered and interred, is stated to be 41. The number of the wounded, now under hospital treatment, is 56. It will never, perhaps, be distinctly ascertained how many persons were buried under the ruins at the landing, and lost in the river. The accounts and estimates are very unsatisfactory. From the statements of the authorities, and the number of boats known to have been at the landing, we have come to the conclusion that about 400 persons were lost, of whom no earthly vestige remains!

"We have been particularly impressed with the Providential preservation of the inhabitants of the city proper. There is scarcely a house in the city (the

population is about 6000) which has not received material injury; and the condition of a large proportion of them forbids all hope of repair. It is supposed that there are at least 100 families who, in the language of the authorities of Natchez, "are without the means of subsistence, and bereft of shelter, wherewith to protect them from the inclemency of the weather."

FLORIDA.—Gen. Armistead has ordered 900 men to meet at Fort King on the 22d, foot and horse, to be divided into squads of 100, men and scour the hammocks when the Indians have their green corn dance and prepare for new aggressions.

Horrid Tragedy.—A gentleman just from Whitesville, Harris county, has given us the following particulars of a most appalling incident. Mr. Thomas Saddler, a citizen of that place, had occasion some days since to chastise a child belonging to one of his negro men. On Saturday last Mr. S. found it necessary to inflict punishment on another child of the same family. The father, in a sudden fit of rage, seized upon an axe and severed the head of the first child from its body—with a second blow he cleft the body of the other child, and then turning upon Mr. Saddler he instantly split his skull and caused his almost immediate death. The negro was taken, but in attempting to make his escape, was wounded with a ball from a pistol of one of the party engaged in his arrest. On Saturday evening last he was lodged in Hamilton jail, and it was presumed that he would so far recover from his wound as to render him liable to the penalties of the law.—*Columbus (Geo.) Enquirer*.

Lumber.—The *Mar'etta Ant* says: "The quantity of lumber now lying at our wharves is greater at this time than at any former period: the shore is literally lined for three miles in front of the town; at many places four and five rafts deep. The water is at a good pitch for running, and is rising."

Stupendous Frauds.—The Detroit Advertiser of the 9th inst. states on the authority of a gentleman just arrived at that place, from Seneca co., New York, that the Farmers' Bank at Lodi or Romulus, an institution organized under the General Banking Law, has issued post notes and certificates of deposit to the amount of nearly one million of dollars, which have been put in circulation, mostly at the South, by the purchase of cotton and other products of the South, and shipped to New-York and Europe.

Large quantities of it has also passed in Indiana and Illinois for the purchase of grain, pork, cattle, horses, &c. Some \$60,000 have also been used in Ohio.—There is no security given for the post note and certificate of deposit issues, and the State stocks pledged for the redemption of notes on demand, will not more than redeem what the Bank has out. Septimus E. Watkins, formerly of Philadelphia, it appears, was one of the agents of the Bank at New Orleans, and has been arrested in that city. The certificates of deposits passed in Ohio, have all been protested for non payment, and those sold south and west will share the same fate. The state stocks which are held by the comptroller for the security of the Bank, were obtained by a joint board of the directors, and it appears they have also stopped payment.

Concord Bank.—The New Hampshire Patriot says: "It becomes our duty to announce to the public that the Concord Bank has stopped payment. But we are authorised by the president and directors of the bank to state that a recent examination has been made of the funds and securities of the bank, and that there can be no doubt that they are ample for the purpose of redeeming the bills and paying the deposits and all other liabilities of the bank. It is therefore recommended to the holders of the bills not to dispose of them at a sacrifice, as they may be assured that they will be paid in full."

The Rev. Stephen Elliott, jr., Professor of Sacred Literature and the Evidences of Christianity, was elected Bishop of the Diocese of Georgia, on the 4th inst, by the unanimous vote of the Convention of the Protestant Episcopal church, then in session,

Colonization.—Mr. Wilkeson, of the Colonization Society, states that the suits instituted in the Mississippi Court, to defeat the will of Capt. Ross and his daughter, Mary Reed, by which the proceeds of their respective large estates were to be appropriated to the colonization of between 3 and 4 hundred emancipated slaves, have proved unsuccessful, the decision being in favor of the Colonization Society. It is intended to settle them at Sinou, in Liberia.

Returning Home.—Yesterday morning about one hundred passengers, nearly all Irish and English, left for Liverpool in the ship *Monongahela*.—*Pennsylvanian*.

There does not appear to be the least diminution in the quantity of produce landing at our wharves from the west; but on the contrary, the amount appears to augment every hour. It was almost impossible this morning to find a passage through the barrels. Not a boat leaves for Albany, but takes from three to five hundred barrels of flour or pork. As for wheat, furs and other such inconvenient articles, they must bide their time in the warehouse.

A gentleman just returned from a tour through Ohio, represents the state as teeming with produce, and the prospects of the coming crop unusually favorable. At various points on the canal and along the lake, large quantities of pork, flour, &c. are piled up, awaiting boats to carry it forward.—*Buffalo Com. Adv.*

DEATHS.

At Troy, by the Rev. Dr. Cooksen, Mr. John Nelson, to Miss Sarah Ann Meadon, both of Albany.

DIED.

In Coxsackie, on the 22d inst. Hon. Dorance Kirtland, aged 69.

At Newtown, L. I. Miss Eliza, daughter of Thomas Munsey, of Albany, aged 54.

On the 5th inst. on the Desmoine river, General Joseph Street, agent for the Sac and Fox Indians.

At Richmond, Va. Daniel Call, Esq. one of the fathers of the Richmond bar.

CALENDAR OF COMMUNICATIONS.

EACH MONTH.

Temple Encampment.	Albany	2d Friday.
Temple R. A. Chapter.	Albany	2d & 4th Tuesday.
Mount Vernon Lodge	Albany	1st & 3d Thursday.
Temple Lodge,	Albany	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Apollo Lodge,	Troy	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Apollo Chapter	Troy	2d & 4th Tuesday.
Apollo Encampment,	Troy	3d Monday.
Evening Star Lodge,	West Troy	1st Wednesday.
Phoenix Lodge,	Louisburg	1st & 3d Thursday.
Olive Branch	Burlington	1st Wednesday.
Genesee Encampment.	Lockport N.Y.	
Ohio Lodge No 101.	Wheeling, Va.	1st Monday.
Wheeling Chapter 19	"	2d Thursday.
Wheeling Encampment	"	2d Monday ev. month.
Washington Council	"	1st Saturday.
U. C. Lodge 47.	Utica,	1st Thursday.
Onida Chapter 57	"	1st Thursday.
Utica Encampment 3	"	3d Tuesday.
Mount Moriah.	Louisville Ky.	1st & 3d Saturday, p. C.
Louisville Encampment	do	4th Saturday.
Council S & R Masters	do	Quarterly
King Solomon's chapter	do	2d Saturday.

MASONS: APRONS.—Those Brethren desiring Aprons for either of the Degrees of MASTER, MARK or R. ARCH, can obtain them, splendidly engraved on Satin, by applying at this Office, at a price adapted to the times.—May, 5840.

THE MASONIC REGISTER.—For the year of Masonry 5840; containing a catalogue of the Officers of the Grand Lodge and Subordinate Lodges, Chapters, Encampments, &c. of N. York, and its vicinity, with their times and places of meeting &c. &c.—for sale at this Office, price 25 cents.—May 16.

AUTHORISED AGENTS.

The following Brethren have kindly offered to act as Agents for the American Masonic Register. They are duly authorized to receive subscriptions and transmit them to this account.

William Burdman, New York City.

Call on Fairbank, Coxsackie.

Joel D. Smith, Castletown.

James Tott, Coeymans.

S. C. Leavitt, Troy.

S. D. Smith, Lansingburgh.

Joseph Blackburn, Poughkeepsie.

John S. Weed, West Greenfield.

Benjamin Mix, Batavia.

Blanchard Powers, Cowlsville.

James Cavanaugh, Watertown.

James McKean, Lockport.

Francis P. Moe, Kingston, U. C.

Phil W. Stocking, Wheeling, Va.

Thomas J. Welby, Louisville, Kentucky.

POETRY.

[The "great fire" at Portsmouth, N. H. in December, 1802, in which 100 buildings were consumed, and property destroyed to the amount of half a million of dollars, called forth the following "Appeal." In view of the recent calamity at Natchez, where the destruction was caused by another element, the distressing loss of lives, in addition to the vast destruction of property, renders such an "appeal" to both the sympathies and charities of the whole community, peculiarly appropriate.—*Ed. Reg.*]

APPEAL TO HUMANITY.

Ye who have hearts to feel for others' woe,
Who love to wipe the tear from sorrow's eye,
To hush the throbbings of the plaintive sigh,
And bid the cheering words of comfort flow ;

Who love to tread in poverty's sad way,
And pluck the cheerless weeds that wildly grow,
To make the buds of sweet contentment blow,
And clothe each scene in pleasure's bright array,

Oh ! now let pity warm your feeling breast,
And prompt the gen'rous aid she mildly prays ;
"From mis'ry's gloom the hapless sufferer raise,
And pour on ev'ry pang the balm of rest."

Where once affection spread her sweetest ray,
And threw on ev'ry cheek the smile of joy ;
Where ev'ry feeling free from fear's annoy
Beat in the bosom with delightful play ;

Where tender infants lisped the prattling note,
And fondly sported on a mother's knee ;
Or tripped in many a sport with joyous glee,
And breath'd in lisping sound the dawning tho't.

Or striv'd with sportive trick, and artless smile
From tender lips to draw the melting kiss,
Which gave parental, nourish'd filial bliss,
And wak'd those thoughts which ev'ry care beguile.

These lovely scenes, these haunts of soft repose,
All, all are gone ; no trace remains behind,
But wounds the sight, afflicts the aching mind,
Where once they smil'd, but only sadly shows.

No more we view the friendly peaceful home,
Where hand in hand each joy was wont to rove ;
To meet the smiling looks of those they love :
No more from room to room sweet children roam.

All, all are gone—each lovely scene is fled,
Each friendly home, once beauty's brightest claim :
All, all are gone—sad victims to the flame,
Which ruthless rag'd, and wasted as it spread.

No more the widow finds her kind retreat,
To call past scenes of tender love to view,
That parting hour, that thrilling last adieu,
By lenient time now soften'd sadly sweet.

The helpless orphan, friendless and forlorn,
Robb'd of her little all—a place of rest,
Is left to wander lonely and distress'd,
For food, for refuge, grievously to mourn.

Friends of Humanity ! Ye who have felt
The joys of life, or sad misfortune's smart !
Let soft compassion kindly move each heart,
And every feeling to assistance melt.

Oh ! let each sufferer's pray'r each painful woe,
The widow's plaint, the sob, the heartfelt sigh,
The melting tear that fills the orphan's eye,
Oh ! let them light sweet pity's warmest glow.

Once more, where pleasure shed her lively ray,
Now a dark, dreary waste, a dread ul gloom—
Bid former scenes by kind assistance bloom,
And Heaven will largely ev'ry deed repay.

A PUZZLE.

Fair woman was made to bewitch—
A pleasure, a pain, a nurse,
A slave, or a tyrant, a blessing or curse—
Fair woman was made to be—WHICH?

From the Little Falls Enterprise.

THE BLIND MAN TO HIS DAUGHTER.

They tell me, daughter, thou art fair—ah ! what should
be to me
The fairest form the world contains, who ne'er that
form might see ?
I've been with thee from childhood up—and thou'rt a
woman grown ;
And still the beauty which they name I never yet have
known !

To me, for many a lingering year, no sun has risen or
set,
No moon or sparkling stars have gemmed creation's
coronet ;
No prophet clouds have warning given of the approach
of rain ;
Nor through the closing summer shower gleamed forth
the arch again.

For many a warm and balmy spring, a flower I have
not seen,
Or watched the forest by degrees assume its garb of
green ;
How long since last like you I saw the world around
me gay !
How comfortless the life I've led since sight has pass-
ed away !

They tell me, daughter, thou art fair—ah ! well can I
recall
Thy mother's features at thy age—perchance thou
hast them all !
Then be thy mind as well adorned with gems of higher
grade,
For inward beauties shall remain when outward have
decayed.

VARIO.

TIME'S SONG.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

O'er the level plain where mountains
Greet me as I go,
O'er the desert waste where fountains
At my bidding flow,
On the boundless beam by day,
On the cloud by night,
I am rushing hence away !
Who will chain my flight ?

War his weary watch was keeping ;
I have crush'd his spear ;
Grief within her bower weeping,
I have dried her tear ;
Pleasure caught a minute's hold.
Then I hurried by,
Leaving all her banquet cold,
And her goblet dry.

Power had won a throne of glory—
Where is now his fame ?
Genius said—"I live in story ;"
Who hath heard his name ?
Love, beneath a myrtle bough,
Whisper'd—"Why so fast ?"
And the roses on his brow
Wither'd as I pass'd.

I have heard the heifer lowing
O'er the wild wave's bed,
I have seen the billows flowing
Where the cattle fed ;
Where began my wanderings ?
Memory will not say ;
Where will rest my weary wings ?
Science turns away.

From the New-England Review.

STANZAS.

'T were nothing did we die—'t were nought
At once from life to pass away—
But thus to wither, thought by thought,
And inch by inch, and day by day—
To watch the lingering tints of light,
As twilight o'er the sky expands,
To view the wave's recording flight,
Upon the bleak and barren sands—

To see the stars, that gem the sky
Fade one by one—to mark the leaves
Fall from the boughs all witheringly,
Through which the wintry tempest grieves—
'Tis this that chills the aching heart,
That still we breathe, and feel, and live,
When all the flowers of earth depart,
And life hath not a joy to give.

CHEERFULNESS.

Never look sad—nothing's so bad
As getting familiar with sorrow ;
Treat him to day in a cavalier way,
And he'll seek other quarters to-morrow.

Long you'd not weep, would you but peep
At the bright side of every trial ;
Fortune you'll find is often most kind,
When chilling your hopes with denial.

Let the sad day carry away
Its own little burden of sorrow ;
Or you may miss half of the bliss
That comes in the lap of to-morrow.

When hope is wrecked, pause and reflect,
If error occasioned your sadness ;
If it be so, hereafter you'll know
How to steer to the harbor of gladness.

THE FLIGHT OF LOVE AND TIME.

An ancient man ycleped Time,
Fatigued with journeying many a clime,
A Cupid chanced to spy.
Stop, cried the sage, thou flutterm'g gay,
I too have wings, then teach, I pray,
Thy art, that Time may fly.

Love smiled assent, and hand in hand
They skim, like lightning o'er the land,
When Love is heard to cry—
Behold, ye nymphs, who sportive tread
The verdant lawn and mountain head,
With Love how Time can fly.

But Cupid's force was quickly spent,
So Time his arm the urchin lent,
To bear him still on high—
And see, he cried, ye nymphs below,
What haply ye must one day know,
With Time how Love may fly.

SINGULAR OLD SONNET.

The longer life, the more offence ;
The more offence, the greater pain ;
The greater pain, the less defence ;
The less defence, the lesser gain ;
The loss of gain, long ill doth try ;
Wherefore come, death, and let me die.

The shorter life, less count I find ;
The less account, the sooner made ;
The count soon made, the merrier mind ;
The merrier mind doth thought invade ;
Short life in truth this thing doth try ;
Wherefore come, death, and let me die.

Come, gentle death, the ebb of care ;
The flood of life, the joyful fare ;
The ebb of care, the flood of life ;
The joyful fare, the end of strife ;
The end of strife, that thing wish I ;
Wherefore come, death, and let me die.

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BY L. G. HOFFMAN.]

ALBANY, SATURDAY, JUNE 6. 1840.

[VOL. I.—NO. 40.]

MASONIC.

PRACTICAL MASONRY.

[The following Address was delivered many years ago before the Grand Chapter of this state, by the Rev. Companion SALEM TOWN. The sentiments contained in it are truly *practical*, and afford some useful hints to the brethren at large:]

The honorable Institution of which you are members, lays claim to great merit, as well as high antiquity. In every age of the world, and almost every country, masonry has met with distinguished patronage. Not only men of great intellectual powers and eminent science, but many clothed with the highest civil authority, have been its hearty and zealous advocates. Not a few, also, distinguished for their piety and devotion, whose devotion, whose virtues have adorned their age, and whose names will descend to posterity as the friends and benefactors of mankind, have gone before you in that long trodden path of masonry.

Such has been that illustrious succession of the guardians of the institution, whose vigilance and care have been constantly exercised, in preserving in their purity, from age to age, those principles now committed to your charge. Through your hands are they to descend to succeeding generations. How sacred is that deposit committed to you, in trust for future ages!

In view of the origin and true nature of the Institution, its high importance to the world, the sacredness of its principles, its harmonizing influence, and the whole excellence of the system, whether it be considered in an historical, benevolent, moral or religious point, your minds must be solemnly affected, and your hearts seriously engaged to maintain the purity of its precepts; not only as a plain and reasonable duty, but as examples worthy to be imitated by those who shall come after you. In view of such high responsibility, you cannot be insensible, that the greatest caution, wisdom and prudence are indispensably necessary, as respects the present celebrity, and future usefulness of Speculative Free-Masonry. Seeing your profession is built on a tried foundation, you stand solemnly pledged to the world to maintain the cause, of truth against all the assaults of vice, or the inroads of error. Your several lodges are, or ought to be, so many temples of virtue, and schools of moral and religious instruction. Each individual is, or ought to be, a watchful sentinel over the happiness of mankind; ever on the alert to rescue injured innocence, or avert impending dangers.

Such, however, is the state of the world, and such the unhappy lot of all Institutions, that none have been preserved free from the unhallowed tread of unworthy members. Even in thy little family, O blessed Immanuel! was a betraying Judas. Nor is thy sacred table in this world, always surrounded by sanctified hearts.

Although such is a sore evil, and greatly to be lamented, yet from the nature of man, it cannot wholly be prevented in our present state; much, however, may be done, to remedy this general evil.

Let it, therefore, be remembered, and written as with sunbeams on the heart of every mason, that the harmony and happiness of your assemblies, and your true enjoyment as individuals, do not, cannot depend

on your numbers, but on the real intrinsic worth, the virtue, the integrity and the moral excellence of your members. This is a great point as respects the unity and fellowship of masonic brethren. You are, therefore, under solemn obligations to make a full and thorough examination, as to the true character of those who present themselves for the benefits of your order. Here is a point, never to be left unguarded.—All the internal, social friendship and happiness of your communications, vitally depend upon it. Let the world know assuredly, if any individual desire admittance to your privileges, that the *square of justice* and the *plumb line of rectitude* must fit his character for that important place. Let it well be understood, that vice is not to be winked at; that the doors of your lodge can never be opened for the reception even of a doubtful character; that the sanctity of the Institution is not to be trampled under foot by the profane; and that the precepts of masonry, present an insurmountable barrier against every immoral person.

Hence, the effect would be of great consequence to yourselves, even in a private capacity; to the reputation of your lodge, as a wise Institution; and the general good of mankind, as a standard and rallying point for virtue. The more pious and meritorious part of the community, many of whom now stand aloof, would then crowd our assemblies. Then might you enjoy more abundant social friendship in your stated communications, and the world, in view of your regular tenets and increasing respectability, be more deeply affected with the general utility of Masonry.

Should an unworthy person, however, gain admittance within the veils of your Sanctorum, remember, something ought immediately to be done. Adopt all probable and proper means to mend his heart, correct his habits, improve his virtue and establish his good character. Persuade him to practice virtue from the love of it. Remember, that not only a visible and manifest reformation must be effected, but one that is really genuine; such as shall be deemed satisfactory by every unprejudiced brother. But in case of non-compliance, or wilful obduracy, by open violation of masonic principles, such a one must be expelled. The purity of the system itself does demand it, and the peace and the harmony of the lodge imperiously require it. A just and righteous discipline must be maintained, or the Institution necessarily fails of its great object.

Those brethren, who from any cause become immoral, and thereby disgrace their profession, are diligently and tenderly to be labored with, and brought to a sense of their duty: but if they cannot, and will not, be reclaimed, the sentence of expulsion must be pronounced. The irreclaimable must be excluded, by the fixed laws of the Institution, from those precious masonic privileges, peculiar to worthy brethren. A distinction must be maintained between virtue and vice. Although cases of discipline are always painful, yet this can in no instance exonerate us from duty.—Hence, the increasing importance as before suggested of guarding the entrance to your privileges with the utmost prudence. At that point, you meet with little or no difficulty in maintaining your purity and fellowship. No person found unworthy of admittance, need fear the loss of public reputation if rejected; for none except Masons are apprized of the fact: if rejected, the world will for ever remain ignorant of the case, unless divulged by the candidate himself. It is a maxim universally adopted, to injure no man's public or private

character; if you cannot, by the use of means, correct his vices and improve his moral character, do him no injury: leave him, says the maxim, on the same ground you found him, and your consciences are guiltless.

In relation to Masonic discipline, we all know, that, in general, it is too remiss. Members are sometimes suffered to transgress and pass with impunity. Each individual excuses himself on the ground, that it will be more proper, or attended with more salutary consequences, for some other brother to enter the complaint. In this way, it is sometimes finally neglected, so that what was every one's duty is eventually performed by none.

To remedy this evil, should each Chapter and Lodge, by an article in their by-laws, constitute their three first officers *ex-officio*, a standing committee, whose duty it should be made, in all cases within their knowledge, to take cognizance of unmasonic conduct, and report the offenders to their Lodge; few instances would pass unnoticed, and few errors uncorrected.—The government of the Lodge being in the hands of those officers, the measure might impose a general restraint on vice, and be productive of public as well as private good. To promote the happiness and well-being of mankind, is the great object of Speculative Free-Masonry. In carrying into effect an object of such magnitude, no expedient, wise and prudent in its nature, should be left untried.

Brethren and Companions, in the foregoing pages you have seen some of the general outlines of the great body of the Masonic system. You have seen how numerous, solemn and interesting are the considerations involved in our profession. And you may easily discover, from the nature and moral fitness of those principles which constitute the foundation of the Institution, how inestimable is their importance to the world. You, as Masons, being well informed, can look back and see in how great a variety of instances, the moral state of the world has been benefited by the existence of this ancient association. Go on, brethren, in the path-way of virtue. "Do good, and to communicate forget not." "Add to your faith virtue, and knowledge, and temperance, and patience, and brotherly kindness, and charity," till your life shall be crowned with substantial joy, and the smiles of an approving conscience shed peace in your soul. Search deep into those hidden mysteries to which your profession leads. Raise your admiring views, and look abroad in the vast fields of Masonic research. Look through the forms of Masonry to the substance; through the symbols contemplate their high and sacred allusions.—Think not you understand Speculative Free-Masonry when you have regularly received the degrees. You are then just prepared to acquire true knowledge.—You are just entering the school of moral improvement. Think not, when all those useful and interesting lectures are thoroughly committed, you have done. Much, very much still remains. Those principles must be exemplified by a regular life and honest deportment. Nor is this the end of your duty. You may still look forward in boundless prospect. You may view the collective excellencies of the whole moral system, summarily comprised in the body of Speculative Free-Masonry. You may dwell on the subject till overwhelmed and lost in admiration. Such is the nature of our Institution; and it is hoped every brother will be suitably affected with those momentous considerations, and will duly appreciate his

privileges; that each presiding officer will exhibit a bright example of all that is praiseworthy, and the whole body universally appear to the world, as a "spiritual building, in which every part, being fitly joined together, may grow up into a building of God."

Finally, brethren, "let us keep the unity of the spirit in the bonds of PEACE." Let us love one another, for love is of God.

"Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity. It is like the precious ointment upon the head, which ran down upon the beard, even Aaron's beard, which went down to the skirts of his garments. As the dew of Hermon, and as the dew that descended upon the mountain of Zion, for there the Lord commanded the blessing, even life for evermore."

ADDRESS.

Delivered by U. MARVIN, Jr. Esq. of Albany, at the late annual meeting of the N. Y. State Temperance Society, on presenting the following resolution.

"Resolved, That the principles and practice of temperance, and the success of the temperance enterprise, demand that our literature should be purified from every tendency to encourage the use of intoxicating drinks."

In speaking of the proceedings of the society on this occasion, the Cooperstown Freeman's Journal, justly remarks: "Mr. Marvin, in support of his resolution, delivered an address, which is highly creditable to him as a scholar and man of talents. The style and matter of the address proves that he is himself capable of adding much to the literary reputation of this or any other country. We wish this excellent production could be re-published in every periodical in the State."

ADDRESS.

MR. PRESIDENT—It affords me great pleasure to submit this resolution to you and this respected assembly. It embraces a means for the promotion of temperance, which while it has been too much neglected, ought to have been considered as of the first importance.

Literature is the vehicle of thought. It goes into every circle of society, and among all nations of the earth. There is nothing that has so free and so rapid a communication. Formerly it was not so; but since the introduction of practical science, distance has shortened, impediments have annihilated; in fine, every natural obstruction has been removed. The expense, the labor, and the low state of the mechanical arts in time past, gave knowledge a limited circulation and a still more limited power. Means which are now employed for its circulation, were either unknown or deemed visionary speculations. The history of other nations and other lands was comparatively in darkness, so much so, that even credulity itself could hardly believe it to be other than a fable. By the interchange of sentiment we are now constituted into one family, enjoying in common all the benefits of social life. We are continually assimilating ourselves to each other in thought, feeling, and affection. Having the same medium through which mind meets mind and influences it for good or evil, it is impossible that national or individual morality should remain unaffected.

At the present time there is great need that literature should be connected with the temperance reformation; for without this connection it seems almost impossible to promote virtue of any kind. Temperance may advance without this co-operation, but it will be less speedy and more disheartening to its friends. There is no obstacle it contends with so powerful, and yet so subtle in its influence. The greater portion of the popular writing of the present day is directly opposed to sobriety, as it relates to the use of strong drink. To change this opposition, demands a union of strength and a determination of purpose strong and unyielding. Literature is so powerful, that no effort should be spared to secure its influence—no sacrifice should be too great to purge its evils, and fit it to be the handmaid of this benevolent enterprise.

Encouraged by the past, we look to the future with the full expectation, that it will crown all our efforts with success. While we have hope to reclaim the aged, we have still more hope to restrain the young. We have more hope to restrain the young, from the

fact, that habit, vitiated morals, and perverted tastes, have never taken hold upon them. When age carries along with it a train of evils, truth will make but a slight impression upon the heart. Youth is the time to instill those sublime sentiments, which will stand by man in the trying hour of his maturity, and forsake him not in the weariness of his age. Moral character is developed even in the first stages of life, and its future tone is governed, and directed no less by the influences of literature than the precepts of parents.

From the time when reading enables the mind to possess itself of the thoughts of other minds, no one can tell how much those thoughts give quality to the character of the individual. Though unconscious at the time of imbibing principles which operate thus, still do they shape his future destiny. The press is now, and has for a long time, been giving to the world a literature, that strikes deeply at the root of the temperance cause. Falling particularly under the eye of the young, its force is mostly spent on them alone. Invested as it is, with amercititious splendor of language and fancy, the youthful mind drinks the maddening draught that gives cut and color to his future life. American, no less than English and ancient literature throws much of its influence on the side of drunkenness. The scholar sees it in the classic studies of every institution in our land—it is inwrought in his elementary education—and mingles with those high attainments which constitute his proficiency in learning. The wisest men of the age, infatuated with a love of letters or a zeal for unknown tongues, are the strongest of its advocates. With an undying love for antiquity, they are regardless of the effects of such a course of study. Rather than desecrate the ancient shrine of Bacchus, they would pollute the pure shrine of virtue. The student upon the very threshold of his career, is taught to feed his pride of earning by joining with Anacreon, the priests and satellites of Greece, in extolling the sensuality of that god. The driest ethics and philosophy of those times are pervaded with this unmanly love of brutal indulgence. The whole system of heathen mythology, encouraging the debasement of every nobler faculty, is incorporated in the prominent histories and poems, so much lauded and studied by a people, who would blush to have them owned as the offspring of American mind. With the full approbation of his teacher, the student pursues his way through the Odes of Horace and Anacreon, at every step losing his disgust for the praises of wine and revelry, till all his sensibilities are deadened by the evils of unbridled appetite; and if by diligence he manages the languages, his efforts are rewarded with a baccalaureate degree. There is a radical defect in all this, and it calls loudly for a radical reform.

The Latin and Greek languages have done an injury which will require all the eloquence of the English to remedy. Its effects are now upon us, mauling the plastic heart and deforming the just proportions of the mind. Many who leave the halls of science come forth with the contamination of heathenism and drunkenness. The debasing spirit of the old world has reached out its hand over the long chasm of ages, and grasped the hand of a kindred spirit in the new. The superior light of the present age has just begun to dispel the clouds of darkness that surrounded the past. While we are endeavoring to improve our own language, enlarge our conceptions of poetic grandeur, embolden thought, and ornament our diction, by the study of the ancients, we are contracting their habits of thinking and their views of human nature. If the slight estimation in which they held virtue is possessed by us, it will be a perpetual bar to the acquisition of a sound and healthy literature. The two are utterly incompatible with each other. Nothing is more worthy the powers with which God has gifted man, than a bold and chastened literature, unyielding to the caprice of time, sanctified by purity, and tending to the elevation of the human race.

For the last three centuries this alcoholic temperance has entered more deeply into the republic of letters. The continent of Europe, in particular, has seen and felt its powerful influence. The poets of her monarchs' debauches who wear the laurel, mingle the fires of the pit with the sacred flames of poetry. Our mother country has one noble exception, in an age when poetry was made the pander to a debasing appetite, and the revels of the debauchee were applauded

in the drama and the song. Her Milton stands pre-eminent amid the ruin that surrounded him, uniting in his own person the wisdom of philosophy, legislation, and poetry. In our age, a new class of writers have sprung into existence, and through them this poisonous literature has received additional strength and a free circulation over both continents. The press of Europe and America is now every day flooding the reading community with a mawkish sentimentalism and a sickly fiction, which, if unresisted, will sweep away the last vestige of man's social and moral nature. The novels of Scott, Bulwer, and a host of others, have done more to retard the sobriety, growth and purity of society than though they were the professed enemies of virtue. The reputation of these men gives to their sayings the force of law, and he would be thought conceited who should presume to question their propriety. Thus do they live and flourish, doing their deeds of death with impunity. That is a false modesty which will not rebuke evil, because its author is invested with the brilliancy of talent; and that talent which gives sanction to immorality of any kind becomes so much the more destructive in its influence as its greatness is acknowledged and revered. There are drinking scenes by those authors, where all the energy of their minds appears concentrated in one burning, glowing description. The flow of thought is so exquisitely poised in its language, and the riotous revelry is so masked with the grab of innocent gaiety, that all appearance of evil is taken away, leaving the heart of the reader free to the influence of the vilest sentiments and the most unmanly conduct. These scenes are the more injurious in their tendency, inasmuch as the actors of them are selected from the most prominent characters of the novel.

This assertion is founded on a well known philosophical fact, that the effect of a vicious example is proportioned to the standing and character of the individual by whom it is given. Not interdicted in this country by the law of copy-right, these fictions are circulated far and near. They are seen in every store, in every public and private library, and among all classes of society. The facilities for procuring them being great, and the price but merely nominal, they are easily obtained; and when read, they are circulated among the younger members of the family and within the whole circle of acquaintance. If the powers of the human mind must be devoted to the encouragement of drunkenness, I can see the hand of a providence in allotting genius and talent to few and distant periods of time. It is well for the world that every rising generation has not grown up under the tutelage of such men as Byron or his boon companion Shelley. Had it been thus—this hour, I was going to say, would have beheld us beyond the possibility of redemption. Uniting as they did the splendor of genius with the grossness of intemperance, and the sublime conception of the poet with the brutality of the beast, the youthful reader is dazzled into admiration of the dark morality of their pages. I am glad their private lives are written, for I would have the young see, that while their genius was burning with the fumes of the bottle, the same fire was consuming the constitution and wasting the energies of the body.

"Full oft have they sung of the bowl,
As a soothing oblivion to sorrow;
Full oft have they sung, that the soul
A feast from the wine-cup may borrow:
'Tis the voice of a syren—'tis false—heed it not!
She sings to destroy thee—there's death in the pot."

It is to be deeply lamented that such a man as Moore, should employ his gifted imagination in the embellishment of those unhalloved feelings resulting from this depraved appetite. Now and then his muse strikes upon a theme worthy its loftiest flight; but the very pinnacle of its altitude seems only to have increased its downward velocity, and fitted it to grovel still worse in the low obscenity of vulgar rhyme. As a popular poet, he has not perhaps an equal. While his sacred melodies are charming the ear of a christian audience, his Little's poems are hiccupped by the grog-shop frequenter, and ranted upon the boards of the theatre. His predecessor, the memorable Robert Burns, is a still stronger illustration of the influence of misdirected genius. I would ask no better charm than an edition of this bard, by which to charge the fountain of the human passions to the bitterness of the waters of Marah. Thus far has this class of writings escaped the reprobation they so justly deserve. Had argument, how-

ver weak, or reason, however fallacious, been the basis of their influence, long ere this their folly would have been exposed. But as they are an appeal to the passions, they possess a power which it is impossible to resist. True poetry is the music of nature—it is not the jarring discord of debauch; true poetry is in conformity with the law of moral being—it is not an infringement upon the sanctions of our holiest affections. When man exchanges it for the vile commodity of vulgar minds, he ceases to regard the welfare of his species; he takes away that moral and social harmony which is the pure spirit of poetry, which swells the soul with the loftiest conceptions, purifies the heart, and raises the mind to participate in the raptures of heaven.

Light is beginning to dawn upon the western continent. Her literary horizon reveals the glimpse of a new sun. For years we have groped in the darkness of a fearful delusion, upon which we tremble to reflect, and yet dread to be undeceived. There are those who fear lest the zeal that corrects the evil will abuse the good—lest in its extremity it consign them both to obscurity. Nothing can be lost—for if in the attempt to cure, we kill, we have the satisfaction of knowing that it would have died without the attempt. Those who deny that any such evil exists, have only to look at the present age. See the immense mass of intellect the world has lost through the pernicious tendency of a corrupt literature; and the immense mass that is worse than lost, perverted to unhallowed purposes. The literature of the present age is actually weltering in the fumes of this moral poison. It dare not even aspire to that high and noble standard which it ought to occupy; but it sinks into the low and groveling inspirations of the intoxicated writer. The senate and the forum have well nigh banished sober reasoning and lucid argument, to make way for the vulgar jest and thoughtless raving of the infuriated wit. The orator gives us the vagaries of a brain excited by an artificial stimulant, the press flings it to the four corners of the globe, and the reader reads it under the influence of the same stimulant. The orator drinks and speaks, and the hearer drinks and admires; the author drinks and writes, and the reader drinks and admires. Look at the prose and the poetry of the present age! why even the press should blush to send it forth! It would seem as though Genius had descended from the altars of Heaven to light her torch at the flames below. To deny the existence of this evil is no insult upon the human mind. It is too glaring not to be seen, too palpable not to be felt. It was not so in olden time. The harp of the captive Jew when he hung it upon the weeping willow, was not moistened with distilled spirits, but it was wet with the spray of the cold streams of Babylon. No tremors seized the hand of the afflicted Israelite as he "swept from its strings the heavenly melody of better days." The immortal Milton and the immortal Pollock, drank at the exhaustless fountain of the sweet Psalmist of Israel, and every line they wrote seemed as if written with the diamond pen of inspiration. How unlike the bards of this enlightened century! who create an appetite wherever it is not, and strengthen its remorseless cravings wherever it is.

The free access of this vitiated literature into public and private society is owing principally to the concealment of its pernicious tendencies. The smoothness of its sentences, the roundness of its periods, and the interest of its detail, gloss over all its defects, and give it an easy passage to the human heart. The stealthy insinuation of evil, whether in the form of truth or fiction, is to be dreaded far more than when it assumes an open and avowed character, inasmuch as judgement is deprived of its discriminating power, and suspicion keeps no watch over the heart. While every passion is quickened and brought into active exercise, the moral sensibility and preception are gradually enfeebled, till finally they are lost in the intensity of a lawless and artificial passion. When this is accomplished, the reader is prepared for the reception of any thought, however gross, or any sentiment, however vulgar; provided the feelings are first awakened by others less repulsive. Taking advantage of this frailty of our nature, the author carries the poison of his own corrupt heart into the bosom of his reader, while he hides it with the exuberance of fancy and the elegance of diction. The greater portion of the literature of the present day is well fitted for this purpose. Like the *ignis fatuus*, it deceives and allures poor weak human nature into the dark morasses of skepticism and error.

The minds of most men are so peculiarly constituted that they afford but a poor lodgement to the cold abstractions of philosophy. They must have either vivid pictures of real life, or human nature caricatured and exaggerated. To suit these prevailing tastes there are two classes of writers well adapted both by nature and education. One of which takes for its model the celebrated Bulwer; the other, the no less celebrated author of the *Pickwick Club*. Both of these individuals are equally eminent as the representatives of their own style of writing. Though occupying different stations and operating upon different minds in different ways, yet the tendency of each is morally the same. Why need the delicate and refined female, sighing and weeping in all the sensitiveness of her nature over the fashionable inebriety of an accomplished hero; deny to the more gross and sensual, exhibitors of a more brutal and disgusting character? It is because she neither sees nor feels that both alike minister to a depraved taste, and both alike convey their victims to an irretrievable ruin.

Herein is the grand secret of the evil. Parents, especially mothers, are deceived. In their ambition to educate their children, they do not exercise that discrimination which is so essential to the correct performance of this high and important duty. While they are teaching by their own example and advice, they forget that they are providing for their children teachers which shall counteract it all. These false teachers acquire an increased influence, because they are cherished and caressed by those to whom the young are taught to look up to as an example and a guide. They meet the youthful mind in every change of its social condition, and in all its successive developments—they meet the youthful heart in its first unfoldings, and misdirect and blunt its powers and perceptions. In the house of his birth and at the bedside of his enjoyments, they are kindling emotions and creating desires that will eventually set at defiance every motive to purity of heart. Of what avail is the possession of all the wisdom of the past and present, unless sobriety preserve and direct it to useful ends.

Parents and teachers, I call upon you as the guardians of the yet unformed mind; will you hold out to the young a literature that shall strengthen their growing capacities, or one that shall unfit them for all the practical duties of life? You hold in your hands the most valuable of all earthly trusts, no less than the character of this whole nation! On you devolves the responsibility of making us a virtuous and a happy people. Look to the public and private library, look to the drawing room and school book; guard well the sanctuary of your household, that it may present no inducements to tempt the young from a pure and sober life. Select for those committed to your care, for their companions in study, works to which they may assimilate their minds without detriment to their morals. As they progress in education, refuse still more into their youthful minds the love of a literature chaotic in thought and refined in language. Let them find in Milton and Pollock, the companions of their thoughtful, serious hours; let them find in Young, the sonther of an afflicted spirit; let them rise with Cowper "on an angel's wing amid the music of his grateful piety." Associating with Bacon, "the great confidant of nature," they will learn to despise the pitiful abortions of Boz; seated at the feet of Locke, "whose pure philosophy only taught him to adore its source," they will see and feel that Bulwer is the foe of God and man. The literature of such men as these gives strength to the moral courage, soundness to the intellectual energy, and dignity to the character of man. Its empire is so extensive with the empire of thought; and when temperance shall have finished its work, they shall rise to the true distinction of their merit, and their influence be felt on every mind.

THE GATHERER.

FIRST VOYAGE TO CHINA.—The first voyage from this country to China was made by a vessel of three hundred and sixty tons, which sailed from New York Feb. 22, 1784. It was commanded by John Green. On the 18th of July it anchored in the straits of Sunda, (between the Island of Sumatra and Java) and after some delay at Macao, arrived at Canton, Aug. 30. It returned to New York, May 11, 1785.

In 1788, the ship *Alliance* sailed from Philadelphia for Canton. She had only an ordinary "flot" of the world, and never anchored from the day of her sailing, until she arrived at China.

A very old Ship.—The *St. John's Herald* of the 27th ult. says, "the curious in naval architecture, may have an opportunity of gratifying their curiosity, by a sight of a vessel now in our harbour, the 'Volunteer,' of Hull. This antique specimen of British oak, is 110 years old, and was employed as a transport prior to the taking of Quebec. She is the identical ship in which the immortal Wolfe came to this continent. Should she come in contract now with one of our province built vessels, she would be found a hard nut to crack."

The Population and Occupations in Great Britain.—According to the population returns of Great Britain, exclusive of Ireland, there were in 1811, 2,012,391 families, of whom 697,353 were employed in agriculture; in 1821, 2,346,716 families of whom 773,732 were employed in agriculture; in 1831, 2,745,338 families, of whom 861,338 were occupied in agriculture. It appears, therefore, that in 1811, 34 families, in every hundred were employed in agriculture; and in 1831 only 27 in every hundred families. In 1831, of 3,351,926 males in all Ireland, 1,138,069 were set down as employed chiefly in agriculture. In England 3,199,984 males aged 20 years and upwards, 74,797 were set down as laborers employed in agriculture, 94,883 as occupiers of land, not employing laborers, and 141,460 as occupiers who did employ laborers.

Increase of Trade with Africa.—We learn that the brig *Ivanhoe*, which sailed from New York last month for Africa, had on board a large quantity of tobacco and other merchandize, intended for a trading voyage with the natives of that coast. At this moment the ship *Ganzas*, of four hundred and fifty tons, is also loading at the port of Richmond, Va., with three hundred and fifty hogheads of tobacco, and six hundred puncheons of *New England Rum*, destined for the same voyage. It may be worth our notice to observe that this latter cargo was purchased and shipped by one of the partners of a Liverpool house who came passengers in the steam ship *British Queen*, and having completed his business returns by her on the 1st proximo, a singular instance of despatch, which shows that our brethren on the other side are quite alive to the importance of this trade. The gentleman alluded to travelled over five hundred miles inland, and calculating the usual run to England he will not have been absent more than forty-two days.—*Phil. Gaz.*

State Prison Information.—The recent report of the Directors, &c. of the Connecticut state prison presents some curious statistics. The profits of the institution for the year, as has been before stated, were nearly \$5000—of which one fourth accrued from the manufacture of spectacles. The whole number of commitments last year was 54, the offences being, burglary, theft, horse-stealing, attempt to kill, rape, breaking prison, arson, forgery, adultery, robbery, and perjury. Whole number in prison on the first of April 189—of this number 7 were females; colored 44; white 125; have been sailors, 32; have been soldiers, 12; have been made electors in Connecticut, 21; have never been married, 104; have visited houses of ill fame, 76; married, (of whom 43 have children,) 65; have parted from their wives, 22; have lost their wives, 11; left their parents, &c., before 21 years of age, 92; intemperate, 109; sold liquors, 78. A numerous class are either of Indian or African extraction, a majority of whom are natives of Connecticut. There are 14 under sentence for life.

The Burning Mountain.—The *Pottsville Journal* states that the burning mountain, at the head of the West Branch Railroad, which attracted so much attention last year, is still raging, even more furiously than ever. It has burned out about three hundred yards from its place of starting, and as it reaches the crop, where ventilation is more freely afforded, it increases in intensity. The water running from the mine is very hot, and so strongly impregnated with alkaline substances, as to have eaten all the iron from the railroad track.

POPULAR TALES.

(From Napier's Lights and Shades of Military Life.)

THE RUSSIAN CORPS-DE-GARDE.—It was in 1814; it was the beginning of the year and the end of that dismal war, in which our poor army defended the empire and the emperor, while France looked on with dismay. Soissons had just surrendered, to Bulow the Prussian. The armies of Silesia and the north had there formed their junction. Macdonald left Troyes, and abandoned the basin of the Yonne to establish his line of defence from Nogent to Montereau with 30,000 men.

We were to attack Rheims, which the Emperor wished to recover. The weather was gloomy and the rain incessant. We had just lost a superior officer, who was escorting prisoners. The Russians had surprised and killed him in the preceding night, and delivered their comrades. Our colonel, who was what was called a *bought one to cook*, resolved to have his revenge.—We were near Epernay, and were turning the heights that surround it. Evening came, and, after taking the whole day to rest, we were passing a very pretty white mansion with turrets, called Boursalt, when the colonel called me. He took me aside, while arms were

and said to me with his old croaking voice. "You see that barn up yonder on that peaked hill? That is your great booby of a Russian sentinel, with his bayonet on his cap, is walking to and fro?" "I see distinctly both the barn and the grenadier."

"Well, you, who are an old hand, must know that that is the point the Russians took the day before yesterday, and which the Emperor is particularly anxious about just now. He says that it is the key of Rheims, and so it may be, for aught I know. At any rate we shall play Woronzow a trick. At eleven to-night, you will take two hundred of your boys and surprise the corps-de-garde which they have established in that barn. But you must carry it with the bayonet, for fear of giving an alarm."

He took, and offered to me, a pinch of snuff; and, throwing away the rest by little and little, as I may do now, he said to me, uttering a few words as he sprinkled each dust in the breeze,

"You may be sure that I shall be behind you with my column. * * * You will not have lost more than sixty men. * * * You will have the six pieces that they have placed there. * * * You will turn them on the side next to Rheims. By 11 o'clock * * * half past eleven * * * the position will be our's. And then we will lie down till three, to rest ourselves while * * * from the little affair at Craonne, which was no ball-play, as the saying is."

"That's enough," said I to him, and away I went with my second lieutenant, to make some preparations for our expedition. The essential point, as you see, was not to make a noise. I ordered the arms to be examined, and the cartridges to be drawn from all those that were charged. I then walked about for some time with my serjeant, waiting for the hour of starting. At half-past ten, I ordered them to put on their great coats over their uniform, and to cover their muskets with their great coats; for whatever you may be about as you see to-night, the bayonet always shows itself; and though the night was a great deal darker than this, I would not trust entirely to that. I had taken especial notice of the paths, bordered by hedges, leading to the Russian corps-de-garde, and I picked out for the job the most resolute fellows I ever commanded. Yonder, in the ranks, are two of them who were there, and recollect the affair well. They had got used to the Russians, and knew how to deal with them.—The scouts whom we fell in with as we ascended, were put out of the way without noise, like reeds that you lay down upon the ground with your hand. The sentry posted before the guns required more precaution. He was standing still, with grounded arms, his chin propped upon his piece; the poor man rocked like a man dropping to sleep from fatigue and ready to fall. One of my grenadiers clasped him in his arms and squeezed him till he was almost stifled; while two others, having gagged him, threw him in amongst the bushes.

I came up slowly, and I could not, I must confess, get the better of a certain emotion which I had never felt at the moment of other encounters. It was shame

for attacking men who were asleep. I saw them wrapped in their cloaks lighted by a close lantern, and my heart throbbed violently. But all at once, at the moment of acting, I feared that it was a weakness very like that of cowards. I was afraid that I had for once felt fear, and, taking my sword, which had been concealed under my arm, I briskly entered first, setting the example to my grenadiers. I made a motion to them which they comprehended; they fell first upon the guns, then upon the men, like wolves upon a flock of sheep. Oh! it was a dismal, a horrible butchery! The bayonet pierced, the butt-end smashed, the knee stifled, the hand strangled. All cries were extinguished, almost before they were uttered, beneath the feet of our soldiers; and not a head was raised without receiving the mortal blow.

On entering, I had struck at random a terrible stroke at something black, which I had run through and through. An old officer, a tall stout man, whose head was covered with white hair, sprung upon his feet like a phantom, made a violent lunge at my face with a sword, and instantly dropped dead, pierced by the bayonet! On my part, I fell beside him, stunned by the blow, which had struck between the eyes, and I heard beneath me the tender and dying voice of a boy saying "Papa!"

I then comprehended what I had done, and I looked at my work with frantic eagerness. I saw one of those officers of fourteen, so numerous in the Russian armies which invaded us at that period, and who were dragged away to this awful school. His long curling hair fell upon his bosom, as fair, as silken, as that of a woman; and his head was bowed as though he had but fallen asleep a second time. His rosy lips, expanded like those of a new born infant, seemed to be yet wet with the nurse's milk; and his large blue eyes, half open, had a beauty of form that was fond and feminine. I lifted him upon one arm, and his cheek fell against mine, dripping with blood, as though he were burying his face in his mother's bosom to warm it again. He seemed to shrink from me and crouch close to the ground, in order to get away from his murderers. Filial affection and the confidence and repose of a delicious sleep pervaded his lifeless face, and he seemed to say to me—"Let us sleep in peace!"

"Was this an enemy?" I exclaimed. And that paternal feeling which God has put into the bowels of every man leaped and thrilled within me. I clasped him to my bosom, when I felt that I was pressing against it the hilt of my sword, which had pierced his heart and killed this sleeping cherub. I would have stooped my head to his, but my blood covered him with large stains; I felt the wound on my forehead, and recollected that it had been given by his father.—I looked round with an emotion of shame, and saw nothing but a heap of dead bodies, which my grenadiers were dragging off by the heels and throwing on the outside, taking nothing from them but their cartridges.

At this moment the colonel entered, followed by his column, whose step and arms I heard.

"Bravo, my dear fellow!" said he, "you've done that job cleverly. But you are wounded!"

"Look there!" said I—"what difference is there between me and a murderer?"

"Eh! *Sacre Dieu!* comrade, what would you have? 'Tis our trade."

"Precisely so," I replied; and I rose to resume my command. The boy fell back into the folds of his cloak, in which I wrapped him, and his hand dropped a bamboo cane, which fell upon my hand, as if he had given it to me. I took it, resolving, whatever dangers I might have to encounter in future, to have no other weapon, and I had not courage to draw my slaughtering sword out of his bosom.

I hastily quitted that den which stank of blood, and, when I was in the open air, I felt strong enough to wipe the gore from my bleeding brow. My grenadiers were in their ranks; each was coolly wiping his bayonet on the green sward, and fastening the flint in the lock of his piece. My sergeant-major, followed by the quarter-master, walked before the ranks, holding his list in his hand; and, reading it by the light of a candle's end stuck in the barrel of his musket, he calmly called over the names. I sat down, meanwhile, at the foot of a tree, and the surgeon came and bound up my wound. A heavy March shower fell upon my head, and somewhat refreshed me. I could not help heaving a

a deep sigh. "I am tired of war!" said I to the surgeon.

"So am I," said a grave voice, which I knew.

I pushed the bardage from over my eyes, and saw, not Napoleon the Emperor, but Bonaparte the soldier. He was alone, dejected, on foot, standing before me, his boots sunk in the mud, his coat torn, the rain dripping from the brim of his hat; he felt that his last days were come, and around him he beheld his last soldiers.

He looked at me sadly. "I have seen thee somewhere, grumbler!" said he.

From the concluding word, I perceived that it was merely a familiar phrase which he had employed. I knew that I had grown older in look than in years and in fatigues; my aches and wounds disguised me sufficiently.

"I have seen you everywhere, without being seen," I replied. "Dost thou wish promotion?" "It is full late," said I. He crossed his arms for a moment without answering. "Thou art right," he then said: "in three days we shall both of us, quit the service."

He turned his back on me and remounted his horse, held for him at the distance of a few paces. At this moment our *tele de colonne* had attacked, and the enemy were firing bombs at us. One of them fell before my company, and some of the men started back in the first moment of alarm, of which they were afterwards ashamed. Bonaparte advanced alone towards the bomb, which burned and smoked at his horse's feet and made him snuff up the smoke. All continued silent and motionless. The bomb burst and burnt nobody. The grenadiers felt the terrible lesson that he gave them, while I felt that in this conduct there was something besides which bordered on despair. France was forsaking him, and for a moment he doubted the attachment of his brave veterans. I deemed myself too signally avenged, and him too severely punished by so complete a desertion. I rose with effort, and, approaching him, grasped and pressed the hand that he offered to several of us. He did not recognize me, but it was for me a tacit reconciliation between the most obscure and most illustrious man of our age.—The drums beat a charge, and, at daybreak Rheims was retaken by us. But a few days afterwards, Paris was in possession of the allies.

Having concluded his narrative, Captain Renaud kept silence for a considerable time, and remained with his head bowed, while I abstained from interrupting his reverie.

MISCELLANY.

From the Knickerbocker.

THE TOMB OF WASHINGTON.

We have been permitted to examine a very beautiful volume, from the press of Messrs. Carey and Hart, Philadelphia, printed, as we infer, for private circulation, containing the correspondence relating to the marble sarcophagus sculptured by Mr. John Struthers, of Philadelphia, and presented by him to the executors of General Washington, two or three years since. A brief account of the depositing of the remains of the Father of his Country in this enduring work of art, was given at the time in the public journals; but until the appearance of the volume before us, the interesting details of the removal had not been published; they will therefore be mainly new to our readers. Leaving the original correspondence in relating to the sarcophagus, we pass to the mansion at Mount Vernon, where, after much care and trouble, the 'ponderous marble' had arrived. An interesting description is given of the house and grounds, were, among other striking relics, are to be seen a primitive map, with marks in pencil by Washington, tracing the route which he traversed in Braddock's disastrous and fatal campaign against the Indians; the key of the French Bastille; together with rare plants, exotics, etc., originally presented to Washington. After an account of the opening of the old vault, and a description of the new tomb, we find the following passage, depicting the appearance, and describing the removal, of the body: "The coffin containing the remains of Washington was in the extreme back part of the vault; and to remove the case containing the leaden receptacle, it was found necessary to put aside the coffins that were piled up.

between it and the door-way. After clearing a passage-way, the case, which was much decayed, (and near which was found a silver breast-plate, on which was engraved the date of his birth and death,) was stripped off, and the lead of the lid was discovered to have sunk very considerably from head to foot; so much so, as to form a curved line of from four to five inches in its whole length. This fractured part was turned over on the lower part of the lid, exposing to view a head and breast of large dimensions, which appeared, by the dim light of the candles, to have suffered but little from the effects of time. The eye-sockets were large and deep, and the breadth across the temples, together with the forehead, appeared of unusual size. There was no appearance of grave clothes. The chest was broad; the color was dark, and had the appearance of dried flesh and skin adhering closely to the bones. We saw no hair, nor was there any offensive odor from the body. * * * A hand was laid upon the head, and instantly removed; the lead of the lid was restored to its place; the body, raised by six men, was carried and laid in the marble coffin, and the ponderous cover being put on, and set in cement, it was sealed from our sight, on Saturday, the seventh day of October, 1837. Fine lithographic engravings of the exterior of the new tomb, and of the front and side views of the sarcophagus, with its beautiful sculpturing, illustrate the letter-press descriptions. The volume closes, most appropriately, with Washington's Farewell Address, that invaluable legacy, which will be handed down to the remotest period of our history as a nation. We never can peruse this patriotic and truly characteristic document, without a renewed reverence for its author. With what a prophetic vision he surveyed the glorious future of the republic he had formed! anticipating, and guarding his countrymen against the fury of party spirit, and the impostures of pretended patriotism; and urging them to watch over the interests of the Union with jealous anxiety; to 'discountenance whatever may suggest even a suspicion that it can in any event be abandoned; and indignantly to frown upon the first dawning of every attempt to alienate any portion of our country from the rest; a country whose liberty was the result of joint counsels and joint efforts; of common dangers, sufferings, and successes. May these wise and good counsels, given in the fullness of an overflowing heart, which was 'soon to be consigned to the mansions of rest,' sink deep into the mind of every American! Napoleon shook the world, and was the thunderer of the scene; but what was his far-reaching ambition, to the aspirations of Washington? What are his triumphs, now that he sleeps on his lonely isle, far amid the wastes of the sea, to the ardent patriotism and unobstructive piety which filled the heart of Washington with expansive benevolence, with all human charities, making him gentle to others, and severe only to himself? So long as the 'blue summits of his native mountains shall rise toward heaven; so long as the river on whose banks he lived, and on whose banks he rests, shall flow onward toward the sea,' so long shall the memory and teachings of Washington be kept fresh in the hearts of his countrymen!

IRON HOUSES.

In the course of Mr. Silver's capital lecture at the Franklin Institute, Philadelphia, a few evenings since, he designated a few of the various objects to which iron is applied. He enumerated steam and sailing ships, and canal boats, rail cars, carriages, fences, bridges, architectural columns and ornaments, house fronts, mantels, chimneys, shutters, awning posts, signs, picture frames, &c. In England, he said, large manufactories are built wholly of iron, and for many years it has been partially used in this country. The buildings of the Philadelphia Gas Company are nearly all iron; also much of the interior of the New Hall of the Academy of Natural Sciences. The basement of the house at the N. W. corner of Eighth and Cherry streets, is of iron: and any observer, he added, cannot fail to see that for freshness and fineness of finish, it eclipses the marble fronts around. The lower sections of the pillars of the portico of a church, in Tenth & Filbert streets, are hollow cast iron. The beautiful front of the Miners' Bank at Pottsville, the steps, moulding, cornice and statuary, are of iron. An iron steamer is now floating in triumph on the Ohio; and the English ship Archimedes is of iron, in the Texan trade. He expressed a belief that before many years,

iron houses would be advertised and delivered for occupancy, at three months' notice—and that houses so formed, to the value of millions of dollars, would be exported from Pennsylvania to Texas, the West Indies and South America. Such houses, he added, of assorted patterns, are advertised at this time in London, by a company who engage to put them up for country seats, and at the very lowest rates.

PAINTING ON PORCELAIN.—A work has recently been brought to this country which is probably the most beautiful of its kind extant. It is a table of porcelain, the top of which is composed of a single slab of Sevres China, nine feet six inches in circumference, on which are painted the portraits in miniature of Napoleon and 13 of his principal generals, executed by order of the Emperor, by Isabe, the celebrated miniature painter. The generals Murat, Augereau, Soult, Mortier, Davoust, Marmont, Caulaincourt, Duroc, Bessiers, Ney, Lannes, Bernadotte, (the present King of Sweden,) and Alexander Berthier. The table was executed according to the directions of Napoleon, after he returned from the war in Germany. The artist proposed that each portrait should be painted on a separate piece and afterwards set together, on account of the difficulty of making a perfect slab of porcelain of the size required; but the Emperor insisted on its being made in one slab, that it might be a monument of the arts for future generations, and a memorial for posterity of the great generals who shared with him the glory of his victories. Isabe accordingly followed the orders of his imperial master, and completed the task after three unsuccessful attempts; for thence was his labor lost by the painting being spoilt in the baking of the porcelain. His perseverance having overcome every obstacle, he succeeded at length in producing this exquisite masterpiece of art. The Emperor was so satisfied with the production, the execution of which cost him £12,000, that he allowed Isabe a pension of £250 per annum for his life. The top is supported by a solid column three feet six inches in circumference, ornamented with five allegorical figures in relief, representing War, Victory, Plenty, Fame, and History. The table was ordered to be removed from Louvre by Louis XVIII, and was then privately sold, by order of the Municipal Corporation, to the individual who brought it over to England. It has attracted the attention of several noblemen and others curious in unique works of art.—*Eng. Pap.*

STEAMER TROY.—This magnificent boat now finishing off in New York, under the directions of Capt. Tupper, will doubtless be the largest and most commodious steamer afloat in any country. Her dimensions, accurately stated to us by the worthy superintendent, will speak for themselves. Her entire length on deck is 294 feet, something like 30 feet longer than the British steamers. Her width, including guards, is fifty-one feet, probably not exceeded by any other boat. Her cabin is divided in four apartments, capable of being thrown into one splendid room the entire length of the boat. Ladies' cabin 50 feet in length, second ladies cabin 30 feet, dining 150, forward cabin 20, not including bar, pantries and other places for cooking, provisions, &c. behind the bar. On the first deck, there is the ladies' saloon, 42 by 18 feet. Then a grand uninterrupted promenade 170 feet long, the boilers and engine being upon the guards. A forward apartment for deck hands, shut out if necessary from the large apartment, 60 feet long. Contiguous to the wheel house and engines, which are horizontal, there are suits of state rooms and offices and shops for the Captain and Clerk. Above all is the grand promenade deck, with a clean sweep 212 feet long, extending from the stern to the office of the Pilot. The cabin will be over 7 feet high, and the boat will be so arranged as comfortably to sleep 500 passengers.

The peculiar feature of this boat is her horizontal engines, and placing them and the boilers so far upon the guards, as to have the whole centre of the boat from stem to stern, for the comfort and accommodation of passengers. Every possible improvement has been introduced which years of experience have suggested. The engines and model are such, that it is confidently believed, she will run ahead of any boat on the North River. She will be ready by July, and will do honor to her parentage, the city of Troy.—*Troy Mail.*

BEGIN RIGHT.—I know a man who is very rich now, though he was very poor when a boy. He said that his father taught him not to play until his work was done for the day, and never spend money till he had earned it. If he had half an hour's work, he was taught to do that the first thing, and to do it in half an hour; after this was done he could play with a good deal more pleasure than he could if he had the thought of the unfinished business in his mind. He says he early formed the habit of doing every thing in its season, and it soon became perfectly easy for him to do so. It is to that he owes his present prosperity. I am very happy to add, that he delights to do good with his riches.

AN OLD REVOLUTIONARY PENSIONER.—A correspondent of the Salem Gazette says, that a venerable soldier and patriot, named Lemuel Winchester, now resides in North Danvers. He was born at Tewksbury, (Mass.) in the year 1740, and consequently is now one hundred years of age. He was in the army under Wolf, and fought at the battle of Quebec, in which that General fell. After the close of the "old French war," he returned to his farm in Amherst, N. H., but was roused by the battles of Lexington and Concord—and joining the Provincial troops, was present at the battle of Bunker Hill. He had always worked on the soil for a living, until within the 3 last years, when, by reason of stiffness in his joints, he has not been able to toil. His health, for the most part of his pilgrimage, has been remarkably good. He has never been troubled with a physician or medicine but once in his life, and that was at the age of 20, when he had a slight fever.

Sergeant Winchester has been twice married; his present wife now living, is 86 years old. By his first wife he had 12 children; 4 of whom are now living; six of his children were twins; he has 61 grand children, 39 now living; 92 great grand children, 80 now living; great-great grand children, 2; whole number of descendants 157. He rode out on Wednesday morning, and called on some of his descendants, and other friends, without fatiguing him, and says he "guesses" he shall go to Salem the 4th of July to Independence.

PLAYING POSSUM.—The particulars of a recent affair at Fort King, are given as follows in the St. Augustine Herald. It is the keenest kind of military tactics on record:—

"Capt. Raines, commanding that post, prepared a shell with a shirt over it, in such a manner that any attempt to remove the garment would explode the shell. This he placed at a distance from the post.—In a little while the shell was heard to explode, and Capt. R. repaired to the spot, where he discovered Indian signs, a pony track, and some blood. So pleased was he at the success of the experiment, that he placed another shell similarly prepared, covered with a blanket, and retired. It exploded, and on going to the spot, it was discovered that the Indians had tied an opossum to it, and its exertions to escape had exploded the shell. The Indians had stationed themselves, and as they came up fired upon the troops, killing one sergeant and one private, wounding Capt. Raines mortally, and three privates. The Indians are variously estimated, from 60 to 90 in number."

ECONOMY OF AN EGYPTIAN MAN-OF-WAR.—I found this vessel and others that I visited particularly clean and orderly; and this is the more marked, as there is a greater quantity of brass inlaying and ornamental work in them than is usual in any of our men-of-war. This is a 100 gun ship, but equal in tonnage to ours carrying 120. The uniform is a dark brown; and the officers are principally distinguished from the men by the fineness of the regimentals, and having an anchor, star, or crescent, emblematic of their rank, and composed of silver, gold, or jewels, on the left breast. In the navy as well as the army neither beard nor whiskers are allowed; except the moustache all must be close shaven daily; this, at first, was considered a very great innovation, and was loudly complained of as quite too Christian and uncircumcized a form. The men are trained to military tactics as well as to go aloft; and, in this latter, they are often very clumsy, to the no small amusement of any English tars who may be

lowering top-gallants or roofing topsails at the same time. But much cannot be expected from a navy called into existence since the battle of Navarino, and whose service has heretofore consisted in a visit to Candia during the summer. There is a moolah or priest on board each ship. The men are now allowed to smoke in watches; and a certain number each night are permitted to go to their families who live near the town. There was an air of great simplicity in the officers' berths, even in that of the captain's; a plain deewan surrounded two sides of the cabin, a table with writing materials, and a couple of chairs; and on the side of each was hung a plain glazed frame, in which was written the name of God, and sometimes a verse of the Koran underneath. From a desire to avoid even the appearance of any "graven image," there are no figure heads to any of the Egyptian vessels.—*Wildes Narrative.*

Intelligence.

EXPLOSION.—By the captain of the steamboat Eagle, which came in yesterday evening, we learn that the powder magazine in Alton, situated above the steam mill, and under and between the bluff and river was fired and exploded about half past 11 o'clock at night. There were in it 490 kegs of powder belonging to different merchants. The report is represented as tremendous beyond the imagination of any one who did not hear it.

The building was of stone, not a vestige of which remains on the ground. Some stones were thrown across the Mississippi, and to an immense height, some of which in their falling cut their way through the roof and several floors of buildings. A rock three feet long fell on the roof of a warehouse and stopped at the ground floor. Another stone of great weight cut thro' a roof and two floors, and fell on a bed between a man and his wife—no one was injured. Nearly every pane of glass in Lower and Upper Alton was broken, and in the penitentiary and several other buildings the sashes were carried into the room. Nothing but the hour at which it occurred prevented the loss of life.

When the Eagle left, two men had been arrested under suspicion that they had fired it by a train laid through the crevices in the wall. They were undergoing examination. No other motive is assigned for the act than wanton mischief.

The report was distinctly heard and the shock felt here, a distance of about 23 miles, and even several miles beyond this. So great was the jar and so loud the report, that the spectators in the theatre made for the doors, and people ran out of their houses.—The passengers on board the Rosalie, which was about nine miles below Alton when it exploded, speak of the shock and report as being very great there, and state that they saw the flash.—*St. Louis Republican, May 22.*

NATCHEZ.—The Committee appointed to investigate the extent of the late calamity at Natchez, have reported a few particulars in addition to those heretofore received. The number of lives lost is still conceded to be about 300, and the wonder is that so many escaped. The aggregate loss on buildings alone, is stated at \$1,069,360. Among the heaviest losses are: Miss. Rail Road Company, \$48,000; Wm. Parker, 40,000; Episcopal Church, 12,000; Methodist Episcopal Church, 15,000; W. R. Brooks, unfinished, 15,000; Noah Barlow, 18,000.

Destructive Freshet in the Savannah River.—The Southern mail of yesterday morning brought intelligence of a frightful freshet which was produced in the Savannah river on the night of the 25th ult., by a great fall of rain during the preceding day and night, and which inundated Augusta, Hamburg and Georgetown, and the adjacent country bordering on the river, swept away the two bridges at the former city, and immense quantities of cotton and other produce and goods, and numbers of small buildings, and it is feared, has caused a great loss of human life among negroes who lived in them. On the night of the 24th the river rose 15 feet; and the following morning 8 feet, and entirely submersed Hamburg, so that the inhabitants had to fly for their lives to the neighboring hills, and escape in canoes, on rafts, or any thing which

they could seize upon. From Augusta and Georgetown no particulars were received, except that at the time the letters from the Hamburg side communicating the intelligence were written, the water was running through Broad street in the former place. The railroad was for miles deeply under water, and must necessarily sustain great damage. All the neighboring bridges and mill dams were swept away, and stock of all kinds were swimming in various directions. The shipping and stores, under the bluff at Savannah must have suffered tremendously by the rush of the torrents.—*Sun.*

THE FLOOD AT AUGUSTA.—The last accounts are to Saturday May 30. The water was then ten feet deep in Broad street, and the entire city was submerged.—Many families had been obliged to retire to the upper stories of their dwellings, and several houses had fallen down, having been undermined by the water. The water is higher than has been known since 1796; and the damage to the plantations, and in the city is incalculable.

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE AT ITHACA.

[From the Ithaca Journal, Extra.]

It becomes our painful duty to record the most severe loss by fire, which has ever occurred in this village.—About half past 2 o'clock this morning (Thursday, May 28,) an alarm of fire was sounded in our streets. It proceeded from the rear of the jewelry store of Mr. J. E. Munger, in a building fitting up for a billiard room and hall alley, by Mr. F. Atwater. The flames owing to combustible materials to which the fire caught, soon reached the buildings in front, and quickly communicated east and west to the large three story brick stores, sweeping every thing in its destructive course, until it reached the corner of Oswego and Aurora streets on the east and the store of Messrs. Camp and Thyer on the west. The fire was also communicated by the building and the lumber in the rear of that in which it originated, with the fire row of three story brick stores in Aurora street, and swept the whole west side of that street to the store of Messrs. Seaman and Smith, near the Tompkins House.

By this fire ten of the best three story brick stores in our village have been destroyed, besides the costly stone warehouse of Geo. McCornick in the rear of his store, and many good wooden dwellings and stores. The loss in buildings and property is estimated between 60 and \$70,000; about \$20,000 only covered by insurance.

How the fire originated is not known, but is thought to be the work of an incendiary. It was with great difficulty that the buildings on the south side of Oswego-st. were prevented from taking fire; as it is, they have sustained some damage.

Wreck of the Chippewa.—The Quebec Mercury of Tuesday confirms the loss of the Chippewa in all its most distressing details—namely, that only the captain and one boy were saved. She went ashore between the 1st and 5th instant, near Cape Rosier. The between decks separate completely from the bottom.—A large number of the unfortunate men floated ashore, and nineteen were buried in one place.

MORE DESTRUCTION.—The present year will be as memorable for the devastations of storms, as last year was for the ravages of fire. Kentucky was lately visited by a hail storm, which in Hering county was so severe that it stripped the trees of their leaves and young fruit, and beat down grain, corn and grass; window glass was broken, and birds, fowls, lambs, and even calves and colts were killed.

FIRE.—The peaceful slumbers of our citizens were disturbed on Thursday night, between the hours of 11 and 12 by the alarm of fire. It proved to be the soap and candle factory owned and occupied by Mr. Merce. The loss is estimated at between \$2000 and \$3000; insurance \$2000.—[*Den. (Waterford) Champion.*]

AN OLD ONE.—At a late political meeting in Madison county, Ohio, George Hempleman, aged 108, presided. One of the Vice Presidents was 99 years of age, another 81, and a third 79. They were all soldiers of the Revolution.—[*Who'll believe it?*]

FIRE IN ROCHESTER.—The Rensselaer Co. House, corner of State and Mumford streets, was burnt, with its out-buildings, on Saturday morning. \$2,000 were insured on the house and furniture.

CONCORD BANK.—The Concord Patriot qualifies the paragraph copied by us some days since, in which it expressed an opinion that the bills of this bank would be redeemed. It adds: "We have no doubt, however, that the funds and securities, if properly and judiciously applied, are ample to redeem the circulation.—Whether they will be so applied, depends upon its managers. One thing looks bad. The notes, we learn, have been assigned to secure certain debts and liabilities, so that the bills of the bank cannot be received for their payment."

WORSE AND WORSE.—The Philadelphia Inquirer of yesterday says:—"We learn from Washington, that letters had been received by the Secretary of War, which states that on the 20th ult. a body of Indians surprised Fort Crumbe, and put every one to death, who sought refuge in that fortress."

The Massachusetts Sabbath School Society held its eighth anniversary at Boston, last Thursday. The report submitted on the occasion embraced returns from 275 schools. Connected with these schools are 5,970 teachers and superintendents; 49,510 scholars—average attendance 29,862; and 89,153 volumes. Adding to the above the reports made last year from 54 schools, from which no returns have been received the present year, and there are, connected with 329 schools, 6,940 teachers and superintendents, 57,847 scholars, and 105,257 volumes. The number of scholars over 18 years of age, reported, is 12,474. Seventy-eight teachers and one thousand one hundred and eighty-three scholars are reported as having been hopelessly converted during the year; and 10 have commenced preparing for the ministry.

Methodist Episcopal Church.—It appears from a Baltimore letter in the Commercial Advertiser, that the increase of the Methodist Episcopal Church, during the four years ending in September last, was 515 ministers and 89,781 church members. Since the accounts were made up in September, the ascertained increase is 14,000, making a total increase of upward of one hundred thousand members. At the general conference of 1836 the number of ministers belonging to the Methodist Episcopal Church was 2,781, and of members, 650,678. In September, 1839, 3,299 ministers, and 740,459 members.

A Collection of \$600 was taken in the Light street Church, Baltimore, to assist in relieving the distressed Methodist Church in Natchez. In the General Conference, a collection of \$800 was taken for the same purpose.

The Last Link Fired.—The opening of the Tide Water Canal, was celebrated with great rejoicings and parade at Havre de Grace, May 7th. This work is a continuation of the Pennsylvania State Canal, extending from Columbia to Havre de Grace at the head of Chesapeake Bay, a distance of forty-five miles. It is the last link of the great chain of improvements of the states of Pennsylvania, New York, and Ohio, stretching from the great northern lakes to the greatest ocean bay in the world, constructed at an expense of upwards of thirty millions of dollars, and embracing more than twelve hundred miles of canals.

Another Factory Burned.—The factory in Portsmouth belonging to Mr. W. E. Lawton, was entirely consumed on Friday night last. The fire broke out about 10 o'clock. Loss, about \$14,000—one half insured.

Brandon Bank.—The Vicksburgh Sentinel says: that Wm. H. Shelton, President of the Brandon Bank, and Samuel M. Bucket and Richard Hobson, Directors of that institution, have left Mississippi for Texas. They took with them 300 negroes, and procured ten armed white men, to enable them to force their way out of the state. The others withdrew in the night. The marshal went in pursuit, but could not overtake them.

THE BOUNDARY QUESTION.—In looking over some late numbers of the London Morning Chronicle, (ministerial paper,) we met with the following paragraph, under date of April 27th, which, in the absence of official intelligence, is worthy of notice:

They [the whig government of England] fear not to meet their American brethren in the full spirit of frank, open, honorable conciliation. Instead of sending armies they have sent instructions, which, without conceding one iota of the just rights or fair pretensions of Great Britain, must convince the world of their sincere desire to observe the strictest good faith, and to meet the American Government half-way, or more than half-way, in every reasonable arrangement for averting the faintest possible change of hostile collision.

LIBERALITY.—\$26,645 07 has recently been paid by the executors of Mrs. Ann Lee, of Boston, widow of the late John McLean, to various benevolent associations of that city. The poor of the Union street church came in for the largest legacy, \$3,621 41, and the widows of the deceased clergymen of the same church received \$2000. Numerous legacies reached as high as \$2000, and none lower than \$500.

It was stated by Rev. Henry Ware, Jr. at the anniversary of the American Unitarian Association, at Boston, on Tuesday evening, that a gentleman in that city or vicinity, had made a donation, to be expended for the Association and kindred objects, of fifty thousand dollars! The name of the donor was not stated.

An entire Mastodon Skeleton.—Mr. Kock, the proprietor of the St. Louis Museum, writes from the Osage country, whither he has gone on an exhuming expedition, that he has discovered an entire skeleton of a gigantic Mastodon, besides some other formations new to him. This gentleman occupies a high place among western naturalists.

The British Queen took out 172 passengers, including children and servants, and of persons belonging to the ship, 110—making in all 282 human beings. The whole amount of her passage money is \$30,175, of her freight \$3,727, and of her postage \$3,100—making a total of \$27,002.

James Wood, who murdered his daughter, is now at liberty, or is about to be set so, under certain restrictions. This man was pronounced insane, and of course not liable to capital punishment for the crime he committed. Now that the bitterness of death is passed, he has come to his right mind, and a murderer of the direst character is freed. The plea of insanity may be urged for every drunken maniac who commits murder. It is estimated that ninety per cent of the homicides arise from intemperance.—*Phil. Nat. Gaz.*

Mail Lost.—We learn from the Post Master at Troy, that the Palmyra and Iowa mail was lost on Friday last, while attempting to cross Cuvier creek. The stream had risen so high that the stage was upset by the force of the current and carried down the stream—the driver and horses escaped.—*St. Louis Pennant, 11th inst.*

SHIPWRECK.—We find in the Journal of Commerce Wednesday, the following account of the wreck of the schooner Charles A. Keeler, of this port:—*Argus.*

Squam Beach June 2nd, 1840.
Walter R. Jones, esq.—The schooner, Chas. A. Keeler, of Albany, Jacob Young, master, with a cargo consisting of Pig and blossom iron, a lot of furniture, and some other small articles, from Philadelphia bound to Albany, was wrecked six miles south of my house this morning about three o'clock.

I have this day landed on the beach her sails, anchors, cables, and most of her running rigging, the principal part of her furniture, some iron and many small articles.

The schooner lies broad-side to the sea, where the sea makes over her at flood tide.

I shall probably, to-morrow, save the balance of the cargo, should the weather prove favorable.

I am respectfully yours,

JOHN S. FORMAN, Com'r of Wrecks.

AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER.

ALBANY, SATURDAY, JUNE 6, 1840.

MASONIC FESTIVAL.

The members of the *Masonic Fraternity* are requested to meet on the 24th of June, in the city of Troy, at the following places, viz.

The members of *Apollo Lodge, Chapter and Encampment*, and all visiting *Sir Knights* in good standing, are requested to meet at St. John's Hall, No 240½ River-st.

Mount Vernon, and Temple Lodges and Temple Chapter and all visiting brethren and companies from the vicinities of Albany and New York at Br. Henry Hull's Mansion House.

Phoenix Lodge, and visiting brethren north of Lansingburgh, the members of *Star Lodge*, and all visiting brethren in the vicinity of Petersburg, at L. S. Stearns' Hotel.

Evening Star Lodge of West Troy, and visiting brethren of Schenectady and that vicinity, at E. & P. Dorton's Washington Hall, corner of River and Grand Division-sts.

Hudson Lodge, and all visiting brethren from that vicinity, at Br. Billings Blakeley's American Hotel, cor. Third and Elbow-sts.

The several Lodges, Chapters, Brethren, Companions and Sir Knights, are requested to meet at the above mentioned places, at 9 o'clock A. M. in order that they may be in readiness to form a procession at 10 o'clock, on Washington Square, under the superintendence of Sir Knight Archibald Ball, as Marshal of the day, assisted by Sir L. R. Lath, Comp. R. Freeman, B. Thomas Grenell, B. M. Wilson, F. Belcher, M. Fairchild, L. McChesney and R. P. Dorton. By order of the Committee.

N. T. WOODRUFF, Chairman.

Capt. Rogers, of the Beaver.—We are gratified to find that our anticipations in this case were correct.—On the examination of Capt. Rogers and several of his crew before Judge Betts, it appears that John Brown (not Gordon) the seamen put ashore, had been some days in irons, for his bad conduct; that when the natives approached the Beaver his irons were taken off and that he went on board a canoe, and had tobacco and knives given him at his own request, that he might make presents of them to the natives, who were not cannibals. Evidence was offered to prove the goop character of Capt. Rogers, and that the relation of his accusers was not to be credited; but finally the complaint, was dismissed, and Capt. R. discharged, as the offence, if any had been committed, was perpetrated more than two years ago, and was barred by the U. S. statute of limitation.

MR. MARVIN'S ADDRESS.—In giving the whole of this able production in our present number (as it could not be divided without impairing its force,) we are aware that we have encroached upon our other departments. We shall endeavor, however, to avoid such an occurrence in future; rendering "equal and exact justice" to all classes of our patrons.

From the Albany Eve. Journal.

FLOUR AND WHEAT.—The quantity of flour and wheat delivered from the Erie canal during the fourth week of May, at the places named below, is as follows:

	Bbls. Flour.	Bush. Wheat.
Schenectady,	313	
West Troy,	29,341	20,623
Albany,	54,098	2,423
Total,	83,752	23,046

From Africa.—Difficulties have arisen between the English colonists on the river Gambin, and the natives, and two of the chiefs were killed. The trade with the

interior was consequently stopped, and the English had sent to Sierra Leone for reinforcements.

The leanness of our editorial department this week may be attributed in part to the editor's absence. A pressure of "intelligence" has excluded some lighter matter. Still we endeavor to select such news generally as may well be preserved in our files.

GRATITUDE.

By the Rev. Mr. Leonard, Mr. Freeman Gladding, to Miss Lavantia Utman;

By the Rev. Mr. Castle, Mr. D. Worthington, to Miss Mary A. daughter of G. Lagrange, Esq.

By the Rev. Dr. Campbell, Mr. Wm. C. Glynn to Miss Helen A. daughter of H. Meach, Esq. all of this city.

At Schenectady, by Bishop Onderdonk, the Rev. Wm. Henry Walter, rector of St. George's church of that city, to Ellen, daughter of Capt. Walter L. Cochran.

At Troy, Wm. Henry Riggs, of Schenectady, to Angelica, daughter of the late Dr. Hubbell, of Berne. Marshall M. Strong, Esq. of Wisconsin, to Angelica, daughter of Julius Hanks, Esq. of Troy.

DIED.

In this city, on Monday last, Barent Bleecker, Esq. aged 79—one of our most highly respected citizens.

At Alexandria, D. C. on the 26th ult. on board a vessel in which he was returning from a voyage undertaken for his health, Mr. A. C. Blackman, of West Troy.

At Utica, Mrs. C. T. M. wife of Charles Hosmer, formerly of this city, aged 25.

At Canajoharie, Hon. David Eacker, first judge of Montgomery co., aged 43.

In Boston, John Parker, one of the oldest merchants of the city.

In Philadelphia, Samuel Allesen, a distinguished member of the bar.

At Loretto, Penn. the Rev. Demetrius Augustine Gallitzin, who for 42 years exercised pastoral functions in Cambria co. The venerable deceased was born in 1770, at Munster, in Germany. His father, Prince de Gallitzin, ranked among the highest nobility in Prussia. His mother was the daughter of Field Marshal General Schmeltan, a celebrated officer under Frederick the Great.

At Erie, Pa. John Shaner, jr. editor of the Gazette, aged 26.

At Auburn, Mr. James Little, aged 54.

Near Harrodsburg, Ky. Gen. John Adair, aged 82.

In Buncombe county, N. C. Rev. Dr. James McRee, aged 87.

At New Orleans, James A. Anderson, editor of the Sun.

Deaths in Philadelphia, last week 68—adults 29, children 39.

CALENDAR OF COMMUNICATIONS.

EACH MONTH.

Temple Encampment,	Albany	2d Friday.
Temple R. A. Chapter,	Albany	2d & 4th Tuesday.
Mount Vernon Lodge	Albany	1st & 3d Thursday.
Temple Lodge,	Albany	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Apollo Lodge	Troy	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Apollo Chapter,	Troy	2d & 4th Tuesday.
Apollo Encampment,	Troy	3d Monday.
Evening Star Lodge,	West Troy	1st Wednesday.
Phoenix Lodge,	Lansingburgh	1st & 3d Thursday.
Oliver Branch	Bethany G. C.	1st Wednesday.
Genesee Encampment,	Lockport N. Y.	1st Monday.
Ohio Lodge No 101,	Wheeling, Va.	2d Thursday.
Wheeling Chapter, 19,	"	2d Monday ev. o month.
Wheeling Encampment	"	1st Saturday.
Washington Council,	Utica,	1st Thursday.
Utica Lodge, 47,	"	1st Thursday.
Oneida Chapter, 67,	"	3d Tuesday.
Utica Encampment, 3	"	1st & 3d Saturday, p. m.
Mount Moriah,	Louisville, Ky.	4th Saturday.
Louisville Encampment	do	Quarterly
Council 8 & R. Masters	do	2d Saturday.
King Solomon's chapter	do	

MASONIC APRONS.—Those Brethren desiring Aprons for either of the Degrees of MAST, ST. MARK or R. ARCH. can obtain them, splendidly engraved on Satin, by applying at this Office, at a price adapted to the times.—May, 1840.

THE MASONIC REGISTER.—For the year of Masonry 1840; containing a correct list of the Officers of the Grand Lodge and Subordinate Lodges, Chapters, Encampments, &c. of N. York, and its vicinity, with their times and places of meeting &c. &c.—for sale at this Office, price 25 cents.—May 16.

POETRY.

For the American Masonic Register.

Mr. Hoffman—An incorrect copy of the following stanza has appeared in a city paper, without the knowledge of the author, and the sudden death of the publisher, and consequent suspension of his paper, prevented its re-publication as it was written. The lines were addressed to a young man, on his leaving his residence, to prepare himself for the gospel ministry. I think they deserve a place in your Register.

LINES TO J. N.

Go,—follower of Jesus, go,
And arm thee with his power divine;
Write the whole *Law* upon thy brow,
And round thy head the *Gospel* twine.

Go—and in hours of darkest strife,
His Spirit shall thy weapon be;
His grace sufficient, bear thee on,
His arm of love be over thee.

Go, then, like him, to heal the heart
By sin and passion wildly torn;
To dry the orphan's bursting tear,
And whisper "Peace" to all that mourn.

Go—for I hear thy Master's voice,
"The fields are white, the laborers few;"
And when by toil and grief oppressed,
He will thy fainting strength renew.

Thy voice may blend no more with ours
In the sweet notes of prayer and praise;
We may no more communion hold,
Till called an angel's song to raise;

Yet the strong cords of christian love
Will bind those memories to the heart;
'They'll live through all life's changing scenes,
And e'en in death will not depart.

HARRIET.

For the Masonic Register.

THE DEATH-HOUR CAME.

*In Memory of a young Lady, who died at New Orleans
in the summer of 1838.*

The death-hour came—no mother near,
O'ercome with anguish, elung about thy bier;
No weeping sister, with an angel's grace,
Wip'd the death-dew from off thy pallid face;
Beside thy couch no loving brother knelt,
As silence show'd the more than grief he felt;
But far away was one, who, when he heard
The mournful news, with inmost spirit stirr'd,
Wept thy sad fate. But as he sat alone,
Pale pensive mem'ry in a heart-felt tone,
Breath'd in his ear; "she whose spirit's fled,
And left its body with the peaceful dead,
Was but a pilgrim in this bourne of pain,
Where brightest beauty bears an earthly stain;
She's now remov'd where sorrow is no more.
Where balmy zephyrs fan the quiet shore;
Where Joy and Love together fondly cling,
Where all is beauty, and eternal spring."

N. York City, May, 1840.

W. O.

For the Masonic Register.

SONG.

O! yes! I often think of her,
I fancy she is now
Beside me, and her snowy hand
Is resting on my brow.

Methinks the moisture of her breath
Is warm upon my cheek,
And smiling sweet, she looks on me,
As if about to speak.

O, would that I were with her now!
But since it cannot be,
E'en Hope, that cheers the lover's heart,
Must prove a friend to me.

I tread the vessel's deck alone,
While on the azure deep

The Queen of Night looks fondly down,
Then turn away to weep!

Yet they are tears of joy that fall;
For Hope, with pencil free,
Has sketch'd her face, which on the moon
Is turn'd, to think of me!

N. York City, May, 1840.

W. O.

MARY'S TEARS.

Translated from the Latin for the Catholic Register.

BY SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

Weeping Mary, bathed in sorrow,
Linger'd near the scene of horror,
Where the dying Saviour hung,
From whose bursting heart arising,
Groans of anguish agonizing,
Floated o'er his favor'd tongue!

O! what sorrow, deep, unbounded!
That maternal bosom wounded,
Once the Saviour's couch of rest;
How she wept to see him languish!
How she trembled for the anguish
Laboring in his guiltless breast!

Who could witness without weeping
Gushing streams of sorrow sweeping
Down the mother's pallid cheek?
Who, with bosom unrelenting
Could behold her thus lamenting?
Looking what no tongue could speak!

While such pangs as fiends invented,
Still her suffering son tormented,
Thorns and bruises, stripes and death!
She beheld him thus expiring,
Human friends in fear retiring,
Whilst in groans he spent his breath!

Matchless mercy! love amazing!
Far above our feeling praising,
Far beyond our feeble lays;
May its influence never vary,
Till my heart, like that of Mary,
Glow with a seraphic blaze!

Gracious Saviour! now in glory,
Be this sad affecting story
Deeply on my soul impress'd;
May the scene of such affliction,
Bring the hardest heart conviction,
Melt the most obdurate breast.

CORN FIELDS.

BY MARY HOWITT.

In the merry month of spring,
When clover 'gins to burst;
When blue-bells nod within the wood,
And sweet May whitens first;
When merle and mavis sing their fill,
Green is the young corn on the hill.

But when the merry spring is past,
And summer growth bold,
And in the garden and the field
A thousand flowers unfold;
Before a green leaf yet is sere,
The young corn shoots into the ear.

But then as day and night succeed,
And summer weareth on,
And in the flowery garden-bed
The red-rose growth was,
And holly-hock and sunflowers tall
O'erthop the mossy garden-wall:

When on the breath of autumn breeze,
From pastures dry and brown,
Goes floating, like an idle thought,
The fair, white thistle-down;
O! then what joy to walk at will,
Upon the golden harvest hill!

What joy in dreamy ease to lie
Amid a field new-shorn,
And see all round on sunlit slopes,
The piled-up shocks of corn,

And send the fancy wandering o'er
All pleasant harvest-fields of yore.

I feel the day; I see the field;
The quivering of the leaves,
And good old Jacob and his house
Binding the yellow sheaves;
And at this very hour I seem
To be with Joseph in his dream.

I see the fields of Bethlehem,
And reapers many a one,
Bending under their sickles' stroke,
And Boaz looking on;
And Ruth the Moabitess fair,
Amid the gleaners stooping there.

Again, I see a little child,
His mother's sole delight:
God's living gift of love unto
The kind, good Shunamite.
To mortal pangs I see him yield,
And the lad bear him from the field.

The sun-bathed quiet of the hills;
The fields of Galilee,
That eighteen hundred years ago
Were full of corn, I see;
And the dear Saviour takes his way,
'Mid ripe ears on the Sabbath day.

O, golden fields of bending corn,
How beautiful they seem!—
The reaper folk, the piled-up sheaves,
To me are like a dream;
The sunshine and the very air
Seem of old time, and take me there!

PROFESSIONAL RHYMING.

In the Otsego Herald, [of 1802.] a physician calls on his debtors for payment in the following humorous manner:

Says Doctor Gott, "I'll tell you what,"
I'm call'd on hot, To pay my shot,
And may I rot If I do not:
But I cannot, Unless 'tis got,
For jog and trot From spot to spot,
So ev'ry jet That's due to Gott,
For Pill or Bot tle, Salve or Cot
All round the Ot segonian Plot;
Whether begot of Teague or Scot,
Or from the Mot ley race of LOT,
Sober or Sot, Yankey or not,
Must soon be shot Into my pot;
Or else, I wot, They'll smell it hot,
Or they may blot Nathaniel Gott.

AUTHORISED AGENTS.

The following Brethren have kindly offered to act as Agents for the American Masonic Register. They are duly authorized to receive subscriptions and monies on its account.

William Boardman, New York City.
Tallmage Fairchild, Cossackie.
Joel D. Smith, Castleton.
James Telf, Coeymans.
S. C. Leggett, Troy.
S. D. Smith, Lansingburgh.
Joseph Blackburn, Poughkeepsie.
John S. Weed, West Greenfield.
Ebenezer Mix, Batavia.
Blanchard Powers, Cowlsville.
James Cavanagh, Watertown.
James M'Kain, Lockport.
Francis P. Milo, Kingston, U. C.
Philo W. Stocking, Wheeling, Va.
Thomas J. Welby, Louisville, Kentucky.

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"A post master may enclose money in a letter to the publisher of a newspaper, to pay the subscription of a third person, and FRANK the letter, if written by himself."

AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER AND LITERARY COMPANION.

BY L. G. HOFFMAN.]

ALBANY, SATURDAY, JUNE 13. 1840.

[VOL. I.—NO. 41.]

MASONIC.

MASONRY IN TENNESSEE.

Br. Hoffman.—The "good old cause" is flourishing in this region quietly and steadily. There will be a very general celebration of the approaching anniversary. Below I send you a list of the officers of our Chapter and Lodge, which was directed to be published in your paper.

MEMPHIS CHAPTER.

Jos. Catton, H. P. F. Titus, K. Moses Horn, S. Charles Lafland, P. S. J. H. M'Mahon, C. H. A. Kernahan, R. A. C. Jos. Henderson, James H. Lawrence, E. Trenewith, Masters of Veils. Thomas P. Young, Sec'y. Wm. Spiekernagle, Tyler.
Regular Meetings, 3d Monday in each month.

MEMPHIS LODGE.

T. H. M'Mahon, W. M. B. Duke, S. W. W. Chase, J. W. J. H. Lawrence, Sec'y. John W. Fowler, Tr. Jos. Henderson, S. D. A. Kernahan, J. D. Wm. Spiekernagle, Tyler.
Regular meetings, 2d Tuesday in each month.

MASONIC DUTIES.

CHARITY.

There is no community on earth, whose laws and maxims more energetically enforce the practice of this gospel virtue, or whose actions breathe a more genuine spirit of philanthropy, than the ancient and venerable institution of freemasonry. Unlike other establishments of human wisdom, it has derived no aid from popular prejudice; and, at no epoch in its history, has it been indebted to the rage of competition, or the zeal of party for support. Its own inherent qualities have sustained it from its commencement, and transmitted it to us a venerable example of our fathers' wisdom. True it is, there are secrets in masonry; and where is the society, which has public good for its object, whose forms and ceremonies will bear the rude handling of every worthless stranger to its duties? Would the mild influence of christianity be so extensive, if its holy altars were constantly exposed to the unhallowed mockery of every impious railer? Or would it long preserve its sacred dignity, if its solemn services and holy rites were submitted to every vulgar hypocrite to mangle them at pleasure? Neither then would masonry long flourish, if all its acts were scanned by the malignant eye of curiosity. "Its good deeds shine in secret, that the Lord, who seeth in secret, may reward them openly." Give but the world its secrets, and the world must lose all its benefits. Many no doubt whom I now address who are yet in ignorance, have laughed at its seeming frivolities, and ridiculed its solemnities, to them unintelligible. To such I would say, Condemn not disingenuously, nor pretend to despise what you must not, cannot understand. Vain is every idle surmise of yours against this sacred institution, whether it be meanly fostered in your own bosoms, or ignorantly promulgated to an uninstructed world. You may say that you have seen many of its children disregarding its precepts and departing from its maxims; so you may have discovered spots in the glorious sun itself. But you never saw the mason of any description, but would rather renounce the strongest attachment to the pleasures of life, than reproach the institution he can-

not disgrace. *Wisdom, strength, and beauty*, are its stable pillars; and when these fail, the enemies of masonry may triumph at its dissolution.

BROTHERLY LOVE.

By brotherly love we are to understand that generous principle of the soul which respects the human species as one family, created by an Allwise Being, and placed on this globe for the mutual assistance of each other; for as in the sight of the Supreme Architect of the universe, we are equally his children, having the same common parent and preserver, so we in common look upon every freemason as our brother, nor regard where he was born or educated, or whether an Indian, an African, or a European sun may have shone upon him; how high or low his condition or circumstances may be, provided he is just and honest we recognise him as a brother, and view him as the noblest work of God. Love is of God; and he that loveth God loveth his brother also; and he that saith that he is in the light, and hateth his brother, is in darkness until now; Be ye like minded, having the same love, being of one accord and of one mind; again, If ye love me, keep my commandments; and that ye love one another, as I loved you. Thus do we find, my brethren, that brotherly love not only occupies a conspicuous place in a lodge of masons here below, but that, together with faith, hope, and charity, it forms one of the principal graces of the supreme lodge above. There, indeed, will brotherly love be perfect, and shine with undiminished lustre throughout the endless ages of eternity; there shall it

Stand before the host of heaven confess'd,
For ever blessing and forever blest.

Stretch forth your hands to assist a brother whenever it is in your power; to be always ready to go any where to serve him; to offer your warmest petitions for his welfare; to open your breasts and hearts to him; to assist him with your best counsel and advice; to soothe the anguish of his soul, and betray no confidence he reposes in you; to support him with your authority; to use your utmost endeavors to prevent him from falling; to relieve his wants as far as you are able, without injuring yourselves or your families. In short, mutually to support and assist each other, and earnestly to promote one another's interests, are duties which (well you know) are incumbent upon you. But do these duties always influence you? Are they not too often forgotten? Your worthy brother too frequently neglected, and the stranger preferred to those of your own household? Ye are connected by solemn promises; let those always be so remembered as to direct your actions; for then and then, only, will you preserve, your consciences void of offence, and prepare that firm cement of utility and affection, which time will have no power to destroy.

THE FIVE POINTS OF FELLOWSHIP ILLUSTRATED.

1. When the necessities of a brother call for my aid and support, I will be ever ready to lend him such assistance to save him from sinking, as may be not detrimental to myself or connexions, if I find him worthy thereof.
2. Indolence shall not cause my footsteps to halt, nor wrath turn them aside; but forgetting every selfish

consideration, I will be ever swift of foot to serve, help and execute benevolence to a fellow creature in distress; and more particularly to a brother mason.

3. When I offer up my ejaculations to Almighty God, a brother's welfare I will remember as my own; for as the voices of babes and sucklings ascend to the Throne of Grace, so most assuredly will the breathings of a fervent heart arise to the Mansions of Bliss, as our prayers are certainly required of each other.

4. A brother's secrets, delivered to me as such, I will keep as I would my own; as betraying that trust might be doing him the greatest injury he could sustain in this mortal life; nay, it would be like the villany of an assassin, who lurks in darkness to stab his adversary, when unarmed and least prepared to meet an enemy.

5. A brother's character I will support, in his absence as I would in his presence; I will not wrongfully revile him myself, nor will I suffer it to be done by others, if in my power to prevent it.

Thus by the five points of fellowship are we linked together in one indivisible chain of sincere affection, brotherly love, relief and truth.

MASONIC PRAYERS.

Great Light of Life! whom all beings love because they enjoy thee! In every thing thou art, and in us. We live in the light of thy countenance. We exist by thy strength and are harmony in thee. Bless us, even us, O our Father! Give us one soul. Influence us by the same zeal. Purify us by the same light of truth. In the joy of this day we praise thee. Joy makes our praise sublime. Bless the brethren, one in name and in heart. Bless the elect, who stand near thee to represent thy power. May they proclaim also thy wisdom and love. May the master be glorious and firm, like the arch of heaven, in which all the revolutions of nature are performed. May the wardens be sure as the poles of our globe. May the deacons be constant as the hours. May the treasurer keep what time cannot corrupt; and the secretary record what eternal truth shall approve. May the stewards be faithful, as the earth in its rich increase; and the tyler be like the eye of a kind providence, which watches unseen. All in thee, and each in all. To the great light of Life be glory. Amen.

Father of light, of life and of love! Supreme Architect and Ruler of Heaven and Earth! Infinitely glorious God—Thou, at the beginning, willing to communicate happiness, and to establish beauty, order and harmony, didst, from the womb of thine own awful eternity, give birth to time; and, commanding the jarring elements of matter to cease their strife, didst marshal them into an universe complete! Then, while the heavenly hierarchies, with voice and harp, sung the loud anthem of joy, thou didst crown thy glorious work, by breathing the breath of life into thine own image—Man!

Be thou with us at our present beginning, and to the end. In thy name we assemble, and in thy name we desire to proceed in all our doings. Let the wisdom of thy blessed Son, through the grace and goodness of the Holy Ghost, so subdue every discordant passion within us, so harmonise and enrich our hearts with a portion of thine own love and goodness, that the lodge at this time may be a sincere, though humble copy of that order and beauty and unity, which reign forever before thy heavenly throne.

We thankfully acknowledge that thou hast loved us,

O Lord our God, with an exceeding great and eternal love; and hast chosen us out of every people and language. Our fathers trusted in thee and were not ashamed—for thou didst teach them the statutes of life, that they might do of thy good pleasure with a perfect, and willing heart. As thou didst unto them, so do thou unto us; still remembering thy gracious promise, "that where two or three are met together in thy name, thou wilt be in the midst of them."

By thus seeking and loving thee, and by loving each other for thy sake, shall thy blessing and peace be upon us from the four corners of the earth. Thou shalt put understanding into our hearts, and make us diligent to hear, to teach, and to do, all the words of thy law in love—So shall we be built up a spiritual lodge, never to be shaken; but cleaving to thy great name, and united to thee in love, and praise, and freedom of soul forever!

Amen! so may it be, for the sake of Christ our Saviour!

BIOGRAPHICAL.

ABD-EL-KADER.

The Hadji Abd-el-Kader Oulid Mahidin, who figures in the accounts of the wars of the French in Africa, belongs to a most ancient family of Marabouts, and descends, like his kinsman the Emperor of Morocco, from the Fatimite Caliphs. He was born at Guelma, a sort of seminary near Mascara, on the Hachem territory, where the Marabouts, his ancestors, assembled a number of young men to instruct them in letters, theology, and jurisprudence. Abd-el-Kader was educated as well as an Arab can be by his father, Sidi Mahidin, who turned to his best account his intelligence and energy. As yet but a boy, not a passage of the Koran perplexed him, and his explanations were readier than those of the ablest commentators. He likewise diligently applied himself to oratory and history, and so successfully, that he is now the most eloquent speaker in his country (an immense advantage among the Arabs) and perfectly acquainted with the annals of his nation. Nor did he neglect the exercises of the body, in which he excels, he being generally reckoned the best horseman in the Barbary states. In short, at the early age of twenty he was distinguished for all the qualities which men like to behold in those whom they place at their head.

Abd-el-Kader is now about thirty-one years old; he is of middling height, somewhat corpulent; his countenance is mild, expressive, and distinguished; his eyes are very fine, his beard thin and dark, and his teeth, which are ill set, are blue spotted; his hands, of which he takes particular care, are extremely fine and delicate; his head is generally somewhat inclined towards the left shoulder; his manners are affable, and most polite and dignified; he seldom is betrayed into anger, but always keeps a command over himself; in short, to quote the words of an intelligent and impartial French officer of rank, who has been employed upon negotiations with the natives almost ever since the occupation of Algiers, "the whole person of the Emir is fascinating, and it is difficult to know and not to like him."

Abd-el-Kader is a man of great bravery, yet his mind is perhaps better adapted to government than to military affairs. Though gifted with great fortitude and perseverance, he has occasionally betrayed some defection in the arduous circumstances he has had to contend with. His manners are pure, even rigidly so, he has but one wife, whom he most tenderly loves. Three years ago his family consisted only of a daughter, then four or five years old, and of a son, born a few days before the French entered and destroyed Mascara. When in his capital he dwelt with his family in a rather fine house, but which was not the palace. He lived there without any guards, and as a private individual. Every day, at an early hour, he repaired to the palace, or beylick, to transact public business and give audiences. In the evening he returned to his house, and again became a private individual.

Abd-el-Kader is equally unassuming in his dress, his costume being that of a mere Arab, without any sort of ornament or badge of distinction. If he displays any splendor, it is about his arms and horses. At one time he wore a burnous, the tassels of which were of gold; but one of his brothers-in-law whom he

had appointed Kaid of a powerful tribe, having indulged in that station in a pomp which had excited some discontent, he sent for him, and after censuring his conduct, added, "Follow my example; I am richer and more powerful than you, yet see how I am dressed: I will not even retain those paltry tassels that you see hanging to my burnous." He immediately cut them off, and from that moment has never worn the slightest bit of gold or silver about his person.

Abd-el-Kader is very fond of study, to which he devotes the few hours he can spare from active life. A little library accompanies him in all his movements. When on any expedition he displays much more royalty than when in town; he then lives under a superb and convenient tent, in a nook of which, elegantly fitted up, he gives private audiences and attends to state affairs. In the camp he employs his time as follows, when the day is not taken up with military operations:—On reaching his tent, after a day's march, he keeps by him but one servant, and after some minutes devoted to dressing and cleanliness, summons his secretaries and principal officers, in succession, and works with them till four o'clock; he then presents himself at the entrance of his tent, and himself says the public prayers; he next preaches for half an hour, taking care to select a religious text that may naturally lead him to inculcate the notions it suits him to propagate upon war and politics; nobody however, is obliged to attend his sermons. Some moments after he sits down to table with his chief secretary and a confidential friend, Miloud-Ben-Arach, his brothers, when they are with the army, and the oftener one of his agas. The dishes served up to him are few in number, but good and carefully prepared.

Abd-el-Kader appears to have religious feelings and due notions of Providence, but he is no fanatic. He does not dread discussing religious matters with Christians, and he argues with politeness and without asperity. He is an honest man, and has well-established moral principles; though subtle and cunning in a diplomatic point of view, he is a faithful observer of his word. Nothing is more foreign to his nature than cruelty; he governs the Arabs with justice and moderation, thereby confuting those who maintain that they can be governed only by terror. Whenever it has been in his power, he has acted with clemency and generosity towards his enemies. Two only have suffered death under his government, and that after due trial—the Gardi of Arzew, and Sidi-el-Gomarez, Sheikh of Angad, who was hanged at Mascara, in August, 1835.

The conversation of Abd-el-Kader is very animated, and at times witty. In private life he is considered parsimonious, but as a prince he knows full well how and when to be liberal. In financial and commercial matters his notions are most of them erroneous.

The remarkable man whose portrait we have just derived from authentic data, is the most formidable foe that the French have to contend with in their efforts to assert their pretended rights over the vast territory extending from the Mediterranean to the St. Lara, and from the frontier of Morocco to that of Tunis. Whilst pursuing the object of their ambition at an enormous expense of men and money, and by the alternate employment of force, treachery, extortion, and cruelty, Abd-el-Kader, undaunted by the strides of his powerful neighbors, has gradually risen, by dint of bravery, sagacity, and perseverance, to the possession of no small share of the empire which they would exclusively secure to themselves. Whilst their policy has fluctuated under the influence of systems as various as the administrations formed at Paris, or the many governors-general sent out to Africa, the young Emir has steadily pursued his object, and become unto the Arabs a leader and a centre of action—a leader whose talents and gallantry in the field his Gallic enemies have already tried.—*London Morning Post.*

MISCELLANY.

AN INCIDENT AT THE BATTLE OF THE THAMES.

At the battle of the Thames, a laughable incident occurred, which is thus related by one who was in the engagement. The British General had formed his men in open order, with their cannon pointing down the road by which the Americans were advancing. Gen. Harrison immediately took advantage of this, and

ordered Col. Johnson's mounted regiment to charge at speed by heads of companies, (so as to expose the least possible front) pass through the open intervals and form in the rear of the British Forces. This movement was brilliantly executed by the battalion under the command of Lt. Col. James Johnson, his brother, Col. R. M. Johnson, at the same time charging the Indians with the other battalion. It happened that in one of the companies there was a long-legged, brawny fellow, named Lamb; he weighed about two hundred and forty pounds; was a brave man, and as good humored as big—brave men proverbially are. Lamb had broken down his Kentucky horse, by his great weight, and was mounted instead, upon a short, stout, wild Canadian pony; from whose sides his long limbs depended almost to the ground, while his bulky frame rose high above the beast, looking not unlike an overgrown schoolboy astride of a rough sheep. When the charge was made, Lamb's pony took a fright and broke into a strain. Lamb pulled, until the bit broke in the animal's mouth, and all command of him was lost. The little pony stretched himself to the work, dashed out of the ranks, soon outstripped all his file-leaders, and pushed on in advance of the company.

Lamb was no longer master of his horse or himself, and he was in a quandary. If he rolled off, he would be trampled to death by his own friends; if the horse rushed upon the British lines with him so far ahead of the rest, he must be killed. Either way death seemed inevitable; and to use his own expression, "I thought he'd jist do something they could tell his friends in Kentucky, when they went home. He stuck both heels into the pony's flanks, and urged him to his utmost speed. On they drove some fifty yards in front of the leading file, Lamb's gigantic person away from side to side, and his legs swinging in a most portentous fashion, the little Canadian "pulling foot" all he knew how, his tail straight, his nostrils distended, his ears pinned back, and his shaggy eyes flashing from under his shaggy foretop, with all the spite and spleen of a born devil. Just as he got within a stride or two of the British, Lamb flourished his rifle and roared out in a voice of thunder, "Clear the way, blast you! for I'm a coming!!!" To his surprise the line opened right and left, and he passed through unhurt. So great was their astonishment, at the strange apparition of such a rider, and such a horse, moving upon them with such furious velocity, that they opened mechanically at his word of command, and let him pass. So soon as he gained the rear of their position, Lamb rolled off on the grass, and suffered his pony to go his own road. A few minutes more, he was with his comrades securing the prisoners.

THE GOLD WATCH.

I have now in my hand a gold watch, which combines embellishment and utility in happy proportions, and is usually considered a valuable appendage to the person of a gentleman. Its hands, face, chain, and case are of chaste and burnished gold. Its gold seal sparkles with the ruby, the topaz, the sapphire, the emerald. I open it and find that the works, without which this elegantly chased case would be a mere shell, those hands motionless, and those figures without meaning, are made of brass. I investigate further, and ask what is the spring by which all these works are put in motion, made of? I am told that it is made of steel. If I should make the inquiry what is steel? The reply is, iron which has undergone a certain process. So then I find that the main spring, without which the watch would be motionless, and its hands, figures and embellishments but toys, is not of gold, that is not sufficiently good, nor of brass, that would not do—but iron. Iron is therefore the only precious metal; and this was an apt emblem of society. Its hands and figures, which tell the hour, resemble the master spirits of the age, to whose movements every eye is occasionally directed. Its useless, but sparkling seals, sapphires, rubies, topaz and embellishments, the aristocracy. Its works of brass represent the middle classes, by the increasing intelligence and power of which the master spirits of the age are moved; and its iron main spring shut up in a box, constantly at work, but never thought of, except when it is disordered, broke, or wants winding up, symbolises the laborious classes, which like the main spring are wound up by payment of wages; which classes are shut up in security, and though constantly at work, and ab-

solutely necessary to the movements of society, as the iron main spring is to the gold watch, are never thought of except when they require their wages, or are in some want or disorder of some kind or other.—*English Paper.*

TOWER OF BABEL.

The following account of the tower of Babel is from Sir Robert K. Porter's travels in Western Asia, between the years 1817 and 1820, as quoted by Professor Silliman in the last number of his *Journal of Science*.

This is an immense pile of ruins,—at its base it measures 3,082 feet (in circuit)—width 420 feet; it presents two stages of hills, the first about 60 feet high, cloven into a deep ravine by the rain, and intersected by the furrows of age. To the base of the second ascent is about 200 feet from the bottom of the entire pile, and from the base of this ruin to the top 35 feet. On the western side the entire mass rises at once from the plain in one stupendous though irregular pyramidal hill, broken in the slopes of its sweeping acclivities by time and violence. The south and north fronts are particularly abrupt towards the point of the brick ruin; on the north side there are large piles of fine and solid brick work, projecting from among immense masses of rubbish at the base; the fine bricks were evidently part of the extreme summit, which is a solid mass 28 feet broad, made of the most beautiful brick masonry, and presenting the apparent angle of some structure originally of a square shape, the remains of which stand on the east to the height of 35 feet, and to the south 22 feet. It is rent from the top nearly half way down; the remains of the masonry are furnace burnt bricks, they are united by a calcareous cement about a quarter of an inch in thickness, having in it a layer of straws, and so hard that it could not be separated. The base of the structure was not altered, but the piles of fine bricks which were thrown down vitrified with the various colors, and they gave the ringing sound belonging to the vitrification of glass in the manufactories; the lines of cement are distinct and are vitrified. The consuming power appears to have acted from above, and the scattered ruins fell from a higher point than the summit of the present standing fragment.

The heat of fire which produced such amazing effect must have burned with the force of the strongest furnace, and from the general appearance of the cleft in the wall and these vitrified masses, I should be inclined, says the author, to attribute the catastrophe to lightning from heaven. Ruins, by the exposition of any combustible matter, would have exhibited very different appearances. The entire surface of the structure appears to have been faced with fine brick.

WATERS OF THE DEAD SEA.—The Boston Mercantile Journal says:—Professor Lee, the Geologist, has furnished the Biblical Repository with a very able article on this subject, in which he states that the strongest saline spring in New-York State is the Liverpool well, near Syracuse, the specific gravity of which water is only 1.114, while that of the Dead Sea is 1.211; also that 1000 grains of water from this well yielded 149.34 grains of dry solid matter, while the latter yield 41 per cent., when the residuum is dried at a temperature of 180 Fahrenheit. The following table exhibits the comparative strength of the waters of the Dead Sea and the saline springs of the United States, rejecting the magnesia and other earthly ingredients:

Of the Dead Sea, 33 gallons of brine give one bushel of salt; at Onondaga, 45 gallons; at Muskingum, 50; Illinois, 80; Grand River, Ark. 80; Kenawha, Va. 75; Zanesville, 95; of Sea Water, 350; Boon's Lick, 450; Shawneetown, Ill. 280; Jackson, Ohio, 213.

The celebrated sea, the Professor says, is not known to contain any fish, or animals of any description.

AN IRISH WAGER.—"Nate hand you are, then, my darlint," said one bricklayer to another. "You mount the ladder wid yer hod full of stones, and scatter them on the head iv us as ye go sir. Be me soul I'd carry yourself from de flags to the roof an down ag'n without you being spilt." "You'd not do it, sir. I'd lay a trifle ye couldn't." "For a naggin I would den; d'ye take my bet?" "Done! the naggin on't ye can't sir." "We'll thrify that! boundle in!" Fearful as the experiment may seem, it was successful, and Jerry, once

more landing the adventurous Pat on the pavement, said triumphantly, "The price of me stuff, if it's aqual t'ye! H'an't I wan it?" "Ye have, sir," admitted Pat reluctantly, lugging out his halfpence, "as it happens, I'm bate. I'd rather lose any thing than my wager, and just as we were comen by the second story, I was in hopes."

"My Mother learned me to work."—Such was the remark of one of our Boston matrons, who had graced the first circles of society, whose husband was reputed to be rich, but who in the great commercial pressure of '37 had in common with many others of his class, all the profits of years swept away. "My mother learned me to work"—and her face looked as happy in her cheap lodgings, as ever it did when surrounded by the paraphernalia of luxury and pride. Such a wife is a treasure; but what would she have been, had not her mother learned her to work?—*Boston Times.*

THE GATHERER.

A COURT MARTIAL.—The Elliott Court Martial is still in session at the Philadelphia Navy Yard. It is quite an imposing affair, but appears to excite less attention than is due to a case of the kind. The members of the court sit in a large room in the upper story of one of the warehouses or office buildings at the upper end of the yard. The room has a low ceiling, and has something the appearance of a sail-loft, or the "between decks" of a large vessel. The members of the court are ranged round a large table, with Commodore Jones, the presiding officer, at the head—a portion of the other members on his right, and another portion on his left. They are all seated on chairs, and dressed in full uniform. Immediately fronting the President of the Court, is John M. Read, Esq. the Judge Advocate. A few feet in the rear is George M. Dallas, Esq. counsel for the accused—and on the left, Commodore Elliott, in full uniform. At some distance in the rear of the President, an officer of inferior rank is seated; while an orderly is in constant attendance, awaiting the commands of the court. The witnesses are called up and sworn, as in ordinary courts of justice, and the proceedings are conducted with great gravity and deliberation. The spectators occupy benches in the back-ground, but when we happened to step in, a very few persons were present. The whole affair is public, and any citizen has free access to the court room.

Extraordinary Petition.—On Saturday the 11th ult. Mr. Walker, of Miss. presented to the Senate, a petition of John Scarborough and Nancy his wife, asking a grant of land on the ground of having raised twenty children for the benefit of the Republic. They state that they migrated from North Carolina about eight years ago to the far West; that they have reared 20 children, the oldest not 25, and the youngest not weaned. They tell Congress, by going to Texas they can have an immense grant of land, but that they prefer their own glorious Republic. They express a hope that with God's power "and perseverance," they may be further fruitful, as they have high health and unimpaired constitutions, and conclude with the belief that, as a future precedent, it will not be dangerous, but would rather meet with the approbation of the whole American People. It was referred to the Committee on Public Lands.

FROM LIBERIA.—By the arrival at N. York of the Colonization packet ship Saluda, 38 days from Liberia, late and interesting news from that colony was received.

The most important item is a graphic and highly amusing account, written by the Rev. Geo. S. Brown, of a battle fought on the 15th March, between a body of natives about 300 in number, and the Methodist Missionary station at Heddington. [Tom's Town.] The attack was made by the natives, who were repulsed, after an hour's hard fighting, with (we should judge from Mr. Brown's despatch,) "terrible slaughter to the enemy," who are represented to have lost their leader and 30 or 40 men. Of their loss, however, nothing positive was known; for though plenty of "blood and brains" were found on the field of battle, the bodies were all carried off, except those of "three big slab-sided" fellows. We regret that from

want of space we cannot give Mr. Brown's official account of the engagement in full; but of its ferocity and the valor of the defence, some idea may be formed from the following extract:

"The engagement was by this time well under way, and increased rapidly. Tom's people sallied down to ward the lower gate, and gave them a few shots, at which time one of his men received a slug through his bowels, and immediately came into my chamber with his intestines in his hands.

"Brother Bennet Demory and brother Harris were the only two who stood in front, between the enemy and the house. They both stood their ground and cut them down like mowers cutting grass. Meanwhile brother Jarvis Z. Nichols came into the chamber where I was loading muskets, (for we had eighteen muskets in the chamber, which we knew would go at every snap, and 100 ready made cartridges, and a keg of powder beside,) and poured a stream of lead upon them from the window, as fast as two boys could hand him loaded muskets. In the midst of all this, the enemy broke through the fence, and poured into the yard like bees. Brothers Harris and Demory now retreated to the door, in which both stood side to side, about two rods from them, with two muskets apiece, throwing buck-shot into their bowels, hearts, and brains, like a tornado. Soon brother Nichols received a slug in his breast, at the window, which brought him to the floor. He cried out—"Daddy, gun catch me." The blood poured forth freely. I then sent him into a bedroom in the lee part of the house. He had given the enemy, who were not more than eight rods from the window where he stood, as thick as they could stand loading and firing, about 30 shots. Besides all this the air was darkened with poisoned arrows flying in every direction.

"At this time, i. e. the fall of Nichols, I stepped immediately into his tracks, having muskets loaded, and renewed the fire from the window. At this time the sun was up; Goterah had got into the yard with a considerable number of men, growing like a mammoth lion, and rolling about on the ground, and saying to his men "Come on, come on." But he soon fell a lifeless corpse, within two and a half rods of the house, supposed to be from a shot by brother Harris, who then stood with Demory. At this time I was directly over their heads, taking deliberate aim at fifties who stood in groups, about five or six rods from the window; at which time some one of the enemy shot a nice tube out of my watch key and spoiled it. The ball or slug went through the partition of sister Harris's room, and after straightening her hair, went out of the lee window."

We defy the reader to find in Colonel Gurwood's despatches to the Duke of Wellington any thing equal to this. Tom's man coming into Brother Brown's Room "with his intestines in his hands." Brother Harris and Demory throwing "buck shot into their bowels, heart and brains like a tornado." Brother Nichols crying out "daddy, gun catch me." Brother Brown's nice tube out of his watch key being spoiled, and "the straightening" of Sister Harris's hair, are certainly unsurpassed.

Governor Buchanan, reflecting on what occurred at King Tom's town, determined to attack King Gytombah's town, who, it appears, had sent Prince Goterah to the attack of the former, and thus carry the war into the heart of the enemy's country. Africa's Luminary gives a full account of the march there, and the assault and capture, in which one Liberian was killed, and two wounded.

At last the above paper says, peace and tranquillity were in a great measure restored, and the governor was in treaty with a number of the kings and head men of the surrounding tribes, who were all anxious to wash their hands of any participation in the attack.

The accounts from the Maryland Colony at Cape Palmas are very cheering. Natives and settlers were busily engaged at their farms. Crops abundant.—*Suz.*

Another Clergyman of the Old School.—Rev. Dr. Homer, of Newton, who preached the sermon before the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, fifty years ago, was in the city on Monday last, in health of body and mind; cheerful, intelligent and active. It may be added that Dr. Homer has a collection of Bibles of the earliest printed editions, of a greater variety and number than is known in a single library in Christendom.—*Best Jour.*

NATURAL HISTORY.

HYBERNATION OR WINTER SLEEP OF ANIMALS.

Many animals are so constituted, that during the winter season the activity of their functions is greatly impaired by the reduction of temperature, and they pass into a peculiar situation called hybernation, which bears a strong resemblance to ordinary sleep. Naturalists and physiologists have sought in vain for either external or internal characters of general application, by which they might distinguish the species likely to be subjected to this singular but wisely-appointed lethargy. It is a provisional faculty, dependent on external circumstances, and may be interrupted, postponed, or altogether prevented, by regulating the conditions under which the animal is placed. Hybernation is induced by a moderately low temperature, but extreme cold destroys it, so that it differs essentially from that state of torpor which cold produces in any animal by benumbing the sentient nerves, and stiffening the muscles. Many physiologists have mistaken this state of animals for that of true hybernation, but the two conditions are quite different. In the latter, the mobility of the muscles remains unimpaired, not the slightest stiffness being observable, and the sensibility of the nerves is as perfect as it is in ordinary sleep. The lethargy, indeed, is sleep, not torpidity. It is a property peculiar to a few species, which, however, differ very materially in other respects, as will be perceived when we name as familiar instances the dormouse, the hedgehog, and the bat. When the decreasing temperature of autumn reminds them that they, like campaigning armies, must look about them for cantonments into which they may retire for the winter (for all hybernating animals avoid exposure to extreme cold,) each according to its species seeks out its place of repose. This is either in the earth, among old walls, in caverns, trunks of trees, or bushes, which retreats are usually lined with dried herbs, grasses, leaves or moss. The bat chooses caverns, barns, and other situations where the temperature is milder than that of the open air; and, contrary to the usual practice, it suspends itself by the hooked claws of its hinder extremities. Other hybernating animals contract themselves into balls, so as to expose the smallest possible surface to the air.

The phenomena of hybernation have been very carefully observed by Dr. Marshall Hall, and an able paper of his in the Philosophical Transactions, enables us to present some interesting particulars regarding this singular "second course" of nature. It appears that respiration is almost wholly suspended during hybernation—a fact so remarkable, that it would require strong proof to convince us of its truth, and this we fortunately have. Amongst other experiments to which Dr. Hall had recourse, was one in which a bat was placed in a vessel so contrived that any absorption of air which might take place could be readily ascertained. The animal was allowed to remain a whole night in the vessel, and when the continued air was examined, no alteration could be perceived in it. On other occasions, however, when the bat was aroused for a little from its lethargy, air was consumed, and its amount was always in exact proportion to the length of time in which the animal was kept in a state of activity. Additional evidence is afforded by the fact, that the temperature of animals in this state accurately follows that of the atmosphere around them. When the temperature fell in the air, it was found to fall in the animal also, and vice versa. It is well known that in the act of respiration the air absorbed by the lungs gives out a quantity of heat to the system, and thus raises its temperature above that of the atmosphere in all ordinary circumstances. This is an invariable consequence of respiration; and when, therefore, a living body is found to have no higher temperature than the air which surrounds it, it may be fairly inferred that in that body respiration is very nearly suspended. The last proof of this fact which we shall notice is, that the lethargic animal is capable of bearing the total obstruction of atmospheric air or oxygen gas for a considerable time, and can live for several hours in carbonic acid, a gas of so deadly a nature that it instantaneously destroys the life of any animal when in its active natural state. The celebrated Spallanzani kept a marmot four hours immersed in this gas, and it remained unaffected by it. A rat and a bird put in along with it perished

in an instant. Bats and hedgehogs were found by Dr. Hall to sustain submergence in water, the first for sixteen minutes, the second for twenty-two minutes, and appeared to be quite uninjured by the experiment. The possibility of bats enduring submergence in water was curiously proved on one occasion, by their being found to live under the arch of a very low bridge, which the water filled completely on the occasion of every little flood. The floods often lasted a whole day and yet the bats passed every winter there in perfect security. In their active state these animals "bear no charmed life," but down as fast as any others.

Some striking facts connected with surgery and medicine were illustrated by Dr. Hall's experiments. It was proved that the irritability of the heart is augmented during continued lethargy in an extraordinary degree; that the irritability of the left side of the heart is then nearly as great as that of the right, this not being the case in ordinary circumstances; and that in this condition of the animal system, the action of the heart continues for a considerable period independently of the brain and spinal marrow. These facts will be more interesting to the medical man than to the general reader, but they are sufficiently remarkable to be mentioned here. They constitute one of the numberless proofs of wisdom and design to be found in the works of creation, by which provision has been made for the well-being of every living thing. As respiration is nearly suspended in the hybernating animal, had not irritability become proportionately augmented, the actions of life must have ceased!

It is very generally stated that in animals in this state of lethargy, sensibility is greatly impaired; but Dr. Hall asserts that this is a great mistake. In those animals upon which he experimented, he found the reverse to be the case, and that in hybernation the sensibility is nearly the same as in ordinary sleep. The slightest touch applied to one of the spines of the hedgehog immediately roused it to draw a deep and sonorous inspiration. The gentlest shake induces inspirations in the bat. In fact, it appears that the least disturbance given to the animal is immediately felt by it, for it begins to move. On the other hand, the sensorial functions are nearly suspended. This is proved by the suspension of respiration, which is immediately renewed for a time on exciting the animal. It is further proved by the fact, that although the animal coils itself up when touched, it immediately relaxes into the former position, whereas when it is awake such contraction and immobility are continued for some time. When the hedgehog coiled up in its state of activity is thrown in the water, it immediately relaxes itself from fear, and takes to swimming. In the state of lethargy on the other hand, no fear appears to be excited under such circumstances, and the animal would probably remain still and quiet for a considerable period, if its sensibility were not acted upon by the contact of water. As has already been observed, neither stiffness nor lameness is induced by hybernation, the mobility or power of moving the muscles, like the sensibility, remaining unimpaired. The hedgehog, when roused, walks about and does not stagger, as some have asserted. The bat speedily takes wing and flies about with great activity, although exhaustion and death may subsequently result from the experiment. This is a very remarkable fact, and introduces the subject of reviviscence, or the renewal of active life. If an animal during its hybernation be kept in a state of excitement for any length of time, it will die. To explain this, it is necessary to revert to the fact, that during the lethargy a great irritability of the left side of the heart is induced; and this irritability co-existing with that high respiration which immediately follows any disturbance, and with arterIALIZED blood, is found to be incompatible with life. In short, in a state of hybernation, respiration, suddenly restored and permanently excited, is as destructive as its privation in other circumstances. How admirable then as is that instinct which prompts hybernating animals to seek out such sheltered situations as caverns, burrows, lonely churches, deserted wells and the like, where they may be at once secure from the rapid changes and inclemencies of the weather, and from other causes of disturbance! A cold atmosphere excites them into activity as well as an augmentation of temperature.

By a very delicately managed and perfectly satisfactory experiment, Dr. Hall ascertained that in hybernating animals the circulation of the blood proceeds

uninterruptedly, but more slowly, the blood being what is called venous. Before it can be rendered arterial, it must be acted upon by air drawn into the lungs in the ordinary process of breathing; but as this is almost entirely suspended during lethargy, there is of course no air to change the blood, so that it remains venous. When the hybernating animal is in its state of activity the heart is precisely in the same condition as it is in all other mammalia; but it becomes quite altered, or what is technically called "veno-contractile," in lethargy. "This phenomenon," says Dr. Hall, "is one of the most remarkable presented to me in the whole animal kingdom. It forms the single exception to the most general rule, amongst animals which possess a double heart. It accounts for the possibility of immersion in water or a noxious gas without drowning or asphyxia, and it accounts for the possibility of a suspended respiration without the feeling of oppression or pain, although sensation be unimpaired. It is, in a word, this peculiar phenomenon which, conjoined with the peculiar effect of sleep in inducing diminished respiration in hybernating animals, constitutes the susceptibility and capability of taking on the hybernating state."

Animals take very little food during the period of their lethargy, but much difference is observed amongst them in regard to the quantity which they do take, and the fact affords another proof of the admirable adaptation of animals to the situation in which they are placed. The bat, which feeds on insects, would awake in vain amidst the frost and snow of winter; no food could be found. Hence in the bat no disposition to awake from a desire to take food has been observed—it is only aroused by external warmth or by excitement. The hedgehog, again, as it feeds on snails and worms, might find a small supply of these savory dishes if the ground be not baked into a pavement by the frost. Accordingly, it awakes after various intervals of two, three, or four days passed in lethargy, to take food, and again returns to its state of hybernation. The dormouse feeds on grain and fruits, which there is much less difficulty in getting than there is in finding any of the other articles of diet, and accordingly the dormouse awakes daily during hybernation. The operations of the stomach and viscera are found to be exactly proportionate to the disposition to awake and take food. This appears to increase after a time, and, in combination with the warmth of spring, again calls the animals from their winter quarters into active life. Between thirty and forty degrees of Fahrenheit seems to be the temperature best fitted to induce hybernation. Methods which secure moderation in temperature lead to this state. Thus, hedgehogs, supplied with hay or straw, and dormice with cotton wool, make themselves nests, and become lethargic; when other animals of the same species, deprived of these materials, and exposed to a higher degree of cold, remain quite active.

Some animals in warm climates pass into a state of hybernation, as well as those of the colder zone. The tenrec, a species of hedgehog found in Madagascar, becomes lethargic for some months in the year, and is only to be found when the summer heat is felt, which being generally ushered in by an electric state of the atmosphere, the negroes (with whom they are favorite food) say they are awakened by the peals of thunder which precede the summer storms.

Many cold-blooded animals are regarded as of the hybernating kind, although we doubt if the state of lethargy to which they are subjected be the true hybernation described by Dr. Hall. But at all events, the greater proportion of reptiles, insects, molluscous animals, &c., inhabiting both cold and hot countries, pass a part of the year in a state of lethargy, during which they usually take no food. Humboldt describes certain reptiles in South America which pass a portion of the year buried in the earth, and which are only aroused by the occurrence of rainy weather, or the excitement of violent means. "The manners of animals," says he, "vary in the same species according to local circumstances difficult to investigate. We were shown a hut, or rather a kind of shed, in which our host of Calabozza, Don Miguel Cousin, had witnessed a very extraordinary scene. Sleeping with one of his friends on a bench covered with leather, Don Miguel was awakened early in the morning by violent shakes and a horrible noise. Clods of earth were thrown into the middle of the hut. Presently a young crocodile, two

or three feet long, issued from under the bed, darted at a dog which lay at the threshold of the door, and missing him in the impetuosity of his spring, ran towards the beach to attain the river. On examining the spot where the bedstead was placed, the cause of this adventure was soon discovered. The ground was disturbed to a considerable depth. It was dried mud that had covered the crocodile in that state of lethargy or summer sleep, in which many of the species lie during the absence of the rains, amid the llanos. The noise of men and horses, perhaps the smell of the dog, had awakened the crocodile. The hut being placed at the edge of the pool, and inundated during part of the year, the crocodile had no doubt entered, at the time of the inundation of the savannahs, by the same opening by which Mr. Pozo saw it go out. The Indians often find enormous boas, which they call uji, or water serpents, in the same lethargic state. To reanimate them, they must be wetted with water, or irritated."

Taking all the foregoing facts together, it appears to us that hybernation is a wise provision of nature for preserving the lives of certain animals during a part of the year when they were likely to perish for want of a sufficient supply of their ordinary food.

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.

From the Southern Literary Messenger.

NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS.

The following remarks are made to indicate that new observations on the manners and customs and institutions of these tribes are susceptible of being made even at this day, and that the duty the country owes the subject, in a literary point of view, is not, by any means, paid. Remarks, showing a like precision and fixedness in their social customs and intercourse, might be made of other departments of Indian life, showing more clearly than it has been done, how Indian society consists."

ORDER IN THE NATIVE LODGES.

Every member of the family has a fixed seat assigned, where he or she ordinarily sits by day, and sleeps at night. And at this spot all clothing, or other personal property of the individual is kept. A husband's seat is by his wife, and vice versa. If there be more than one family in the lodge, the same order is observed. If there are sons and daughters, they each have their 'abbinos,' or family seat. It is the same with all children, after they are weaned, and have attained a certain age. This arrangement is absolutely fixed, and is not more violated than the rule in civilized life, which assigns separate apartments to different individuals, living in the same house.

If visitors come in, the best seat vacant is shown them by the master of the lodge, or one vacated for the purpose. The fixed seats for the family, are assigned by the mistress of the lodge. Where she herself locates, the husband presides, and all their things are concentrated there, and not scattered about the lodge. To find articles out of their place, is a subject of rebuke. To find a person out of his place, at improper hours, is, if an adult, a crime. By this means perfect order and propriety, at night as well as day, is preserved.

If a daughter is visited by an admirer, he seats himself, or is invited to be seated, according to the rule applied to visitors. If he be an approved visitor, and is invited to take his seat near her, or having taken it, is not apprised that his presence is offensive, he is deemed to have been encouraged, and is soon considered an accepted lover, and they are considered as engaged to be married.

FAMILY NAMES.

The family name is accurately preserved. It would be disgraceful voluntarily to change it. A man, for instance, having the family name of the Deer, transmits it, as a family name, to all his children, male and female, and they to theirs, and so on, to the remotest generation. Families thus become clans, or entire tribes. This name, when put in hieroglyphics, is called *totem*, by the northern Indians. It is the figure of the animal, or other object, from which the family is named, and this mark, in different individuals, is deemed a sign of blood relationship, even where family tradition has not preserved the fact. In this respect, it is analogous to the simple quarterings of a feudal coat of arms.

But this family name is very different from that usually borne by Indians, in our intercourse with them. For besides it, each member of the family has a personal name bestowed, usually by a grandmother, soon after its birth. This name is usually the result of a dream, and is deemed sacred, and seldom uttered, even by the parents. In lieu of it, the child generally gets a *soubriquet*, which is the name the individual usually sustains through life. So that each person has two, three, and sometimes four names. Call upon an Indian for his name, and if he directly gives it, he will probably present his nick-name, or common name; less frequently his personal or baptismal name (so to term it) and very seldom his family name. Formerly it was customary for Indians to fix their names by marks, or hieroglyphics, to instruments of writing—but the modern practice of writing out their common names and their making the cross, has wholly superseded it. When an Indian dies, it is his family or surname that is put on his grave-post, or *adjedatigwen*.

GOVERNMENT.

This is altogether on the patriarchal model. The term for the highest magistrate is *Kosiman*, or our great father. A chief ordinary ruler is *Ogima*. They call him, politically, my father, and he calls them my children. All the tribes look to certain families, as having a hereditary right to the chieftainship, but this, in effect, is of little importance, and if the subject be scanned, it is usually found that the period of descent is but brief, and is traceable to some exploit of bravery, at no remote era. A chief's eldest son is considered his successor, but if he be not a man of good courage, or intellect, his next, or any other brother, takes his place. Generally, the father indicates his wishes before death, and not unfrequently he selects his youngest son.

There is, however, no privileged class—and no caste. Any man is eligible to the chieftainship, and all classes or conditions may aspire to any place, civil, military, or sacerdotal. It is requisite to success that the aspirant should possess courage, activity, eloquence, wisdom, or priestly reputation. If he succeeds in any of these departments, he is consulted, and soon gets the name of a chief. Opinion ratifies this casual denomination. If he fails, the same opinion annuls it. Some of the most renowned names in Indian history are those of chiefs, who raised themselves by their prowess, decision of character or intelligence. Such were Brant and Tecumseh. Such were Black Hawk and Oseola. But there is nothing in the structure of Indian society, which would make the sons of these men leaders in their respective tribes, if they did not inherit power of mind superior to the commonalty. Perhaps there are no people on the earth among whom popular opinion has so unchecked a sway, and merit alone constitutes the means of success, and the object of public reward.

MILITARY SERVICE.

All war parties consist of volunteers. There is no power to compel any one to bear arms. The war dance is got up as a recruiting party. All who fall in to the ring and dance, are considered in the same light as if they had enlisted. The period of this enlistment, is for the expedition only, and no longer. But any one may keep away and not march, if he chooses, or has altered his mind, being responsible for the act, as a brave man, to public opinion in the tribe. He may go back also, from any point on the march, subject to the same rule. But in such a case, opinion would brand him as a coward. He cannot be fined, he cannot be summoned before the chiefs to be reprimanded; opinion is the only corrective for such acts, but it is found effective.

The same rule applies to a war-captain or leader, who fails. The want of success sinks him into bad repute. Nobody will afterwards follow him, but he cannot be dismissed from office. His office of war-captain was voluntarily assumed—success confirms it—failure establishes it. If he fail, opinion condemns him. Opinion, therefore, is the only court-martial, but it is one of the most efficacious character. The whole scope of the education and sports of Indian youth and young men, is to form a character for bravery and personal endurance; and if he fails in that he loses everything.

No wonder their war parties, consisting of but comparatively few in numbers, accomplish so much. There is not an unwilling man in them; and there is no other reward sought but that of fame.

The whole art of war with the natives, consists in stratagem. Ambuscade and night attacks are the ordinary arts. Every device of this kind is resorted to, and he is most praised who deceives best. Cunning is regarded as wisdom. And there is nothing dishonorable, or discreditable to a leader's bravery, in taking any and every advantage of his enemy. Scalps would not be taken, were it not to verify the recital that is made to the tribe. Nothing is done with them, but to exhibit them at these recitals. After being exhibited in one village they are passed on to another, till the whole tribe is made acquainted with the feat, and the successful leader's name.

HIEROGLYPHICS.

When an Indian dies, some friend performs the office of orator at his funeral, at which his good deeds are recited. This friend puts the deceased's *totem* or family name in hieroglyphics, on the *grave-stick*, as the original word imports. This figure is always drawn up side down. He also marks the number of war parties he has been a member of, and the number of scalps he has brought home. This generally comprises the whole inscription.

If a party of Indian hunters be successful in a particular location, and have killed many animals, they often denote the fact, by a hieroglyphic drawing on bark, or on a blazed tree, on quitting the place. To the number and kind of animals killed, is added the tribal or family names of each head of a family, and the time spent there, and the course they have gone.

Extraordinary feats of courage or hazard in war, hunting or travelling, or the verification of prophecies by their priests, are sometimes painted on rocks, and more rarely, scratched or cut in their surface—for the information of posterity. Their medicine men, or doctors, and priests are usually the authors of these more extended inscriptions. They also cut on tabular pieces of wood, figures which serve as aids to the memory, in the recital of their sacred or mystic songs. The latter are symbolical, the former representative; and the two modes are sometimes mixed. Compared to the Egyptian hieroglyphics, both methods are purely hieroglyphic. There are no alphabetical, and no phonetic characters, so far as observed. If such exist, they are to be looked for in ancient graves and tumuli.

MUSIC AND POETRY.

Their songs of love and affection are generally sung in a plaintive strain, in which the *trochee* predominates. Even a mother's lullaby is plaintive. The polysyllabic character of the language is adverse to short lively metres. There is in fact no measured poetry, and no rhyme. But inquiry makes it abundantly manifest, that they possess no small share of unmeasured poetry. Their orations at funerals, and their occasional harangues and public speeches are all, more or less, imbued with the finest spirit of this species of poetry. But it is brought out fully in their war and sacred songs, which are chaunted to a tune very much in the manner, but diverse in the musical expression, of the common version of psalms. The words of these songs are subject to great changes, so far as the same song has been traced, but the tunes are fixed, particularly the chorus, which is often deeply and fearfully expressive, running the whole scale of high and low notes, with the most abrupt transitions.

ANTIQUITIES.

Every day is adding to the number of well attested facts in this department. This discovery of a large number of mummies at Durango, the present year, wrapped in the Egyptian manner, adds to the preceding monumental testimony, in that quarter of the continent, favoring the idea of an Egyptian origin for the Aztec race. But it is quite plain, from their own hieroglyphic map, that they were not the first inhabitants, for they made prisoners in their conquests, of a ruder people, who were dressed with the *auzeau* of the present race of our northern Indians. A curious antique pipe, of fine pottery, was recently (1839) found at Thunder Bay, M. in an ancient grave, the figures and devices on which are of Egyptian or early Grecian cast.

INFLUENCE OF GEOLOGICAL SCIENCE ON INDIAN HISTORY.

This may be expected to be considerable. There are pretty plain evidences of America's having been inhabited shortly after the deluge. These evidences are below the alluvial and above the boulder strata. Where

the latter rest upon them. It is to be inferred that they were disturbed by local causes, such as the draining of ancient lakes.

The fossil bones of the blue clay stratum, are manifestly antediluvian, but they prove nothing beyond the fact, that the animal creation had, at that epoch, overspread the continent. It results, as a consequence, that there was then a continental connexion with Africa or Asia.

INDIAN TRIBES OF VIRGINIA.

Are there any individual of these tribes remaining? and if not, what is the highest degree of Indian blood in any of their descendants? Is the last of the Nottoways gone? Are there any descendants of this tribe of the African intermarriage, in the degree of half bloods? Do they speak the native language, or could they furnish a vocabulary of it? Language retains its grammatical forms, long after the sounds of the vowels and even consonants have changed; but in this intermixture, it may be expected that but slight corruptions of sound have taken place, not more so than would occur in ordinary cases.

For the Africans of Virginia, never, it is apprehended, spoke their native dialects, at least to any extent, in Virginia. Can any one now explain the meaning of the Indian geographical names of Virginia? There is a strong affinity in language, from what is known of the group of tribes denominated Powhattanic by Mr. Jefferson, and the leading tribes in this quarter. In one of these languages, Accomac means as far as the trees reach, denoting the lines of junction between woods and clearings. Would this apply to the ancient position of Accomac? Occoquan, in the same language, signifies, a pot hook. Potomac appears to be a derivative from the compound phrase, Potowameac, and if this be so, denotes a chimney seen through a vista of water and trees. Chesapeake appears to be a compound from two words denoting sea-waters running inland.

Intelligence

PENNSYLVANIA DIRECT TAX.—This bill having passed the Assembly, will become a law. It imposes the following tax:

One mill on every dollar of real estate and personal property now subject to county rates and levies; and on all other personal property, including stocks, bonds, and all moneys at interest, one half mill on each one per cent. of dividends, interest on profit accruing thereon.

One per cent. on the emoluments of office.

One half per cent. on furniture costing over \$300.

One per cent. on pleasure carriages, and from \$1 to 50 cents on watches, &c.

It is computed that the tax will put into the treasury upwards of \$1,000,000 per annum.

We think, if faithfully collected, it will produce more money; and, in fact, more than a million annually is required, to make up the deficiency of revenue, to pay the interest on the public debt. Much as this direct tax is to be regretted, avoidable, as it always should be, by a State in good credit, nevertheless Pennsylvania will redeem her credit, abroad and at home, by this honorable, firm, and straight forward course—the only course left.—*Eve. Star.*

An Incident of the late Freshet.—The following incident occurred during the recent freshet in the Savannah river. A widow lady, named Mrs. Sarah Stone, lived in a cottage on the South Carolina side near Ferguson's Ferry, with two sons and two daughters. The rise of the water was so sudden that they had no idea of their danger till escape was prevented by the water entirely surrounding the house. They all fled to the roof, accompanied by a faithful dog, and soon after the house was swept away by the current. One after another the mother and three of her children met a watery grave by the parting of the frail tenement that supported them, leaving a girl named Eliza, 11 years of age, and a dog, clinging to the wreck. After descending about 12 miles her cries attracted the attention of Capt. Joseph Staunton, who had lashed his boat to a tree near the shore. He immediately roused his hands and succeeded in rescuing the girl and her dog after a chase of three miles, from the top of a few shingles supported by a feather bed, being all that was left of the house.—*National Gaz.*

The presents from the Imam of Muscat to the President of the United States, consist of two beautiful Arabian horses, one case of otto of rose, five demijohns of rosewater, one package of Cashmere shawls, one of Persian rug, a box of pearls and swords.

The President, of course, could not accept them, agreeably to the constitution of the United States.—The Capt. of the Sultane, subsequently, in the name of his master, offered them to the government of the United States. Congress has accepted them, and ordered them to be sold.

From the 1st of July, 1839, to the 1st of June, 1840, there were exported from the port of New York 385,487 bbls. of flour, 121,034 bushels of wheat, and 122,641 bushels of corn.

FIRES IN THIS CITY.—The commissioners have published a report, giving a statement of all the fires which occurred between May 23, 1829, and the same date in 1840. During this period, there were 192 fires, being an average of one for every forty-eight hours! Ninety-six fires originated in brick and fire proof buildings; 83 in frame, and 12 in brick front. Of the whole number 96 were caused, in the opinion of the commissioners, by incendiarism; 90 were the result of accident or carelessness, and seven of causes not ascertained; only 39 had their origin in dwelling houses.

The value of property destroyed by fire during the year, is three millions, two hundred and twenty-five thousand, four hundred and nine dollars! More than half this loss is attributed to incendiarism! The amount of insurance was \$2,983,310 00, or more than seven-eighths of the loss.—*N. Y. Sun.*

A GREAT PERFORMANCE.—A Boston horse—a 6 year old gelding belonging to Mr. R. Demon—travelled 193 miles between sunrise and sunset, on Thursday last, over a hilly road, before a carriage which, with the rider, weighed 470 lbs.—an achievement for a purse of \$800. M. D. started from Murdock's Hotel (Cambridge,) at 36 m. past 4, A. M., and drove to Waltham and back (19 miles.) in one hour 25 m.—took breakfast and then drove to Amherst, (N. H.) (and back, (87 miles,) in all 103 miles arriving at the Hotel at 14 m. before 7 P. M. amidst the cheers of some 4 or 500 people, having 38 minutes to spare. The stops on the road occupied over 3 hours. The horse was not in the least distressed, and appeared capable of performing much more, had he been pushed. He had not been trained for the performance, the road was rough, and the thermometer stood at 91 in the shade.

There are one hundred and thirty-four buildings going up in Boston, at this time—eighty-six of which are of brick, forty four of wood, and four of brick and wood. Among them are two large churches.—*Boston Post.*

NEW BRIDGE.—A new bridge has just been finished over the Alleghany, connecting Pittsburgh with Alleghanytown. The Intelligence states that it is 1027 feet long, and 42 feet wide, and inside passages for wagons and carriages each 15 feet wide, besides a delightful walk 12 feet wide on the top, very safely protected by hand railings and lattice work on each side; it has two very permanent abutments and four piers. The cost of this structure was \$70,000. It is the fourth bridge over the Alleghany river within the distance of a mile.—*Phila. Sentinel.*

A Woman with two Husbands at Home.—Rather a novel incident occurred at Greenfield, Mass. A man who had been absent for thirty years, and of whom nothing had been heard by his wife, rather unexpectedly returned to claim his 'better half.' Supposing him to be dead, his wife, a few years since, married another man, with whom she has since and was still living at the time of his return. How the parties have settled the affair is not stated.

Singular Freak of Nature.—A calf is now living on the farm of Peter Sprinkle, Esq., of Tazewell county, which may be ranked among the curiosities of the age. It has eyes and ears like an elephant; breast and fore-quarters like a horse; rump like a buffalo; hair curled; tail like an elk; short hindquarters like a bear; its

back is so short that there is not more than the width of a hand between the shoulder and the hip. The calf is about six or seven weeks old.—*Illinois State Reg.*

Liberality.—The Catholic ladies of the city of Washington, held a fair a few days since for the benefit of the S. Vincent's Orphan Asylum, the receipts of which amounted to \$2,257.

Mrs. Martha Johnnet, who died recently at Salem, Mass., has left twenty five thousand dollars to the Massachusetts Lunatic Hospital, in trust, for poor patients belonging to the County of Essex—and an annuity of \$200 to Julia Brace, the deaf, dumb, and blind girl at Hartford.

AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER.

ALBANY, SATURDAY, JUNE 13, 1840.

THE GRAND LODGE.

Of the state of N. York commenced its annual communication on Wednesday evening, the 3d of June, at the Howard House and continued its session until Friday. A large number of delegates from various parts of the state were in attendance, as well as several foreign representations. The proceedings of the Grand Lodge were of particular interest to the fraternity, and its deliberations were characterised with that brotherly love and affection, which is and should ever be the distinguishing mark of the order. We shall this year, publish the proceedings somewhat in detail, as soon as they can be arranged in their proper order.

The following are the Grand Officers for the ensuing year:

M. W. Morgan Lewis, Grand Master.	
R. W. W. Willis, Deputy Grand Master.	
R. W. Joseph Cuyler, Grand Senior Warden.	
R. W. John D. Willard, Jun. Grand Warden.	
R. W. James Herring, Grand Secretary.	
R. W. Richard Ellis, Grand Treasurer.	
R. W. & Rev. Salem Town.	
" " Wm. S. Walker,	} Grand
" " Evan M. Johnson,	
" " Coogland,	Chaplains.

W. Lewis De Forest,	} Grand
W. George Davis,	
W. Waydell,	Stewards.
W. Garret Lansing, G. Pursuivant.	
Rev. James Thorburn, G. Tyler.	

The Grand Lodge holds its quarterly communications at Howard House, on the first Wednesdays of March, June, September, and December. The election of Grand officers takes place at the June communication.

INCENDIARISM.—On Saturday last, as the steamboat Great Britain was at the wharf at Oswego, receiving passengers and baggage for Lewiston, a trunk was sent on board, which soon exploded with a report like that of a cannon, scattering fire, which was communicated to the wood work of the boat, and breaking glass, and doing other injury. One gentleman only happened to be exposed, and something injured, as the trunk had been removed from near the ladies' cabin, where it had been left. One Lett, a notorious Canadian refugee, was on the wharf, and it was ascertained that he sent the "infernal machine" aboard the boat, and he and one Defoe, another refugee, supposed to be an accomplice, were arrested and committed to jail. Lett was armed with four pistols and a bowie knife, and made a desperate resistance. The fragments of the trunk show that it contained a jug or other stone vessel, with a composition of rosin, turpentine, vitriol, cotton, &c. It was expected that the examination of the prisoners would result in implicating others in their diabolical project.

Melancholy Event.—The breaking loose and running of teams in the streets of our city has become too

common. A case occurred on Monday, attended with the most fatal and distressing circumstances. The horses of Mr. Stephen Houghtaling, of Bethlehem, had taken fright from the steam planing mill of Mr. C. D. Gould, in Water street, and in attempting to stop them, he was run over and his head shockingly mangled. He had left home in company with his wife, in the morning, in good health, and was taken home a corpse. We learn that seven children are left fatherless by this afflictive event.—*Argus*.

To P. JR.—“Saladin's Shroud” was received too late for this week's Register, but shall appear next week.

ITEMS.

Generosity.—Dr. Reese, late Professor in the Albany Medical College, has generously given that institution his valuable collection of anatomical and surgical preparations, specimens, &c. the fruits of his labor in preparing, collecting, &c. for 20 years.

New Steam Packet.—The Unicorn, via of Halifax, has arrived at Boston, in advance of the regular line steam ships, which are to bring the mails from England on that route. The Unicorn is a fine vessel and is to ply between Halifax and Quebec excepting in the cold season, when it is expected she will be employed between Halifax and Boston.

Jail Delivery.—Ten convicts lately escaped from the Michigan state prison, having risen upon and overpowered their guard. For injuring the guard, they are culpable—but who can blame them for giving leg bail for their future good behaviour?

Mr. Sherman True, at Oak Orchard, lately fell into a cistern in a distillery, where he was at work, and was scalded to death. If this were the only death caused by the scalding influence of that distillery, it would probably be better for the country.

Wisconsin Flour still comes to market. It is said that from 50,000 to 100,000 bushels of wheat will be shipped this season from Racine alone.

Remains of Napoleon.—The French government have obtained the consent of England to remove the remains of Napoleon from St. Helena to France, and have appointed commissioners and appropriated a million of francs to effect this object, and for the erection of his tomb.

Vast Inundation.—Two thirds of the growing crop of cotton on the Mississippi, from the mouth of White river to Vicksburg, were stated to be overflowed by the late rise of the western rivers.

Kendrick, the maniac, who lately killed his wife in Troy, has been brought from Vermont, and is in confinement, apparently unconscious of her death, or of having committed any crime.

One man, Lord Wm. Russell, was lately murdered in London, and it seems by the English papers to have caused general excitement. If our own papers are to be believed, six persons, a mother and five children were recently murdered in one of our western states.—So it is in almost every case—our folks go ahead of all others, even in the commission of crimes.

Nursery for Hives.—The census of Lowell, Mass. gives 7,341 males, and 13,640 females. Bachelors will now know where to apply, as the “Factory girls” constitute the difference in favor of the female population.

Commodore Hull is said to have got into difficulty with some of his subordinate officers, and dismissed them from the Mediterranean squadron. They are

reported as returning home to seek redress for their injuries. The cause of their dismissal is said to be their unwillingness to visit the ladies of the Commodore's family!

Census of Boston.—Present population, 83,707: the number of inhabitants in 1835, was 78,504, and in 1830 the whole number was 61,381.

Folly and Crime.—A few days ago, a man in Fultonville, Montgomery county, was annoying a drunken man, named Putnam, when the latter plunged a knife into him, which it is supposed will prove fatal to him, Putnam is in jail.

Floating Dry Dock.—Mr. Joseph Martin, of New York, has obtained a patent for a floating dry dock, which, it is suggested, will supersede the use of all other kinds. Its advantages, as it can be moved from place to place, must be important; and we should think an immense saving might be made in their construction. They are to be sunk so as to receive ships upon their surface, and then raised by their own buoyancy with their superincumbent loads.

Life in New Orleans.—Four ministers were arrested in N. Orleans on the 24th ult. for getting up a ‘mob’ of blacks, as the papers term their offence, which was that laying the corner stone of an African church, and addressing the colored spectators, without having first obtained a license from the mayor.

Spurious Notes.—Bills have been put in circulation of the Globe Bank, but no such bank exists.

Suicides, Murders, Forgeries, and other crimes, are recorded, as usual, in the journals of the day; but it comes not within our plan or disposition to give such details. Let imagination supply any supposed deficiency on our part, and the reader will be as well served as he could be by seeing all that is afloat on such subjects.

Bishop of Maryland.—Dr. Whittingham, of N York, has accepted the appointment of Protestant Episcopal Bishop of the diocese of Maryland.

Canal Tolls.—The amount of tolls received on our state canals in the month of May last, was \$253,954.

Cause and Effect.—The Baltimore Clipper states that a young gentleman of respectable family recently visited that city with a large amount of money in his keeping. He was induced to visit a gaming house, and was soon fleeced of something over five thousand dollars. The loss of money and reputation has driven him to madness, and he is now in a condition beyond a hope of recovery.

Emigration.—The tide of emigration from Europe, and to our western world, appears to be unabated.—One canal boat lately carried 124 passengers, who were but 50 days from Prague, Germany.

RAIL ROADS.—Appended to a report of the directors of the Auburn and Rochester railroads, we find the following statement.

The cost of the following roads per mile has been ascertained to be as follows:

Boston and Worcester,	\$37,000
Boston and Providence,	42,000
Norwich and Worcester,	22,000
Western Railroad,	24,000
New Jersey Railroad,	45,000
Camden and Amboy,	40,000
Columbia and Philadelphia	40,000
Allegany and Portage,	45,000
Albany and Schenectady,	61,000
Utica and Schenectady,	19,000
Stonington,	52,000
Hartford and New Haven.	20,000

Ry the Rev. Mr. Allen, the Rev. J. M. Van Buren, Pastor of the Reformed Dutch Church at Cohoes, to Miss Frances Ann, daughter of Uriah Marvin, Esq. of this city.

By the Rev. Dr. Wyckoff, Henry Allen, esq. to Miss Margaret Louisa, daughter of Alderman G. V. S. Bleecker, all of this city.

In New Scotland, by the Rev. Mr. Kissam, Mr. Peter H. Bradt, to Miss Hester, daughter of Tunis Slingerland.

DIED.

In this city, on the 7th inst. John D. Barry, Hudson River pilot, in the 40th year of his age.

At Vernon, on the 7th inst., Col. Lawrence Schoolcraft, a soldier of the revolution, aged 80 years.

At Middleburgh, Schoharie county, Mrs. Judith, relict of the late Judge Danforth, aged 84.

In New York, Mrs. Judith, wife of Capt. Elihu S. Bunker, aged 58.

CALENDAR OF COMMUNICATIONS.

EACH MONTH.		
NAME.	PLACE.	TIME.
Temple Encampment,	Albany	2d Friday.
Temple R. A. Chapter,	Albany	2d & 4th Tuesday.
Mount Vernon Lodge,	Albany	1st & 3d Thursday.
Temple Lodge,	Albany	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Apollo Lodge,	Troy	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Apollo Chapter,	Troy	2d & 4th Tuesday.
Apollo Encampment,	Troy	2d Monday.
Evening Star Lodge,	West Troy	1st Wednesday.
Phoenix Lodge,	Lansingburg	1st & 3d Thursday.
Olive Branch,	Bethany Gap.	1st Wednesday.
Genesee Encampment,	Lockport N.Y.	
Ohio Lodge, No 101,	Wheeling, Va.	1st Monday.
Wheeling Chapter, 19,	"	2d Thursday.
Wheeling Encampment,	"	2d Monday ev. month.
Washington Council,	"	1st Saturday.
Utica Lodge, 47,	Utica,	1st Thursday.
Onondaga Chapter, 87,	"	1st Thursday.
Utica Encampment, 51,	"	2d Tuesday.
Mount Moriah,	Louisville, Ky.	1st & 3d Saturday, p. f.
Louisville Encampment,	do	4th Saturday.
Council 8 & R. Masters,	do	Quarterly.
King Solomon's chapter,	do	2d Saturday.
Memphis Chapter,	Memphis Tenn.	3d Monday.
Memphis Lodge,	Memphis Tenn.	2d Tuesday.

THE Edinburgh Quarterly Review for April, 1840—Contents:—Sir Walter Raleigh; Deer Stalking; British and American Navies; Mrs. Hemans's Poems; Walpole and Contemporaries; Bismarck; Windham; Pulteney; Works of the author of Natural History of Enthusiasm; Count and Camp of Runjeet Sing; Present state and conduct of parties; List of new publications in Great Britain from January to April 1840. Terms, 2s per annum. Subscriptions received by W. C. LITTLE, corner of State st.

NEW BOOKS, received at W. C. LITTLE'S Bookstore.
Hutch's Psychology, or View of the Soul.
Shakespeare and his Times, by Nathan Drake.
Guizot's Civilization of Europe.
Miss Sinclair's Scotland and the Scotch.
Madame de Staël's Italy, in French.
Hollman's Chancery Practice, vol. 2d.
Franklin's Life and Works, by Sparks.
Hallam's Literature of Europe.
The French Revolution, by M. Thiers.
All the late novels and periodicals.

MASONIC APRONS.—Those Brethren desiring Aprons for the Degrees of MASTER, MARK or R. ARCH, can obtain them, splendidly engraved on Satin, by applying at this Office, at a price adapted to the times.—May, 1840.

THE MASONIC REGISTER.—For the year of Masonry 1840; containing a correct list of the Officers of the Grand Lodge and Subordinate Lodges; Chapters, Encampments, &c. of N. York, and its vicinity, with their times and places of meeting &c. &c.—for sale at this Office, price 25 cents.—May 10.

AUTHORISED AGENTS.

The following Brethren have kindly offered to act as Agents for the American Masonic Register. They are duly authorized to receive subscriptions and monies on its account.

William B. Adams, New York City.
Isaac M. Fairchild, Coxsack.
J. D. Smith, Catskill.
James T. Coffey, Troy.
S. C. Leary, Troy.
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John S. Wood, West Greenfield.
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C. E. Vary, Brooklyn.
Franklin P. Mott, Kingston, U. S.
Philip W. Smith, Wheeling, Va.
Thomas A. Wells, Louisville, Kentucky.

POETRY.

From Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.

LINES.

On Harvey's Picture of the Covenanters Worship-
ping, among the hills of Scotland.

BY S. C. HALL.

It came from out the silent glen,
The mingled prayer of armed men;
Their swords in sheath for one calm day,
"And let us worship God," they say.
They met—in fear, but not of man;
In hope—but not of human aid;
In faith—that dreads no mortal ban;
In truth—mid perils undismayed.
As wearied travellers seek the brook,
They ask refreshment from "the Book!"
The fountain gives them strength for strife,
And Freedom will be bought with life.

No Temple made by human hands
Is that in which the Pastor stands;
Around him mighty mountains rise,
Pillars to yon vast roof, the skies;
But Freedom consecrates the glen;
And girlhood, boyhood, age, and youth,
Utter or breathe a stern "Amen"
To words that Reason stamps with Truth;
For God and Nature bade them be
All—like their free forefathers—free;
Such message yon good Pastor brings—
A message from the King of kings!

Say, grandsire—thou should'st know it best—
Say, matron, with the babe at breast;
Say, girl—thy lover still is near—
Can Patriot-passion banish fear?
Old man, what councils thy grey hairs?
Mother, what dost thou tell thy son?
Boy, knowest thou what thy father dares?
Girl, say how must thy heart be won?
All answer, with a shout and sigh,
"Go strike for Freedom—do or die!"
Nor let your children's children name
Old Scotland's mountain-men with shame!"

Thanks, painter, for a lesson taught!
Thanks for a pictur'd store of thought!
Thus ART works out her great design,
Shapes the rough ore of Nature's mine;
Gives Beauty a perpetual youth;
Bids virtue teach and never tire;
Shows that a halo shines round Truth;
Tells what to shun and what desire;
And makes EXAMPLE bear to ages—
More forceful than a thousand pages—
Of good or ill, a painted story
To warn from shame or win for glory.

FOR EVER THINE.

For ever thine, whate'er this heart betide,
For ever thine, where'er our lot be cast—
Fate, that may rob us of all wealth beside,
Shall leave us love till life itself be past.
The world may wrong us—we will brave its hate;
False friends may change, and falser hopes decline;
Tho' bowed by cankering care, we'll smile at Fate,
Since thou art mine, beloved, and I am thine!
For ever thine—when circling years have spread
Time's frosty blossoms o'er the stormy brow;
When youth's rich glow its purple light has shed,
And lilies bloom where roses flourish now.
Say, shall I love thy fading beauty less,
Whose spring-tide radiance has been wholly mine?
No! come what will, thy steadfast truth I'll bless,
In youth, in age, thine own, for ever thine!
For ever thine, at evening's dewy hour,
When gentle hearts to tenderest thoughts incline,
When palmiest odors from each closing flower
Are breathing round me—thine, forever thine!
For ever thine, 'mid Fashion's heartless throng,
In courtly flowers—at Folly's glided shrine,

Smiles on my cheek—light words upon my tongue,
My deep heart still is thine—for ever thine!

For ever thine, amid the boisterous crowd,
When the jest sparkles with the sparkling wine,
I may not speak thy gentle name aloud,
But drink to thee in thought—for ever thine!

I would not, sweet one, profane that silvery sound:
The depth of love could such rude hearts divine;
Let the loud laughter peal, the toast go round,
My thoughts, my thoughts are thine, for ever
thine!

From the Southern Literary Messenger.

THE POET AND THE SYBIL.

"And bought alone by gifts beyond all price,
The trusting heart's repose, the paradise
Of home with all its loves—doth fate allow
The crown of glory unto woman's brow."

I have sought thee oft, in the starless night—
I have left a cheerful hearth,
When the lightning-flash was the only light
That fell on the trembling earth.

I have sought thee beside the foamy sea,
As its wild waves wash'd the strand,
When the whirlwind was sweeping flower and tree,
With the besom of rage from the land.

I sought thee there, for they say thou dost love
The night that is shrouded in storm,
When the sable clouds that are fleeting above
Wear a dark and a terrible form.

II.

"What would'st thou with me?" the Sybil replied,
"Thou wearest a wreath of fame;
What would'st thou of one whom fate has denied
E'en the boon of a virtuous name?"

I love not the night, nor the whirlwind, more
Than thou, in whose youthful breast
The tempest-crash and the ocean-roar
Find types of their own unrest.

Do the happy, the gay, and the beautiful seek
The loveliest spot that nature e'er made,
When the glow of contentment is bright on the cheek,
Or hope, on the heart like a gem-gift is laid?

When the heart that has sigh'd for a glorious name,
And wasted its youth in the labor of years,
And the pale brow above wears the green wreath of
fame;

Why sighs it for solitude, silence, and tears?

The light of thy song is shed over the sea,
And in isles afar off they are singing thy lays—
In ages to come, fame will point unto thee:
Then what can'st thou wish for!—thou hast the
world's PRAISE."

III.

Alas! alas! it is indeed too true;
I've dreamed the first fresh hours of life away:
My hours of bliss have been but brief and few,
And I have sought in fame a broken stay;
But is there not, (and hope beamed in his eye,)
Some hope of happiness still left for me?
It cannot be that I am thus to die,
So sad and lonely—No, it cannot be;
Oh! I would give my fame, my glorious art,
To win one pure and undivided heart.

III.

Sad one! Genius is around thee—
What hast thou to do with love?
With a mystic chain he's bound thee;
Turn, then, turn thy heart above!
Spells of might around thee lie—
A mournful gift he made thy own,
And when thy heart oft sadly sigheth,
Thou can'st not hear an answering tone.
Turn thy heart to things above thee,
Thou hast given love for fame—
Would'st thou give for one to love thee,
Thine own glory-circled name?
Go sit thee down on earth's green bosom,
And gaze upon the deep blue sky;

Go, watch the wild-flowers bud and blossom,
Whose beauties with the pale stars vie.
Go forth at night, when stars are keeping
Their solemn watch o'er quiet earth,
And heaven her pearly tears is weeping,
As if she mourn'd the planet's birth.
Go, sit beside the gushing fountain,
And listen to the night-wind's moan—
Go, climb the steep and hoary mountain—
Thy spirit will not be alone.
These are the treasures of the spirit
And these the gifts it must inherit;
Which barter human love for fame—
A broken heart and deathless name.

EGERIA.

From the Knickerbocker for June.

SPRING SONNET.

"The time of the singing of the birds hath come!"

Hark to the Quaker wren, whose chattering note
Proclaims the rapture of his little heart!
Hark how the robin swells his mellow throat—
How the brown thrush essays his rival art!
The twittering swallows skim along the ground,
Or, beating, mount upon the buoyant gale;
New dart, in rapid whirl, the pool around,
Now on the breeze with silent pinions sail:
List to the lark, that on the topmost bough
Of yon high oak his swaying balance keeps;
Sweet is the oriole's voice, loud caws the crow,
As chirps the sparrow, and the grass-bird peeps;
Their plumes composed, they hail the genial spring—
Joy tunes the song, and Health unfurl's the wing.

THE INVOCATION.

WRITTEN AFTER THE DEATH OF A SISTER-IN-LAW.

Answer me, burning stars of night!
Where is the spirit gone,
That past the reach of human sight,
Even as a breeze, hath flown?
—And the stars answer'd me—"We roll
In light and power on high,
But, of the never-dying soul,
Ask things that cannot die!"

Oh! many-ton'd and chainless wind!
Thou art a wanderer free;
Tell me if thou its place canst find,
Far over mount and sea?
—And the wind murmur'd in reply,
"The blue deep I have cross'd,
And met its barks and billows high,
But not what thou hast lost!"

Ye clouds that gorgeously repose
Around the setting sun,
Answer! have ye a home for those
Whose earthly race is run?
The bright clouds answer'd—"We depart,
We vanish from the sky;
Ask what is deathless in thy heart
For that which cannot die!"

Speak, then thou voice of God within!
Thou of the deep low tone!
Answer me through life's restless din,
Where is the spirit flown?
—And the voice answer'd—"Be thou still!
Enough to know is given;
Clouds, winds, and stars their task fulfil,
Thine is to trust in Heaven!"

MRS. HEMANS.

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AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER AND LITERARY COMPANION.

BY L. G. HOFFMAN.]

ALBANY, SATURDAY, JUNE 20, 1840.

[VOL. I.—NO. 42.]

MASONIC.

DEFENCE OF MASONRY.

One of the most formidable denunciations against the Masonic Institution, which wears a specious front, and from a slight consideration, might seem to weigh much in the Anti-Masonic scale; in which, in truth, all the declamation against the craft seems to draw its vital breath, is, *that it is a Secret Society, dealing in "hidden mysteries."* How a secret society? The term is misapplied; or rather, perhaps, misapprehended in the true extent of its application. The fraternity of Freemasons is not a secret society, in the literal, true and obvious sense of the expression. The organization; the names of their members their motives, and their design and objects; their censures and expulsions, and causes of expulsion; their funds, and means of raising funds; and the disbursement thereof, (except in private charities, of which they want not;) their times and places of meeting, communications and convocations; *all their acts and doings*, in which the world at large, or any particular community in which any of their Lodges are located, have aught of interest to know or to do, *are matters of record, and are as public as the proceedings of any laudable or honorable institution on earth.*

Their meetings for work; for the performance of their peculiar duties; the reception of candidates;—the initiation of members, the advancement of brethren in the light and science of the Craft, are exclusive, select, or secret, it is true: and are we as a society, singular, or unlike other societies in this respect? Is there a government on earth—a corporation—a society for social scientific, literary or religious purposes, but what has its exclusive, select, or secret meetings for managing its own concerns? "No; true," I shall be answered, "but other societies do not enjoy inviolable secrecy." Indeed; then, the denunciation against the Society, is not that it holds select or secret meetings, but that it enjoins upon its members, *inviolable secrecy*, of what is said and done in such meetings. This injunction upon the Fraternity, includes only, that which relates to the origin and preservation of the society, the interesting events and things connected therewith, and that which constitutes our mysteries; all our invisible machinery; all our secret terror; all our creative power of mischief or of evil; not one particle of it, in the least degree, connected with the political, moral, or religious interests, or well-being of the community, any more than a man's own private opinions, or private friendships. No, I repeat, the masonic mysteries, which unite masons in an indelible bond of brotherhood co-extensive with the habitable globe, do no more interfere or conflict with the general interests of society, than do the ordinary friendships between man and man, or the more refined, between husband and wife; but are, like these, a part of the constituent sinews and ligaments of the social compact.

How often do the councils of state; the legislative bodies of all countries; the corporate and unincorporated associations, of all descriptions, scientific, literary, religious, monied, or merely social, sit in conclave, with closed doors, and enjoin secrecy upon their members of what transpires within? And who ever entertained an idea, it was incompetent or pernicious to the public welfare for them so to do? Who then prescribes the duration of that injunction, but the body

which imposes it? Nor can there be any distinction, in point of principle as to its duration, between the pleasure of the aggregate body, or a certain short period, or the lives of its members. If we would but exercise our reason astutely and ingeniously, we should discover that all things in the visible, as well as invisible world, have their secrets; of which some are discoverable by industry, talent, time, and perseverance; and some defy the utmost scrutiny of man. For what does the scholar pursue labyrinths of the sciences but to open their deep arcana? For what does the medical student plod from year to year through the "technical jargon," and the concealed riches and beauties of his professional field, but to acquire a knowledge of mysteries hidden from the common eye? Why does the student at law delve, during the brightest seasons of his life, through the *black lettered folios*, and irksome, artificial abstractions of his profession, but to unfold and apply to his fellow-man the remedies which the law provides for his safety and protection, yet in its voltmorous mass, hides, even from the object of its tenderest mercy? For what does the artist and the mechanic labor through a long apprenticeship but to reach the summit of a little hill, which, without time, labor, and caution, no man can ascend? All these and many other pursuits, (saying nothing of the priesthood,) possess their own professional, artificial mysteries and secrets for their own exclusive benefit; and the possessors would smile at your simplicity should you ask them to scatter their secrets before the multitude; and laugh at your ignorance and folly should you threaten to expose them!

There seems to be a delusion, or hallucination in the minds of many worthy people on this subject.—They stare with unbelief, or with bitter suspicion, when you speak of Masonic mysteries. Whence the delusion arises it is difficult to say. There are two kinds of mysteries of which we ordinarily speak, and perhaps these are confounded: 1. *Inscrutable*; 2. *Scientific or solvable*. The first are of nature, or religion; as the motion of the heavenly bodies, the trinity, &c.; the second are of the arts and sciences. The first, which Dr. Campbell calls "unknowable," were celebrated by the ancients with festivals and feasts, and we often, therefore speak of mysteries in a hallowed sense, and startle at the idea of any person or society dealing in mysteries; and conceive it a kind of sacrilege for any one to die with a secret in his bosom.—But the mysteries of Masonry are of the second class, scientific merely; and as such, do not excite the surprise, or even idle curiosity, of an enlightened and liberal mind, any more than the arcana, or secrets of the sciences, whose involution he knows he can unfold when he pleases to bestow the time; patience, and perseverance requisite; but which, perhaps, he never seeks, or cares to unfold. But the delusion, of which I speak, has probably arisen from the gross imposture of the heathen, under the title of *mysteries*: these were covered and disguised by types and figures, and were celebrated in caves and grottos, to excite the stare and admiration of the world. They consisted chiefly of the heathen gods. Their design was far less known to the public than that of the Masonic Institution; and learned authors seem to agree in one thing only respecting them, *that they were "execrable superstitions."*

Our mysteries, however, ought not to be confounded with the mythological mysteries of the heathen,

the old mysteries of poetry, or of the drama; for, although our institution traces its origin into the inmost recesses of antiquity, our enemies should remember, *we are of the house of Israel—of the tribe of Judah, and receive our heritage through the patriarchs and the prophets.* I again repeat, that our mysteries are simply the mysteries of science—"which well understood no mystery remains;" and that the initiated, who are faithful, industrious, and persevering, will ever be able to comprehend them with pleasure and delight. Their nature, their design, and their effects are fully known and vouched for by the lives and conversation of the best of men.

Why then are we condemned for our inviolable faith; for retaining in our bosoms the mysterious ties, that render our friendships indissoluble but in the grave? Why are we not permitted to form our friendships on our own models, and cement them by unchangeable brotherly love? Why are we not permitted to retain in our hands, the *key* that unlocks the bosom of our friend, and closes it forever on our confidential trusts? To deny us this, is to war with all the tender feelings and noblest affections of the human heart; and to upbraid, with weakness and folly, all the saints, sages, and philosophers who have gone before us.

Indeed, from our youth up, we have been taught to admire the caution of the priests of Memphis, in the admission of disciples to their mysteries; the seal of Alexander upon the lips of Ephesian; the Roman Senate's injunction upon the lips of such of the Senators' as were permitted to attend their debates; the faith of Anaxarchus, who bit his tongue in twain and threw it into his tyrant's face, rather than disclose secrets; the Athenian statue, the Roman goddess, and the Egyptian Harpocrates, *without tongues*, to teach the wisdom of silence and secrecy; the Persian law, that saved Darius from the pursuit of Alexander, his victor; and the law of Lycurgus, which taught the Spartans never to permit a word to pass out of the door from a feast: and I well remember the old adages, for oft have I seen their wisdom exemplified: "Never repeat in one company what you have heard in another," and never betray the confidence you have created.

We are taught also, by Solomon, "that a talebearer revealeth secrets: but he that is of a faithful spirit concealeth the matter." (Prov. xi. 13.) And again—"Discover not a secret to another: least he that heareth it put thee to shame, and thine infamy turn not away." (Prov. xxv. 9, 10.) "Confidence in an unfaithful man in time of trouble is like a broken tooth, or a foot out of joint." (Prov. xxv. 19.) And the son of Sirach admonishes us, "to be ashamed of revealing of secrets." (Ecclesiasticus xii. 23.) "He that giveth his mind to the Most High, and is occupied in the meditation thereof, will seek out all the wisdom of the ancient, and be occupied in prophecies. He will keep the sayings of renowned men; and where subtle parables are, he will be there also. He will seek out the secrets of grave sentences, and be conversant in dark parables. He shall serve among great men, and appear before princes; he will travel through strange countries; for he hath tried the good among men." (Ibid. xxxix. 1, 2, 3, 4.) And instead of condemning our Society for our scrupulous adherence to inviolable confidence; we have heretofore, among the learned and the wise, been approved and highly commended for that virtue. Mr. Chambers in his *Cyclopadia*, says—"The brethren of this Family, are said

to be possessed of a number of secrets, which have been religiously observed from age to age. Be their other good qualities whatever they will, it is plain they are masters of one, in a very great degree, namely, *secrecy*." And to this encomium upon our "religious observance" of secrecy, Dr. REES, in his New-Cyclopædia, adds the following: "Secrecy and silence are undoubtedly on many occasions desirable and laudable attainments; and we find that among many of the philosophers of antiquity they were sedulously cultivated." &c.

GENIUS OF MASONRY.

No brighter example of the pacific character of the Institution can be offered, none brighter can be found on record, than is presented in the following:

"A gentleman of high distinction in the literary and scientific, as well as political world, and on whose accounts Senates have hung with delight, and to whose deep stores of knowledge, not only the sages of the law in this country, but distant monarchs are much indebted for liberality and expanded views, and excellent schemes for restraining vice, and tempering justice with mercy—was not long since Master of a common Lodge amongst our southern brethren. Towards the close of an evening's labor, when the charge was to be given to one who had that night been initiated into the mysteries of the Craft, and he had come up to the chair to receive it, the quick eye of the Master saw sitting at a distance, the brother of him who had approached to receive a lesson of duty, moody, dark, and silent. Between the brothers there had been the most deadly feud—one that had eaten like a cancer upon their vitals, and had spread a leprosy over their lives, tainting all around them, or connected with them. The one about to receive the charge had been; it was said, the most obdurate. The charge was begun. The text the Master took as the initiate advanced, was from the language of Him who spake as never man spake—*Therefore, if thou bring thy gift to the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath ought against thee, leave there thy gift before the altar, and go thy way, first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift.*" The miseries of contention and discord were strongly depicted by the speaker: he dwelt upon the deadliness of the mortal poison of family contentions—a poison that earth could not suck up, or time destroy; a poison that springs afresh from the grave of those who had concocted it, to curse their descendants to the remotest ages. The listener trembled at the appalling truths—his soul was a witness to them to its fullness; now looking wistful and wildly around the room, fearing, yet wishing to catch the eye of his brother—the Master saw and changed his tone, and portrayed the kindly influences of brotherly love—how far it softened the calamities of life, and took the sting from death. He dwelt upon the new obligations the initiate had assumed, and reminded him that the place in which he then was should be considered sacred to fraternal sympathies, and was consecrated to affection—a place in which every pledge was given to cultivate every fond, every generous emotion; and that "if there be a paradise on earth, this is it—'tis this"—to quench at once in the overflowing of affection and forgiveness, the heart-burnings of enmity, and to wash away the long scores of rancor and bitterness that had withered the soul. The brother who had sat retired, as he heard sentence after sentence of the charge, had moved by a timid step, nearer to the altar, and watched in agony the influence these truths had on his brother's mind: their eyes met—voices were spoke at a glance. Oh! what a moment, for two that had drank the stream of life from one maternal bosom; they looked once more, and rushed into each other's arms: brother forgive me—broke from the hearts of both, in half suffocated and inarticulate words. What a wreath of eloquence! What a triumph for Masonry!"

A LAW OF LOVE.—In 1647, the General Court of Massachusetts enacted, that if any young man attempted to address any young woman, without the consent of her parents, or, in case of their absence, of a neighboring magistrate of the County Court, he should be fined £5 for the first offence, £10 for the second, and imprisonment for the third. In 1660, Capt. Daniel Blake was fined the first named sum, but let off for £4, conditionally, "for making love to Edmund Bridge's daughter, without her parents' consent."

HISTORICAL.

THE LOG OF OLD IRONSIDES.

BY JESSE E. DOW.

Running through Iceberges.

It was in the commencement of a dark evening at the close of March, '35, when a gallant frigate under stumped top-gallant masts, with her courses furled, and her storm-mizen jib, and staysails set, leaped along her solitary course, amid a wilderness of waters. Her broad sides hissed as they played with the feathery waves, and her rigging echoed back in shriller notes the music of the gale. At this moment the cry of a man overboard, echoed wildly through the groaning ship. "A man overboard!" howled the officer of the deck through his trumpet, and ere the necessary orders could be given, the ship was put about, and the life-buoy cut adrift. One of the mainyard men had got caught in the bow-line, and far to leeward had been cast, by the sudden movement of the after-guard below. As all hands stood watching the scowling face of the ocean, the watch in the foretop cried out—"There he is, dead ahead, making for the life-buoy." Anxiously did we look forward, and fervently did we pray that the poor fellow might be spared the horrors of a seaman's death—when of a sudden the cry—"He has reached the buoy, he is safe," thrilled to the soul of every listener. As I watched the dim line of the horizon gradually darkening into night, I saw the poor fellow bounding from billow to billow, while the little red flag of the buoy waved gallantly over his faded head. The storm had rendered it almost impossible for us to pick him up. Twice we changed our course to get nearer to him, and twice his feeble cry sadly reached us over the thundering deep. I looked, and slowly the life-buoy settled in the waters; another wave, and a white hand appeared beckoning from its dark bosom; and, anchor, and the seaman who had braved the battle's brum, and whose body bore the scars of glorious warfare, found a deep sea grave with the sliver things of ocean. With melancholy feelings we came on the other tack, and the marked sepulchre of the mariner soon sank astern.

"Smik, O!" cried the watch.

"Where away!" hailed the lieutenant.

"On the weather bow, sir," faintly answered the lookout.

All eyes were now bent upon a bright mote that twinkled in the distance, and the feeling that we were not alone upon the ocean, seemed to cheer up the spirits of the droopers. A short half hour passed, and the spot had become larger than a seventy-four.

"Iceberges ahead!" shouted the watch, and iceberges there were before us, sure enough.

Old Ironsides, for such was the lonely frigate above mentioned, now changed her course. A few dazzling spots were seen around her, but the berg nigh at hand presented a grand and magnificent spectacle. The sea broke over the lower portions of it, like rollers over the white rocks of a tempest-torn shore, and the pale blue light that flashed from the crystal mountains chilled us, while it riveted our curious gaze.

"We must be careful not to graze those islands in the night," said the commander, as he looked anxious to the windward.

"Had we not better heave to, sir?" said the deck officer, touching his hat. The commander looked again to the northward. The pale spots seemed thickening there, and the fog so common to high latitudes seemed creeping like a shadow over the deep.

"Keep her away," thundered the captain, seizing the trumpet—set the fore and main top sail, and reefed foresail.

"Steady, quarter-master."

"Steady it is," growled the knight of the binacle, and soon the broad sheets of canvas flapped and belied to the gale, while the old frigate ran along to the southward at the rate of eleven, six.

"Have the thermometers hung over the sides, sir," said the commodore, as the haze settled around us like a fleecy cloud.

"Aye! aye! sir," replied the officer of the deck, and soon two master's mates were seen standing in the gangways watching the tell-tales of heat and cold.—Every fifteen minutes the temperature of the ocean

was reported to the captain, who answered as he paced the quarter deck, "very well, cast again."

At length the two reported a change of temperature that astonished all hands.

"Fifteen degrees difference, did you say?" said the captain, with a serious look.

"Aye! aye! sir," said both mates in the same breath, as they returned to their posts. At this moment a current of cold air seemed to freeze our cheeks and almost to take away our breath. A sullen roar as though ten thousand breakers were singing around us, struck the ear. Bluish shadows, like mountain cliffs, passing swiftly to leeward, met the eye; and then the temperature of the water was as high as before.

"Crack in all sail!" said the captain in a voice of thunder—"the only way to avoid danger is to run through it!"

"Flap went the spanker to the breeze; the reef was shaken out of the foresail; down the dark valley of ocean plunged the laboring vessel, and the iceberges were astern. Weary with the excitement of the hour, and chilled by the cold from those wanderings from the pole, I sought my little state-room, seven feet below water; and while the sea rushed past my pillow with hissing violence—and while the marine paced in solemn march before the spirit-room hatch, I fell asleep. A gun now echoed over the waters, and roused me from my slumbers. I went upon deck—it was a beautiful morning—the breath of summer was around me—an English merchantman laid to, in the distance; and the mantains of the western islands towered in majesty amid a cloudless sky.

A TRAVELLER BELOW GROUND.

When Mr. Bruce of Kinnard returned from his many years' absence in Barbary and Abyssinia, to his country mansion on the coast of Falkirk, he was greatly dissatisfied with the way in which his collieries had been wrought. After some stormy disputes with the individual who had leased them, he agreed to submit the matter to a committee of experienced coal-engineers, who accordingly met at Kinnard, inspected the mines, and used every endeavor to form an impartial judgment. "Concerning one day with those gentlemen," he challenged something which one of them said respecting the condition of the mines; whereupon the engineer said that, if Mr. Bruce was not afraid, he might go down and satisfy himself on the point by personal investigation. The word "afraid" startled the ear of the traveller, whose commanding figure and bold demeanour had been the chief means of bringing him unscathed through so many dangers. "Afraid!" said he, in his magnificent way: "sir, do you think I would be afraid to go down into my own mines?" He immediately proposed to go down with them next day, and they eagerly took him at his word, determined to punish him a little for the unreasonable way in which he had disputed many of their statements. "He speaks of Nubian sands," quoth one to another that evening: "we'll show him something worse to-morrow, if I am not mistaken." Next day, accordingly, the illustrious traveller appeared at the mouth of the pit, and after investing his dignified person in the coarse clothes proper to the occasion, down he went, along with his corps of engineers. The strata are not there very thick at the best, and many of the wastes were considerably crushed or fallen in. It was therefore by no means pleasant walking through Mr. Bruce's mines. Nevertheless, as had been concerted amongst them, on they went, up one waste, down another, leading the unfortunate Abyssinian such a dance as never traveller danced before, either on the surface or beneath it, and all the time pretending to demonstrate to him the results at which they had arrived. Sometimes the party would be stooping in a rectangular form: sometimes they would be wading up to the knees in coal mud; sometimes they would be reduced, for a quarter of a mile together, to crawl on their hands and knees, also in deep mud. At one place the engineers passed through an aperture barely wide enough for themselves, who were men of moderate size but which was evidently too narrow for Bruce. When they had passed, they said they were afraid it would be difficult for him to get through; but he was too proud to own himself defeated—tried the aperture, and fairly stuck in it. They had to pull him out by the head and shoulders; and a sore pull it was. Thus they led him about, he evidently sinking with fatigue and dis-

upright. The figure which he now cut—one tall mass of black mud and rags—is not to be described. Nevertheless, up to the very last moment he maintained his usual composure, and the only remark he now made, that seemed to denote his feelings, was, that he did not think the wastes had been so dirty. It may be supposed that next day he showed himself a good deal more ready than he had formerly been to admit the conclusions to which experience and observation had brought his scientific advisers.

THE GATHERER

An Incident Founded on Fact.—I was sitting by my window to-day, (Sunday,) and I saw a shivering man passing on the sidewalk, rather poorly clad, and his clothes soiled with wear. I instantly remarked the contrast which his personal appearance presented to the fashionable throng that had just swept along in all the gay attire of a holiday. I was about to philosophize upon the contrast and speculate upon the chequered scene of human existence, when I saw the man stoop and pick up two small pieces of coin. A smile of joy seemed to pass over his countenance as he looked at them and placed them in his pocket. I rejoiced with him for he seemed to be happy. How little, thought I, fills the poor man's heart with gladness. That was a trifle, the loss of which a rich man would never know, and yet it has made this poor, hard shivering man happy. Perhaps he has a family in want and now enjoys the anticipated delight of relieving them. Possibly it was a little Godsend to supply the necessities of some amiable and beloved wife, languishing upon a bed of sickness, or hopeless infancy incapable of providing for itself. Indeed I felt so much interested that I put on my hat and followed the man along the walk to see whither he would go and what he would do. He passed only to the next corner, where the door of a grocery stood open, at which he looked wistfully but hesitatingly, and then entered.

I hastened to see what he would do. He addressed the man in attendance, saying he had found a prize, that it was small, but he must have a treat out of it, for his good luck and with the remainder he wanted to get some delicacy for his wife, who was very sick and had a very poor appetite. The bottle was handed down and he drank—before he had any time to make any selection for his wife, an acquaintance entered. They shook hands, he told him of his good fortune, and asked him to drink his "good luck," and again he drank. He soon appeared to feel quite social—they commenced talking, he seemed to have forgotten his suffering wife, and shortly afterwards some more of his acquaintances stepped in, and again he told of his good fortune, and again they drank. They all became excited, got into a dispute, and finally into a quarrel, which came to blows. This produced a noise, and the police soon came to the rescue, and the last I saw of this fortunate man was, that he was marched off in the custody of an officer to lie in prison until he could be tried for this breach of the peace.—*Buffalo Commercial Advertiser.*

Anecdote of the Revolution.—A good story is told of Col. M'Lane's yielding a generous "liberty of action" to the troops under his command, before going into winter quarters at Valley Forge. They were suffering for provisions and clothing, "and Congress had been repeatedly petitioned for that relief which it was not in their power to bestow." Under these circumstances, Col. M'Lane paraded his band of suffering soldiers, and harangued them as follows:

"Fellow Soldiers! You've served your country faithfully and truly. We've fought hard fights together, against the enemy. You're in a bad way for comfortable clothes, that's a fact; and it makes me cry, almost, to see your feet on the frozen ground. But Congress can't help it, nor I n'ither. Now if any of you want to return home, you may go. Let them that would like to go, step out two paces in front. But the first man that steps out, darn my skin! if I don't shoot him as quick as I would a red-coat!"

It is needless to add, that not a solitary "volunteer" was to be found. Must, but never uttering a word of complaint, and they, of course, greatly enjoying his distress, till towards winter time, when at length they brought him back to the bottom of the pit, the only place where he could stand

A WIFE WORTH HAVING.—A French paper translated by Mr. Walsh, mentions a train of extraordinary courage, recently shown by a woman during a late explosion and conflagration at the rocket manufactory. She knew that her husband was one of the men who was in the room where the first explosion took place, and she determined to go in and look for him. Heedless of the shells, which kept exploding every minute, she rushed in the midst of the smoke and flames, where several bodies were lying, and turning them over, found her husband's among them. Hoping that he was not dead, she endeavored to drag him away, but his arm came off in her hands, and she found that he was shattered all to pieces. Leaving his body, she took hold of that of one of his neighbors, whom she knew to be the father of a large family, and whom she hoped to rescue, but his clothes all went into shreds, and she found him almost calcined. The courageous woman retired from the spot unhurt.

HORRIBLE DEATH!—One of the most horrible scenes was witnessed in this county on Tuesday that has ever come under our observation. Bartholomew Vosburgh, residing in Danube, Herkimer county, left his residence in the forenoon of Thursday the 9th inst. in order to carry a grist to mill, some three miles distant. Having been subject to intemperate habits, it is supposed he became intoxicated on his way home. He arrived safely, though escaping many dangers, within about half a mile of his residence, when he was seen to fall from the wagon, with his leg remaining fast at some place in the forward part of it. Thus, suspended by his leg, with the upper part of his body upon the ground, his horses at the height of their speed, was he dragged past his residence, when his leg was severed or torn from his body and he was left laying in the road, horribly mangled. No trace of a feature was left. His arm and shoulder were broken, together with his ribs on one side, and one leg which was in part lost, and the remainder twice broken. The whole body together presented a most horrible spectacle; and yet, surprising as it may seem, he lived some four hours after being picked up in the road, and appeared to be rational. The heartstricken wife, alarmed by the rattling noise of the wagon, ran to stop the horses, when to her horror she beheld her husband dragging beneath the wagon, with his face downward coming in contact with every impediment a rough road produced. Horrible must have been the sight of the melancholy scene; but may she console herself by trusting to a merciful God, who will comfort all the mourning, and apply a soothing balm to every wounded bosom.—[*Argus.*]

Minden, June 11th, 1840.

ANOTHER YANKEE INVENTION.—A Boston paper states that a Yankee has invented an eight day clock, which runs sixteen days without winding or stopping, and what makes it still more valuable, the time piece gives two quarts of milk per day! There would be no such thing as calculating its value, if it was able to churn its own butter, and could stop ticking during family prayers.—*Picayune.*

A HOOSIER'S TEMPLE OF HYMEN.—The poetic editor of the Goshen (Ind.) Democrat, appends the following to an announcement in his paper of the marriage of a couple of his friends, whose "wedding occurred in the woods, in the open air."

"That's just the place, (says he,) where we want to be married, on the first day of June, under the broad blue Heavens, with the sun smiling down through the green boughs over head, and the merry birds singing their epithalamiums, and flowers of a thousand hues blushing and hanging their modest heads before the matchless beauty of our dulcinea. Them's em!"

The celebration of the first settlement of Kentucky at Boonesborough, on the 24th and 25th ult. drew together near 10,000 persons. There were 500 men in uniform and under arms, who were reviewed the first day by the Governor. Among the numerous surviving pioneers present, there was a Mrs. French, a daughter of Col. Calloway, who was present during the siege of Boonesborough, before the Revolutionary war. She is the sister of one of the young ladies whose romantic capture and rescue from the Indians, forms one of the most beautiful and thrilling passages in Kentucky history.

ACCOMMODATING.—The N. Y. Mercury gives the following anecdote. We have never been accommodated in the same way, but we have often noticed, while travelling through the country, that the nearer we got to a place the further we were off, at least when we placed any reliance upon the answers given to our enquiries regarding distances. Here is the anecdote from the Mercury.

Stranger—I say, friend, how far is it to Brookfield?

Boy—Ten miles, sir.

Stranger—You must be mistaken. They told me a little ways back that it was only eight.

Boy—Well, sir, seeing it's you, you may have it for that. But I would'n't let any body else have it so.

"Our Yankee Gals."—Miss Mary Burnham, daughter of Mr. Henry Burnham, aged 12 years, and Miss Sarah Burnham, daughter of Mr. Luther Burnham, aged 12 years, all of Montague, N. H. on the 18th of April, braided eleven palm leaf hats each between 6 A. M. and 9 P. M.—*Rock. Dem.*

COCHRAN'S BOMB CANNON.—A trial of Cochran's patent bomb cannon took place recently at the Arsenal, Washington city, in presence of a number of military and scientific persons and members of Congress. The experiments were completely successful. The first thirty-two discharges were made in four minutes. The next experiment, seventeen discharges were made in two minutes and twenty seconds. In the third, there were eight within the minute. In the fourth there were three in a third of a minute.

The correspondent of the Journal of Commerce thus enumerates the powers which the invention claims:

"It can fire sixteen shots in the time required for two of an ordinary cannon—some say more. It can be managed by six men; for the management of an ordinary cannon, eleven are required, so that each one saves the rations of five men. It has no recoil, hence does not require to be kept in its place by breeching. It is charged without requiring the use of either swab or ramrod. The rapid firing does not heat it. Ordinary cannon must be cooled with vinegar and water after thirty discharges; but Cochran's has been found perfectly cool after one hundred shots in rapid succession. All guns first fail at the breech, where the charge first ignites and the ball starts, but a Cochran's is constructed with a chambered revolving breech, of course it must be of thrice the durability of those now in use."

A BLAST INDEXED.—An English paper says—"A block of stone has recently been blasted, from a quarry at Dartmoor, belonging to the Haytor Granite Company, of surprising dimensions, being no less than 60 feet long, 40 feet wide, and 12 feet deep! Its weight is 3,200 tons. This huge mass was shifted from the bed by the agency of 116 pounds of gunpowder, inserted in a bore 12 feet in depth, and one foot in diameter."

Salt water Etiquette.—Yesterday afternoon, a boat with an officer from the U. S. ship Columbus came alongside of the steamer Unicorn, evidently with the intention of visiting her. The bowman secured the boat, the gang-board was laid across the thwarts, the awning tilted, and every thing ready for the officer to ascend the side of the steamer, but the officer of the deck not making his appearance to welcome the naval gentleman—a point of infinite importance among naval salts—he ordered the bowman to shove off; thus denying himself the gratification of visiting the steamer because the mate was not in attendance. He was doubtless better engaged, waiting on the ladies; for there were lots of them on board at the time. Ladies before Gentlemen, on shore or afloat.—*Boston Post.*

HORRIBLE.—It is stated in a Wheeling paper, on the authority of a letter from Marietta, Ohio, that a young lady from down the river, who was on a visit to her friends in that place, was last week thrown from a horse she was riding, and dragged seven miles. The horse was only stopped by the last of three shots from a rifle, and when so, the remains of the unfortunate lady were so mutilated, that they could scarcely be recognized as those of a human being.

POPULAR TALES.

A STORY OF THE ORLEANS REGENCY.

In the early part of the reign of Louis XV., when the government of France was entrusted to the Regent Orleans, a young Breton gentleman named Montlouis the descendant of an ancient but decayed family, came to Paris on receiving a commission in the guards of the young king. For some time he performed his duties without any thing occurring to render his career of marked interest. One evening, however, in the month of November 1725, while he was walking along one of the streets leading to the Louvre, wrapped closely up in his cloak to defend him from the severity of the weather, and with his hand upon his sword hilt by way of precaution, he felt his arm grasped suddenly by a passing stranger, and heard the whispered salutation, "You are here, George, punctual to the hour. Follow me." The Christian name of Montlouis was Pierre, and he therefore saw at once that the stranger had made a mistake; but the natural thoughtlessness and adventurous spirit of youth led him to form an instantaneous resolution of following the stranger at his invitation. Accordingly, without another word passing between them, the pair moved onwards along the street Saint-Honore, and after a walk of about five minutes, came to an open alley, where the stranger stopped for an instant, and merely remarking "This is the place," turned down the passage. A sort of dark avenue was then crossed, and finally M. Montlouis was led by his guide down several steps, which conducted them into a dark apartment, or rather a cave, as the young officer thought. Though he could see no one, Montlouis was not long in discovering that he was in the midst of a pretty large assemblage of persons. He heard their whispers, and felt, from the heated atmosphere of the place, that many persons were breathing in it. In a few moments, moreover, his presence seemed to have been announced, for many individuals came up and grasped his hand, uttering friendly salutations at the same time in low and indistinct tones.

It may be imagined that the guardsman, who well knew the dangers of the times, was by no means satisfied with the result, as far as it had appeared, in his adventure. His first impression was, that he was in the presence of a band of robbers. But this suspicion was speedily removed. Some individuals of the party began noiselessly to light a number of candles, at the completion of which operation M. Montlouis was enabled distinctly to see the whole scene before him.—The apartment was indeed a cave, a long cave, at one end of which a black curtain hung, concealing from view a small portion of the space. From behind this place, Montlouis heard the sobs and moanings of one or more female voices. In the open lighted space about thirty persons were assembled, all of them wrapt in long cloaks, similar to that worn by the young guardsman, and to which the mistake was doubtless owing which had brought him there. The party were all individuals of grave and sombre aspect.

Montlouis covered his face as much as possible and kept back from view in the hope that no one would observe the error which had been committed. After a time, a man of about fifty years of age, reverend in appearance, and having long hair falling upon his shoulders, came forward, and stood beside a dark object in the centre of the assemblage, which was covered with dark cloth being evidently a bier or coffin. "My friends," said this person, "I think we are all present. Peace be with you." As these words were uttered, one of the party, an attendant seemingly, went to the door by which Montlouis had entered, and locked it. "Now," thought the officer, who began to see clearly the nature of the meeting upon which he had intruded himself so rashly, "now I cannot retreat if discovered, and may pay dearly for my folly." He had not much time to indulge these meditations. The former speaker continued his address. "My brethren said he, let us now offer up our prayers for our friend Bertrand de Brunen who has quitted this vale of tears, and whose virtuous daughter, our beloved sister, enters."

At this point, one of the attendants advanced to the clergyman, for such he evidently was, and whispered a few words in his ear. Instantly he turned his eyes upon Montlouis, with a degree of evident surprise and alarm. He attempted indeed to continue his ad-

dress, but his voice faltered, and his thoughts were obviously occupied with another subject. The confusion of the pastor soon extended to the whole assembly. They separated from Montlouis, and stared on him with an expression at once of menace and dismay.—Seeing this, the officer resolved to disclose the truth. "Gentlemen," said he, "I am no spy. I give you my word of honor. I am not." But there was no change in the looks of the party. "I am Monsieur de Montlouis," continued the guardsman, who, himself trained to respect his family name, believed that to others also it must convey an assurance of unblemished honor in the bearer.

What would have been the issue of this matter, it is hard to say. But just as Montlouis was repeating his assertion, a noise was heard, and from behind the black veil already mentioned, a young female hastily issued. "Extinguish the lights," cried she in tones of alarm—"we are in danger!" Montlouis was much struck by the face and figure of this lady. Before her request could be obeyed by those present, the noise increased, loud knocks resounded on the outer door of the cave, and a voice exclaimed from without, "Open in the name of the king!" On hearing this summons a general exclamation of "we are betrayed!" came from the lips of the persons present, and, snatching up the bier, most of them disappeared by a low passage which had been previously unnoticed by Montlouis.—Scarcely had they effected their escape, when the outer door gave way before the strokes of its assailants, and the room or cave was instantly filled with men wearing the dress of the civil force. At this moment, Montlouis and the young female spoken of were almost the only parties present. One of the intruders, a person who seemed to be their leader, advanced with his sword in his hand to the female, and, touching her on the shoulder, exclaimed, "I arrest you in the name of the king!" Then, turning to those who accompanied him, he said, "This is Mademoiselle de Brunen; take her in charge." "Fear nothing," he continued, addressing her; "no outrage will be permitted; we have an order from the king to conduct you to the convent of —"

Mademoiselle de Brunen took a close and agitated survey of the man who addressed her, and then, starting back as from a noxious reptile, she exclaimed, "Begone! touch me not! I know you, wretch," she continued; "you are no servant of the king. Help, friends! leave me not; let me not fall into this man's hands!"

The person of whom she spoke laid hands upon her, nevertheless, to drag her away, and no one would probably have interfered, had not her imploring looks, her youth, and her beauty stirred the pity of Montlouis. "Let go the lady," cried he, unsheathing his sword, "or, whoever you may be, you shall have to answer to me." No reply was made by the other, who continued his attempts to carry off the lady, until forcibly thrown aside by Montlouis. Before any one could interfere, an active combat had commenced between the pair. Rapid passes were exchanged, and at length Montlouis laid his antagonist at his feet. In an instant afterwards the lights were extinguished, and the young guardsman found himself dragged backwards by unseen arms into the private passage by which the party had previously disappeared. A gentle voice whispered in his ear, "Follow me," and he felt the hand of Mademoiselle de Brunen grasp his own, and lead him onwards through the darkness. When they stopped, Montlouis looked around him, and found that they had issued into one of the streets of Paris.

Several coaches stood at the spot. Mademoiselle de Brunen left him, and entered one of the vehicles, but immediately afterwards a person came up to the officer and said, "If Monsieur de Montlouis will do Mademoiselle de Brunen the honor of assisting in the completion of the sad ceremony which has been disturbed, she will feel gratified." He at once assented, and was conducted to one of the vehicles. "Forward!" cried a voice, and the whole of the carriages started at a rapid pace along the streets. After passing the barriers of the city, the travellers continued their route for a considerable distance, until they reached a lonely house surrounded by lofty walls. Here the carriages stopped, and the whole party left them. The bier was conveyed silently through the house into a garden, where a grave was found ready prepared.—Rapidly and silently the ceremony of interment was

gone through, and then, with mournful farewell signs, the whole assemblage separated, each apparently taking his own way.

M. de Montlouis stood in the mean time a little apart. At the close of the funeral rite he was left alone with Mademoiselle de Brunen. She came up to him, her eyes filled with tears. For a few minutes both were silent. "You have saved my life and honour," said she at length, "but, I fear, at the cost, or at least the imminent risk, of your own." "Speak not of it, lady," said Montlouis. "You have been witness to an assemblage," continued she, "of our persecuted Protestant brethren, who, at great peril to themselves, have dared to perform the last rites to my father, though he was a victim marked out by Cardinal Dubois and his creatures. I know not how you came among us; but you have saved me from the power of one who, under the pretext of converting me, had previously endeavoured to tempt me to ruin.—Whether he had the regent's authority for his late attempt, I cannot say, but I know well that he is one whose death will not be left unavenged by Dubois.—You are lost utterly lost, and I have been the unhappy cause!"

Montlouis endeavoured to assure her of the causeless nature of her fears, but he failed to make his argument good. "There is one way," said the lady, hesitatingly, "there is—there appears to me but one way in which you may be saved." The young officer conjectured the cause of her hesitation. "Dear lady," said he, "fortune appears to have thrown us strangely together, and to have united our fates at one decisive blow. But, believe me, if, to relieve us from this extremity, it is necessary to take steps which might appear improper at another moment, believe me, I will not presume upon them." "You partly comprehend me," said Mademoiselle de Brunen, "but I will speak plainly. It would be folly, as well as base ingratitude, to permit the indulgence of childish feelings at the cost of your life. I have passports for myself and servants to go to Holland. I have friends there. You must fly with me; it is our duty to recompense you for all you have lost by me. You will find an asylum there." After a pause, she added, with a tremulous voice, "You must fly! If not, I too will remain, for I could not live after having destroyed you!"

Need we tell the reader the issue? M. Montlouis fled to Holland. A short time after these events, he was hung in effigy by the Cardinal Dubois's orders in Paris, but he was consoled for it by the attentions of a lovely wife and kind friends in a foreign land.

MISCELLANY.

CHARACTER OF THE BURMESE.

The Burman character differs, in many points, from that of the Hindus and other East Indians. They are more lively, active and industrious, and though fond of repose, are seldom idle when there is an inducement for exertion. When such inducements offer, they exhibit not only great strength, but courage and perseverance, and often accomplish what we should think barely possible. But these valuable traits are rendered nearly useless by the want of a higher grade of civilization. The poorest classes, furnished by a happy climate with all necessities, at the price of only occasional labor, and the few who are above that necessity, find no proper pursuits to fill up their leisure. Books are too scarce to enable them to improve by reading, and games grow wearisome. No one can indulge in pride or taste in the display, or scarcely in the use of wealth. By improving his lands or houses beyond his neighbors, a man exposes himself to extortion, and perhaps personal danger. The pleasures, and even the follies, of refined society, call forth talents, diffuse wealth, and stimulate business; but here are no such excitements. Folly and sensuality find gratification almost without effort, and without expenditure. Soth, then, must be the repose of the poor and the business of the rich. From this they resort to the chase, the seine, or the athletic game; and from those relapse to quiescent indulgence. Thus life is wasted in the profitless alternation of sensual ease, rude drudgery, and active sport. No elements exist for the improvement of posterity, and successive generations pass, like the crops upon their fields. Where there is but a disposition to improve the mind, and

distribute benefits, what majesty of pisty might we not hope to see in a country so favored with the means of subsistence, and so cheap in its modes of living. Instead of the many objects of an American's ambition, and the unceasing anxiety to amass property, the Burman sets a limit to his desires, and when that is reached, gives himself to repose and enjoyment. Instead of wearing himself out in endeavors to equal or surpass his neighbor in dress, food, furniture or house, he easily attains the customary standard, beyond which he seldom desires to go.

When strangers come to their houses, they are hospitable and courteous, and a man may travel from one end of the kingdom to the other without money, feeding and lodging as well as the people. But otherwise they have got little idea of aiding their neighbor. If a boat or a wagon, &c. get into difficulty, no one stirs to assist unless requested. The accommodation of strangers and travellers is particularly provided for by *zayats* or caravansaries, built in every village, and often found insulated on the highway. These serve at once for taverns, town houses, and churches. Here travellers take up their abode even for weeks if they choose; here public business is transacted, and here, if a pagoda be near, worship is performed. They are always as well built as the best houses, and often are amongst the most splendid structures in the kingdom. Though they furnish, however, no accommodations but a shelter, the traveller procures at the bazaar all he finds necessary, or receives, with the utmost promptitude, a full supply from the families around. A missionary may travel from one end of the country to the other, and receive, wherever he stops, all that the family can offer.

Temperance is universal. The use of wine, spirits, opium, &c., is not only strictly forbidden, both by religion and the civil law, but is entirely against public opinion. I have seen thousands together for hours, on public occasions, rejoicing in all ardour, without observing an act of violence or a case of intoxication. During a residence of seven months amongst them, I never saw but one intoxicated, though the example, alas! is not wanting on the part of foreigners. It is greatly to be deplored that foreigners, particularly Moguls and Jews, tempt their boatmen and laborers to drink ardent spirits, and have taught a few to banker after it."

"Never, perhaps, was there a people more offensively proud. From the monarch, who adopts the most grandiloquent titles he can invent to the pettiest officer, every man seems bloated with self-conceit. Accustomed to conquest under every king since Alompra, and holding all the adjacent tribes in vassalage, they carry themselves in a lordly manner. The meanest citizen seems to feel himself superior to the Peguans, Karens, Tongthoos, &c., around him. Gradations of rank are most minutely and tenaciously maintained, and are signified in every thing. Houses, dress, betel-box, water-goblet, cap, umbrella, horse-equipments, &c. are all adjusted by rule. To ride on an elephant is the privilege of royalty and high office, though often granted as an indulgence to others. The king alone, and his immediate family, use a white umbrella; the next have them gilded, the next red or fringed, the next green, &c. Subdivisions of these grades are marked by the number of umbrellas of each particular color. Thus one has twenty, another ten, another eight, and so downwards.

"The very language in which common actions are mentioned, is made to minister to this nicety. Thus there are three or four ways to speak of every thing, such as eating rice, walking out, sleeping, dying, one of which is always used of the king, another of the priests, another of rulers, another of common persons. It would be an insult to use a lower phrase than the person is strictly entitled to, though a higher one is sometimes used as a sign of special respect. The same difference is made in the words for walking abroad, and many more."—*Malcom's Travels*.

A SCENE IN WHALE FISHING.

At noon on the 20th of June, when we were only sixteen miles to the south of the sun, that planet exhibited the usual phenomena attendant on its yearly vertical position, namely, appearing to rise with great rapidity—being visible, with the quadrant, over a very extended line of the horizon—casting a very limited shadow from a perpendicular object—appearing to pass

rapidly to the westward, and to fall as quickly as it arose. Notwithstanding our vicinity to the sun, the temperature, both sensible and thermometrical, was much lower than we had experienced it when we were twenty degrees to the north of that planet; and we had now (as on some former occasions) reason to believe that, *ceteris paribus*, a vertical sun is no criterion of a high temperature.

In lat. 27 N. long 169 W. sperm whales were seen almost daily, and were pursued by our boats with considerable success, as we cruised slowly to the eastward. The surface of the sea afforded, at the same time, some transparent flat-fish, vast numbers of a small species of trunk-fish, (*ostracion*) a kind of *Dophins*, shoals of small dolphin, bonita, and several examples of *Argonauta rufo*, *Carinaria*, and *Cleodora*. On the morning of the 29th of June, the pursuit of a school of sperm whales carried our boats out of sight from the ship for some time, and terminated in the capture of four Cachalots. One of the latter was a small female calf, which was taken on board entire. It measured sixteen feet in length by seven in girth—a size but little larger than that of the fetus which we had, on a former occasion, removed from the abdomen of its mother. In this affair the whales displayed a great disposition to assist each other. One of the boats, while engaged in killing her victim, was attacked by a loose Cachalot, which flung its flukes so close to the head of the officer in command as to knock his hat from his head. A remarkably fine whale, also, made his escape, spouting blood, after having bitten asunder the thick iron-wood pole of a harpoon fixed in the body of one of his companions. On the 25th, breaches were seen from the mast head, and, on approaching the spot, the ship was surrounded by a very large body of sperm whales—fifty would be a very low computation of their number, visible to us at one time. The boats pursued them with success, and amongst the prizes brought to the ship was an adult male, fifty-eight feet long, and which produced seventy barrels of oil. The head of this individual was marked with numerous long white scratches, inflicted by the teeth of his companions. While we were engaged in "cutting in" the dead whales, the ship was surrounded by brown and blue sharks, as well as by Mollymaux, and the nondescript brown birds of the albatross family, we had before noticed in the more northern parts of the Pacific. It was considered unusual to meet with the latter species so far to the southward at this season, and their presence seemed to indicate a late northern summer. It was highly amusing to see these birds swimming on the surface of the sea, and the sharks floundering beneath them, each suspicious of the other, yet both anxious to appropriate the tempting morsel of blubber that floated between them. Curlews and frigate-birds came about us also in great numbers, and, notwithstanding our distance from the tropics, tropic birds were very numerous.

Extending our cruise a short distance to the northward and eastward brought us in communication with an American South Seaman. This ship had experienced average success amongst whales, but, in the words of her mate, "was not so dreadful well off." She was attended by vast numbers of albacore, and by passing across her stern we carried away a large proportion of her itinerant fishery—thus supplying ourselves with a long-expected and delicious addition to our sea-fare. A fifty barrel whale brought to the ship on the 16th of August, was captured in a remarkable manner. The creature had liberated another Cachalot by biting asunder the harpoon line, but in doing so became entangled in the line, and was himself retained by the boat, and killed by the lance, without having been harpooned. This victim to friendship was not destroyed, however, without difficulty and danger. One blow from his flukes took effect upon the head of a boat, assisting in his destruction, nearly separated the stem from the planks, and upset her, casting the crew into the sea. The fast boat was under the necessity of receiving the crew and apparatus of the wreck; but it fortunately occurred, that during the time occupied in conveying the shattered boat and her crew to the ship, the whale lay motionless on the surface of the water, spouting blood, and upon being again attacked by the boats, ran rapidly for a short distance, went into his flurry, and died. On the 21st of the same month, our boats captured five adult Cachalots, a number greater than is usually obtained at one lowering,

and which we did not exceed at any other period of the voyage. On the morning of the 24th, a solitary sperm whale, of large size, was seen to spout at some distance from the ship. Before the boats could approach him he descended, and continued under water twenty-five minutes. At the end of that time he rose to the surface, and after a few spoutings again dived, and fifty minutes elapsed before his next appearance, when, rising in the close vicinity of the boats, he was almost immediately harpooned. The monster proved both active and mischievous; at a very early period of the attack he severely shattered one boat with his flukes; and, subsequently, endangered the crew of a second, by keeping his lower jaw suspended for some moments over their heads. He was destroyed, however, in less than three hours; and, after two days, no vestige of the creature remained in the ship, beyond eighty barrels of oil, and the lower jaw, fourteen and a half feet in length, which, together with the teeth, was preserved for the manufacture of ornamental implements. At the end of September, we terminated a very successful cruise, and made sail to the SE. for the Sandwich Islands.

From the Evergreen.

THE GHOST AND THE COUNTRY CLUB.

In all ages, persons of weak-intellects have believed in apparitions; and in all relations of this kind, there is manifestly an endeavor to make the events as supernaturally wonderful and as well attested as possible, to prevent the suspicion of tricks, and to silence all objections which might be made to their credibility. In compliance with this custom, we will recount the story of a ghost, which seems to possess all the desired requisites.

At a town in the west of England, twenty-four persons were accustomed to assemble once a week, to drink, smoke tobacco and talk politics. Like the academy of Rubens, at Antwerp, each member had his peculiar chair, and the president's was more elevated than the rest. As one of the members had been in a dying state for some time, his chair, while he was absent, remained vacant.

When the club met on the usual night, inquiries were naturally made after their associate. As he lived in the adjoining house, a particular friend went to inquire after him, and returned with the melancholy intelligence that he could not survive the night. This threw a gloom on the company, and all efforts to turn the conversation from the sad subject before them were ineffectual. About midnight the door opened, and the form, in white, of the dying or dead man, walked into the room, and took his seat in his accustomed chair. There he remained in silence, and in silence was he gazed at. The apparition continued a sufficient time in the chair to assure all who were present of the reality of the vision. At length he arose and stalked toward the door—which he opened as if living—went out, and shut the door after him. After a long pause, some one at last had the resolution to say, "If only one of us had seen this, he would not have been believed; it is impossible that so many of us can have been deceived." The company, by degrees, recovered their speech, and the whole conversation, as may be imagined, was upon the dreadful object which had engaged their attention. They broke up and went home. In the morning inquiry was made after their sick friend. It was answered by an account of his death, which happened nearly about the time of his appearance in the club room. There could be but little doubt before: but now nothing could be more certain than the reality of his apparition, which had been simultaneously seen by so many persons. It is unnecessary to say, that such a story spread over the country, and found credit even from the infidels; for in this case, all reasoning became superfluous, when opposed to a plain fact, attested by three-and-twenty witnesses. To assert the doctrine of the fixed laws of nature was ridiculous, when there was so many people of credit to prove that they might be *un-fixed*. Years rolled on and the story was almost forgotten.

One of the club was an apothecary. In the course of his practice he was called to an old woman, whose business it was to attend sick persons. She said she could leave the world with a quiet conscience, but for one thing, which lay upon her mind. "Do you not remember Mr. —, whose ghost has been so much talked of? I was his nurse. On the night of his death

I left his room for something he wanted. I am sure I had not been absent long; but at my return, I found the bed *without my patient!* He was delirious, and I feared he had thrown himself out of the window. I was so frightened that I had no power to stir; but after some time, to my great astonishment, he entered the room shivering, and his teeth chattering, laid himself down upon the bed and died! Considering my negligence as the cause of his death, I kept this a secret, for fear of what might be done to me. Though I could have contradicted the whole story of the ghost, I dared not do it. I knew by what had happened, that it was *he himself* who had been in the club room (perhaps recollecting that it was the night of the meeting;) but I hope God and the poor gentleman's friends will forgive me, and I shall die contented."

Intelligence.

United States and Texan Boundary.—The Commissioners on the part of the United States and Texas, for marking the boundary between these two nations, met at Green's Bluff, on the Sabine River, on the 15th of May, in pursuance of the adjournment which took place in March last, for the purpose of allowing each of the two commissioners an opportunity to refer to his government a disputed question which was raised as to the proper point of commencement of the line, and whether it should run along the western bank of Sabine pass and lake, or along their middle from the sea to the head of said lake.

This question has been decided, sustaining the Commissioner on the part of the United States in the position originally taken by him, that is, the line will be commenced at the point where the Sabine discharges its waters into the sea, on the Gulf of Mexico, and will proceed thence along the bank of that river (including under that term what is called "Sabine pass" and "Sabine lake") until the said western bank intersects the 32d degree of north latitude, and thence by a due north line to Red river.

This secures the United States in the exclusive jurisdiction over the waters of the pass and the lake, in as full a manner as over the rest of the river as far up as the 32d degree of latitude, which is altogether in accordance with our view of the true intention of our original treaty with Spain of 1819, which constituted the basis of the conventions with Mexico, in the first place, and with Texas afterwards, for the demarcation of this boundary.

The work will be pushed, with a view to the completion of as much of the line as shall be practicable this summer.—*N Orleans Bulletin.*

Shipwrecks below Quebec.—Three ships heavily laden with merchandise, have been totally wrecked this season, below Quebec. The "Magnet," "Chippewa" and "Arabia." The Chippewa and Arabia sailed from Glasgow on the same day, and were wrecked on the same day, a few miles from each other. The crew of the Arabia were saved, and part of the cargo; but twenty two of the twenty four passengers of the Chippewa were drowned—Capt. Miller and one boy only, saved themselves by being lashed to the mast. Capt. Miller was a passenger on the steamer "Burlington" on his way to New York, on Wednesday last, whence he will sail for Glasgow. He has sailed a merchant vessel between different European ports and Montreal for the last fifteen years. His description of the gale and the destruction of his vessel, was thrilling in the extreme.—*Pittsburgh Repub.*

A crowd of 4000—including many females!—assembled in New Orleans on the 2d inst. in front of the Parish Prison to enjoy the execution of a lost fellow creature named James B. Mellen—who was hanged under the sentence of the law, being attended by Mr. Twitchell, a Presbyterian clergyman. The American of the next day says—

The shouts of laughter and ribald jest indulged in by the witnesses of these scenes, evince the existence of no feeling but that of brutal enjoyment in the last suffering of a fellow mortal.

A Countryman and his Strawberries.—Yesterday morning, about 7 o'clock, as Mr. Tunis Cooper, of Ramapo, Rockland county, was sitting in the Washington

market with 150 baskets of strawberries, and some quarters of veal, he was approached by three well dressed fellows, who began to chaffer with him about the prices of his marketables. While Mr. Cooper was getting change, one of the fellows ran off with 100 baskets of the strawberries, on discovering which Mr. Cooper went in pursuit of the thief, and while he was gone, the third person seized upon the other 50 baskets and ran with them also. It is a singular fact that Mrs. Cooper, the wife of the above named, was a few days ago also robbed of a quantity of strawberries in the same market, in the same way, and perhaps by the same adroit rogues.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Finale of the Oregon Expedition.—A letter has been received, as we learn from the Peoria Register, from Capt. Farnham, the leader of the party, who started from Peoria for Oregon about a year ago. The letter was written from Oker, one of the Sandwich islands. The accounts are disheartening to immigrants. He states that, in every respect, the country has been overrated—that, excepting the valley of the Willamette, the Seat of the Methodist mission, no portion of the territory through which he passed presents any thing attractive, or offers any inducements to farmers or any other class of immigrants. In a word, all the unfavorable representations that were made to him by returning travellers whom he met on the journey, and to which he then lent an incredulous ear, were abundantly realised.

Capt. Farnham is expected home by way of Santa Fe, in the month of July or August. As he has kept a journal, we shall look forward with interest for its publication.

Particular.—A gentleman who had sat half a minute to have his miniature taken by the Daguerreotype, was surprised on looking at the picture, to see a spot on his cheek which he was sure did not belong to him. Daguerre would have been set down a liar at once, but for his well established reputation of always speaking the truth, yet there was a plain contradiction between the picture and the original, as they both stood together. A microscope was brought, and then the spot was seen to be the well defined miniature of a fly, who had seized that occasion to get his own likeness taken, and so had stood upon the gentleman's cheek unobserved.—*N. Y. Jour. of Com.*

[From the Fort Gaines (Georgia) Torch.]

Major Gen. McAlister of Henry, Ala. received intelligence by express from a gentleman of standing in Geneva, Dale Co. that some families were massacred between Choctaw-hatchee river and Marianna, and requesting him to adopt some measures for the defence of the southern portion of Alabama, a volunteer company was formed, and waits for further orders.

The general is now gone to inquire more particularly into the matter. The citizens of the county suffered severely by Indian depredations in 1837.

DREADFUL CASUALTY.—On Saturday last, towards evening, as we learn from the Philadelphia Gazette, a young man named Amos Core, lost his life in a dreadful manner while engaged in a horse race near Doylestown. The race was for a dollar a side, and probably got up when the parties were not in a very sober mood. The horse rode by Core was said to be blind, and after passing along the road for a considerable distance, and nearing the mark of the race, it fell headlong to the ground, throwing the young man over his head, and then, after having turned a full length somersault itself, striking heavily upon the head and breast of the unfortunate rider. His throat and face were terribly cut, and the bones of the pectoral region all broken in, to the ribs. He was removed as carefully as circumstances would allow, to the hotel of Mr. Petit, in Doylestown, where, despite all medical counsel and skill, he soon expired.

A young wife and and two helpless children have thus been called to deplore a horrible calamity, brought about by a dangerous struggle of men and beasts, for one paltry dollar.

Accident and loss of life.—The stamboat Citizen, whilst on a pleasure excursion round Staten Island on Sunday last, when opposite Elizabethtown, lost one of

the bolts from her boiler. The noise which the steam made in escaping through the aperture alarmed the passengers, who thinking that the boiler had burst, made a rush for the stern boat, and two of them, J. F. Warner, of 97 James street, and Mr. Benjamin F. Disbrow, late of Westchester county, were unfortunately drowned.

Wonderful Escape from Death.—Three or four weeks ago, a Mr. Ladd, who was travelling on foot in Iowa Territory, near Fort Madison, was fallen in with by 3 other men, to whom, in the course of conversation, he imparted the knowledge of his having four or five hundred dollars about him which he was going to pay in at the land office. The three strangers instantly determined to obtain the money, and on their reaching a broken part of the country, attacked Mr. L. with clubs and knives, killed him as they thought, robbed him, threw him into a ravine, covered him with brush, and then continued on their journey.

A rivulet of water flowed down the ravine in which Mr. Ladd lay buried, and the cooling and refreshing element coming in contact with his wounded head, had the effect of cleansing the wounds, and restoring him to animation. Knowing the route of the robbers, he instantly set out in pursuit of them—reached Fort Madison, where he had heard they had descended the river, procured a skiff, reached St Louis, and in an hour or two apprehended two of the ruffians. The third had not reached the city, and was arrested on landing a short time afterwards. The villains were the next day taken back to Iowa, and the court being in session, were instantly tried, convicted, and sent to the penitentiary, one for five years, another for 11, and the third for 23. How much of the money Mr. Ladd was able to recover we have not heard.—*Peoria Register.*

A DREADFUL OUTRAGE.—We are informed, says the Peoria Register, that four horse thieves were captured about two weeks ago in Iowa Territory, somewhere near Davenport, one of whom was instantly hung to a tree, where he had remained four days, and was being consumed by carrion; another was shot, and the remaining two mutilated and set at liberty. We have heard no further particulars, and trust, for the honor of the far west, that the story is exaggerated.

TEXAS AND MEXICO.—By a letter received in Elizabeth City, N. C., from an officer in the Texan Navy, (a native of North Carolina,) dated the 6th May, it is stated that the Texan government had given Mexico until the first of June to acknowledge the independence of Texas, and if it should fail to do so by that time, the Texans intend to send their whole navy down on the coast of Mexico and wage an offensive war against that country. This news came direct from the Commander in-chief of the Texan navy, who was immediately from the seat of government.

The Attempted Outrage at Oswego.—On Thursday last Lett and also underwent an examination before Justice Barnes, when Dafeo made a full confession of the transaction, the object of which he declared was to burn the Great Britain, for the purpose of reviving the ill feeling on the frontier between the two countries, for the purpose of promoting a revolution in Canada. Lett and himself appear to be the only persons implicated in the transaction.

Other testimony having been obtained, corroborating in some measure the evidence of Dafeo, the prisoners were remanded to jail to await their trial at the Circuit Court to be held on the 4th Tuesday of the present month.—*Sun.*

A VETERAN.—A gentleman presented himself at our desk this morning to pay his yearly subscription, for the Argus. This was his *thirty-seventh* subscription, he having commenced with the first No. of the paper. We hope that he will live to enjoy the Argus thirty-seven years longer.—*Eastern Argus.*

Unostentatious Generosity.—Monroe Edwards, Esq. of the parish of Iberville, Louisiana, has manumitted one hundred and sixty slaves. He is now in this city, and has just had the deed of manumission prepared.—*Cin. Gaz.*

AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER.

ALBANY, SATURDAY, JUNE 29, 1840.

MASONIC FESTIVAL.

June 24, 5840.

ORDER OF THE DAY.

The procession will be formed on Washington Square at 10 o'clock, under the superintendence of Sir Archibald Bull, as Marshal of the day, assisted by Sir L. R. Lasell, Sir L. McChesney, Bts. T. Grenell, Morton Fairchild, R. P. Dorton, F. Belcher, J. A. Wilson and B. M. Wilson, as follows:—

- 1st. Martial Music,
2. Knights Templars,
3. Evening Star Lodge,
4. Phoenix Lodge,
5. Temple Lodge,
6. Hudson Lodge,
7. Apollo Lodge,
8. Officers of the Temple Chapter,
9. Officers of the Apollo Chapter,
10. Band of Music,
11. Present and past masters who are not past Grand Officers,
12. Past Grand Officers of the Grand Lodge,
13. Grand Lodge of the State of New York.

The procession will move through several of the principal streets to the Second street Presbyterian Church, where the following exercises will take place—

- 1st Voluntary on the Organ, by Br. C. E. HORN, and Ode,
2. Prayer,
3. Ode,
4. Oration,
5. Ode,
6. Benediction.

The procession will again form and move under the direction of the Marshal to Morris Place Hall, and partake of a dinner prepared by Companion Richard Freeman.

PRESIDING OFFICERS AT DINNER.

Br. DAVID BULL, President.

- | | |
|---------------------------|--------------------|
| Br. Samuel G. Huntington, | } Vice Presidents. |
| " James DeGraff, | |
| " R. D. Silliman, | |
| " F. Adancourt, | |
| " Skilton Felton, | |
| " Lyman Garfield, | |

The following preamble and resolution have been adopted by the Committee of Arrangements.

Whereas, the use of intoxicating liquors is, according to the usages and discipline of Masonic Lodges, strictly prohibited and forbidden, therefore

Resolved, That the Committee of Arrangements deem it inexpedient to furnish any stimulating beverage for the approaching festival of St. John, and they recommend that no Wine or other intoxicating stimulus be drank at the public table on that occasion.

By order of the Committee.

N. T. WOODRUFF, Chairman.

Troy, June 18, 5840.



Those brethren of Temple Entampment, Temple Chapter, Mount Vernon and Temple Lodges, together with all brethren in regular standing, are requested to attend an informal meeting at St. John's Hall, on MONDAY EVENING next, at 7 o'clock, to complete their arrangements for the celebration of the 24th at Troy. It is necessary that every brother, who intends uniting in this celebration should be present.

ALBERT G. BARRETT, late member of Lafayette Chapter, No. 11, at La Grange, Tennessee, has been expelled therefrom for immoral and unmasonic conduct.

By order of the Chapter.

May 22.

GEO. W. ADAMS, Secretary.

EDWARD B. HILL, late a member of La Grange Lodge, No. 81, at La Grange, Tenn., has been expelled from said Lodge for unmasonic conduct.

By order of the Lodge.

May 22.

R. J. YANCEY, Secretary.

ALBERT G. BARRETT, late a member of La Grange Lodge, No. 81, at La Grange, Tenn. has been expelled from said Lodge, for unmasonic conduct.

By order of the Lodge.

May 22.

R. J. YANCEY, Secretary.

NEW PAPER.—The Albany Bee, a new daily penny paper, by Messrs. Duffey, McCulloch and Angus, made its appearance on Wednesday last. The publishers are practical printers, native citizens of Albany, and have both the ability and disposition to deserve success. Their paper is well got up, and we hope it will be sustained. If but a small portion of what is daily paid by our citizens for foreign papers, no better than the Bee promises to be, shall be transferred to its support, our worthy mechanics will be remunerated for their exertions, and the public receive a journal which will be creditable to our city.

Drowned in this city, on Sunday last, Mr. Gillespie, leaving a wife and children. Also, a few days ago, a colored lad, a domestic in the family of J. E. Lovett, Esq.

MASONIC.—The Grand Lodge of Rhode Island is to celebrate the approaching anniversary at Pawtucket; and that of New Hampshire will hold their anniversary at Concord.

A Ladies' Fair, in Charlestown, Mass., last week in aid of a proposed Episcopal Church, produced in two days, over \$1,200, and it was supposed the total receipts would amount to \$1,500.

The Bunker Hill Aurora states that "the individual who lately gave fifty thousand dollars to the American Unitarian Association, is supposed to be Benjamin Bussey, Esq., of Roxbury, Mass. Mr. Bussey has also, by his will, made some years since, given his splendid estate and mansion house to Harvard University, for the purpose of founding an Agricultural Professorship. For several years past, he has been constructing a solid wall of stone around the whole property, at an expense of \$30,000.

Milky way.—Mr. J. Gowan, of Mount Airy, near Philadelphia, has an imported short horned Durham cow, which calved four months ago and is now milked three times a day; and he gives the result of the milkings for the first week in June at 235 quarts, or more than thirty-three quarts per day.

N. York and N. Orleans.—These cities have now almost become neighbors. The steam ship Neptune has arrived at the former from the latter place in eight days, stopping also at Charleston, from whence she arrived at N. York in 64 hours.

A Hazardous Voyage.—The Savannah Telegraph states that a man started from that port, on a raft after a boat, for which a reward had been offered; that he drifted out to sea; and that another boat that was sent after him returned without finding him; and that the only hope of his safety was that he might be taken aboard of some vessel before he perished.

NEW COUNTERFEIT.—There are bills in circulation of the Bank of Monroe, evidently of the genuine plate, signed H. B. Gibson, pres't., R. S. Pomeroy, cash., and very clumsily filled up. J. K. Livingston, is the president of the bank, and Ralph Lester, cashier. We

have submitted one of the notes to the examination of an experienced engraver of this city, who thinks it a lithograph; if so, it shows the importance of having a print upon the back of the bill, as this double printing cannot be accomplished by lithography.—Argus.

A Rowing Match, will take place between this city and Albany on Saturday, the 27th inst. The Mail says that the "Undine," a four oared Albany boat has thrown down the glove, and the "Sylph," of this city has taken it up. They propose to row from the first island below Troy, to the Steamboat dock at the foot of State street, in this city, and return to the island.—Budget.

An Example.—The present Post Master General, the Hon. J. M. Nes, who was for many years United States Senator from Connecticut, served a regular apprenticeship to the printing business, and worked for several years after reaching his majority in a northern printing office as a journeyman.—Baltimore Republican.

THE WEST.—Hardly a boat passes this city from the west but carries a heavy load of flour, pork wheat, &c., and still the cry is "we want more boats." It is estimated that their is flour enough in the single city of Buffalo to furnish bread for the entire state of New York till after harvest, and cargoes of it are hourly arriving in that city from the great far west. Flour sells in Buffalo at \$4 75 — Utica Observer.

DIED.

In this city, on Tuesday last, Edward Livingston, Esq. long and generally known, as the talented advocate at the bar, legislator. Speaker of the House of Assembly, &c. leaving a large family, and an extensive circle of friends to deplore his loss.

Mr William J. Staats, aged 28.

Mr. Judah Colt, late of Cleveland, O. aged 33.

At Ballston, on the 14th inst. Hon. Anson Brown, Member of Congress from the Saratoga and Schenectady district.

At Ithaca, Robert Swartwout, Esq. member of the present House of Assembly.

In New York, James C. Roosevelt, aged 69; Mary C. Stoughton, wife of the Spanish consul; David Lydig, an old and respectable merchant.

At Northampton, Mass. Mrs. Ann T. Bancker, widow of the late Evert Bancker, of N. York, aged 92.

At Philadelphia, hon. Carter B. Harlan, secretary of state of Ohio.

In Hinsdale, Mass. Mrs. Francis H. widow of the late Judge Buel of Troy.

In Poughkeepsie, Mrs. Esther, wife of Judge Emmott.

In Newburgh, Gen. Chauncey Belknap, aged 72.

In Minisink, Orange co., on the 27th ult. the Rev. Thomas Holiday, aged 68, formerly and for many years pastor of the Presbyterian church in New Scotland.

In Iowa Territory, Abraham L. Viele, Esq. formerly of Pittstown, Rensselaer co., aged 67; and at St. Louis, L. A. Viele, his son, aged 37.

In the town of Mohawk, Montgomery co., Maria Dockstader, aged 103.

At Fredricksburgh, Va. Carter L. Stevenson, Esq. an old member of the bar, and President of the Farmers Bank.

At Wilmington, D. James Price, Esq. President of the Union Bank.

At Caldwell, N. J. Jacob Kent, a revolutionary soldier, aged 86, leaving 18 children (2 having died) and 247 grand and great grand children.

THE AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER,

Is Published every Saturday, by L. G. HOFFMAN, Corner of South Market and Division Sts. Albany.

TERMS.—To city subscribers, Two Dollars and Fifty Cents a year. To subscribers who receive their paper by mail, Two Dollars, payable on the receipt of the 4th Number. No subscription received for less term than one year. Back numbers at all times furnished.

"A post master may enclose money in a letter to the publisher of a newspaper, to pay the subscription of a third person, and FRANK the letter, if written by himself."

POETRY.

For the American Masonic Register.

SALADIN'S SHROUD.

Saladin's humility and generosity were the principal subjects of praise among the people of the west; and hence the stories became believed, that he distributed money in charity among the poor of every religious denomination, and that a little while before his death he ordered his standard-bearer, when his funeral should take place, to carry his winding sheet, suspended from a lance through Damascus, and proclaim, "Behold all that Saladin the great Conqueror of the East, carries with him to the grave." [Mills' History of the Crusades.]

I.

Couriers prancing on the sand,
Sabres glancing in the sun,
Show the fierce resistless band
Of Noureddin's chosen one.
Turcoman and Bedowin
Wait their leader, Saladin.

II.

Wait they for him? Not again
Shall he lead them in the fight,
Now he grapples, and in vain,
With a foe of sterner might.
Not again shall battles' din
Know the shout of Saladin.

III.

From the Sultan's dying bed
See! the crowd his Herald greet,
On his well known lance is spread,
Pennon strange! a winding sheet!
Hear him now his speech begin,
"See the prize of Saladin!"

IV.

"This the Laurel for his brow!"
"This the end of all his bliss!"
"This his power procures him now!"
"Conquered Asia gives him this!"
"All that valor now can win,"
"Is a shroud, for Saladin!"

V.

Ye who strive for wealth or fame,
Ye who bow your souls to sense,
What to you will be the name
Ye have left, when summoned hence?
What more worth is all ye win
Than the shroud of Saladin?

P. Jr.

From the Lady's Book.

THE WIDOW'S CHARGE AT HER DAUGHTER'S BRIDAL.

BY MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

Deal gently, thou, whose hand has won
The young bird from the nest away,
Where careless 'neath a vernal sun
She gaily carol'd day by day—
The haunt is lone,—the heart must grieve,
From whence her timid wing doth soar,
They pensive list, at hush of eve,
Yet hear her gushing song no more.

Deal gently with her—thou art dear
Beyond what vestal lips have told,
And like a lamb, from fountain clear,
She turns, confiding to the fold;
She round thy sweet domestic bower,
The wreaths of changeless love shall twine,
Watch for thy step at vesper hour,
And blend her holiest prayer with thine.

Deal gently, thou, when far away,
Mid stranger scenes her foot shall rove,
Nor let thy tender cares decay,
The soul of woman lives in love;
And should'st thou, wondering, mark a tear
Unconscious from her eyelid break,
Be pitiful, and soothe the fear
That man's strong heart can ne'er partake.

A mother yields her gem to thee,
On thy true breast to sparkle rare—
She places 'neath thy household tree
The idol of her fondest care;
And by thy trust to be forgiven,

When judgment wakes in terror wild,
By all thy treasured hopes of Heaven,
Deal gently with the widow's child.

THE BIBLE.

Whence but from heaven, could men unskilled in arts,
In different nations born, in different parts,
Weave such agreeing truths? Or how, or why,
Should all conspire to cheat us with a lie?
Unasked their pains, ungrateful their advice,
Starving their gain, and martyrdom their prize.

THE MUSICAL BOX.

BY THOMAS MOORE.

"Look here," said Rose, with laughing eyes
"Within this box, by magic hid,
A tuneful sprite imprisoned lies,
Who sings to me whene'er he's bid.

Though roving once his voice and wing,
He'll now lie still the whole day long;
Till thus I touch the magic spring—
Then hark how sweet and blithe his song."

"Ah, Rose," I cried, "the poet's lay
Must ne'er e'en beauty's slave become;
Through earth and air his song may stray,
If all the while his heart's at home.

And though in freedom's air he dwell,
Nor bond nor chain his spirit knows;
Touch but the spring thou know'st so well,
And hark how sweet the love-song flows."

Thus pleaded I for freedom's right;
But ah, when beauty takes the field,
And wise men seek defence in flight,
The doom of poets is to yield.

No more my heart the enchantress braves,
I'm now in beauty's prison hid;
The spirit and I are fellow-slaves.
And I, too, sing whene'er I'm bid.

MORN.

BY MRS. J. L. GRAY, EASTON, PA.

Morn is the time to wake—
The eyelids to unclose—
Spring from the arms of sleep, and break
The fetters of repose;
Walk at the dewy dawn abroad,
And hold sweet fellowship with God.

Morn is the time to pray—
How lovely and how meet
To send our earliest thoughts away,
Up to the mercy seat!
Ambassadors for us, to claim
A blessing in our Master's name.

Morn is the time to sing—
How charming 'tis to hear
The mingling notes of nature ring
In the delighted ear!
And with that swelling anthem raise
The soul's fresh matin song of praise!

Morn is the time to sow
The seeds of heavenly truth,
While balmy breezes softly blow
Upon the soil of youth!
And look to thee, nor look in vain,
Our God, for sunshine and for rain.

Morn is the time to love—
As tendrils of the vine
The young affections fondly rove,
And seek them where to twine!
Around thyself, in thine embrace,
Lord, let them find their resting place.

Morn is the time to shine,
When skies are clear and blue—
Reflect the rays of light divine,
As morning dew drops do;
Like early stars, be early bright,
And melt away like them in light.

Morn is the time to weep
O'er morning hours mis-spent—
Alas! how oft from peaceful sleep,
On folly madly bent,
We've left the strait and narrow road,
And wandered from our guardian God.

Morn is the time to think,
While thoughts are fresh and free,
Of life, just balanced on the brink
Of dark eternity!
And ask our souls if they are meet
To stand before the judgment seat!

Morn is the time to die,
Just at the dawn of day,
When stars are fading in the sky
To fade like them away—
But lost in light more brilliant far
Than ever merged the morning star.

Morn is the time to rise,
The resurrection morn—
Upspringing to the glorious skies,
On new-found pinions borne,
To meet a Saviour's smile divine—
Be such ecstatic rising mine!

CALENDAR OF COMMUNICATIONS.
EACH MONTH.

NAME.	PLACE.	TIME.
Temple Encampment,	Albany	2d Friday.
Temple R. A. Chapter,	Albany	2d & 4th Tuesday.
Mount Vernon Lodge	Albany	1st & 3d Thursday.
Tenple Lodge,	Albany	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Apollo Lodge,	Troy	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Apollo Chapter,	Troy	2d & 4th Tuesday.
Apollo Encampment,	Troy	3d Monday.
Evening Star Lodge,	West Troy	1st Wednesday.
Phoenix Lodge,	Lansingburgh	1st & 3d Thursday.
Olive Branch	Bethany Gen.	1st Wednesday.
Genesee Encampment,	Lockport N.Y.	
Ohio Lodge, No 10,	Wheeling, Va.	1st Monday.
Wheeling Chapter, 9,	"	2d Thursday.
Wheeling Encampment	"	2d Monday ev: o month.
Washington Council,	"	1st Saturday.
Utica Lodge, 47,	Utica,	1st Thursday.
Oneida Chapter, 57,	"	1st Thursday.
Utica Encampment,	"	2d Tuesday.
Mount Moriah,	Louisville, Ky.	1st & 3d Saturday. p. f.
Louisville Encampment	do	4th Saturday.
Council S & R Masters	do	Quarterly.
King Solomon's chapter	do	2d Saturday.
Memphis Chapter,	Memphis Tenn.	2d Monday.
Memphis Lodge,	Memphis Tenn.	2d Tuesday.

AUTHORISED AGENTS.

The following Brethren have kindly offered to act as Agents for the American Masonic Register. They are duly authorized to receive subscriptions and monies on its account.

William Boardman, New York City.
Tallmage Fairchild, Coxsackie.
Joel D. Smith, Castleton.
James Telf, Coeymans.
S. C. Leggett, Troy.
S. D. Smith, Lansingburgh.
Joseph Blackburn, Poughkeepsie.
John S. Weed West Greenfield.
Ebenezer Mix, Batavia.
Blanchard Powers, Cowlesville.
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James M'Kain Lockport.
C. R. Vary, Brodino.
Francis P. Mib, Kingston, U. C.
Philo W. Stocking, Wheeling, Va.
Thomas J. Welby, Louisville, Kentucky.

NEW BOOKS, received at W. C. LITTLE'S Bookstore.

Rauch's Psychology, or View of the Soul.
Shakespeare and his Times, by Nathan Drake.
Guizot's Civilization of Europe.
Miss Sinclair's Scotland and the Scotch.
Madame de Staël's Italy, in French.
Hoffman's Chancery Practice, vol. 3d.
Franklin's Life and Works, by Sparks.
Hallam's Literature of Europe.
The French Revolution, by M. Thiers.
All the late novels and periodicals.

THE Edinburgh Quarterly Review for April, 1840—Contents
—Sir Walter Raleigh; Deer Stalking; British and American
Navies; Mrs. Bodington's Poems; Walpole and Contemporaries;
Bolingbroke; Winham; Fulteney; Works of the author of Nat-
ural History of Enthusiasm; Court and Camp of Runjeet Sing;
Present state and conduct of parties; List of new publications in
Great Britain from January to April 1840. Terms, \$3 per annum.
Subscriptions received by W. C. LITTLE, corner of State st.

THE MASONIC REGISTER.—For the year of Masonry
5840; containing a correct list of the Officers of the Grand
Lodge and Subordinate Lodges, Chapters, Encampments, &c. of
N. York, and its vicinity, with their times and places of meeting;
&c. &c.—for sale at this Office, price 25 cents.—May 18.

AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER AND LITERARY COMPANION.

BY L. G. HOFFMAN.]

ALBANY, SATURDAY, JUNE 27. 1840.

[VOL. I—NO. 43.]

MASONIC.

EXTRACTS FROM AN ADDRESS,

Delivered at a Convocation of Masons in the county of Genesee, in 5833, by Companion Ebn. Mix, G. C. G. E.

Companions and Brethren—To behold a band of brothers, joined by the most sacred ties which can bind social beings, and at the same time realize that we have fellowship with that band, if accompanied with a conscience void of offence towards God and towards man, is the greatest felicity which we can expect to enjoy while we remain on earth. Therefore let us join on this occasion in rendering our unfeigned thanks to the Grand Architect of the Universe, and disposer of all events, that we are permitted to meet in peace under our own vine and fig tree, unawed alike by the ravings of fanatics, bigots and knaves, and by the frowns and anathemas of blood-thirsty despots. We here view with equal unconcern and contempt, the mandates of Ferdinand, of Spain, Don Miguel, of Portugal, and their petty imitators in our own country. For these blessings let us give thanks to the Fountain of All Good, and implore of the same Divine Power to grant us a continuance of the same.

Although the objects of this meeting, *gentlemen* are well understood by all the brethren present, it may be expected that some introductory remarks will be made relative thereto; and as we have met without any previous arrangements being made for the delivery of an address, and as no other brother has volunteered to perform this duty, permit me to make a few observations on the present state of the fraternity in this vicinity, and submit my views of the course we should pursue under existing circumstances. I have only to lament that an abler brother, and one better prepared, had not risen to relieve me from the task, from which, however, or from any other task which I think may be beneficial to the cause, I will never shrink.

The antiquity of the institution of Freemasonry is well established by the fact that the era of its commencement is lost to the world by its preceeding the annals of human record. It is certain that it was the medium by which the leaven of civilization, morality and science, was carried through what are emphatically called the dark ages, to expand and adorn the enlightened age in which we now live. A large portion of the great and the good in all ages have composed its members. It was early introduced into America, and cherished by the most eminent founders of the new world. Most of the heroes and sages of the Revolution belonged to the order, and they seem to have copied from its principles and regulations the form of that fee government which is the pride of the nation and envy of the world.

The enemies of our order have been coeval with the existence of the institution, although they have filled all ranks in society, from the king to the egg; one general feature has been stamped on the character of the whole mass. They have all been tyrants. Whether mounted on a throne, attending at the altar, disgracing a judgment seat, or congregated in a mob, they have always been tyrants, and their lives have mostly been remarkable only for hypocrisy, villany and the perpetration of crime.

But I did not rise, brethren, to eulogize the masonic institution, or the good and great men who have honored it by their fellowship, or been honored by

its confidence, nor to point out its ancient enemies. That the principles of the institution are good—that we have often seen their beneficial effects in rendering assistance to the weak and helpless—sustenance and clothing to the poor and needy—counsel to the ignorant and inexperienced—consolation to the afflicted, and otherwise alleviating the miseries of mankind—and that much pleasure and often happiness is enjoyed at the convocations of the craft, we all know: and to even repeat the names of conspicuous worthies who have belonged to the institution, or those who have with an unholy zeal waged war against it, would be superfluous, as those particulars are well known to the world generally, and especially to every mason: but leaving those subjects which are familiar to us all, and not particularly relative to the objects of the present meeting, I will endeavor to confine my remarks to the state of the fraternity in our age and in our own country.

At the close of the Revolution which gave birth to this mighty empire, the masonic institution occupied an elevated station in this land of liberty; but it assumed no ostentation, nor courted that blusive fame which floats on the breath of popular praise. No; its conscious worth was locked up in its own bosom, by which it enjoyed that superlative pleasure, so well described by the Poet:

"One self approving hour, whole years outweigh
Of stupid stupid stagers and of loud buzzards."

At that period, and for a long time after, none were admitted within its portals but those who, after a strict examination and thorough investigation, had been weighed in the balance and not found wanting—those who could, without hesitation or fear of mistake, be pronounced worthy and well qualified. Thus elevated above all other human institutions, until within a few years, evidently stood the masonic: but, unfortunately for its welfare, it became popular, and especially in this newly settled part of the country, which was inhabited by a heterogeneous mass of emigrants from all parts of the world, whose former habits and present principles were almost wholly unknown to each other. Lodges and Chapters were located in every village, hamlet and huddle. New Lodges must have new members; of course, less caution was observed, and less scrutiny instituted in the examination of candidates, than would have been safe even in a better regulated state of society. Many well meaning brethren who had experienced the beneficial effects of the institution, under an erroneous impression, were willing to admit some whom they knew to be exceptionable, for the purpose of making them better members of society; and, having once proceeded beyond the legitimate bounds in admitting candidates, it may be well doubted whether many have not been admitted through fear of their enmity to the institution if refused, while the growing popularity of the order, induced many designing knaves to play the hypocrite, and gain admittance, in hopes thereby to further their selfish views, and promote their unhallowed objects.

In this situation was the institution, in this region of country, in September, 1826, at which time an affair happened, the circumstances of which have been seized upon by our opponents to bring disgrace upon the institution. I was going to say an unfortunate affair, but believing that partial evil is often a universal good, and in this instance, although the institution has been grossly slandered, and some of its members have wrongfully suffered, yet the great whole of the fraternity has

been regenerated and relieved of many unworthy members, who never should have been admitted, and who would sooner or later have brought a much greater disgrace on the institution than it is possible for them now to do. Therefore I am convinced, so far as it relates to the institution, this affair has been rather beneficial than injurious. It is scarcely necessary for me to mention that I allude to what is called the Morgan affair, in which undoubtedly some members of the fraternity participated; but knowing as we all do, that any wrong done to Morgan, or even imagined against him, was contrary to the principles of Masonry, you will join with me in an earnest prayer that all the guilt in that transaction may speedily meet with the punishment commensurate with their guilt, and all those who are innocent may be as promptly and clearly acquitted.

From the period of this transaction, our old enemies rallied under new auspices: the greatest efforts were made to raise a popular clamor against us, which but too well succeeded for the time. The weak and the wicked who had joined the institution, who knew little of and cared less for its principles, together with those who had joined for the purpose of securing popular favor, and finding that the principles of the order nor the spirit of the times answered their expectations or forwarded their designs, seceded therefrom, and denounced every thing relative thereto. All these, with one accord, became the loudest and most bitter of our enemies. To the uninitiated, it would naturally appear that such a phalanx of deserters, arrayed in opposition to us, would strike the fraternity with consternation and dismay. But we who know the justice of our cause, the sacred principles of our order, and the immutable foundation on which it stands, when those principles are adhered to, do not fear that the seceders will harm the institution more than did Judas Iscariot the Christian Religion, by his secession therefrom and treachery thereto. Indeed, experience has proved the correctness of this conclusion; for although we have had many Judases, and some Peters, who have stood afar off, and said, "I know not the man," yet, even in this infected district we have had many, very many, who have voluntarily followed the institution into the judgment hall, and there boldly avowed and proclaimed their fellowship. Such, and such only, have secured to themselves the love of their friends and the reverence of their enemies; and of such, I have now the pleasure of addressing a goodly number.

From despots, demagogues and traitors, we have nothing seriously to fear for the safety of the masonic institution. No, Brethren—for the safety of that institution we have nothing to fear, but from ourselves. I say for the safety of the institution—for although its principles are based on a foundation which will withstand "the wreck of matter and crash of worlds," yet the institution may be driven from this earth by its inhabitants becoming too base and degenerate for the abode of so sublime a resident; but this can be effected only by ourselves; I mean, we who still profess to support and revere the institution and its principles. All the despots of Europe, and persecuting and proscribing bigots and knaves of America, seconded by a thousand professed Judases, cannot injure the institution as much as one pretended supporter who disregards all its precepts, and acts in direct opposition to all its sacred principles.

Therefore, Brethren, let us at all times hold the character of the institution as a precious jewel, given

MISCELLANY.

THE CAPITOL AND ITS GROUNDS.

us in charge to preserve unblemished and unsullied; and at the same time realize that our own deportment and conduct is to affect in a greater or less degree the lustre of that jewel. We should be very circumspect in our conduct towards each other and towards the world: towards each other, that our examples may be safely followed by our brethren, and towards the world, that the institution to which we are known to belong, may not, through our means, suffer disgrace. As members of the great body of the fraternity, we should punctiliously attend every regular communication of the craft within our legitimate spheres, and guard well the approach of the unworthy from without, and endeavor to correct abuses within.

To "render under Caesar the things which are Caesar's, and unto God the things which are God's;" to deal honestly and uprightly with every one; to injure no man in person, property or reputation, and to live peaceably and quietly with mankind, is the duty of all men; but we as masons, have further duties to perform. It is our particular duty to relieve want and distress among mankind generally, and especially among the brotherhood; to aid and assist, protect and defend, the destitute, helpless and innocent, who need our assistance or protection, to whatever society they belong, or wherever they may be found. To that fairest portion of creation, the females, who from the fitness of things are excluded from our labors, we particularly owe this duty; and we are to presume all those to be destitute and helpless who appear to be so, and all to be innocent whom we shall have no good reason to suppose guilty. A mason should never perform an act which he or others would be ashamed to confess was done by one of the fraternity, and in unison with its principles; nor should he omit doing an act, if reasonably within his power, which would add lustre to the character of the order. In our intercourse with society, many little services and attentions which cost us nothing, rendered to others, and especially to females, have a powerful effect in convincing the world of the true principles of the order. Relative to our conduct generally, the excellent precepts and charges adopted by the institution are replete with instruction, and, when adhered to and obeyed, will lead us in the right path; these should be often combed over in our minds and imprinted in our hearts. As we have taken the Holy Bible for our rule of conduct through life, we should always square our actions by this divine guide; but I cannot refrain from pointing out to you such parts of it as I think the reading and treasuring up in our minds at this time would be very beneficial to us individual, and materially aid us in promoting the welfare of the institution. Christ's Sermon on the mount, and most of St. Paul's Epistles to the Churches and Apostles, appear to be addressed particularly to us, as masons; and they contain, as I believe, a better code of moral precepts for us to follow than is in the power of human reason how to dictate.

Were I to attempt to point out to you the course proper to be pursued towards our enemies, I should advise you to be affable and courteous to our uninitiated opponents, or that part of them who occupy such a grade in society as to entitle them to the common civilities of life: if possible, to avoid all contests with them on the subject of masonry, and never to seek an argument with them, unless to convince of their errors the more reasonable and candid portion, whose minds you believe to be open to conviction; but if driven into an argument or contest with them, be calm, be moderate, be cautious, but be firm.

In relation to our conduct towards seceders, I have only to say, let them alone; pass by them with silent contempt.

Finally, Companions and Brethren---If we live in accordance with the principles of the institution, and are guided by its precepts---taking the Holy Bible for our rule of conduct through life---we shall constantly possess

"What naught on earth can give or can destroy,
"The soul's calm sun-shine and the heart's felicity,"
with a steadfast hope and reasonable assurance that, when we have finished our labors here below, and laid by this tenement of clay, we shall be found worthy to enter the grand Asylum above---that house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

Honest industry is, after all, man's only sure dependence for the double blessing of a contented mind and a comfortable livelihood.

The grounds fronting both long sides of the Capitol were more beautiful at the time of our visit to Washington, than any ground we had ever before seen. The Capitol itself covers something over an acre of ground. The circle enclosed with iron paled fence around its east and west fronts, embraces nearly a distance of one mile. The yard for the entrance of carriages is on the easterly front, and consists of several acres of gravelly walk, surrounded by a brick pavement on all sides. Fronting this further east is a square of some fifty rods either way---and next to the paled fence is a belt of trees, shrubbery and flowers of numerous kinds, all kept in cultivation during the summer. Within this belt is a gravelled walk extending on all sides of the square; and over the whole plat, at convenient equal distances, are three other walks extending from end to end, and corresponding with gates through which the visitor enters and passes out, at either end. This plat is upon a level; and the walks are all undrained and the water passes off under ground every few rods. An oval reservoir of water, in which gold and sun fish are sporting in numbers, has been built and enclosed with hewn free stone near the west end of the plat, and fronting the centre of the Capitol. From this reservoir, to which the water is brought from higher ground eastward, the water passes off in an aqueduct, running directly under the Capitol to its west front, and here the water pours from a stop cock directly into another oval reservoir, in which sport the fishes. At the centre of this last reservoir stands the monument "multilated by Britons" during the invasion of the Federal City in the war of 1812, erected to commemorate the unparalleled prowess of Wadsworth, Israel, Decatur, and other gallant young spirits who were martyrs to their own heroism about forty years ago in the war with the barbarians of Tripoli, which has been removed from the Navy Yard. From this reservoir the water is carried to the ground below, and is lost in a small stream called the Tiber, which runs towards the Potomac at the foot of Capitol Hill.

The enclosed ground west of the Capitol is in the shape of a half oval; and the raise from the extreme point of this oval to the basement of the Capitol itself (a story lower than the ground on east front) is from fifty to seventy-five feet, rising on an inclined pavement of hewn stone and two several flights of stone steps. The margin of this oval and the circular walks are similar to those on the square upon the east front. An esplanade or circular walk on an elevation still above the basement extends from end to end of the west front of the Capitol. From this esplanade, and from a balustrade entered from the great room of the Capitol a story higher, appropriated to the library of Congress, situated in the centre and on a level with and fronting the rotunda, is a splendid view of the Pennsylvania Avenue, and the President's house directly in front---the village near and the bridge across the Potomac on the left; and the City Hall, the Patent Office, the new General Post Office, now erecting, and the more elevated and compact part of the city itself, on the right. At the four corners equi-distant from the President's house, stand the offices for the accommodation of the four great Departments of the Government, the Treasury, State, War and Navy Offices, with their several appendages. The new Treasury building, which approaches its completion and is already occupied with many of the offices, is constructed so that it never can be burned; it is entirely fire proof. It is a building of free stone, something like two hundred feet in front and fifty in depth, with a wing perhaps a hundred feet back. Such is the extent of the business of the General Land Office, that the whole upper story is occupied by the offices of that Department.

The grounds about the public offices are laid out and cultivated with beautiful trees, though not exactly in the style of the ground about the capitol. Until within the last few years, the ground in front and rear of the President's house was entirely neglected. Since that time preparations and improvements similar to those of the Capitol, with paled fences, have been made here. The ground has been excavated and carried away, leaving two mounds of considerable elevation on the south front, where some fifteen or twenty acres have been surrounded by fence. The growth

of vegetation has not yet arrived at perfection here; but the excavated ground, after it shall be exposed a sufficient length of time, will present with the aid of vegetable manures, all the constituents of fertility.

The seat of government of the United States, when the plan of cultivation shall be perfected, when the trees shall have attained their medium growth, in the season when "the primrose and the daisy bespangle every lawn," will be one of the most enchanting spots of ground on earth. May this enchantment contribute to dispel that ferocious spirit of anger and prejudice which of late years has entered too much into the character and deliberations of some of our public men!

From the St. Louis Bulletin.

NORTHERN MEXICO---NEW REPUBLIC OF RIO GRANDE.

Who knows any thing of Mexico, or Mexican affairs? True, every arrival at New Orleans brings us news---"latest from Mexico," "very late from Rio Grande," and all that sort of thing. But, after you have read all the "news," you still are just exactly as wise in regard to Mexico, as you were when you sat down. One day the Federalists are pressing upon Bustamante---the next Monterey has fallen into the hands of the Centralists---and the next week is re-conquered by the Federalists. Very few take the trouble to inquire into the origin, or know any thing of their objects or purposes. The affairs of this magnificent country, containing mineral, agricultural, and vegetable wealth in almost unparalleled profusion, excite but little curiosity among the Anglo Saxons of North America. It seems that the natural condition of the country is ever playing at see-saw with the refinement and intellect of its population---as the latter rises in the scale of importance, the former sinks into exhaustion and insignificance. In Turkey, Persia, and the greater part of Western and Southern Asia, with a soil and climate the most luxuriant and fertile, perhaps on the face of the earth, nature sustains upon her languid bosom, merely a set of indolent, barbarous drones, whose ambition is like that of the beast, and whose highest flight of refinement is a disgrace to human nature. But wherever the Anglo-Saxon plants his foot, civilization, enterprise, and a certain degree of refinement, are the almost immediate results of his indomitable perseverance and untiring industry. The first Anglo-Saxon foot that pressed the banks of the Rio Grande, was a sure forerunner of the total extinction of Moorish and Indian power over the delightful regions of Mexico.

Recent events have rapidly tended to the accomplishment of this great end. Emigrants from the U. States---the hardy and fearless pioneer from Kentucky, Tennessee and Alabama---the artisan and the mechanic from the north---the speculator and the trader from the east---nay, the "northmen" and Saxons of England, Switzerland, and Germany---are pouring by thousands into the free Republic of Texas, whence they will in a few years spread over the entire face of the country, gradually enlarging its limits, as the ploughman breaks furrow after furrow of the wild and uncultivated prairie, until they enter the gates of Mexico, and fill with the hum of enterprise and active life the palaces of the Montezuma.

The following extracts from late Mexican news, will show of what the federalist party is composed, and what are its designs:

"The Federal army of Mexico, after making an unsuccessful attack on Monterey, retired to the towns of Guereen (Revilla) and Laredo, on the Rio Grande. A convention was held at Laredo, a town on the left bank of the Rio Grande, which declared their independence from Mexico, organized a provisional Government for the "Republic of Rio Grande," and installed a General Council. Jesus de Cardenas, a lawyer by profession, and lately political chief of the Northern Department of Tamaulipas, was elected President of the Republic."

"The new Government are calling for volunteer aid, and expect to receive it from Texas and the U. States. It is said it will be more liberal with the quantum of bounty land, than any other Government ever was. The property of the church and convents including their large landed estates, will be appropriated for the pay and bounty of the volunteers. No particular measures have yet been adopted upon that sub-

ject that have transpired before the public, but it will shortly issue a manifesto through the press.

The convention of Laredo, declaring their independence from the Republic of Mexico, and organizing a provisional Government of the Republic of Rio Grande, claim all as far as the Neusces, and Coahuila, as far as the Medina Rivers, and into the interior so far as the Mountains (La Sierra Madre) embracing New Leon, Zacatecas, Durango, Chihuahua, and New Mexico, for which purpose they met at Laredo, within the limits of Texas, according to the established limits of our laws."

That this party will undoubtedly be speedily joined by the more substantial and enlightened of the population in the rich mining districts, and declare against the deceptive Government of Santa Anna and Bustamante, is highly probable. The Centralists who now are in possession of Mexico, under these selfish and tyrannical leaders, enfeebled by the French blockade and the indemnity, and not having the confidence of the people, who begin to perceive the oppressiveness of those laws, both of Church and state, under which they have been crippled, at the hollowness of the republican professions of their tyrant leaders—will fall an easy prey to the Federalists; and thus, in an incredibly short space of time, the whole Mexican empire will have shaken off her supine and despotic rulers, and taken a stand amongst the nations of the earth. In the language of the New York Star:

"When the clans at once gathered upon the Rio Grande, under the Combined Federal and American standards, nothing will arrest the onward march of revolution till the gates of Mexico are entered. The summoning of Texas troops to the Rio Grande to preserve that boundary neutral, is probably but the precursor to the establishment of an immense recruiting post, from whence the allied army will receive rapid and hourly augmentations.

"It is stated by Canales, that he needs but 1500 men more to take Matamoras, and when it is considered that at Galveston and Houston were landed some short time since, no less than twelve hundred hardy "northmen," emigrants from England; and when to this we add the notorious fact that the roads to Texas, especially those by the Natchitoches and the eastern districts, are literally covered with caravans of brave, indomitable Kentuckians, Tennesseans, Mississippians &c., again on their march, as under pioneer Boon of old, to the promised land—that the old titles and grants to Texas lands are involved in perplexing litigations, and that the prospects held out by the new Republic of far more liberal offers to settlers, with the character of the celebrated gold and silver mines, which have spread the fame, as they have the solid wealth, of this locality over the world—and lastly that it is the master trait and passion of our countrymen "to go ahead" in every noble and glorious enterprise, which looks forward to a brilliant future, and new conquest for the spread of civilization and the resources of industry—that a vast part of our best population are disgusted with the present form of administering our Government, and the daring violations on the constitution and State sovereignty; it is to be wondered at that the tide should be rolling onward, as we see it is, to the fair regions of the South West, always pictured in our imaginations from the cradle as some fabled paradise and El Dorado, and that vast elements so favorable to the emancipation of the long benighted horde of the Montezumas, should be rapidly congregating in such force and energy, as to render almost certain the evolution within a very short time, of the great results we have so often prophesied would and must take place."

Effects of the Natchez Tornado.—Dr. Tooley has published, in the Natchez papers, some striking facts observed during the dreadful storm that city. The external rarefaction of the atmosphere was so great and rapid, that several houses exploded on the pressure of the air within. The leaves and tips of plants were seared, many of them having their foliage destroyed, and the growth of others so much speeded that they did not revive for eight or ten days after. The latter effects are accounted for by the great influence exerted on the absorption of plants from the sudden rarefaction of the air. They are peculiar tornadoes, but are seldom observed to produce so mixed an effect as is above stated.

Singular Phenomenon.—During the night of May 25th, the water of Lake Erie, in the bay and river at Toledo, began suddenly to rise, and soon swelled to a height in front of the town, never before witnessed by the oldest inhabitants. The night was calm and still, no wind or storm had been observed to sweep over the country, with the exception of a few black and eddying clouds that had appeared in the horizon about sunset. There were no waves, nor unusual commotions in the water; yet it rose, in the space of a few brief hours, full four feet above its ordinary level, and nearly a foot higher than it has been known to rise.—*Sun.*

Farmer's Razor Strap.—Take a strap of thick harness leather the size you want for a strap, and fasten it at each end upon a piece of wood, then rub upon its surface a piece of tin (any tin dish will do,) until it is smooth. Strap your razor upon this, and you will find it worth all the patent straps that ever were invented.

Intelligence.

From Texas.—The steamship Columbus, Windle, from Galveston, arrived at New Orleans on the 9th inst. bringing intelligence from that city to the 6th, and Houston to the same date. The agents of the Mexican Federalists are doing a good business in the recruiting line at Houston. They calculate upon raising 500 to 1,000 men.

The Hon. G. H. Flood, Charge d'Affaires from the United States, arrived at Houston.

Ex-President Houston and lady arrived safely at Galveston on the 1st inst.

T. J. Rusk has resigned the office of Chief Justice of the Republic, in consequence, it is stated, of the press of private business.

The Houston Star has the following paragraph:

NAVY.—Though the arrival of every new Government vessel has been noticed, many perhaps are now ignorant of the naval force at the command of this country. The following is as correct a statement of the vessels in our Navy, and their strength, as we are now able to give.

Steamer Zavalla.

Sloop Trinity, 600 tons, carries twenty 24 pounders, medium guns.

Brigs Colorado and Galveston, 400 tons, carry each sixteen 18 pounders, medium guns.

Schooners San Jacinto, San Bernard, and San Antonio, 170 tons, carry each four 12 pounders, and 1 long eighteen, on a pivot.

Through the politeness of Dr. Everett, we learn that the commissioners of the United States and Texas have commenced running the boundary line between the two countries, General Hunt having waived his objections as to the point of beginning. The survey is proceeding rapidly up the western bank of the Sabine.—The steamer Albert Gallatin is carrying the commissioners, attendants, provisions, &c. up the river.—*Houston Times.*

German Emigrants.—Numbers of men, women, and children from Germany continue to arrive in Liverpool via Hull, for the purpose of emigrating to the United States. Several hundreds have departed this season already, and more are coming. What with English, Scotch, Welch, Irish, and German emigrants, the Union will this year, receive from Liverpool alone, an accession to its population of between twenty and thirty thousand souls.—*Liverpool Standard.*

The Pine Orchard.—A considerable number of visitors have already made their appearance at the public house at the Pine Orchard on the Catskill mountains. They have done well in choosing this season of the year, for the transparency of the air before the extreme hot weather sets in, gives a distinctness to distant objects which make the extensive views from this mountain ridge more beautiful than they are in July and August. Besides this, the keen mountain air braces the visitor for the toils of the paths among the rocks, following the course of streams which are noisy with waterfalls, and ascending the different mountain summits, several of which are many feet higher than the Pine Orchard.

The Catskill Mountain house was opened for the reception of visitors some weeks since. It is now in good hands and the accommodations are excellent.—*N. Y. Eve. Post.*

Expenses of Girard College.—A communication in the Philadelphia Inquirer in relation to the Girard College, state that the entire expenses from the commencement of the work up to the 1st of January last have been one million, one hundred and ten thousand, six hundred and thirty-four dollars, and sixty-four cents; over six hundred thousand dollars of which have been expended for marble, stone, bricks and lumber, and other building materials, alone. Eighty thousand dollars have been paid in wages to laborers, and upwards of three hundred and ninety thousand dollars to the various masons, carpenters, blacksmiths, carters, and others, employed in the construction of the building.

To show how little concord at one period prevailed in Congress at the time of the revolution, the following anecdote has been related: On the 8th of May, 1776, while Congress was in session at Philadelphia, the sound of heavy artillery was heard down the Delaware. It was soon known to proceed from the gun boats that had been sent to protect the river from the British cruisers. Hitherto no sound of actual warfare had reached this portion of the province, whose inhabitants were rather more pacific in their tone than was suited to the ardor and exasperation of New England. As the sound of the first gun burst upon the ear of Congress, old Samuel Adams jumped upon his feet, and cried with exultation, to the infinite dismay of some timid members who sat near him, "Thank God! the game is begun: none can stop it now." "I wish that man was in heaven!" was the ejaculation of one of his neighbors. "No, not in heaven," said another, with a countenance of unmitigated disgust, "not in heaven, for I hope to get there some day myself."

The French line of steamboats to the West Indies, is to start from Bordeaux; the Mexico line, from Marseilles.

The news of Father Matthew's temperance labors for Ireland, have reached the factory city of Lowell, Mass., where the Catholic clergyman, Mr. McDermott, administered the pledge on Sunday last to over 700 of his congregation.

The United States ship Lexington, it is stated, during her three years cruise, ran a distance of 56,000 miles, and was 516 days at sea. She crossed the equator four several times, exposed to a variety of dangers and vicissitudes, and lost not a man by accident or casualty.

VALUABLE WORK ON SHEEP.—"In yesterday's paper, mention was made of Nantucket sheep-shearing having commenced on the 17th instant, and that the number of sheep was ten thousand.

I have, until very lately, supposed there were more sheep in Nantucket than in any town in the United States; but, having lately purchased a small book printed in Cambridge, Mass. giving the number of sheep in fourteen of the States—I was much surprised to find so many.

In the town of Shoreham, Vt. there are 27,584. In New York there are three towns, having over 30,000 each—viz:

Washington, Dutchess Co.	34,377
Avon, Livingston Co.	33,380
Hoosick, Rensselaer Co.	37,807

In the whole State of New York, there are 4,299,879, and in the fourteen States specified there are 12,897,638 sheep—yielding nearly 42 million pounds of wool, valued in 1836 (from an average of 10 years) at \$21,168,000. By the census now taking, we shall no doubt find there are a much greater number of sheep in the United States than there was in 1825.—*Journal Com.*

EARLY FRUIT.—As a fruit county, we doubt whether Florida can be surpassed. We have this week tasted upon apples, peaches, plums, prunes, figs, cherries, and water melons. In fact, there were a few peaches ripe in May.

We noticed the other day, in Mr. H. Gee's orchard the following variety of fruit trees: apple, pear, peach, plum, nectarine, orange, prune, and fig, together with various kinds of grapes. We have seen, in addition to these, in other orchards, the lemon, pomegranate, almond, cherry, &c. With a little attention, the varieties of our fruits might be enlarged and greatly improved.—*Quincy, Florida Sentinel, June 13th.*

POPULAR TALES.

THE VENDEEAN'S STORY.

The royalists had entered from the siege of Nantes, a city which was held by the representatives of the French convention. Although the people of this devoted city had remained quiet during the siege, although they had taken no part in the horrible war of the Vendee—yet it was decreed that it should suffer the tortures of a revolutionary tribunal,—that its wealthy and quiet citizens should be massacred by hundreds, because, in the significant language of the day, they were 'rich and aristocratic.' Carrier, a man whose name should be associated with those of Marat and Robespierre, was commissioned by the legislators of Republican France to pour out upon the devoted cities of the Vendee the full vials of republican wrath. Nantes suffered most severely. Its very streets ran with blood—and the tranquil bosom of the Loire bore witness of 'many a foul and midnight murder.'

We had lain long in prison. The world seemed to have forgotten us. It was only when our surly keepers bestowed upon us their curses, with the miserable sustenance which we were compelled to partake of, that the horrible monotony of our confinement was broken. We indeed knew nothing of all that was going on around, and our fears could never have equalled the frightful reality. Separated from our families—alike ignorant of their fate and our own destiny, hope at length deserted us, and we were silent in despair.

We were, at last, roused by the entrance of the republican officer—one of the guards of Carrier. I had noticed him before my confinement, and marked him as I would some dangerous serpent. The impress of the demon was upon his countenance. I had seen him once, when a group of pleasant farmhouses were bursting into flames, and the work of destruction going on, writhing his scarred visage into a smile. I had never seen such a smile before. It told of dark and hateful passions—of exultation like that which an infernal spirit might be supposed to feel when some new victim is consigned to the unquenchable fire of torment.

He told us, he had orders to conduct us from the prison. Eager questions were made as to the design of this command. He made no reply, but commanded the door of our dungeon to be thrown open. We passed out—many, with a joyful hope of speedy release, and the enjoyment of their home. A band of soldiers received us and conducted us into the open air.

It was a beautiful night of moonshine. The soft light rested on the hills around us, silvering the pointed roofs and old spires that stood up among them. The broad sheet of the Loire lay before us, like a vein of silver upon a ground of emerald. Nantes—the once rich and beautiful metropolis of the Vendee, was silent as a sepulchre. Black smoke curled up at intervals into the moonlight, from the smouldering ashes of fallen dwellings. The hand of the spoiler had been there, the tide of revolutionary madness had gone over the fair city in a mingled wave of fire and blood.

We reached the water's edge. A low, dark hulled vessel lay ready to receive us. 'On board, traitors!' said the officer who had guarded us thither. 'You are destined for Bellisle.' I marked his features as he spoke. The same infernal smile was playing upon them—but more fiendish—more revolting than ever. Bellisle lay at the mouth of the Loire. The outline of its fortress was just visible, grim and ragged, towering to the sky. The revolutionary banner was flapping above it, like a bird of evil, hovering over its destined prey.

We were hurried on board the vessel, which, to our astonishment, was already crowded with prisoners like ourselves. The young and beautiful and high-born of both sexes were there. There were many, very many familiar faces in that group, seen dimly in the lamplight—proud men and lovely women, whom I had known in happier hours—but there was no look of recognition given or received; every one felt the pressure of some unshared and peculiar anguish, and our meeting was in silence, broken only by the thick sob and passionate burst of tears.

A light hand fell upon my shoulders, and a voice, to whose tones my spirit would have responded from the very threshold of eternity, announced my name. I started at the sound. The next instant I was clasping to my bosom the fairest maid of Nantes—the last and

brightest link in the broken chain of my affections. High souled and noble-hearted girl! I see thee now through the dark medium of years, with a perception as clear as if thou wert a being of yesterday. That clear expanse of brow, so touched with intellectual paleness, and that eye so proud, and yet so full of tenderness, are living before me. The pencil of memory is an unerring one, when its powers are called forth by an affection, which but gathers a deeper intensity from despair.

There are moments in life, when the affectation of indifference, and the constrained coldness of ceremony are forgotten, and the deep and holier feelings of the heart itself, are poured out in all their freshness and original purity. Such moments cannot exist in the sun lit places of worldly prosperity. They are found in the shadowy path of adversity—or never.—When the great and busy world around us has proved but a vain and gorgeous deception—a mockery, rendered more terrible by its promise of beauty,—then it is that the fountains of deep sympathy are broken up, and hearts are mingled together in a love which belongs not to earth.

It was so at this moment. Agnes and myself had both tasted bitterness from the same fountain. The crimes—I should rather say the virtues of our parents had been visited upon us, in vengeance. We were thrown together at a moment when every whim and caprice of our enemies became unquestioned authority for deeds of abhorrent cruelty. We knew that we were in the hands of those who would exult in our destruction—fiends, who feasted upon human suffering, and trampled down the altar, and extinguished the household fire with a zeal surpassed only by the enormity of their crimes. We knew all this,—and yet that moment was the happiest one of our lives.

A shout rang from the deck above us, and a quick dashing of ours succeeded. Then, there was a crush, as if the planks beneath us were rent away by a strong hand. The horrible truth burst upon us. The vessel had been fitted up with a *sous pape*, or false bottom—the fatal bar had been withdrawn—we were in the middle of the Loire, and the uprushing of its waters was already felt.

Never shall I forget the awful shriek that went up at this moment. I had been on the red battle field, and heard in the pauses of the fight, the groans of intolerable anguish arise from a thousand writhing victims—but never, no never, had my ears been tortured by a cry like this. It was an unearthly embodying of terror, which can be compared to nothing but the shrieks of the doomed multitude, when the last curse shall have smitten them from the presence of the just made perfect. It rose wild and horrible for a moment—then followed the dreadful sounds of strangulation, blended with the groanings of the vessel, as the water forced its way upwards.

I remember a suffocating sensation—a struggle—a sinking down—a convulsive shudder!

I rose again to the surface. The bosom of the river was ruffled and black. Boats were hurrying across it, filled with demons in human form. Wherever a victim struggled above the waves, a corse floated, or a garment caught the moonshine, pistol shots and sabre blows were directed. I had passed many boats unnoticed, and hope began to invigorate my limbs, when suddenly a drowning person caught hold of me. My motion was retarded. I shook off and spurned away the wretched sufferer. The body sunk before me—I saw the death like countenance, and, Oh God! it was that of Agnes! I saw one imploring extension of the arms, one look of agonizing supplication, and she went down—down to her cold sepulchre, and almost within my reach.

One moment of unutterable anguish followed, and my reason forsook me. How I escaped from the river I knew not, but my returning consciousness found me in the dwelling of a peasant, who, I afterwards learned, had discovered me, insensible, upon the margin of the river. The horrid recollection of the past came over me, and I fled from my deliverer as if to escape the dreadful thought, which has, from that moment to the present, never ceased to haunt me. The images which it conjures up are distinct and living—fearful blendings of tenderness and terror. At one moment I behold my lost Agnes, mild and beautiful as an angel, with the words of her affection melting upon a voice of music.

Then the scene changes,—the shriek—the ingulfing waters, and all the horrors of that night of agony, are present in my mind. I feel the death-clasp upon my arm, and a strong shudder goes over me, as if I were again shaking the dying from my support. Then the outstretched arms—the pale and supplicating countenance—the mute appeal for succour, and the vain attempt to afford it, darken the cloud of memory which settles upon my soul.

My story is told. Those who have marvelled at deception, who have mocked at grief which they could not fathom, may here learn the secret, which for years has lain upon my soul like the malediction of a parent.

I have been a wanderer and an outcast in the land of my fathers. I have seen its populous places made desolate, and its orange groves sprinkled with the blood of those who had nursed them. I have seen the multitude shake off the chains of priestcraft, drag the cowl-headed head in the dust, extinguish the sacred flame of the altar, and trample on the crucifix. They had set up a new idol—a new divinity which they knelt to, under the sacred name of Liberty. It was that liberty which opens the floodgates of crime, and casts off from the arm of the assassin, the fetters of the law.

Yet a change came. I have seen one horde of assassins swept away by another. The wretch who conducted the fatal Noyade, himself perished by the hand of his fellows. I saw him on the stained scaffold, awaiting his inevitable doom, with a grim and terrible composure. He bent himself to the block, and died with a curse upon his lips!

I am a broken down and grey haired man—yet it is not with the weight of years, or the silencing of time. Sorrow has more than done its work; and I go out among the smiling faces of mankind, and the glorious creations of the Divinity, with a spirit which takes no hue of gladness from the beauty and harmony around me. One thought from which there is no escape, rests like an evil shadow upon me, and lends to the glory and loveliness of earth, its own sombre coloring. But the light of my earthly existence is rapidly waning, and I look forward with a blessed hope to the moment, when casting off the sorrows of humanity, the tired and weary spirit shall rejoice in that destiny which awaits the afflicted and truly penitent of earth.

THE BASS SINGER OF ST. HILARY.

[Can it be believed that the following has even the most remote bearing upon politicians and aspirants after the leaves and fishes of office of the present day? Surely not, for it was written about half a century ago.]

In the church of St. Hilary de Poitiers, there was not long since one of the choir, who being a lively companion, a merry songster, and a jolly toper withal, (a circumstance not unfrequent among these gentry) was always a welcome guest among the canons, prebends, &c. of St. Hilary, who never failed to invite him, for their amusement, to their entertainments. Nay, so great was the familiarity with which they treated him, that he did not doubt but that there was not one among them who had not his interest as much at heart as his own; he, therefore, would frequently say to one or other of them separately, "Sir, you well know how long I have served your church, and with how much are and zeal; it must be surely time I was better provided for;—I entreat you, Sir, do me the favor to present my case in the chapter;—I ask for no great matter:—you, gentlemen, have all good places; one equal to the least of yours will do for me." His request was always well taken, and well attended to; every one, whilst apart, giving him a favorable answer, and agreeing that his demand was not only reasonable, but very moderate. "Nay," said some of them to him, "should the chapter not think fit to agree to your petition rather than you should go unrewarded. I would willingly allow you to receive a share of my own benefice—could I afford it." But at the end of every sitting of the chapter, when he applied to his friends, the answers he received were, "Wait a little, we don't forget you;—the first vacant place is yours." A vacancy happens;—alas! this is so trifling, they cannot think of giving him so inconsiderable a gift.—Another happens, but this is so valuable, it would appear evil in the eyes of the world to give him such a place, who was but one of the choir; besides it had been promised to the nephew of one to whom the

chapter was much obliged. But, as for the next vacant benefice, he might already reckon it as his own. With such fine words and promises did they, from time to time, amuse the poor bass singer; who continued to amuse them, although he obtained no reward. Nevertheless, he was always making some present, according to his small abilities, to one or another of those whom he supposed to possess most interest;—his presents constituted of fruits, fowls, pigeons, partridges, or whatever the season afforded, which the singer of bass purchased at the market for the purpose, always, however, assuring them they cost him nothing: and always were they accepted.

At last, the poor choirister, discovering that he was not a whit the better for all this, but that he was losing his time, his labor, and his money, determined to be duped no longer; and to shew them the opinion he entertained of them. To do this, he contrived to collect together five or six crowns; and whilst this was doing, which required some time, he conducted himself with the utmost respect and caution towards his pretended patrons. When his hoard was completed, he went to the principal of them, and intreated them one after the other, to grant him the honor of dining with him, at his own house, the following Sunday; telling them, that having been in their service nine or ten years, he could not do less than invite them once to dinner; that indeed, he could not treat them quite so well as he wished, but his exertions should not be wanting to give them pleasure. They all promised him their company, but they were all so careful and provident, that they failed not, each of them, to have his dinner provided for him in his own kitchen, suspecting they might fare but badly with the poor bass chanter, as they were more disposed to trust to his voice than his kitchen. At dinner time each sends his dish to our choirister, who cries out to the servants who brought them, "How, my friend! does your master mean to offend me? does he expect to find ill fare at my house? he need not have sent this." Nevertheless he received all, emptying every dish as it was brought into a large tureen, placed for the purpose in one corner of the kitchen. At last, behold the guests themselves arrive, and place themselves at the table according to their rank: their host placed before them the first course, which was the tureen which they had all so generously assisted in filling. The forbidding appearance of this dish may be guessed when the reader is told, that one had sent a rabbit smothered in onions, another a capon stewed in saffron, one a roast fowl, another a boiled one, and another a basin of soup. They viewed this curious assemblage, but none could find courage to attack it, each waiting for his separate dish, not perceiving they were already before them. Our host, in the meantime, was running backwards and forwards, seeming to be much engaged in accommodating them. At last, their patience being exhausted, they exclaimed, with one voice, "My noble bass-singer, take away this mess, and bring in our own provisions." "It is here before you, gentlemen," said he. "Ours! it cannot be."—"Believe me, it is, my worthy guests. See," said he to one of them, "your capon," and to another, "your rabbit; here, sir, is your roast fowl, and here, sir, is your boiled one." "Vile singer of bass!" retorted every guest, "is it thus you presume to treat the dignitaries of your church?" Said one, "I have not had a better dish of soup this twelvemonth past, than that which I sent." "Ay," says another, "nothing could be more excellent than my larded capon; I wish I had been fortunate enough to have dined at home." "Gentlemen," answered the host, as soon as a little silence was obtained, "if these dishes you favored me with were so excellent, how happens it that in so short a time they should be so entirely spoiled? I have kept them near the fire, and covered up as close as possible; I do not see how I could have done better." "Fool, who told you to mix them together?" replied a disappointed canon, "did you not know that they would by this become unfit for eating? for however good they might have been while separate, when mixed together they are worth nothing." "Truly," rejoined the choirister, "I find it so; and this lesson I ought to have learnt before, from what I have perceived respecting yourselves, my honored guests; for when you are separate, nothing can be more charming and delightful; you promise mountains of gold; all nature smiles to him whom you encourage with hopes;

but when you are all in one assembly, you are too much like this salmagundi of mine," pointing to his tureen of soup. "Ah, ah," said they, "now we understand you; but by this joke we lose our dinner."—"Not so, neither, gentlemen," said he, and immediately brought in the dinner which he had prepared at his own cost; of which they ate heartily, drank freely, and afterwards went home highly entertained with the wit of their bass-singer, whom they very soon appointed to a situation which would enable him to spend his days in ease and comfort.

Ye merry fellows, who at the expense of your health and fortune, contribute to the amusement of every company to which you are invited; and ye unfortunate candidates for the favors of great men—remember the bass singer of St Hilary!—Eng. Mag.

HISTORICAL.

THE ALEXANDRINE COLUMN OF ST. PETERSBURGH.

The Alexandrine column, or monumental pillar, erected by the Russian Czar, Nicholas, in honor of his brother Alexander, is one of the most magnificent objects of its kind in modern times. Like the power and empire of Russia itself, the Alexandrine column is, in conception and execution, massive and colossal, and impressive to the mind and eye from mere material bulk. The various processes attending its erection form a very remarkable history, interesting from the difficulties, foreseen and unforeseen, which stood in the way, and which were successively overcome by the patience and skill of the architect and his assistants. The architect himself, M. de Montferrand, a Frenchman by birth, has left such a history behind him. We translate, for the entertainment of our readers, some of the most important passages of his narrative.

The Alexandrine Column is a monolithe, or formed of a single stone. It is a fine species of granite, capable of taking on a beautiful polish, and of a red color, being also exceedingly durable. The column, which is circular, and sculptured, generally speaking, after the Doric style, measures twelve feet in its greatest diameter, and eighty-four feet in height. It is thus twelve feet higher than the obelisk of Luxor, one of the finest ancient erections of this character, and it weighs thrice as much as the same Egyptian pillar.—The Alexandrine Column was cut from the quarries of Pytterlaxe, in the neighborhood of St Petersburg, in the year 1831. These quarries are situate no great way from the shores of the waters enveloping that region and the Russian capital. While the stone was in the course of being excavated, a vessel was also in preparation for the conveyance of its enormous mass, from its native site to that chosen for it in St. Petersburg. This vessel was broad and flat-bottomed, one hundred and forty-seven feet long, and calculated to draw only about seven feet of water under a weight of two million six hundred thousand pounds, a weight considerably exceeding that of the monolithic shaft.—With a greater draught, it could not have traversed the numerous shallows in the line of its intended course. On the 5th of June, 1832, this vessel, in itself a work of huge bulk, was brought to anchor near to the quarries of Pytterlaxe.

Preparations on a vast scale had been previously made for the embarkation of the columnar shaft. A mole or causeway had been carried into the sea to the length of thirty fathoms, forming in itself a goodly pier, and requiring considerable labor. It was raised upon stakes, driven into the sea-bed, and consisted of strong interlaced or crossing beams, the interspaces of which were filled with stones. At the end of this mole a transverse embankment was formed, and by the side of this, or rather inside of it, the vessel was moored.—It was necessary, however, first to deepen the channel by two feet, in order to admit of the free passage of the vessel. On the transverse mole were placed the capstans by which the embarkation was to be effected.—By land, preparations on an equally large scale were made in the meantime. In order to advance the column from the spot where it had been formed, it was necessary to clear the intermediate ground about a hundred yards in extent, and very rocky and uneven.—The exploding, cutting, and smoothing required for this purpose, was in itself a great work. When a

pathway had thus been made, the stone was slowly raised by the action of eight powerful capstans, and propelled a little way, rolling over and over breadthways. The greater diameter of one end made this a difficult process, for the narrow end, rolling over less space, necessarily fell behind. A peculiar application of the capstans, with the assistance of strong iron wedges, was required to bring it forward to a straight line. After four hundred men had labored at the task for fifteen days, without any intermission, the column was at length placed at the end of the mole, in a direction parallel with the sides of the vessel upon which it was to be lodged.

The column now lay transversely upon twenty-eight beams, thirty-five feet long, and two feet square, the end of which passed from the mole to the vessel, or at least over it, and which were intended to bow down to the vessel at a very gentle slope, as the column descended to the vessel. On the 19th of June, at four in the morning, all was ready for the embarkment of the column. Ten capstans, placed on the transverse mole already spoken of, began at a given signal, to act upon the massive freight; while sixty workmen were placed at the cables which aided in the operation, and also in keeping the ship in its place. The column was set in motion; every thing went on well and securely; it had just touched the sides of the vessel, when, in a moment, an accident occurred which threw all into consternation. The beams upon which the column rested in its passage, cracked; the alarmed workmen fled; and the column, breaking at once through the whole of the supporting beams, fell with a terrible crash among their fragments, having one end in the boat and the other sunk deep in the bed of the sea.

It was some time before the architect and his workmen could look about them. When they did so, it was gratifying to discover that not one life had been lost, notwithstanding the numbers about the spot at the moment. Without delay, the superintendent of the embarkation commenced to remedy the evil. In consequence of the weight falling obliquely on it, the vessel was turned over sideways, and partly forced into the clayey bed of the sea. The whole power of the machinery was applied to raise the column to a fair and proper position on the vessel. The 400 fatigued laborers could not have accomplished this alone, but it chanced that some visitors of distinction had arrived from St. Petersburg to witness the operations, and one of these took it upon him to order in the immediate assistance of 600 soldiers from a garrison near the spot. With this reinforcement, after forty-eight hours of almost incredible toil, the column was safely raised, and laid straight upon the vessel. The latter machine, to the delight of all, floated lightly and easily with its burden.

On the 1st of July, after four days' slow sail in the Gulf of Finland, the vessel was safely towed into the required place in the harbor of St. Petersburg. The column and its vessel was now visited by immense crowds, the grandees and royal family of the country among the number. The next operation was to convey the stone to land. For this purpose, a new work of great strength, inclined in its shape, had to be constructed, into the particulars of which it is needless to enter. Suffice it to say, that on the 12th of July the debarkation of the monolite took place. A great crowd had assembled to witness it. The emperor and empress appeared on the scene. The signal was given, and the importance of the operation may be guessed by the fact that all the workmen fell involuntarily and simultaneously on their knees before venturing to the task, and prayed for its success. Fourteen capstans were set in action to move the column, while six were devoted to the keeping of the vessel, otherwise bound also, in its place. The result was fortunate. Slowly, and amid profound silence, the column began to move, and in ten minutes, without accident, it was safely brought to a spot beneath the window of the palace, where the empress beheld the scene.

An inclined plane was now to be made to bring it up to the level of the spot, where its pedestal was erected in the centre of a square; and 600 carpenters addressed themselves to this task. The inclined plane was 490 feet long, and 100 feet in breadth, and, at its greatest elevation, rose to thirty-five feet. The same difficulty which obstructed the rolling of the column to the water, impeded its progress up this plane. This

was the inequality in thickness, and it was always necessary, when the thick end of the column got in advance, to make it pause and revolve upon itself till the lesser was brought forward also. After a time, the inclination was safely surmounted, without any accident happening to the wood-work. Before the passage of the inclined plane, it ought to be mentioned, workmen, to the number of 150, were busied in giving the finish to the figure of the column. When he had brought it to the top of the plane, the architect then prepared a car for its transportation along the horizontal space which still lay between it and the proposed site. This car was in two pieces, and in all eighty-two feet long by eleven in breadth. It had seventy-two cast-iron wheels, and was composed of metal-bound beams. By means of this machine, the column was securely moved to the necessary spot.

Perhaps the hardest task of all now commenced.—This was the conception and erection of the great scaffolding by means of which this immense mass of stone was to be safely lodged on its pedestal, there to remain till time should work its fall. This scaffolding, we shall only say, was 154 feet high, and partly composed of mason-work, and partly of wood. The mason-work formed an inferior platform, and on this sixty capstans of great power were placed for the raising of the column. Each of these machines, with the appendages belonging to it, was first tried, and found to resist a weight of 60,000 pounds. The corresponding ropes were made by machinery, each rope containing 522 threads of hemp, so strong that every thread sustained singly a weight of 180 pounds. With such preparations, the placing of the column could not fail to be successful. Yet the architect took the precaution to try all his apparatus more fully, by raising the column twenty feet in the air, and then replacing it, previously to the final attempt at fixing it in its site.

The architect, in the beginning of September brought his work safely to a conclusion, placing it on its pedestal amid the acclamations of the Russian people. A statue was afterwards placed on the top of it, and the Alexandrine Column now stands in the northern capital, a credit to the nation and to its erectors. As a monolithic pillar, it has no equal among the erections of modern times.

[We give the following both as a matter of reference and record for the convenience of our readers.]

VOTES FOR PRESIDENT AND VICE PRESIDENT.

The following table exhibits the electoral votes given for the most prominent candidates for President and Vice President of the United States, at the different elections since Gen. Washington's retirement.

1796—President, J. Adams 71, T. Jefferson 68; Vice-President, T. Pinckney 58, A. Burr 50.
1800—President, T. Jefferson 73, John Adams 65; Vice-President, A. Burr 73, T. Pinckney 58.
1804—President, T. Jefferson 162, Charles C. Pinckney 14; Vice President, G. Clinton 162, R. King 14.
1808—President, J. Madison 152, C. C. Pinckney 45; Vice President, G. Clinton 118, R. King 47.
1812—President, J. Madison 127, De Witt Clinton 89; Vice President, E. Gerry 129, Ingersoll 58.
1816—President, J. Monroe 183, R. King 34; Vice President, Daniel D. Tompkins 143, opposition scattering.

1820—J. Monroe 228, no opposition, except one vote given from New Hampshire; Vice President, D. D. Tompkins 212, opposition divided.

1824—President, A. Jackson 178, J. Q. Adams 84; W. H. Crawford 41, H. Clay 37.

1828—President, A. Jackson 198, John Q. Adams 83; Vice President, J. C. Calhoun 173, Robt'd Rush 83.

1832—President, A. Jackson 219, H. Clay 49, John Floyd 11, Wm. Wirt 7; Vice President, Martin Van Buren 189, John Sergeant 49, Wm. Wilkins 30, B. W. Lee 11, Levi Ellmaker 7.

1836—President, Martin Van Buren 170, Wm. H. Harrison 73, H. L. White 26, W. P. Mangum 11, D. Webster 14; Vice President, R. M. Johnson 147, F. Granger 63, scattering 85.

The electors meet at the capitals of the respective States in which they are chosen, on the 2nd day of December next, and give in their ballots for President and Vice President.

AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER.

ALBANY, SATURDAY, JUNE 27, 1840.

THE MASONIC FESTIVAL.

Which has been some time in preparation, came off, at Troy, on Wednesday last. It was a truly a splendid affair, and forcibly reminded us of the by-gone days, when the 24th of June was duly honored by the good and great throughout the land.

The day was uncommonly fine, which brought a large assemblage of Sir Knights, Companions and Brethren, from various sections of the country.

At 10 o'clock, the procession was formed on Washington Square, under the direction of Sir Archibald Bull, as marshal of the day, assisted by Sir L. M. Chesney, Brs. T. Grennell, Comp. R. Freeman, Morton Fairchild, R. P. Dorton, F. Belcher and J. A. Wilson, in the following order.

Marital Music.

Hudson Encampment of Knights Templars, Apollo Encampment, of Troy.

Officers of the Grand Encampment.

Mount Vernon Lodge, of Albany.

Temple Lodge, of Albany.

Hudson Lodge, of Hudson.

Apollo Lodge, of Troy.

Phoenix Lodge, of Lansingburgh.

Farmers Lodge, of Clifton Park.

Evening Star Lodge, of West Troy.

Temple R. A. Chapter, of Albany.

Apollo R. A. Chapter, of Troy.

Hudson R. A. Chapter, of Hudson.

Officers of the Grand Lodge of the State of N. York.

BAND OF MUSIC.

The procession then moved up River street to Elbow—up Elbow, to Fourth—up Fourth to Grand Division—up Grand Division to Sixth—down Sixth to Albany—down Albany to Fourth—down Fourth to Congress—down Congress to First—down First to Ferry—up Ferry to Second—up Second to Second-st. Presbyterian Church.

The exercises in the church, commenced by a voluntary on the organ, by Br. C. E. Horn, After which a quartetto and chorus composed for the occasion by Br. J. C. Andrews.

"Let there be light," th' Almighty spake;
Refulgent streams from chaos broke,
To illumine the rising earth!
Well pleas'd the Great Jehovah stood;
The Power Supreme pronounced it good,
And gave the planets birth!

Chorus. In choral numbers, masons join,
To bless and praise this light divine.

Parent of light! accept our praise!
Who shedd'st on us thy brightest rays,
The light that fills the mind:
By choice selected, lo! we stand,
By friendship join'd, a social band!
That love that aid mankind!

Chorus. In choral numbers, &c.

The widow's tear the orphan's cry,
All wants our ready hands supply,
As far as power is given;
The naked cloth'd, the prisoner free,
These are thy works, sweet Charity!
Reveal'd to us from Heaven.

Chorus. In choral numbers, &c.

The Rev. Dr. Snodgrass, the pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church, then addressed the Throne of Grace in a fervent and impressive prayer. At its conclusion the following Ode was sung by the Choir, accompanied by the Brethren.

(TUNE—America.)

God bless the worthy band,
Who grace this happy land
With valiant knights;
May the united Three
Of the blest Trinity
Come to the Unity
Of all great lights.

Twelve once were highly loved,
But one a Judas prov'd,
Put out his fire;

May Simon haunt all fools,
Who vary from our rules,
May the heads of all such tools
Rest high on spires.

No Turk nor Jew we'll fight,
But in Religion's right
We'll breathe our last;
Poor pilgrims begging, we
Will our Jerusalem see;
All steps, true Knights, have we
Gloriously pass'd.

Enter'd, pass'd, rais'd, and arch'd,
And then like princes march'd
Through rugged ways;
At length great light we saw,
And poor old Simon too,
Also the word and law,
"Glory and Praise."

Then Knights, clasp hand in hand,
None but Knights Templars stand
In circle round:
May we ever live in love,
And every blessing prove,
May manna from above
Fall on this ground.

After the conclusion of the ode, the Rt. W. James Herring, Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge, pronounced the Oration, in his usual happy and felicitous style, to an attentive and gratified auditory. The oration embraced much historical research, in tracing the origin and progress of the order, from the "olden time," down to its present speculative form,—its practical influence on our lives and conduct, as professing masons, was presented to the mind, with great force and clearness, and was well received, by the uninitiated auditory, if we can judge by the countenance. We understand that the committee of arrangements have requested a copy for publication, in which case, we hope to present it to our readers.

At the conclusion of the oration the following Ode was sung.

(TUNE—Old Hundred.)

Rest, holy pilgrim, rest, I pray,
Dreary to Mecca's shrine's thy way;
O deign an hermit's hut to share,
Nor proudly spurn his homely fare.

But say from whence thy sorrows flow
Impart each secret source of woe;
For time, I see, and grief have spread
A silver halo o'er thy head.

No ruffian, lawless steps intrude!
To blast the joys of solitude;
But peace and meditation dwell,
Sweet inmates of the Hermit's cell.

To quench thy thirst the rock shall flow,
To feed thee sweetest fruits shall grow,
Soft dreams shall nature's waste repair,
Then deign an hermit's hut to share.

After a Benediction, from the Rev. Br. Whipple of Lansingburgh, the procession again formed and moved down Second-st. to Division—down Division to River—up River to Congress, and from thence to Morris-Place Hall, when about 500 Brethren sat down to an excellent dinner provided by Br. Freeman, prepared for the occasion. Br. David Buel of Troy, presided supported on his right and left, by the Hon. Morgan Lewis, Grand Master of the State, and the Right W. James Herring, Grand Secretary, assisted by Brothers Samuel G. Huntington, James Degraff, R. D. Silliman, F. Adancourt, Skilton Felton, and Lyman Garfield.

Upon the whole, this celebration was a fine affair, from the commencement to the end; and redounds much to the credit of our Trojan Brethren. Every thing connected with it, was done in "decency and in order," and apparently it was well received by the public at large. There was one feature in it, which we think deserves a passing notice. The committee of arrangements in providing the dinner, wisely prohibited the use of stimulating drink at the table. The enemies of Masonry have made it the ground of accusation against us, that at our meetings and celebrations

we honor temperance "more in the breach than the observance." We are commanded by our rules to avoid the appearance of evil; and it is true that two or three hours march in a boiling sun, would in our own opinion, be somewhat of an apology to molify a glass of iced water, yet upon reflection, we believe that sound policy, and a devotion to our true interests, require a rigid abstinence at any Masonic gathering.

THE 24th OF JUNE.—We would again repeat to our friends throughout the land, that wherever the 24th of June has been observed, we expect to receive an account of it.

CONFLAGRATIONS.—On Thursday afternoon, two brick and five frame buildings were burnt in the extreme south part of this city. The loss in buildings was not very great, but many families were burnt out.

On the 22d inst. a fire broke out in Penn Yan, and destroyed 15 or 16 buildings. The loss of property is estimated at \$30,000, about half under insurance.

Horrid Death.—A man, supposed to be Philip Coyle, was run over by a train of cars on the Hudson and Mohawk railroad on Monday. He was supposed to be asleep, lying on the track, and not seen till it was impossible to stop the train in time to avoid him. His body was most horribly crushed and mutilated.

Florida News. such as it is, comes to us daily. It is scarcely any thing more, however, than a repetition of accounts with which all our readers must be familiar, of the slaughter of individuals and families, of ambuscades, &c. as the respective parties can fall upon each other, without an apparent approach towards a termination of the sanguinary and so long protracted conflict. Humanity shudders at the miseries and destruction of life attending this warfare, while she weeps over the apparent necessity now existing of reducing the natives, even at the expense of their extermination. A vigorous summer campaign, it is stated, is to be maintained, while reports are again afloat that the Indians are divided among themselves, and that some influential chiefs are exerting themselves to bring the contest to a pacific close.

Something New.—A N. York schooner, navigated by Capt. Michaels, of Newburgh, with a young man and a boy, was boarded one evening last week opposite Peekskill, by three men, who overpowered the crew, took the vessel back to Bedlow's island, where Capt. M. and his hands were permitted to go on shore, after being sworn by the pirates, who then proceeded to the waters of N. Jersey, where they stripped the schooner, and scuttled and sunk her. The name of one of the villains was ascertained, and measures were taken for their apprehension.

From Europe.—The Great Western arrived at N. York last week, with papers to the 4th inst. and 20 days later than before received. Mr. Rush, our secretary of legation at London, came in this ship, with despatches. English news by this arrival is not very important. The Queen and her Prince Albert were attending theatres, horse-races, and churches, and he presided on the 1st inst. at an anti-slave-trade and African civilization society; while she has given £2,000 for the propagation of the Gospel in the Highlands. The crops promised fair, but business was very dull. The York Minster, the venerable cathedral, was partially burnt (supposed by an incendiary) on the 24th of April, and it is supposed its repairs will cost £100,000.

In France, the excitement respecting the removal of the remains of Napoleon was unabated. The appro-

priation in the bill for that purpose having been reduced from two to one million of francs, the people indignantly opened a subscription to raise the larger amount a still more, much to the chagrin of the government and chamber of deputies; who then stated, that they were willing to vote any amount for the object, and that they only reduced the sum in the bill to prevent the erection of a "paltry statue" unworthy of their former sovereign, upon which the subscription was abandoned. The enthusiastic attachment of the French to the late Emperor now shows itself without disguise, and it is said that Louis Philippe will avail himself of it, and by encouraging it, thus give stability and permanency to his dynasty. The chamber of Peers unanimously passed the bill for the removal of the remains.

The accounts from Africa were unfavorable to the French. In Abd-el-Kader they find no common foe, and the Arabs have now got to fighting occasionally on foot, as well as mounted.

The King of Prussia died the last of April. The day before his death, he had his bed placed before a window, and caused his army to pass in review before him. He was 69 years old, and his son succeeds him in the throne.

There has been fighting recently in Spain; and the difficulty between Naples and England was unadjusted, and war still apprehended.

ITEMS.

The 4th of July is to be celebrated with unusual glee this season, and perhaps by political parties more than ever before witnessed.

The eight o'clock line of steamboats between Albany and N. York is discontinued, and the boats start at five o'clock, as before the late change.

U. States and Mexico.—Gov. Marcy and M. Rowan, of Kentucky, are appointed commissioners under the convention of last year, respecting claims on Mexico. Alex'r Demitry, of Louisiana, is also appointed secretary to the commission.

Drilling Machine.—The Schenectady Reflector states that a Mr. Pettes, of that city, has invented a machine, operated by a crank and wheel, for drilling rocks, &c. with which holes of equal calibre may be drilled by one man in one fourth of the time required by the common hand drill. Its importance to canal and railroad contractors, miners, &c. is very properly suggested. Mr. P. has a patent (of course) for his invention.

Life at Washington.—One Member of Congress has been fined fifty dollars on a conviction for an assault upon another Member. This sum it is said is hereafter to be considered as the price of slapping a member's face. We presume, however, if a citizen not of the privileged order should commit such an offence, his punishment would be more severe.

Hard Times.—As an evidence of hard times in Philadelphia, it is stated that wine was sold there at auction last week at \$65 a demijohn, or \$13 a gallon.

In Buffalo, a block of ten brick stores, with 200 feet rent, has recently been commenced.

Shipwrecks.—The French ship La Wise was lost at the cape of Good Hope about the 10th March, and the captain, mate, and other persons to the number of 20 lost their lives. The English steam ship Vulture was stranded in the Baltic about the 10th May—supposed to be a total loss of vessel and cargo, estimated at £190,000.

Natches was visited by another severe storm on the

6th instant, which caused considerable damage to the neighboring plantations in the destruction of fences, corn, negro quarters, &c.

Safe at last.—Farley, the man who went to sea on a raft, from Savannah river, after being six days out drifted ashore, having had nothing to eat or drink except a little oak bark.

Fire.—Fifteen buildings were burnt in N. Orleans on the 9th inst. One person had several limbs fractured by the falling of a wall, and one man was burnt to death. The loss of property is estimated at \$30,000.

More "hard times"—Half a million of dollars in specie arrived at N. Orleans from Mexico on the 13th instant.

A mile a minute—almost.—On a railway in England locomotives were run upon ten feet wheels, which did not answer the intended purpose; when wheels of seven feet diameter were used, and a velocity obtained of fifty six miles an hour.

Wheat and Flour.—During the second week in June there came to tide water on the canal 51,156 barrels of flour and 25,918 bushels of wheat.

The Winnebagoes.—Official notice has been given by Gen. Atkinson of the peaceable removal of the whole body of the Winnebagoes, from whom resistance was expected, amounting to about 1,700. The presence of about 1,000 troops awed them into submission, and Gen. A. was to accompany them to their new home, west of the Mississippi.

Printing.—The four hundredth anniversary of the invention of printing was celebrated on the 24th inst. at Boston, Philadelphia, and in various parts of Europe.

Lake Ontario.—A driving business is doing here—quite rivalling Erie and the Upper Lakes. On one day alone there were thirty three schooners in the harbor of Kingston, U. C. laden with bread stuffs.

On the passage of the Great Western, a sailor, in shifting the jib, lost his hold and fell overboard. The vessel went over him. The engine was stopped, the crew mustered and stationed at their posts, a boat manned and let down—the man, half a mile behind, was rescued, brought on board, and the vessel put under way—in the space of eight minutes.

DIED.

In this city, on the 28th inst. Mr. Harman Hardaway, teacher of district school No. 7.

At Coeymans, Mrs. Mary Ballantine, formerly of this city, aged 58.

At Mount Holley, N. J. the Hon. William Russell, formerly Judge of the Supreme Court, U. S. District Judge, &c. aged 80.

At New York, Dr. Marinus Willett, aged 39, son of the late Col. Willett.

In Illinois, Mrs. Harriet, widow of the Rev. George W. Gale, and daughter of C. Seldon, Esq. of Troy, aged 40.

At North Bend, O. Dr. Benjamin Harrison, son of Gen. Harrison, aged 33.

At Stattsburgh, S. C. Col. Thomas Sumter, son of the revolutionary Gen. Sumter, aged 71.

Near Plattsburgh, on the 14th inst. Richard S. Moores, son of the late Gen. Moores, aged 48.

THE AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER,
Is Published every Saturday, by L. G. HOFFMAN,
Corner of South Market and Division Sts. Albany.

TERMS.—To city subscribers, *Two Dollars and Fifty Cents* a year. To subscribers who receive their papers by mail, *Two Dollars*, payable on the receipt of the 4th Number. No subscription received for less term than one year. Back numbers at all times furnished.

A post master may enclose money in a letter to the publisher of a newspaper, to pay the subscription of a third person, and FRANK the letter, if written by himself.

POETRY.

LINES DEDICATED TO THE NORTH STAR LODGE.

High o'er Mount Pleasant's peaceful top,
The golden star transfix'd shall stand,
To guide the traveller borne by hope
Who journeys through the rugged land;
As when o'er ocean's rolling wave,
The helmsman eyes the bright North Star,
The surest guide his barque to save
And speed his course to lands afar.

From Zembla's everlasting snows,
Or Greenland's icy mountains drear,
What though the north wind often blows
To chill with cold our climate here—
The woodman from the fields shall bring
With liberal hand to 'trim the fire,'
And modest joy with mirth shall sing
The songs which cheerfulness inspire.

As bearing up the ascending steep
Or stooping lowly to the vale,
The traveller onward still doth keep
Until his wouled vigor fail;
'Tis then with eager eye he views
The joyful summit though afar,
And onward still his course pursues
To rest beneath the bright North Star.

So when our Royal Master Grand
On Mount Moriah—sacred hill!
Had caused his temple sure to stand,
Suprema commandments to fulfil;
No more the traveller wandering strayed
Unconscious where he still might roam,
But cheerful the bright mount surveyed,
An happy universal home.

Then view the Star which friends create
To place it for a 'beacon true,'
That he who sees, o'erborne by fate,
May yet his cheerful path pursue.
'Ye brethren of fraternal mind,'
'To you the noblest art was given,
The devious charts of earth to wind
And measure the bright tract of heaven.

From the Knickerbocker.

SONG OF THE SEA.

BY LIEUT. G. W. PATTEN, U. S. ARMY.

My home is on the heaving sea,
Beyond the breakers' roar,
And I never know a thought of wo,
Save when I see the shore;
My life is like a flashing car,
And like a merry stave,
For I whirl along the deep, huzza!
And I dance upon the wave!

Amid the calm, without a care,
For aught that earth can bring,
Wide rocking in the idle air,
I sit aloft and sing;
And when the storm booms fierce and far,
Regardless of the gale,
I climb the slippery shrouds, huzza!
And bend the ballying sail!

The woodland note is sweet to hear,
And soft the hum of hives;
But there's no music to my ear,
Like that which Ocean gives,
When fierce our barque, with every spar
'Taught strain'd,' her flight to urge,
'Mid rattling tramp, and wild huzza,
Beats back the bristling surge!

They say the landman's bosom thrills
With deeper joy than ours,
That glory crowns the sunset hills,
And fragrance scents the bowers:
But off! stretch seaward from the bar!
Spread out the canvass free!
And should they hail, trump back, 'huzza!
Our home is on the sea!

From the Southern Literary Messenger.

OH! LIFE HAS NOUGHT.

I saw him in the morn of life,
A nobler gen'rous one;
Floating his barque on Pleasure's sea,
As Honor steered it on—
The breath of Hope had swelled the sails,
And sunshine o'er it hung;
Away, it sped its dazzling course—
While joyously he sung,
Oh! Life has nought but happiness,
Whatever the wise may say;
Its freshness and its bloom from me
Can never pass away.

I saw him then at summer eve—
He bent his head to hear
The scarcely uttered words that fell
Like music on his ear—
A lovely girl had murmured them,
As on his arm she hung;
And radiant was the lover's face,
As once again he sung,
Oh! Life has nought, &c.

I saw them both again—and she
Was trembling at his side,
And solemn were the words by which
He claimed her for his bride,
A crowd of friends were gathered round—
But to his ear there sprung
A strain his lips had often breathed,
As joyously he sung,
Oh! Life has nought, &c.

I saw his happy home—his wife
Was o'er an infant bent,
Who to her matchless smile, a look
Of answering beauty sent;
He gazed upon the scene, as if
His earthly hopes were flung
Upon these frail and gentle ones—
And then once more he sung,
Oh! Life has nought, &c.

I saw a mourner stand alone,
Beside a marble tomb;
One flower was taken in the bud—
The other in its bloom—
And to this cherish'd spot he brought
A heart by sorrow wrung;
But a watch was kept by Angels there,
And thus the spirit sung—
Oh! Life has many a bitter cup,
Whatever the young may say;
But the glory and the peace of Heaven
Will never pass away. S. H. S.

THE TWO MAIDENS.

BY MRS. HALE.

One came—with light and laughing air,
A cheek like opening blossom,
Bright gems were twined amid her hair,
And glittered on her bosom,
And pearls and costly bracelets deck
Her round white arms and lovely neck.

Like summer's sky, with stars bedight,
The jewelled robe around her,
And dazzling as the moonlight night
The radiant zone that bound her;
And pride and joy were in her eye,
And mortals bowed as she passed by.

Another came—o'er her mild face
A pensive shade was stealing,
Yet there no grief of earth we trace,
But that deep holy feeling,
Which mourns the heart should ever stray
From the pure fount of Truth away.

Around her brow, as snow-drop fair,
The glossy tresses cluster,
Not pearl, nor ornament was there,
Save the meek spirit's lustre—
And faith and hope beamed from her eye,
And angels bowed as she passed by.

From the N. E. Weekly Review.

REFLECTIONS OF A BELLE.

I'm weary of the crowded hall—I'm weary of the mirth
Which never lifts itself above the grosser things of
earth—
I'm weary of the flatter's tone—its music is no more,
And eye and lip may answer not its meaning as before,
I'm weary of the heartless throng—of being deemed as
one
Whose spirit kindles only in the blaze of Fashion's
sun.

I speak in very bitterness, for I have deeply felt
The mockery of the hollow shrine at which my spirit
kneel—
Mine is the requiem of years in reckless folly passed—
The wail above departed hopes on a frail venture cast!
The vain regret that steals above the wreck of squa-
dered hours,
Like the sighing of the Autumn wind above the fade
flowers.

Oh—it is worse than mockery to list the flatterer's
tone—
To lend a ready ear to thoughts the cheek must blush
to own—
To hear the red lip whispered of, and the flowing curl
and-eye
Made constant themes of eulogy, extravagant and
high—
And the charm of person worshipped, in an homage of-
fered not:
To the perfect charm of virtue and the majesty of
thought.

Away—I will not fetter thus the spirit God hath given,
Nor stoop the pinion back to Earth that beareth unto
Heaven—

I will not bow a tameless heart to Fashion's iron rule,
Nor welcome with a smile alike the gifted and the fool;
No—let the throng pass coldly on—a treasured few
may find
The charm of person doubly dear beneath the light of
mind!

CALENDAR OF COMMUNICATIONS.

EACH MONTH.

NAME.	PLACE.	TIME.
Temple Encampment,	Albany	2d Friday.
Temple R. A. Chapter,	Albany	2d & 4th Tuesday.
Mount Vernon Lodge	Albany	1st & 3d Thursday.
Ten ple Lodge,	Albany	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Apollo Lodge	Troy	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Apollo Chapter.	Troy	2d & 4th Tuesday.
Apollo Encampment,	Troy	3d Monday.
Evening Star Lodge,	West Troy	1st Wednesday.
Phoenix Lodge,	Lansingburg	1st & 3d Thursday.
Olive Branch	Bethany Geol.	1st Wednesday.
Genesee Encampment,	Lockport N.Y.	
Ohio Lodge, No 101,	Wheeling, Va.	1st Monday.
Wheeling Chapter, 19,	"	2d Thursday.
Wheeling Encampment	"	2d Monday ev. o month.
Washington Council,	"	1st Saturday.
Utica Lodge, 47,	Utica,	1st Thursday.
Oswego Chapter, 67,	"	1st Thursday.
Utica Encampment, 3	"	3d Tuesday.
Mount Moriah.	Louisville, Ky.	1st & 3d Saturday, p. f.
Louisville Encampment	do	4th Saturday.
Council 5 & R. Masters	do	Quarterly.
King Solomon's chapter	do	2d Saturday.
Memphis Chapter,	Memphis Tenn.	3d Monday.
Memphis Lodge,	Memphis Tenn.	2d Tuesday.

NEW BOOKS, received at W. C. LITTLE'S Bookstore.

Rauch's Psychology, or View of the Soul.
Shakespeare and his Times, by Nathan Drake.
Guizot's Civilization of Europe.
Miss Sinclair's Scotland and the Scotch.
Madame de Staël's Italy, in French.
Hoffman's Chancery Practice, vol. 3d.
Franklin's Life and Works, by Sparks.
Hallam's Literature of Europe.
The French Revolution, by M. Thiers.
All the late novels and periodicals.

THE Edinburgh Quarterly Review for April, 1840—Contents
—Sir Walter Raleigh; Deer Stalking; British and American
Navies; Mrs. Boddington's Poems; Walpole and Contemporaries;
Bolingbroke; Wincham; Pulteney; Works of the author of Natu-
ral History of Enthusiasm; Court and Camp of Runjeet Sing;
Present state and conduct of parties; List of new publications in
Great Britain from January to April 1840. Terms, \$3 per annum.
Subscriptions received by

W. C. LITTLE, corner of State st.

THE MASONIC REGISTER.—For the year of Masonry
1840; containing a correct list of the Officers of the Grand
Lodge and Subordinate Lodges, Chapters, Encampments, &c. of
N. York, and its vicinity, with their times and places of meeting
&c. &c.—for sale at this Office, price 25 cents.—May 16.

AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER

AND LITERARY COMPANION.

BY L. G. HOFFMAN.]

ALBANY, SATURDAY, JULY 4, 1840.

[VOL. I.—NO. 44.]

MASONIC.

A DISCOURSE.

BY ROBERT M. BARRETT, ESQ.

When the philosophic eye is cast over the universal fabric, it there beholds the operations of nature, moving on with order, grandeur and symmetry each system performing its regular rotations in the bounds prefixed by the Universal Cause—in examining that system of worlds to which we belong, we discover the sun placed in the centre of many revolving planets, performing their several rotations at fixed periods, with undeviating exactness, governed by immutable laws, coexistent with matter, and which must forever last, or this fair world that we inhabit, with all its sister worlds, and every thing of animation that they contain, will be hurled to instant destruction. But the Deity, in his wisdom, has established eternal laws, which are the same to-day, yesterday and forever. By these everlasting laws, the universe must and will be governed. Remove but one single planet, the whole system is destroyed; for each has its attractions, repulsions and relations, that bear on all the rest. If we examine smaller portions of creation upon our particular globe, we observe the same order, regularity and harmony—we see the beautiful productions of nature in all their variety, abundantly calculated to prohibit the pleasure, the interests and the happiness of man, as well as of inferior animals. Hence, we deduce the beneficent care of an all-gracious Providence operating for the good of all creation.

If the physical world is demonstrated the order Omnipotence, and we there read in legible characters which requires only the inspiration of a sound and cultivated understanding to comprehend, that the object of creation is founded in the happiness of the creature—may we not rationally infer, that the same order, harmony, and beneficence is extended to the moral world; and that if man is not abundantly happy, the fault rests with himself, and is not ascribable to any defect in the order of nature? True morality has been so battered and abused by fanatic sectarians, and the human mind so warped by habits, prejudices and error, that it is no easy task to establish that true system of ethics founded in reason and truth, and adapted to the interest and the happiness of man. If it were true, as some believe, that an ethereal spark, an emanation from the Deity is implanted in the breast of every one, which, as a faithful monitor, warns them of every departure from the principles of virtue, it would be an infallible guide by which we should be directed right. But the traveller who has visited different quarters of the world, finds that conscience is as various as the climes and the nations he visits; that would be deemed virtue in one place, is crime in another—depending on circumstances in which each is involved, and the idea of right as inculcated in the general education of each particular place. Conscience is nothing more than a clear perception of what is right and what is wrong—and our ideas of right and wrong are factitious, built up on the prevailing notions of the circle in which we move, on the laws and regulations of our particular society, and not upon abstract speculation. If inspiration or even reason and truth, were chief agents in the formation of our consciences, would the people of Algiers and the idolatrous Mahometans generally deem it a greater crime to taste the juice of the grape, than to murder and impale an un-

believer in the Alcoran? More commendable to massacre a whole nation of Christians, than to regale their palates with a single dish of swine's flesh? But thus the imposter has taught them, and thus they believe. And as with the Mahometans, so in a greater or less degree with all the nations of the earth—they abandon the light of reason and nature, and assume the dogmas of superstition and fanaticism, invented in the days of ignorance and darkness, and fostered since in the laps of kings and bramins. The philosophic mind sickens at the picture of past ages, and at the gloomy prospect that rises before us. Yet some faint hopes are afforded from a view of our own beloved country, the birth-place of freedom, the cradle of liberty, and the nursery of truth. Here the legislator dare not place his polluted fangs on the freedom of opinion—here sits enthroned in glorious majesty the goddess of truth, inviting the discussion of conflicting opinions—here may the dogmas of politicians, of moralists and religious sectarians expect no shelter from despotic power—reason and truth, conscious of their own omnipotence, regards fearlessly the whole artillery of error; they conjure, they invite the conflict, confident of success in equal combat.

Yet even here, ancient received opinions are hard to be vanquished; so interwoven with our nature are our own early impressions, that it is almost impossible entirely to eradicate them, and the whole testimony necessary to prove their fallacy, so difficult of acquirement that few can attain it. A full and perfect knowledge of physics, of morals, of all the religions in the world, of universal history, ancient and modern, are pre-requisite to the formation of correct deductions.—Shall we then despair of ever establishing such a moral code as will induce a tolerable portion of happiness to man? Certainly not. The weakness and the necessities of individuals will force them into connection and inter course with others—interest and policy will induce us to do to others as we wish they should do to us. If we are harsh, morose, severe, and unjust to our neighbor, how can we reasonably expect him to be mild, affable, liberal, and generous to us? It is contrary to the nature of man. Our own good, our own happiness, will induce a practice of the moral virtues to our fellow man, that we may receive a like return. Hence, is a kind of necessity established in our very existence to induce a correct morality—which although not under the dominion of laws, as undeviating as the physics, are, nevertheless, sufficiently coercive, if not restrained by tyrannical institutions, to conduce very much to the happiness and dignity of man.

As in the physical and moral world the happiness and dignity of man is fairly deducible, so in the science of Masonry, the dignity and the happiness of man are the principal objects of pursuit. In the rude ages of the world, when man was a savage, when he roamed the forest in search of food, even then the principles of Masonry, engrafted on the human heart by the Supreme Architect of the Universe, began to discover themselves; and society advanced in civilization, those divine principles advanced in the Masonic institutions with equal pace. When men were formed into hordes, each horde being distinct from others in all the rights of equal sovereignty, contentions, murders and war, resulted from the unbridled passions of the chieftains; the weak were compelled to confederate, to guard against the encroachments of the strong; these, in their turn, called to their aid and other associations; different confederacies joined together, having the same ob-

jects in view, until large districts or countries were formed into one confederacy or nation. Thus formed, it became the interest of all to cherish those principles which characterise the Craft, upon which alone the nation could expect lasting duration. Without justice, none could be secure in their rights and privileges—without liberality and forbearance none could enjoy the free exercise of their judgment—without charity and benevolence, the distresses of the weak and the poor would remain unrelieved.

At the present day, it is the peculiar duty of all genuine craftsmen to cultivate all the virtues, and in a particular degree those cardinal virtues of justice, charity, benevolence and friendship. Justice, that distinguishing attribute of the Deity, of all the virtues stands pre-eminently foremost. Without justice, mixed and compounded with all the other virtues, they are diminished in their value in proportion as there is a deficit of that one pre-eminent quality. Our charities, indiscriminately bestowed without trying the object, or weighing it in the scales of justice, would minister to the vices of individuals, by encouraging idleness and dissipation, thereby defeating the very object and intent of laudable charities. But when our charities are bestowed under the influence of justice, then it is that they have intrinsic value.

Of every virtue justice is the best—
 Valor without it is a common pest.
 All other virtues dwell but in the blood;
 That in the soul—and gives the name of good.

Charity and benevolence denote all the good affections which we ought to bear one another—they consist not in speculative ideas floating in the brain, and leaving the heart untouched and cold; neither are they confined to that indolent good nature, which makes us rest satisfied with being free from inveterate malice or ill will to our fellow-creatures, without prompting us to be of service to any; true charity is an active principle; it is not properly a single virtue, but a disposition residing in the heart as a fountain, whence all the virtues of benignity, candor, forbearance, generosity, compassion, and liberality flow, as so many native streams. From general good will to all, it extends its influence particularly to those with whom we stand in nearest connection, and who are directly in the sphere of our good offices; from the country to which we belong, it descends to the smaller associations of neighborhood, relations and friends, and spreads over the whole circle of social and domestic life. True charity attempts not to shut our eyes to the proper distinction between good and bad men, nor to warm our hearts equally those who befriend and those who injure us—it reserves our esteem for good men, and our complacency for our friends—towards our enemies, it inspires forgiveness and humanity—it breathes universal candor and liberality of sentiment—it forms gentleness of temper, and dictates affability of manners—it prompts corresponding sympathies with those who rejoice and those who mourn—it teaches us to slight and despise no man. Charity is the comforter of the afflicted—the protector of the oppressed—the reconciler of differences—the intercessor for offenders. It is faithfulness in the friend—public spirit in the magistrate—equity and patience in the judge—moderation and loyalty in the citizen—in parents, it is care and attention, in children, it is reverence and submission—in a word, it is the very soul of social life. It is the sun that enlivens and cheers the abodes of men—in order to per-

form our charitable duties, economy and good management in private life, ought to be carefully studied. Economy when prudently and temperately conducted, is the safeguard of many virtues, and is in a particular manner, favorable to the exertions of benevolence. He who by inconsiderate conduct, is injuring his circumstances, will, probably, in time, lose the inclination, and is certainly depriving himself of the means of being serviceable to his brethren. Some important exertions there are indeed of charity, which have no connexion with giving or bestowing: candor, forgiveness, gentleness and sympathy, are due to our brethren at all times, and in every situation of our own fortune. The poor have the opportunity of displaying these virtues, as well as the rich. They who have nothing to give can often afford relief to others by imparting what they feel—and it sometimes happens, that a refusal of a request, when accompanied with the sympathetic feelings of humanity, is more complacently received, than a surly, ungracious, and grudging compliance. To him who is prompted by virtuous sensibility, every office of beneficence and humanity is a pleasure; he assists and relieves not because he is bound to do so, because it would be painful for him to refrain; hence, the smallest benefit he confers, rises in its value, on account of its carrying the affection of the giver impressed upon the gift—it speaks his heart—and the discovery of the heart is frequently of greater consequence than all that liberality can bestow. How often will the look of tender sympathy, or the tear that involuntarily falls impart, consolation to the unhappy? From true sensibility flow a thousand good offices, apparently small in themselves, but of high importance to the felicity of others, which altogether escape the observation of the cold and the unfeeling, who, by the hardness of their manner render themselves unamiable, even when they mean to do good. How happy then, would it be for mankind, if this affectionate disposition prevailed more generally in the world? How much would the sum of public virtue and public felicity be increased if men were always inclined to rejoice with those who rejoice, and mourn with those who mourn? A man of such a temper derives a satisfaction even from viewing the face of nature, which the insensible can never know. The profusion of goodness which he beholds poured forth on the universe, dilates his heart with the thought that innumerable multitudes around him are blest and happy; when he sees the labors of men appearing to prosper, and views a country flourishing in wealth and industry; when he beholds the spring coming forth in its beauty and reviving the decayed face of nature, or in the autumn beholds the fields loaded with plenty, and the year crowned with all its fruits, he lifts his affections in gratitude to the great father of all, and rejoices in the general felicity and joy. The chief scope of Masonry is to inspire us with an uniform course of actions, consonant to the true honor and dignity of man—and in order to find where man's true, honor and dignity lives, we must look not to any adventitious circumstances of fortune, not to any single sparkling quality, but to the whole which forms a man, which entitles him as such to rank high among that class of beings to which he belongs—in a word, we must look to the mind and the soul—a mind superior to fear, to selfish interest and corruption—a mind governed by the uniform principles of rectitude and integrity—the same in prosperity and adversity, which no bribe can seduce nor terror overawe, neither by pleasure melted into effeminacy, nor by distress sunk into dejection; such is the mind which forms the distinction and eminence of man; one who in no situation in life is either afraid or ashamed of discharging his duty, and acting his proper part with constancy and firmness. True to his country, full of affection to his brethren of mankind, faithful to his friends, generous to his enemies, full of compassion to the unfortunate, self-denying to little private interests and pleasures, but zealous for public good, magnanimous without being vainly proud, humble without being mean, just without being harsh, simple in his manners, but manly in his feeling—on whose word you can entirely rely, whose countenance never deceives, whose professions are the effusions of his heart; one in fine whom, independent of any views of advantage, you would choose for a superior, could trust in as a friend, and could love as a brother—this is the man whom in our hearts above all others, we most delight to honor and respect.

MISCELLANY.

DESCRIPTION OF A SIAMESE PRINCE.

We have given our readers some facts, which go to show a strong probability of the spread of civilization in this great kingdom, as well as other parts of the oriental world, in due time. The following curious sketch of one of the eading characters of the court of Siam, from a letter (in the Missionary Herald) of the Missionary Robinson, is to the same effect:—

"Mrs. Robinson, myself and two children, the younger an infant, called upon Prince Chaw Fah, at his palace. We found him busy in fitting up a watchmaker's shop, which he had just built. It was made of brick, and neatly plastered within and without, and the foundation was painted in imitation of brick. It is situated so near the palace as to be under the projecting roof of the outer court. The shop had two large glass windows, one of which was a bow window, similar to what watchmaker's often have in America. Over the front window was a sign, with large gilded Roman capitals, 'clocks and watches repaired.' Over the door was a large eagle, of carved work, in imitation of the American eagle, in good style. The shop was furnished with a bench and tools, and a large number of cases and drawers finished in the best manner. In the back part of the shop were the bellows and forge, with a regular built chimney, probably the first ever built in Siam. The doors were painted in imitation of bird's eye maple. Every thing about the shop was designed to be perfectly of a foreign character. The prince received us with much politeness, and showed us with apparent pleasure his new shop. Pointing to the eagle over the door, he said in English—'there is the American Eagle.'"

While Mrs. R. was visiting the ladies, the Prince took me out to his new gardens back of the palace. While passing round in front of the palace, I noticed that the trees in front of the walk were inclosed in boards having picket tops and holes of a diamond shape cut through them in various places. I remarked that seeing trees inclosed in this way reminded me of home, where trees that were exposed to injury by the way side, were inclosed in this manner. He replied that he saw a picture in an American book, from which he took the hint to secure the trees in this way. The prince is very enthusiastic in imitating every thing foreign, especially American. A few days since he called at my house, and seeing a plant, a kind of vine not uncommon here, twined about one of the posts of the verandah, it struck his fancy amazingly. I gave him three of the small plants. The next day he sent a number of men to get two or three more of the same plants, and was very particular to ask for those that twined around the post, which were about twenty feet in length, for he could not wait to have the small ones grow. In return, he sent me four rare trees. When we called at his palace, we saw the vines planted in large vases, and neatly twined round the corner posts of the piazza of the palace. While passing round to the garden, the prince pointed to a new building he had just erected, which had two chimneys, saying, "that is my cook house; I built the first chimneys in Siam." I was also informed that an oven and a cooking stove graced the kitchen. Returning from the garden, the prince invited me to look at an English horse he had imported from Penang.

He inquired how they built stables in America, whether they had a hay-rack and manger, and whether the floor was usually plank or stone. I gave him the best information I could on these points. The next time we pay him a visit, we shall probably see a New England stable on the premises. In the meantime his principal wife had prepared the tea table, which was supplied with a large variety of preserves, which she placed on the table with her own hands. Among these were currants, raspberries, gooseberries, strawberries, and quinces; American biscuit, English crackers and cheese, and cakes from Bombay, etc. were added to the entertainment. The prince partook with us, but his lady, probably more from diffidence than from regard to Siamese custom, chose not to partake with us. She, however, sat near by and joined freely in the conversation. Having presented a number of our last printed tracts, which were received with apparent pleasure, we took our leave with mutual shaking hands and a "good evening." The prince conversed entirely in English.

The prince spoken of above, is a son of the former

king, and was regarded as the legal heir to the throne on the death of his father. An older brother, however, got possession of the reins of government, which he still holds. This prince called the Chaw Fah, to avoid suspicion and danger, consecrated himself to the sacred profession, and is now at the head of the priesthood. He is of course a man of great influence, and the fact of a man of such rank, and in a profession from which jealousy of missionaries, and opposition to their instructions might soonest be anticipated, is disposed to treat them with so much kindness, and is so free from national prejudice, as to labor to introduce European and American improvements, and has even acquired sufficient of the English language to converse and read well in it, should be received as a very encouraging indication of Divine Providence respecting the prospect of the mission."

From Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.

QUACK ADVERTISEMENTS.

We perceive, that the Glasgow Constitutional has announced its intention of refusing the insertion of advertisements of quack medicines. This is a piece of good taste and self-denial on the part of a newspaper proprietor, which deserves to be made widely known.

We are happy to acknowledge that there are other parties in Glasgow beside ourselves (the Scotch Reformers' Gazette especially,) equally well entitled to the praise here awarded—and it would afford us much pleasure to be able to say that it was deserved by every newspaper in the city. We are perfectly sure it would be for their benefit in the long-run, if it were so. On this subject we have always felt keenly, and have often been excessively astonished that some journals, otherwise as respectable as their neighbors, should for any trifling pecuniary advantage, place themselves in the position of *socii criminis* to a parcel of vagabond quacks. The subject, in our opinion, is a very important one, involving, as we seriously believe it does, the interest and the health of a large portion of the most simple class of the community—that section of it which have the most need of protection and sound advice. We say nothing of the injury which the insertion of such advertisements as those alluded to must do to a reputable journal, because the fact of its being necessary, in every family, to put the papers containing quack advertisements out of sight, settles that point; but we speak of the misery, vexation, disease and death, which are produced indirectly by the doses (so heartily recommended in some newspapers) administered by these reckless and unskillful empirics. We do not say that the pills and lotions of these fellows are always of the most deadly description—far from it. We believe that, in general, they are composed of dough and gamboge, and that the common excuse for taking the trash, "if they do no good, they can do no harm," is so far correct. This is all very well when a strong, healthy hypochondriac is the patient, but when a poor ignorant person applies for herself or her child, with a real disease, the consequence of a course of swallowing these harmless pills, while the complaint is going on in the system, without the check of active and proper medicine, must be dreadful. We hope these observations will be taken in the spirit in which they are offered, and that before long there shall not be an open paper in Glasgow for the reception of such abomination. The inconsistency attending the publication of these advertisements in some of the journals is very ridiculous. Upwards of a year ago, we recollect the police of this city were very properly employed in apprehending and punishing a number of men, for distributing their objectionable handbills on the streets; yet while certain papers were loud in their praise of the authorities for acting as they were then doing, advertisements from the offending parties, far more liable to complaint, might have been found stuck into corners of their own sheet! It may be said, but proof it is not, because we know no real argument can be adduced in favor of the practice, that some of the London and many of the provincial papers throughout England, give free admission to the most abominable of these productions. We acknowledge the fact; but "two blacks can never make a white," and the system has always been condemned, and considered as a disgrace to the press, by every right-thinking person. With the English press we have nothing to do, however. The practice is—

clearly wrong—and, in the opinion of many, a very serious evil. It cannot be defended; and were these advertisements repudiated in this city, it would at least be a beginning to a good custom, which we hope soon to see universal. It is needless to disguise our feelings on this subject. We consider the insertion of advertisements such as those complained of, a most dangerous imposture, and the persons who give in to it as little better than the more daring criminal. The quack and his newspaper agent are as necessary to each other, in order to dupe the unwary with complete success, as is the resetter to the thief. They act in concert, and they divide the spoil wrung from the pallid hand of poverty, disease and death.—*Glasgow Constitutional.*

BATTLE SCENES.

The following is an account given by Major Bevan, in his work, "Thirty Years in India," of a scene which occurred at the conclusion of a battle in which he was engaged:—

"Near midnight, when about to retire to rest, an order was received from the commander-in-chief to detach an officer and one hundred pioneers for the purpose of collecting the wounded, and also such arms and accoutrements as could be found on the field of battle. This severe duty devolved upon me, as the other officers were all laid up from the fatigues they had undergone throughout the day. Several palanquins belonging to the head-quarters and staff were kindly sent to bring in the wounded, as none of the public dooley boys could be procured, they having dispersed in search of plunder.

The scenes of woe and misery I experienced during this dark and dismal night, in my progress over the field of battle amidst the carnage of the day, will never be effaced from my memory.

The groans and screams of the wounded and dying constantly struck my ear, as also the piteous wailings of the wives, daughters, fathers, or sons of those who had fallen, or the cries of others in search of their missing relatives. With these heart-rending sounds were often mixed the wild exonerations of the dying who were attempting to repel the marauders who came for the purpose of plunder and rapine.

We found many bodies of our own soldiers in a perfect state of nudity, which plainly evinced they had not escaped those indignities offered to the dead and dying by the profligate followers of a camp.

Our enemies were treated in the same manner; the wretches who wandered over the field in search of plunder spared neither friend nor foe when there was a prospect of booty. We rescued a considerable number of the wounded from this lonely death, the most terrible to the imagination; but several of them had fallen victims to the cowardly assassins or the inclemency of the weather before we could afford them rescue or relief. The ground was soft clay, which had been saturated by the heavy rains and trodden into a quagmire by the passing and re-passing of men, animals, and carriages; a misty, drizzling rain fell incessantly, and these circumstances rendered our toil exceedingly difficult and tedious. We had to wait a considerable time for the return of the palanquins from the field hospital, whither our wounded were conveyed, so that the morning dawned ere our task was completed.

The scenes which I witnessed in the hospital were scarcely less harrowing to the feelings than those in the field. Dr. A. and the rest of the medical staff employed all that skill and energy could suggest for the relief of the sufferers. I saw them perform several very difficult operations, and amputation, and especially one on Lieutenant H., whose knee was severely shattered. He sustained the operation with unflinching courage, but expired soon after it had been completed. Few, indeed, of those who had received gunshot wounds survived, for the fractures they had suffered were generally so extensive as to bring on the lockjaw. Many young aspirants for military fame, dazzled by the "pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war," would have their ardor sadly damped by witnessing the scenes on the field and in the hospital of Mahedpoore."

Captain Patterson of the 50th or Queen's Own regiment, presents in his "Adventures" a description of

what came under his observation during the war in the Peninsula, which is equally affecting. As the narration of such incidents may be of use in creating a just horror of war, we here offer it for the perusal of the reader:

"Soon after nightfall, and when the clash of arms was no longer heard, an interment of the dead took place, and many a poor fellow, who had a few hours before been full of life and strength, was now deposited in his narrow bed. The remains of Major Stanhope were lowered to the grave by his brother officers and comrades, with their sashes. He had worn this day a suit of new uniform, and a pair of bright epaulets; in which, with his military cloak around him, upon the same hour as his lamented chief, he was consigned to an honorable tomb.

While we were engaged in the performance of this melancholy duty, the Honorable Capt. Stanhope of the Guards, aid-de-camp to Sir John Moore, rode up directed by the torch-light to the mournful group. It was the first intimation which he received of his brave relation's fate. Dismounting, and overcome with grief he took a last farewell; and having obtained his ring, together with a lock of hair, he tore himself hastily away from the heart-rending scene.

On our march across this ground an incident occurred which made a deep impression on the minds of those who happened to be present at the time. Across the pathway, and on either side, men and officers were lying; and one of the latter was extended on his face among the heath and brushwood, so close to where we passed, that Major Malcolm Mackenzie of the 70th prompted as it were by intuition, suddenly dismounted to ascertain who was the individual. Stooping to observe the features, that were partly concealed by the long broom, he started back with grief and consternation, on perceiving that the young soldier, who had thus fallen an early victim, was his brother, Lt. Colin Mackenzie, of the same regiment.

A party of the officers of the 50th, were collected in a knot discussing the affairs of the eventful day, were quickly seen by those marksmen, who from behind the rocks, despatched with deadly aim, a few rifle missiles, each with its billet; and the balls were so faithful to their errand, that the congress was soon dissolved, some of the members being sent to 'that bourne from which no traveller returns,' and the remainder wounded. Among those who fell on this occasion, was Lieut. Hugh Birchall, of the fourth battalion company, which he had commanded for some time. Having fallen ill he was in his bed at Elisonda, when the battle commenced; and hearing the noise of musketry he thought that something was going forward in the lines in which he ought to bear a part. With a mind endued with strength superior to that of his weakly frame, he arose from the couch of sickness, and calling all the vigor that he could muster to his aid, tottered with feeble pace to the field of action, arriving at a late hour upon the hill. Exhausted, pale, and like one risen from the dead, he resumed his former place; and scarcely had he joined the group assembled in the front, when, by a fatal bullet, this spirited young man was numbered with the slain."

THE SANCY DIAMOND.

A letter from Hamburg states, the Grand Veneur of the Emperor of Russia, has bought the famous Sancy diamond, for the sum of 500,000 roubles, and that the merchant, Jaun Friendlieu, has been the Duchess of B——'s agent in this affair. The diamond originally came from India, and has remained in Europe for the last four centuries. The Duke of Burgundy, Charles the Bold, was its first owner, and he wore it on his helmet at the battle of Nancy, in which he lost his life. A Swiss soldier found it, and sold it to a priest for a florin. In 1489 it came into the possession of the King of Portugal, who being in want of money, sold it to a French gentleman for 100,000 francs. Nicholas Harley Sancy, who gave it his name, had it afterwards by succession. At the time of his embassy at Soleure, Henry the Third enjoined him to send the diamond in order to pledge it; the servant that had been entrusted with it having been attacked by robbers swallowed it and was murdered.—Sancy ordered the corpse to be opened, and the diamond was found in the stomach. James the Second of England possessed this diamond in 1688, when he

came to France; it came afterwards into the possession of Louis XII., and Louis XV. wore it in his crown at his coronation. The diamond has the shape of a pear; it is of the most beautiful water, and weighs 53½ carats.

An Excellent Pun.—At an election dinner lately a voter said he had never received a bribe to the extent of a farthing. 'Oh, Smith, how can you say so, observed another voter, 'when I know that Mr. W. sent you a hare,' 'Ay, that's true enough, but it was full of maggots.' 'Well then,' was the rejoinder, 'if it were not bibery it was corruption.'

THE ESSAYIST.

EMPLOYMENT FOR THE UNHAPPY.

The unhappy are indisposed to employment; all active occupations are wearisome and disgusting in prospect, at a time when every thing, life itself, is full of weariness and disgust. Yet the unhappy must be employed, or they will go mad. Comparatively blessed are they, if they are set in families where claims and duties abound and cannot be escaped. In the pressure of business there is present safety and ultimate relief.—Harder is the lot of those who have few necessary occupations, enforced by other claims than their own harmlessness and profitableness. Reading often fails. Now and then it may beguile; but much oftener the attention is languid, the thoughts wander, and associations with the subject of grief are awakened.

Women who find that reading will not do, will obtain no relief from sewing. Sewing is pleasant enough in moderation to those whose minds are at ease the while; but it is an employment which is trying to the nerves when long continued, at the best; and nothing can be worse for the harassed, and for those who want to escape from themselves. Writing is bad. The pen hangs idly suspended over the paper, or the sad thoughts that are alive within write themselves down. The safest and best of all occupations for such sufferers as are fit for it, is intercourse with young children. An infant might beguile Satan and his peers the day after they were couched on the lake of fire, if the love of children danced to linger amidst the ruins of their angelic nature.

Next to this comes honest, genuine acquaintance with the poor; no more charity-visiting, grounded on soup-tickets and blankets; but intercourse of mind, with real mutual interest between the parties. Gardening is excellent, because it unites bodily exertion with a sufficient engagement of the faculties, while sweet, compassionate Nature is ministering cure in every sprouting leaf and scented blossom, and beckoning sleep to draw nigh, and be ready to follow up her benignant work. Walking is good; not stepping from shop to shop, or from neighbour to neighbour, but stretching out far into the country, to the freshest fields and highest ridges, and the quietest haes. However sullen the imagination may have been among its griefs at home, here it cheers up and smiles. However listless the limbs may have been when sustaining a too heavy heart, here they are braced, and the lagging gait becomes buoyant again. However perverse the memory may have been in presenting all that was agonizing, and insisting only on what cannot be retrieved, here it is first disregarded, and then it sleeps; and the sleep of memory is the day in paradise to the unhappy. The mere breathing of the cool wind on the face in the commonest highway, is rest and comfort, which must be felt at such time to be believed. It is disbelieved in the shortest intervals between its seasons of enjoyment; and every time the sufferer has resolution to go forth to meet it, it penetrates to the very heart in glad surprise. The fields are better still; for there is the lark to fill up the hours with mirthful music; or, at worst, the robin and the flocks of fieldfares, to show that the hardest day has its life and hilarity. But the calmest region is the upland, where human life is spread out beneath the bodily eye; where the mind roves from the peasant's nest to the spire town, from the schoolhouse to the churchyard, from the diminished team in the patch of fallow, or the fisherman's boat in the cove, to the viaduct that spans the valley, or the fleet that glides, ghost-like, on the horizon. This is the perch where the spirit plumes its ruffled and drooping wings, and makes ready to let itself down any wind that heaven may send.—*Miss Martineau's Deerbrook.*

POPULAR TALES.

STORY OF MARTIN GUERRE.

FROM THE 'CAUSES CELEBRES.'

Martin Guerre, a native of Biscay, was married in the month of January, 1539, to Bertrande de Rols, with whom he lived for many succeeding years at the village of Artigues, in the diocese of Rieux, in Upper Languedoc. The condition of Martin Guerre was that of a small farmer, and the property possessed by him and his wife was very considerable for people of their rank in life. Married at a very early age, they were not blessed with children until the tenth year of their union, when a son was born, to whom was given the name of Sanxi Guerre. Shortly after this event, Martin Guerre had the misfortune to quarrel with his wife's father or uncle, and in consequence took the resolution of leaving Artigues for a time. He seems to have found a wandering life agreeable to his disposition, as he never showed himself again at his home for many long years, nor were any tidings of him received all the while by his family.

This unjustifiable conduct of a husband and father led to strange consequences. Upward of eight years after Martin Guerre's absence, a man presented himself at Artigues, declared himself to be Martin Guerre, and was at once recognised as such by the four sisters of the absentee, by his uncle, by the parents and relatives of his wife, and by the wife herself. Not the slightest suspicion of imposture was entertained by any one, as the self-named Martin Guerre was found perfectly acquainted with a thousand little matters, both domestic and otherwise, with none, it seemed but the original actor in them could possibly have known. The marks and scars, also, which had characterised Martin Guerre's countenance and person, were all apparent in his representative. Accordingly, the latter was received with joy by the wife and all her connections, and assumed the place which he was supposed to have vacated eight years before. Bertrande de Rols (or Guerre) had in times past shown the strongest attachment to her husband, and her conduct in his absence was irreproachable. She now lived for three years in perfect concord and happiness with him who personated her husband, and bore two children to him, only one of whom survived for any length of time.

This state of tranquility first received a check through an accidental discovery made by Pierre Guerre, the uncle of Martin. A stranger, passing through Artigues, expressed the utmost surprise on hearing it said that Martin Guerre was living with his wife and family, and unhesitatingly declared that there must be imposture in the case, as he himself had recently seen Martin Guerre in Flanders, and had been told by him that he had a wife and child in Languedoc, but did not intend to return home till a certain relation was dead. The stranger moreover stated, that the real Martin Guerre had lost a leg at the battle of St. Laurent, before Saint Quentin. The traveller's statement was heard by Pierre Guerre, and appeared to him so clear and distinct, that he began to entertain suspicions, which speedily spread from him to the relatives of Martin's wife. A number of little circumstances all tending to strengthen the notion of imposture, were now gradually noticed by the uncle and friends, and at length they finally became so assured of the justice of their fears as to adopt the resolution of publicly punishing the villain who had so grossly deceived them. But they found very great difficulty in persuading the wife of Martin Guerre that the man with whom she had lived peacefully for three years was not her true husband. At length, however, the poor woman was brought to something like a conviction of the sad truth and was induced to take steps for prosecuting the actor in this strange deception, who was taken into custody to wait his trial.

On a day appointed, the prisoner was brought into court, where the chief criminal judge of Rieux sat as president, and where an immense crowd of people had assembled to watch the issue of a case which had already excited the deepest interest. Numerous witnesses were present to support the one or the other side. Out of nearly one hundred and fifty persons examined, between thirty and forty gave evidence in favour of the accused, deposing that they believed him to be the real Martin Guerre, and referring to many circumstantial proofs in support of their belief. On the other hand,

a still greater body of witnesses, declared their impression that the prisoner was not Martin Guerre. Who the penel really was, was announced by various of these witnesses, but in particular by Carbon Berreau, who recognised the accused as his nephew, by name Arnaud du Tilh, a native of Sagias in Languedoc. The old man, Carbon Berreau, while acknowledging his nephew, wept for the disgrace he had brought on the family. While such testimonies were given by the witnesses for and against the prisoner, there was a third body of witnesses, more numerous than either of the others, who declared that the resemblance to Martin Guerre puzzled them so much as to render them totally unable to tell whether the accused was that individual or not.

Much weight, comparatively, was of course laid on the evidence given by the relatives of Martin Guerre. Strange to say, these relatives were as much at variance as others. His four sisters unhesitatingly and unequivocally declared their belief that the prisoner was their brother, and none else, and by this opinion they held to the last. The uncle of Martin, again, and the wife's relations, maintained the opposite side of the question. As for the wife, whether from weakness or distress of mind, her evidence was not productive of much light in the matter. What she did say weighed in the prisoner's favour, as, on his being tested afterwards, it was found that he knew all the little secrets of her wedding-life as well as she herself did. He told of private occurrences of old date, that tallied in every point with her private revelations on examination. When the prisoner himself was asked to speak in his defence, he entered without the slightest embarrassment on a long narration, calculated to prove his claims to the character he had assumed. He began with ascribing avaricious motives to Pierre Guerre, as the cause of that person's animosity. He then related every particular step of his career, from his birth to his departure from home; and those who best knew Martin Guerre declared that all the incidents related had occurred to him, to their certain knowledge. The prisoner described his marriage with particular minuteness, mentioning the name and even the dress of every important individual then and there present, as well as many other minute points connected with the ceremony. Notwithstanding these striking statements of the prisoner, and notwithstanding the doubts of the witnesses, the criminal judge of Rieux conceived the charge to be proven, and pronounced the prisoner guilty.

But this only led to new investigations. The prisoner appealed to the parliament of Toulouse, and by its orders inquiries were entered upon of a still more searching kind than formerly. To show how great were the difficulties in which this case was involved, it is only necessary to state a few of the facts that came out on both sides. Against the prisoner, it was averred, that Martin Guerre was a taller man, and darker in hue; and that he had slender limbs, stooping shoulders, and a hanging under lip, whereas the prisoner had stout limbs, an upright person, and no particular mark about his lips. The shoemaker who had made shoes for the true Martin Guerre, also declared, that the feet of the latter were of the twelfth size, while the accused person's were of the ninth. Martin Guerre, it was also proved, was skilled in wrestling and other sports, at which the prisoner could do nothing. Moreover, Martin Guerre, being a Biscayan, was thoroughly acquainted with the Basque tongue, of which the other knew only a word or two. These are specimens of the proofs against the prisoner. The opposite evidence seems almost equally strong, and this may be said of the personal resemblances in particular. A cicatrix above the right eye, the mark of an ulcer on the face, a drop of extravasated blood on the left eye, two peculiar teeth, a spoilt nail on one of the fore-fingers, three warts on the right hand, and one on the little finger—all of these marks were on Martin Guerre, and all of them on the accused! Other witnesses in the prisoner's favour deposed to his having alluded to circumstances which had passed privately between them and Martin Guerre, ten, twelve, and fifteen years before. Above all, the bridesmaids of Bertrande de Rols declared that the prisoner had minutely described incidents which proved him to be no other than the man who was bridegroom on the occasion.

Such were among the difficulties surrounding this question. The confident bearing of the accused added to the general perplexity, as he on every occasion as-

sumed the part of an injured and persecuted man. He even made a solemn public appeal to the wife of Martin Guerre, declared that, as she believed in his identity or otherwise, he was content to be held guilty or innocent. But the wife would not take an oath on either side, although she said, that, under the circumstances, she could trust in nothing that he (the prisoner) could say.

Things were in this state of uncertainty, when the real Martin Guerre who had been fruitlessly sought for, appeared suddenly on the field, "as it (says Gayot de Pitaval, in the Causes Celebres) he had dropped from the skies." The judges ordered him into confinement before he had seen his relations or any one who was concerned in the cause. Martin Guerre, as had been stated by the traveller, was without one of his limbs, and had a wooden substitute. When privately interrogated upon some known facts in Martin Guerre's life, he answered freely and correctly, but did not give so many proofs, of his identity as the prisoner had done under the like examination. Arnaud du Tilh and the lame Martin Guerre were then confronted with one another. Each treated the other as an impostor; but the first mentioned of the two displayed far most confidence, and scornfully declared that he would consent to be hanged if he did not prove the whole to be a machination of Pierre Guerre, and the man with a wooden leg to be, but a creature of his. The latter seemed to lose his presence, of mind at the sight of the other's consummate boldness, and effrontery. The judges were yet quite at a loss, but they resolved upon assembling all the relations of Martin Guerre, and all the principal witnesses in the case, with the view of leaving it to their decision on beholding both parties together.

Accordingly, all the summoned parties made their appearance at the appointed day. The eldest of the four sisters so often mentioned was the first to enter the court, where the rival Martins already were, and her testimony was almost decisive. It will be remembered that she and her sisters were the most influential witnesses in favour of the impostor. Now, however, when her eye fell on the lame man, she sprang to him and embraced him with tears, exclaiming to the judges, "Behold my brother, Martin Guerre! I confess the error into which this abominable traitor, pointing to du Tilh, 'has led me, and in which he has kept me for so long a time, as well well as others.'" Martin Guerre mingled his tears with those of his sisters who also recognised their brother at once, as did all the witnesses, in short, who had been much obstinate in favour of Arnaud du Tilh. As usually happens in cases of the closest resemblance of person, the confronting of the parties at once dispelled the illusion which had memory only to depend on. After other recognitions, Bertrande de Rols, the wife, was called into court. No sooner had she cast her eye timidly on the lame stranger, then the spell was at once broken in her case also. She became strongly agitated, trembling like an aspen leaf, and weeping abundantly. Then she ran to embrace her husband's feet, and besought his pardon for the fault which the artifices of a wretch had led her to commit. She entreated him to remember that his four sisters and others had been deceived also, and reminded him that her very love for him had its influence in causing her to be misled. She declared that such was her grief and shame when the impostor was discovered, that she prayed for death, and, but for the commands of God, would herself have put an end to her days. "The touching air (says Gayot de Pitaval) with which Bertrande de Rols spoke, her tears and her beauty, which was still great, the expression of agony spread over her visage, pleading eloquently for her." But her husband, who had appeared so sensibly to the tokens of affection coming from his sisters, appeared insensible to those of his wife. He told her that she ought to have known her real husband from all others, although the whole world had been deceived; and he had the cruelty further to say to her, that he looked upon her as the cause of all the disgrace and wretchedness resulting from this affair. The judge checked Martin Guerre for this conduct to his wife, which came with an ill grace from the lips of a man who had deserted his family for so many years, and who was the true cause of all the mischief, by thus leaving them at the mercy of the designing. Moreover, had not Martin Guerre made revelations to the impostor Arnaud du Tilh, respecting his family affairs, his

wife never could have been deceived as she had been. Such considerations, nevertheless, could not overcome the angry feelings of Martin Guerre, when he met his wife in court. But as we firmly believe in the wife's innocence, from an attentive consideration of all the minutiae of the case, we have pleasure in recording that the last words of the original narrative on this point are, "Time only caused Martin to change his sentiments." The court of Toulouse, also took into consideration the question whether Bertrande de Rols was or was not an accomplice of Arnaud du Tilh, and decided unanimously in favour of her innocence.

The communication of Martin Guerre to Arnaud du Tilh have been alluded to as the chief source of the latter's ability to accomplish his imposture. Du Tilh spent two years in the other's company in the military service, and was his intimate friend and confidant. On returning from the wars alone, he was mistaken for Martin Guerre by several acquaintances of that person, and this first suggested to him the idea of establishing himself comfortably in life by personating Martin Guerre, and becoming master of his property. Before attempting this, however, he secretly made himself acquainted with every possible particular, relative to the family and history of the man whose name he was about to assume. This step over, he boldly presented himself, and the issue was as we have seen. All these things Arnaud du Tilh confessed, after being sentenced to death for his crime. Previous to execution, he was doomed to walk through the streets of Artigues with his head and feet bare, a halter round his neck, and a lighted torch in his hand. As he performed this sentence, having latterly become penitent, he besought pardon of Martin Guerre and his wife, the persons whom he had most injured. In front of their house he was hanged—a retributive compliment of the law which they would most probably have been willing to dispense with. September 1560 was the date of his execution.

THE GATHERER.

FRENCH COFFEE.

Some twenty odd years ago, when the United States Military Academy was in its infancy—before mischief had given place to mathematics, quizzing to ethics, and infinite fun to infinite series; in those halcyon days when police was a trifle unworthy the notice of a gentleman, discipline a bug-bear, but not a thing to be enforced; when the science of mineralogy was no further pursued than in the choice of suitable stones for quoits, and botany was only studied among the branches of the lofty cherry-trees which garnished the front of "Old Snowden's Quarters" and ornamented Washington's romantic valley—when more attention was given to drawing a cork than a plan, and Masson's French was less heeded than his attempts to speak English—when Cadets were too scarce to be worked up into ramrods on parade, and worked down to rag-babies on drill—when a "master of the sword" was sought for but not found, and when quarters were "like angels visits few and far between"—and a "steward" an unknown thing—in those happy days, we say some half dozen of the cadets—there were but a few more at the Point at that time—became displeased with "Black George's" boarding—notwithstanding the charms of his youthful daughter, and manfully resolved to establish a mess on their own hooks, and club together to keep bachelor's hall in style.

"Old Hamilton," an Irishman and an invalid soldier, who was retained in the pay of the government to compensate him for his wounds, and who acted in the capacity of waiter to the "young gentlemen," was called upon to discharge the important function of "steward, cook and bottle-washer" for the mess. Poor Hamilton! the turf now rests upon his head—but there, while he did live and move, among men, no one of the blundering sons of "Green Erin" ever made more, or better practical bulls.

Cadet De R., a young French gentleman, like all of his countrymen was particularly fond of a cup of good coffee, and in this respect at least, he was determined not only to "rule the roast" but the boiling too. The unsophisticated youths of a West-Point mess were astonished with a dish of the precious beverage made after the most approved Paris method, and the weak Bohea of time immemorial forever discarded.

"Hamilton," said De R. one morning at the mess table, "when you next make coffee, instead of putting the coffee grounds loose into the pot, as you have been accustomed to do, enclose them in a bag first, and then be sure to boil them an hour at least. Do this always and we shall never fail to have a good, clear, strong cup of coffee."

"Yes, your honor," replied Hamilton. The next morning, however, notwithstanding the minute directions of De R. the coffee tasted—all said peculiar, and some almost swore, that it was confoundedly bad—and the cups remained full.

The presence of Hamilton was required. "Hamilton," the coffee tastes very badly this morning; was you careful to follow my directions in making it?"

"Yes, please your honor." "What can make it so then? Are you sure you used clean water?"

"Just cool from 'Old George's spring,' your honor."

"What sort of bag did you use to boil the grounds in?"

"Bag!—why please your honor, I cudn't find any thuff to make a very good bag wid, but I picked up a part of an old stocking about and tied it at one end, and boiled it in the coffee!"

"The d—l you did!" was the exclamation of the mess—and we came away: but ere we had gone far we heard a variety of noises, much resembling, as it appeared to us, the operations of the emetics of many Doctors on manifold patients; and the memory of De R.'s French Coffee will remain long after the ruins of Fort Putnam will have crumbled into their original dust.

ANOTHER CURIOSITY.—A friend has permitted us to copy the following letter from the antique original, now in his possession. The party to whom it was addressed was the traitor Benedict Arnold, and the writer was his mother. We have not at hand the means of ascertaining in what year Arnold was born, but he must have been a mere lad at the date of this venerable epistle:

Norwich, April 12, 1754.

dear child. I received yours of 1 instant and was glad to hear that you was well; pray my dear Let your first concern be to make your peace with God as it is of all concerns of ye greatest importance.

Keep a stedy watch over your thoughts, words and actions—be dutifull to superiors obliging to equals and affibel to inferiors if any such their be—allways chuse that your companions be your betters that by their good examples you may Learn. from your affectionate mother,

HANNAH ARNOLD.

P. S. I have sent you fifty shillings youse itt prudently as as you are accountabell to God and your father. your father and aunt joyns with me in Love and Servis to Mr. Cogswell and Ladey and your self, your sister is from home.

Addressed "To Mr.

BENEDICT ARNOLD.

att

Pr. Mr.

Cantabury."

THE PRINT OF GENERAL WASHINGTON.—James Heath, A. R. A. the excellent engraver, having, with great labor, completed his whole-length portrait of Washington, from the picture by Gilbert Stuart, (a print which was to have been published by subscription,) found himself in the predicament of having only seventy guineas subscribed. On complaining of this inadequate compensation, a printseller offered him one hundred guineas for the plate. This was disdainfully refused by Heath. On the evening of the day that he sent the plate to the printer, the news of the death of Washington arrived from America. This event so altered the state of affairs that impressions could not be produced fast enough for sale; and the artist's house was literally besieged for them. An American speculator, who came over in the ship that brought the intelligence, took two thousand impressions, and paid Heath two thousand guineas for them. The fortunate engraver cleared considerably above five thousand pounds by the happy decision of keeping the plate in his own possession. No one regretted his good luck, for it is a beautiful work of art; and is always reckon-

ed by continental artists and intelligent amateurs as a standard and sterling specimen of the art of engraving in England.

THE WIFE OF 'VIVIAN GREY'.—Mrs. D'Israeli was the widow of Mr. Wyndham Lewis, lately M. P. for Maidstone, whom she married while she was a mere child. Wyndham Lewis owns greater part of the town of Maidstone, and when D'Israeli, the novelist, wanted a seat in Parliament, Lewis had him returned with himself in 1837, for the borough. Last year Lewis died, leaving his widow an immense fortune. She is still a young woman, being only two years older than D'Israeli, who is not yet 34. She was smitten with D'Israeli, it is said, from the moment she first saw him, and when the year of widowhood was expired, gave him her hand and fortune. While D'Israeli was a mere author, he was not much courted, but now that he is a man of wealth the Carlton Club people play him off as a grand card. Thus wags the world.

SCENE IN THE MANAGER'S ROOM.

"(A knock at the door!)—'Come in; what is it?' cried the manager. 'Can you see Mr. Fatton?'—'What Mr. Fatton?' The master of the supernumeraries.' 'Send him in.' 'Now, Fatton what is the matter? Make haste for I am busy.' 'Sir there is a strike with the children in the theatre.' 'So there ought to be, Mr. Fatton, if you did your duty properly and kept a birch rod.' 'Yes, sir; but all their fathers and mothers come on me, and threaten to punch my head; now, you know it is not my fault.' 'Well, what is the strike as you call it?' 'The girls who are to fly in the new ballet won't have the wires affixed to them, unless they are raised to eighteenpence a-night; their mothers won't let, them endanger their lives under that sum! Now, sir, we should be in a great scrape at night, if this were to happen; worse than we were in at the other house, with the boys in the storm.' 'What was that, Fatton?' 'Didn't you hear that sir? Oh, there were sixty boys, who stood on the stage under a very large canvass, painted to represent the sea. Now, these boys were placed alternately, and were to rise and fall, first gradually, and then violently, to represent the motion of the waves in a storm; and in the three first nights of the piece it had a powerful effect; but after that, the manager reduced the water-rate that is to say, he lowered the salary of each wave to six pence per night. The boys took their places under the canvass sea; and when the prompter gave the signal for the storm, the water was stagnant; instead of the ship striking, it was the waves that struck. The sub-manager, in a fury, inquired the cause, when the principal billow said, 'We won't move a peg unless you pay us a shilling a-night, for it wears out our corduroys so.' 'Well, Fatton, promise the girls eightpence; but I will be even with them; I will keep them dangling in the sky-borders in a thorough draught all the night. Tell them so.'—(Exit Fatton.)—Heads of the People.

IMPORTANCE OF CORRECT PUNCTUATION.

The contract made for lighting the town of Liverpool, during the year 1819, was thrown void by the misplacing of a comma in the advertisements—thus: "The lamps at present are about 4050, and have in general two spouts each, composed of not less than twenty threads of cotton." The contractor would have proceeded to furnish each lamp with the said twenty threads; but this being but half the usual quantity, the commissioners discovered that the difference arose from the comma following instead of preceding the word each. The parties agreed to annul the contract and a new one was ordered.

LAUGHTER.—Why is it when a man is excessively pleased, he contracts all the muscles of his face, squirms his eyes, stretches his mouth, and gives a convulsive haw haw! What is the philosophy of it? why does he do it? and what good does it do him? Man is the only creature that ever laughs. When a dog is pleased, it shakes its tail. We can't see the philosophy of that either.—Sunday Mercury.

THE BITER BITTEN.

A man in the dress of a workman was lately walking in the streets of Berlin with a packet in his hand, sealed with five seals, and inscribed with an address, and a note that it contained one hundred thalers in treasury bills. As the bearer appeared to be at a loss, he was accosted by a passenger, who asked him what he was looking for. The simple countryman placed the packet in the inquirer's hands, and requested that he would read the address. The reply was made as with an agreeable surprise. "Why! this letter is for me; I have been expecting it for a long while!" The messenger upon this demanded ten thalers for the carriage of the packet, which was readily paid, with a liberal addition to the porter. The new possessor of the packet hastened to to an obscure corner to examine his prize, but on breaking the seals, found nothing but a few sheets of blank paper, on which was written "Done."

Miss Sophia, will you favor me with a song?" Oh! no, Mr. Senior, I never sing." "I think I have heard you." "But I have such a cold." Singing is good for a cold." And then my wrist is lame." "It will cure it." "I have forgot all my music." "Can you not recollect one piece?" "It is some time since I practiced." "Were you not playing as I entered?" "Only drumming." "Well, drum me a tune then." After telling about twenty more lies, the lady plays. Now, this is altogether wrong. If the young gentleman is poor, and the lady don't want to play, let her just say so. But if he is a rich simpleton, let her just get up, set herself at the piano, and go it. That's the way.—*Bachelor's Button.*

BONAPARTE'S LONGING FOR IMMORTALITY.

I have already mentioned that Bonaparte was rather talkative, when travelling; but, as we were passing through Burgundy, on our return to Paris from Marengo, he said exultingly, "Well, a few more events like this campaign, and I may go down to posterity." "I think," replied I, "that you have already done enough to secure great and lasting fame." "Yes," replied he, "I have done enough it is true. In less than two years I have won Cairo, Paris and Milan, but, for all that, my dear fellow, were I to die to-morrow, I should not, at the end of ten centuries, occupy half a page of general history." He was right. Many ages pass before the eye in the course of half an hour's reading; and the duration of a reign or of a life is but the affair of a moment. In an historical summary, a page suffices to describe all the conquests of Alexander and Caesar, and all the devastation of Timur and Ghengis Khan. We are, indeed, acquainted with only the least portion of past events. Is it worth while to desolate the world for so slight a memorial?—*Bourrienne's memoirs.*

A person pointed out a man who had profusion of rings on his fingers to a cooper. "Ah, master," said the artisan, "it a sure sign of weakness when so many hoops are used."

A Down-Easter advertises for a wife in the following manner:—"Any gal what's got a cow, a feather bed with comfortable fixin's, five hundred dollars in hard pewter; one that's had the measles and understands tendin' children, can find a customer for life, by writin' a small *hilly dury*, addressed to Q. Z., and stickin' it in a crack of uncle Ebenezer's barn, back side, joinin' the hog-pen."

The wife of a German living on Fell's Point, Baltimore, recently arrived in this country, presented her husband a few days since with four children at a birth.

ALBANY.—"Fifty-seven years ago," said the venerable Gov. Morgan Lewis, sitting a few days since in our counting-room, "I sold this lot (the Exchange,) to James Bloodgood for £300. We were just out of the revolution, and I was glad to get so much for the property." The lot cost the Exchange Company four years ago, \$129,600. Such is the progress of things since our fathers were "just out of the revolution."—*Argus.*

AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER.

ALBANY, SATURDAY, JULY 4, 1840.

THE GRAND ENCAMPMENT OF KNIGHT TEMPLARS, of the State of New York, held their annual communication, at the Howard House, in the city of New York, on the 5th and 6th of last month. The representatives of: Columbian, Temple, Utica, Merton, Genesee, and Clinton Encampments, together with a large number of sojourning Knights were present on the occasion.

A petition from the Officers and members of Genesee Encampment, No. 10, requesting leave to have its location removed from Batavia to Lockport was received, and was referred with certain powers to Sir James Herring, Grand Prelate of the Grand Encampment.

It was resolved, that Temple Encampment, No. 2 of Albany, have power to proceed to the election and installation of their Officers for the ensuing year, at any time within three months from this time.

Sir Knight R. R. Boyd, offered the following amendment to the constitution of the Grand Encampment, which is to lie upon the table, until the next annual communication.

Resolved, That Section 7th, Article 1st commencing with the words, "but no warrant or dispensation for any Council or Encampment shall be issued to form such body within the distance of thirty miles of any regular constituted Council or Encampment, except in the city of New York and its vicinity," be and the same is hereby repealed."

Sir Ezra S. Barnum, M. E. Grand Master, stated that during the recess of this Grand Encampment, he had received a petition from a constitutional number of Sir Knights residing at Troy, N. Y., for an Encampment to be held at that place, and had granted a dispensation to the petitioners to hold an Encampment at the city of Troy, dated 12th August, called the Apollo Encampment, who had commenced their labors.

Sir Joel G. Candee, one of the petitioners, being present, made returns, and paid the dues of said Apollo Encampment, and a report of their proceedings since the receipt of their dispensation, and returned the same with a petition from that body for a charter; when, after a lengthy debate, it was

Resolved, That the dispensation granted in good faith, by the M. E. Grand Master of this Grand Encampment, on the 12th August, 1839, to Apollo Encampment, at Troy, which was surrendered this evening by Sir J. G. Candee, be returned to that Encampment, to remain in full force and virtue, until the next Annual Communication of this Grand Encampment.

A communication from Lafayette Encampment No. 7, at the city of Hudson, whose labors had been suspended, praying for a reorganization, was read, and referred to certain officers to act formally thereon.

The Grand Encampment then proceeded to the election of its officers, which resulted as follows:

Sir Ezra S. Barnum, of Utica, M. E. Grand Master.	
— Richard Ellis, of New York, " D. G. Master.	
— Ebenezer Mix, of Batavia, " Grand G'me.	
— John O. Cole, of Albany, " G. C. General.	
— W. F. Walker, of Troy, " Grand Prelate.	
— Lewis DeForest, of N. York, " G. S. Warden.	
— James Millar, of N. York, " G. J. Warden.	
— Sylvester Spencer, of N. York " G. Recorder.	
— Robert R. Boyd, of N. York, " G. Treasurer.	
— Joseph P. Pirson, of N. York " G. Warder.	
— Thomas Dugan, of N. York, " G. S. Bearer.	
— G. L. Thatcher, of Brooklyn, " G. S. Bearer.	
— Gerrit Lansing, of New York, " G. Sentinel.	

FOURTH OF JULY.—We are glad to see that this year Albany is determined not to be behind her neighbors in doing honor to our National Anniversary. The Military and Civic arrangements are all made on a liberal scale and in good taste—several new banners will be displayed. The ceremonies will take place at the Pearl-st. Methodist Church, where a brother printer, Mr. George Vance, will read the Declaration, and U. Marvin, jr. deliver the oration.

The YOUNG MEN also have shown a fine spirit in making arrangements for their celebration. Poem, Oration, Odes, Music and Badges, have all been prepared expressly for the occasion. Among the Odes, we recognise one written in the happy style of our young and esteemed correspondent Flora. The Declaration will be pronounced by B. Spelman, the Poem by T. H. Cushman and the Oration by R. Pruyn.—For their Poet, the young men could not have made a better selection than Mr. C. whose abilities have frequently been made evident in his correspondence with us. Mr. Pruyn is likewise well known for his literary merit.

The exercises of the Association, will take place at Dr. Campbell's church.

We regret that our typographical friends are not to be found in the procession. They, above all others, should hunker a day, which the immortal FRANKLIN helped so materially to make. There is no excuse.

COM. ELLIOTT—Has been acquitted, if we are to judge from the fact that his sword has been returned to him, by the president of the court martial. We are sorry for it. Four fifths of his countrymen look upon him as a very small pattern for an American Commodore; and a better man could fill his place with full as much honor to the navy or the country.

EMIGRANTS.—This year promises to surpass all its predecessors in the number of emigrants. At Quebec, alone, the number to June 20th, exceeds by 11,000 those up to this time last year. A large portion, at this city, are Germans of a better class—neat and comfortable in their apparel, and most of them bright and cheerful in their looks, and with ready money in their pockets.

ESCAPE.—Lett who was tried at Oswego, for setting fire to the steam boat Great Britain, and who was sentenced to 7 years imprisonment, escaped from a rail road car, while under the charge of the sheriff. The sheriff has offered \$100 for his apprehension, to which Gov. Seward, has added \$250 more.

The General Bankrupt Bill, which has been pending before Congress, has at length passed the Senate, by a vote of 21 to 19.

For the last eight weeks, other occupations have kept us from the Register; so that whatever has appeared in its columns entitled to praise or censure, belong to another. We make this remark in justice to all concerned.

We anticipate our publication of this week, several hours in order to give the carriers of the paper, the full enjoyment of our national holiday.

The Milledgeville Federal Union announces the death of the Hon. Wm. G. Springer, one of Georgia's distinguished men. He expired at his residence at Rotherwood, Carroll county, on the 15th inst.

Natchez is going up again. They are building rapidly, and several houses, at the last accounts, were open and doing business. The streets are nearly cleared, and improvements are to be seen in every direction.

The people of the United States consume about eight million pounds of tea per annum.

The news of Father Matthew's temperance labors for Ireland, has reached the factory city of Lowell, Mass., where the Catholic clergyman, Mr. McDermot, administered the pledge, some days since, to over 500 of his congregation.

THE BANKRUPT BILL.—A remonstrance against the bill now before the House of Representatives, has been sent from New York, bearing the names, according to the *Journal of Commerce*, of "a large proportion of the solvent and active merchants of the city."

Anecdote of Napoleon.—In 1797, before signing the preliminaries of peace between the French Republic and the Emperor of Germany, when the French army had nearly overrun the country, the Emperor sent to Bonaparte three nobles of his court as hostages. The French General received them with distinction, invited them to dinner, and said to them after it, "Gentlemen, you are free. Go, tell your Master, that if his imperial word has need of a pledge, you cannot serve me, and ought not to serve him."

Intelligence

Death of Six Hundred Slaves by Suffocation.—The Cape of Good Hope Shipping List received by the last arrival, says the London Morning Post, contains the following dreadful account of the loss of 700 slaves, and subsequent wreck of the slave:—"The last accounts from the Mozambique states that two slaves, one a ship and the other a brig, were wrecked in Mozambique harbor, during a hurricane from the southeast, but the crews of both, and 200 slaves on board the brig, were saved. The ship had arrived the preceding day, and had not taken in any slaves. It was reported of the brig, which was commanded by a Spaniard, that she originally had on board 900 slaves, but during a hurricane (in the prosecution of her voyage,) the hatches were battened down, and on opening them after the hurricane had subsided, it was discovered that 300 of the slaves had died from suffocation and want of food. The gale recommencing, the hatches were battened down a second time, the consequence of which was an additional 300 slaves perished from the same causes, and 100 of the remaining 300 slaves died on the passage to Mozambique harbor, whither she repaired for the purpose of getting a further supply.

SHEEP.—In the town of Shoreham, Vt., there are 26,584 sheep. In this State there are three towns having over 30,000 each—viz:—

Washington, Dutchess Co.	34,367
Avon, Livingston Co.	33,380
Hoosick, Rensselaer Co.	37,807

In the whole State of New York there are 4,209,870, and in fourteen of the states there are 12,897,638 sheep—yielding nearly 42 millions pounds of wool, valued in 1836 (from average of 18 years) at \$21,168,000.

Three days and a half from Chicago.—The *Cleveland*, Capt. Hart, left the above port at nine o'clock on Saturday morning, made ten landings (including *Cleveland* where she tarried five hours) and arrived here this morning at two o'clock.—*Buffalo Com. Adv.*

Spontaneous Combustion.—The ship *Arab*, of Boston, with a cargo of about 2300 bales of cotton, and nearly ready for sea, was destroyed at Mobile on the evening of the 18th ult. by spontaneous combustion. The lard and grease used by the stevedores in screwing in the cotton, has been the means whereby this large amount is lost to the owners and underwriters.

Melancholy Occurrence.—Drowned at Schodack Landing, Rensselaer county, on the 23d inst, William Colegrove, an industrious, just, honest and upright citizen. It may emphatically be said of him, he departed this life without an enemy. Mr. C. this spring received the nomination and was elected Collector for the town of Stuyvesant, Columbia county. He has left a wife and child to lament his untimely end.—*Argus.*

Another Fatal Rencontre.—In a personal rencontre at or near Dadeville, Tallapoosa county, Florida, a few days since, a Mr. Butler was killed and his antagonist, name not recollected, mortally wounded.

New mode of "turning an honest penny."—A little boy in Boston has been induced to try the experiment of selling iced water at one cent a glass! The first day he sold 89 glasses, the second 184, and the third 201, making 474 glasses in three days. The ice having cost 25 cents, he cleared about \$1 50 a day.

Hooked to Death.—On the 12th instant, Mr. Sumner Williams, of Chester Mass., was hooked by one of his oxen, while driving them. The wound was so severe as to cause his death the next day. His age was 41 years.

Painful Intelligence.—A letter received at Philadelphia from Harrisburgh on Saturday mentions the reception at that place of the painful intelligence that the Hon. Samuel McKean, late U. S. Senator for Pennsylvania, attempted suicide in a fit of insanity on Tuesday last, at his residence in McKean county, by cutting his throat with a razor. Although McKean was alive when the letter giving the information was written, yet, it is added, there was not the slightest prospect of his surviving many hours.

Look out for five dollar bills on the Chemical Bank, altered from ones. We were shown one yesterday with the figure 5 so neatly pasted on as to require the closest examination to detect the cheat.—*N. Y. Star.*

FOR RENT

On Monday evening last, by the Rev. T. Seymour, Mr. Henry B. Hall esq., of Marshall, Michigan (late of New Baltimore), to Miss Caroline Reaga, of this city.

DIED

On Monday morning, Elizabeth, youngest daughter of the late Benjamin V. Clench.

On the morning of the 26th inst., Mrs. Ann Elizabeth, wife of Azor Taber, Esq., and daughter of the late Gen. Paul Todd, aged 25 years.

Suddenly, in this city on Tuesday evening last. Mr. Harman Hardaway, teacher of district school No. 7. In this city, the 26th inst. Frederick P. James 42 years.

In this city, on the 27th inst. Ben Atkins, aged 43. In this city yesterday, Sarah M. infant daughter of James M. Brown.

Tuesday afternoon, after a short illness of apoplexy, James Merrifield, in the 52nd year of his age.

On the 19th inst. at his residence in the town of Sterling, Cayuga co., Robert Hilton, late of New Scotland, Albany co. in the 54th year of his age.

In the town of Gorham, Ontario county, on Sunday the 21st inst., after a lingering illness, Mr. Silas Walker, in the 74th year of his age. He was only brother to Willard Walker, esq., and father to Mrs. Wm. Macraist of this city.

At Hartford, Ct., on the 25th inst. Mrs. Delia Williams, wife of the Hon. Chief Justice Williams, in the 52d year of her age.

At Schenectady on the 27th ult., Simeon Woodruff of Charlton, Saratoga co., aged 74.

On the 22d ult., in New York, John W. Oakley, esq., formerly of Poughkeepsie, in the 53d year of his age.

In Goshen, suddenly on the 15th ult., Mr. William Sayre, aged about 58 years.

In Marion, Wayne co., Hon. David Eddy, one of the judges of the county, aged 66.

At Mount Holly, N. J. on Saturday the 20th ult. Hon. William Russel, aged 80 years.

CALENDAR OF COMMUNICATIONS.

EACH MONTH.		
NAME.	PLACE.	TIME.
Temple Encampment,	Albany	2d Friday.
Temple R. A. Chapter,	Albany	2d & 4th Tuesday.
Mount Vernon Lodge	Albany	1st & 3d Thursday.
Temple Lodge,	Albany	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Apollo Lodge,	Troy	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Apollo Chapter,	Troy	2d & 4th Tuesday.
Apollo Encampment,	Troy	3d Monday.
Evening Star Lodge,	West Troy	1st Wednesday.
Phoenix Lodge,	Lansingburg	1st & 3d Thursday.
Olive Branch	Bethany Geol.	1st Wednesday.
Genesee Encampment,	Lockport N.Y.	
Ohio Lodge, No 101,	Wheeling, Va.	1st Monday.
Wheeling Chapter, 19,	"	2d Thursday.
Wheeling Encampment	"	3d Monday ev. o month.
Washington Council,	"	1st Saturday.
Utica Lodge, 47,	Utica,	1st Thursday.
Oneida Chapter, 67,	"	1st Thursday.
Utica Encampment, 3	"	3d Tuesday.
Mount Moriah,	Louisville, Ky.	1st & 3d Saturday, p. f.
Louisville Encampment	do	4th Saturday.
Council 8 & R. Masters	do	Quarterly
King Solomon's chapter	do	2d Saturday.
Memphis Chapter,	Memphis Tenn.	3d Monday.
Memphis Lodge,	Memphis Tenn.	2d Tuesday.

AUTHORISED AGENTS.

The following Brethren have kindly offered to act as Agents for the American Masonic Register. They are duly authorized to receive subscriptions and monies on its account.

William Boardman, New York City.
Tallmage Fairchild, Coxsackie.
Joel D. Smith, Castleton.
James Test, Coeymans.
S. C. Leggett, Troy.
S. D. Smith, Lansingburgh.
Joseph Blackburn, Poughkeepsie.
John S. Weed, West Greenfield.
Ebenezer Mix, Batavia.
Blanchard Powers, Cowsville.
James Cavanaugh, Watertown.
James McKain, Lockport.
C. R. Vary, Borodino.
Francis P. Milo, Kingston, U. C.
Philo W. Stocking, Wheeling, Va.
Thomas J. Welby, Louisville, Kentucky.

MASONIC APRONS.—Those Brethren desiring Aprons for either of the Degrees of MASTER, MARK or R. ARCH, can obtain them, splendidly engraved on Satin, by applying at this Office, at a price adapted to the times.—May, 1840.

THE MASONIC REGISTER.—For the year of Masonry 1840; containing a correct list of the Officers of the Grand Lodge and Subordinate Lodges, Chapters, Encampments, &c. of N. York, and its vicinity, with their times and places of meeting &c. &c.—for sale at this Office, price 25 cents.—May 16.

NEW BOOKS, received at W. C. LITTLE'S Bookstore.

Rauch's Psychology, or View of the Soul.
Shakespeare and his Times, by Nathan Drake.
Guizot's Civilization of Europe.
Miss Sinclair's Scotland and the Scotch.
Madame de Staël's Italy, in French.
Hoffman's Chancery Practice, vol. 3d.
Franklin's Life and Works, by Sparks.
Hallam's Literature of Europe.
The French Revolution, by M. Thiers.
All the late novels and periodicals.

THE Edinburgh Quarterly Review for April, 1840—Contents:—Sir Walter Raleigh; Deer Stalking; British and American Navies; Mrs. Beddington's Poems; Walpole and Contemporaries; Bolingbroke; Windham; Fulleney; Works of the author of Natural History of Enthusiasm; Court and Camp of Runjeet Sing; Present state and conduct of parties; List of new publications in Great Britain from January to April 1840. Terms, \$3 per annum. Subscriptions received by

W. C. LITTLE, corner of State st.

STEEL PENS.—New Patents.—The Coronation Pen, the best Damascus steel.

The Queen's Own Pen, by Gillott.
Prince Albert's Own Pen, by Gillott.
The Tippecanoe Steel Pen, American.
The United States Government Pen.
Gillott's Old English Baronial Pen.
Jacob's Bank and Mercantile Pen.
Gillott's Damascus Double Barrel Pen.
Also Warren's, Pardow's and Perry's Patent Perryan Pen, all the varieties; for sale by

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THE AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER,

Is Published every Saturday, by L. G. HOFFMAN, Corner of South Market and Division Sts. Albany.

TERMS.—To city subscribers, *Two Dollars and Fifty Cents* a year. To subscribers who receive their papers by mail, *Two Dollars*, payable on the receipt of the 4th Number. No subscription received for less term than one year. Back numbers at all times furnished.

"A post master may enclose money in a letter to the publisher of a newspaper, to pay the subscription of third person; and FRANK the letter, if written by him self."

POETRY.

For the American Masonic Register.
YOUTH AND DEATH.

I have thought it hard, that the young should die,
And leave the beautiful earth,
While the sky was bright, and their hopes were high,
And their hearts were light with mirth.

I have shuddered and shrunk, at the thought of death,
In days that are now long past,
And was fearful sometimes, to draw a breath,
For fear, that 'twould be the last.

I have looked on the earth, with a charmed eye,
For it was so very fair,
And, listen'd entranc'd, to its minstrelsy,
Floating soft on the breezy air.

As I looked my heart with a with'ring grief,
Has swell'd, with many a sigh,
To think that the fairest, should be most brief
That beauty should fade and die.

Whil'st I clung to life, I knew I must die,
For those that I loved had died,
I knew that like them, I must shortly lie;
The dead in the grave, beside.

With terrors and fears, my soul was oppress'd,
My spirit was bow'd low,
And peace, sweet peace, was never a guest,
In my heart so sad with woe.

To be shut away, from the beautiful light,
Was to me, a fearful doom,
To die, and go down, to the long, long night,
Of the dark, and dismal tomb.

But I found a balm, for my wounded breast,
Precious, and freely given,
For my wearied spirit, I have found a rest,
That rest, remaineth in heaven.

Though I love the earth, and all beautiful things,
And cherish them fondly yet,
The flower that blooms, and the bird that sings,
And the murmur'ing rivulet,

I cling to them not, but I long to soar,
To that brighter world on high,
For this earth, is to me a rest no more,
My home is beyond the sky.

ELVENE.

Mr. Hoffman.—The following beautiful lines written by a late resident of Albany, on a visit to the Monument Mountain, deserve a place in the Register. I believe they have appeared in the Massachusetts Eagle, but I received a copy in manuscript from the author.

MONUMENT MOUNTAIN.

Father in Heaven! I thank thee for this hour,
My spirit yields new homage to the power
That formed these heights, and (oh, not less,)
Spread all around such scenes of loveliness.
Around me, rocks in wild confusion lie,
Or tower aloft in frowning majesty;
Loose as just scattered by that mighty hand,
At whose slight beck the mountains fall or stand;
While far adown the smiling vale beneath,
The young flowers open, and the wild vines wreath,
And fields all blossoming 'neath the summer sky,
And bright green hills that far beyond them lie;
And further still, mountains successive rise,
Whose azure summits mingle with the skies;
'Neath willowed banks, as if in mimic play,
The Housatonic threads its graceful way,
Where white-browed villages, with churches crowned
And low-roofed cottages are scattered round.
Oh, when these beautiful scenes shall fade away,
Before the terrors of the last great day,
In that blessed "Rock," which thou hast "cleft for me,"

Dear Saviour, "let me hide" and dwell with thee.
Monument Mountain, May, 1840. HARRIET.

From the Mississippi Christian Herald.

TIME.

Oh thou whose awful wings unfurl'd
Across the waste of darkness broad,

And sweep along this subject world
With desolating progress rude;
Why dost thou on thy dreary flight
So fastly down the stream of years?
Dark in thy course as death and night,
As heedless of thy victim's tears.

Sweep on—sweep on! thine awful course
Shall soon be set in fearful gloom,
And thy last echoes, wild and hoarse,
Be heard on Nature's tomb.
Then must thou curb thy daring wing,
And furl thy pinions in dismay;
Creation's dying shriek shall sing
The dirge that tells thy fading day.

Child of eternity! once more
Shall she receive thee to her breast,
And on her undistinguish'd shore,
Thy glories and thy power shall rest!
Lost in the wide and boundless sea
That ne'er shall feel, or tide, or flow,
What hope shall then remain to thee,
Stretch'd by the latest tempest's blow!

Secure from thee, and all thy powers,
Shall men pursue the endless years,
When bliss shall crown his glorious hours,
Or darkness whelm him with her fears.
Eternity of joy shall bloom
For him in Heaven's ecstatic plain,
Or hell shall open in central gloom
Her long eternity of pain.

LOST FEELINGS.

BY ROBERT MONTGOMERY.

Weep not because our beauty wears
Beneath the wings of Time,
And age contracts the brow with care
That once was raised sublime!

Weep not because the beamless eye
No dumb delight can speak:
And fresh and fair no longer lie
Joy-tints upon the cheek.

No! weep not that the ruin-trace
Of wasting Time is seen
Around the form, and in the face,
Where beauty's bloom has been.

But weep the inward wreck we feel,
As hoary years depart;
And Time's effacing fingers steal
Young feelings from the heart!

Those joyous thoughts that rise and spring
From out the buoyant mind,
Like summer bees upon the wing,
Or echoes on the wind.

The hopes that waken every hour,
Like blossoms from a soul,
Where sorrow sheds no blighting power,
And care has no control.

And all the rich enchantment thrown
On life's fair scene around,
As if the world within a zone
Of happiness were bound.

Oh! these endure a mournful doom,
As day by day they die—
Till age becomes a barren tomb,
Where withered feeling lie!

THE EXHIBITED DWARF.

BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

I lay without my father's door,
A wretched dwarfish boy;
I did not dare to lift the latch,—
I heard the voice of joy;
Too well I knew when I was near,
My father never smiled;
And she who bore me turned me away,
Abhorring her poor child.

A Stranger saw me, and he bribed
My parents with his gold;
Oh! deeper shame awaited me—
The dwarfish boy was sold!

They never loved me, never claimed
The love I could have felt;
And yet, with bitter tears I left
The cottage where they dwelt.

The stranger seemed more kind to me,
He spoke of brighter days;
He lured each slumbering talent forth,
And gave unwonted praise:
Unused to smiles, how ardently
I panted for applause!
And daily he instructed me—
To soon I learned the cause.

I stood upon his native shore;
The secret was explained;
I was a vile, degraded slave,
In mind and body chained!
Condemned to face, day after day,
The rabble's ruffian gaze;
To shrink before their merriment,
Or blush before their praise!

In anguish I must still perform
The oft repeated task;
And courteously reply to all
Frivolity may ask;
And bear inhuman scrutiny,
And hear the hateful jest!
And sing the song,—then crawl away
To tears instead of rest!

I know I am diminutive,
Aye, loathsome, if you will;
But say, ye hard hearts! am I not
A human being still?
With feelings sensitive as yours,
Perhaps I have been born;
I could not wound a fellow man
In mockery, or scorn!

But some there are who seem to shrink
Away from me at first,
And then speak kindly; to my heart
That trial is the worst!
Oh, then I long to kneel to them,
Imploring them to save
A hopeless wretch, who only asks
An honorable grave.

Blackwood's Magazine.

THE POOR MAN'S SONG.

[FROM ULAND.]

A poor man, poorer none, am I,
And walk the world alone,
Yet do I call a spirit free,
And cheerful heart my own.

A gleesome child I play'd about
My dear, dear parents' hearth,
But grief has fallen upon my path,
Since they are laid in earth,

I see rich garden's round me bloom,
I see the golden grain,
My path is bare and barren all,
And trod with toil and pain.

And yet, though sick at heart, I'll stand
Where happy faces throng,
And wish good-morrow heartily
To all that pass along.

A bounteous God! Thou leav'st me not
To comfortless despair;
There come a gentle balm from heaven
For every child of care.

Still in each dell thy sacred house
Points mutely to the sky,
The organ and the choral song
Arrest each passer by.

Still shine the sun, the moon the stars,
With blessing even on me,
And when the evening bell rings out,
Then Lord, I speak with thee.

One day shall to the good disclose
Thy halls of joy and rest,
Then in my wedding robes ever I
Shall seat me as thy guest.

AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER

AND LITERARY COMPANION.

BY L. G. HOFFMAN.]

ALBANY, SATURDAY, JULY 11. 1840.

[VOL. I.—NO. 45.]

MASONIC.

MASONIC ORATION.

Delivered before the Vincennes Royal Arch Chapter and Lodge by Companion L. S. SHULER.

COMPANIONS AND BRETHREN.—It is with no common diffidence that I appear before you, as your organ to commemorate the virtues of one of the most splendid luminaries of our order.

Not a speaker by education or profession, and much less so by practice, I feel myself but poorly qualified to discharge the important duties this day assigned me. I say important, for the subject which ought on this day to engage our attention, the attention of every Mason, wherever he may be; and of course the subject upon which I ought to address you, concerns the dearest interest of man; his welfare here and eternal happiness hereafter.

Conscious of my inability to point out with clearness and precision the path that leads to the attainment of the greatest sum of human happiness, I cannot but regret that the task of addressing you, had not fallen to the lot of a more able and experienced speaker.

Suffer me however, to address you in the plain language of truth, and if my sentiments are not clothed in the rich dress of eloquence, or my ideas arranged in the most methodical manner, I still hope I shall offer some observations that will meet your approbation.

Festivals are instituted for the purpose of showing our gratitude for past favors, or to commemorate some particular and important event, and by an animated view of the past to excite to the strongest exertions for the future.

On this day of Masonic gladness it will be useful for us to direct our attention to the particular features that characterize the day we celebrate and its peculiar consequences in which we rejoice.

This day is a festival consecrated to reason and to all the moral and social virtues, and dedicated to the first Order, whose constituent principles are those of charity, and whose objects are the equal good of a collective universe: and it is a festival sacred to render our devout acknowledgment to the Supreme Architect of the universe for the blessings we enjoy, and to entertain a continuance of his favors.

It is a festival consecrated to the enlivening anticipation when man shall cease to strive against man, when the necessity of coercive government shall be done away, and when the scattered sons of men shall be formed into one all-glorious and celestial Lodge above.

Perhaps at no former period could the Mason look back with such proud satisfaction as at the present, viewing the principles of his Order rising transcendent above the obstacles of time, removing the desolating effects of ignorance and barbarity, guiding man thro' a long period of successive ages to the temple of bliss, and scattering co-extensive with his existence, the seeds of brotherly love and affection. Nor at no former period have the brethren of the mystic tie been permitted to prosecute their labors in the cause of afflicted humanity with as little opposition from the wild inconsistencies of furious fanaticism, or the blind intemperate zeal of bigotry and superstition as at the present.

Perhaps too, at no former period could the Mason

look forward with such bright anticipations to the time when the principles of his Order would rise above the opposition of ignorance and prejudice, when in despite of the impotent attempts of power he would behold the whole human family enjoying the benefits of his Order displayed in the blessed effects of union, brotherly love and charity.

In searching the records of our Order, and comparing the limited though brilliant light of Masonry, that occasionally shone through the dark gloom that enveloped the earth with the broad and splendid blaze that gives light and life to the present era, we find abundant materials to fill our breasts with the sublimest gratitude, the purest joy, and the most enlivening hope.

At no period in the history of the world has man been wholly deserted by the illuminating rays of Masonry—but we oft shall find her towering genius pent up within the narrow limits of a kingdom, confined within the walls of a city, or mourning in the cloisters of a convent; and if she occasionally broke through the universal ignorance that covered the earth, it was like the transient flash of lightning that bursts from the lowering cloud, darting its brilliant light through the heavens and vanishes, serving only to make "darkness visible."

At present, whichever way we turn our eyes, to whatever quarter of the globe we direct our attention, we behold the rays of light, the truths of Masonry asserting their empire. We now behold the true knowledge of the Supreme Architect of the universe, and of the arts and sciences carried to every portion of the globe, and from the darkest and most ignorant corners bursting with superior effulgence.

To the Mason this must be truly gratifying, for by it among every nation and every people is planted the first principles of his Craft, the rudiments of his Order. We behold man breaking the iron fetters of superstition and bigotry, and by one mighty effort of the mind exerting the prerogative of nature, dictating the law of reason, and abolishing the fiery ordeal of the inquisition—we behold the march of mind rising transcendently to her destined goal, the emancipation of man from the fetters of mental bondage. We need not, however, search for new and uncommon causes for joy and festivity.

On this day the Mason looks back with pleasure to that glorious morn when the day sprang from on high, when light separated from darkness, when order arose out of confusion, when, by the Almighty fiat, a world sprang into existence. He sees the genius of Masonry hovering over the works of creation; he beholds her employed in mitigating the evils of disobedience, in assuaging the calamities of her favorite man, and rendering him comfortable in a world of sorrow and pain. He beholds her following the footsteps of the miserable exile, whispering in his ear the sweets of consolation and the joys of hope, instructing him in the arts of life, and teaching him the benefits of social union. He views Masonry collecting the most valuable secrets of the world, and when the justice of angry God threatened the extermination of the human family, he sees her preserving them from the shocks of the deluge for the future benefit of the solitary exempts.

Ought not such reflections to fill the mind of the Mason with sentiments of the most unbounded gratitude to his Great Omniscient Master?

Nor are these the only prominent causes of Masonic festivity. In scanning the course of human events;

in tracing the history of man from his transgression down to the present period, the Mason observes a continued succession of important events, rising one above another each tending to elevate man to his original state of purity and happiness, and to place him in the Grand Lodge above.

No matter whether we behold him borne triumphantly on the waves of the deluge, or humbly receiving in the wilderness the express law of his Supreme Master, whether we view him receiving instructions and constructing the ark of the covenant, or proudly laying the foundation and erecting the temple of the most high, we can still discern the hand of our Grand Master guiding us to the temple of bliss until with dazzling splendor the prince of meekness bursts upon our feeble vision clothed in all the charms of regenerating Christianity. We now behold the Grand Master of the Lodge below descending from his throne on high, taken upon himself the fallen estate of sinful man, descending into the grave, carrying with him the sins of the exiled family and rising again to his heavenly abode. A way is now opened to the Grand lodge above; man is linked to his Creator: through the medium of his God, the Saviour, he ascends to the temple above; the grand work of Masonry is completed. Must not such reflections cause the Mason to rejoice?

The Mason also finds a great and important cause for festivity in the immutability of his Order, the unchangeable nature of his principles and the absolute certainty of the correctness of his knowledge.

He beholds his Order enthroned in the heart of man, deriving life and energy from his intellectual faculties, and so interwoven with his existence, that they cannot be separated. Supported by the omnipotent hand of Deity, and guided by the unerring light of revealed religion, she is as immutable as the laws of order. Founded upon the rock of truth, established in the human mind, her power is the throne of reason; the duration of her empire the existence of man.

His principles drawn from the great book of nature, conformable to laws of the universe, and expounded by the revealed will of the Supreme Architect the Mason views as unchangeable as the firmament of heaven.

Here then is seen the great source of Masonic festivity; here we behold causes that to the mystic brother must produce the most enlivening sensation: we behold Freemasonry derived from the order of nature, from the dictates of reason, and from the express precepts of Holy Writ. Surely it is of divine origin, eternal as truth, perfect as light, and permanent as the principles of justice.

It is not however, wholly from a view of the past, that the Mason derives all his proud satisfaction. Engaged in the most elevating schemes of human felicity accomplishing the task assigned him below, and completing the full measure of love, he looks forward with the brightest anticipations to the period when his labors shall be completed; when his body shall have put off this mortal evil; when the light of immortality shall illumine his path, and guide him in safety through the pilgrimage of death; when he shall stand before the all-seeing eye, and be found possessed of the essential words and signs to be admitted into the tabernacle of eternal rest.

We likewise hope that when our objects are rightly understood, we shall be joined in festivity, by the benevolent good of all mankind. We rest assured that

when the empire of reason is completely established, when bigotry and superstition are banished from the minds of men, and when the spirit of free toleration shall prevail universally, the Masonic order will be hailed as the harbinger of peace, and the true fountain of all brotherly love and affection. And we think when it is known that the illustrious Mason, whose memory we this day commemorate, was not only a chief of our Order, but likewise a constellation in the church of the Christian that the most illiberal will be divested of their prejudices. Nor is it a less source of gratification, that the religion we all profess to believe is the foundation and chief corner stone of the Masonic edifice, and that in a plain but mystic form, its exercise is secured to the faithful undisturbed by the jarrings of a sectarian world. Such are among the many reasons that constitute this day a day of festivity and joy to the Mason.

The common festivals of man are dedicated to triumph for past victories over their fellow-beings, and the deluded multitude with few exceptions are taught to celebrate with riotous pomp, the achievements of despotism, the triumphs of vice, and their own degradation. But not so with the mystic brethren: we hail the anniversary of those days on which reason and righteousness unfurl the banners of love and friendship, and breathe the soft sounds of peace and concord into the distracted ear of misery and despair.

On this day we are reminded of the high and important duties attached to our characters as Masons, high in consequence of their embracing within their sacred will our duty to God, our Creator; to man our neighbor, and to ourselves. Important, inasmuch as we appear before the world, invested with the implements of our Order, and adorned with the emblems of innocence and purity, at once declaring our conviction of the correctness of our principles, and our consciousness in the rectitude of our conduct.

On this day the diligent Mason ought carefully to review his several duties, and trace, step by step the gradations through which he passed in his progress to the mark of the prize of the high calling, which is in his Grand Master above. He ought to be certain that his motives are pure; that he approaches the Masonic temple unswayed by friends or mercenary motives; he thirsts for knowledge and is desirous of being useful to his fellow mortals, and that he is willing to comply with the ancient requisitions of the Order. He ought to be certain that the work of regeneration is begun in his heart, and convinced that he is poor, blind, naked and defenceless, dependent upon his brethren for assistance, through the journey of life: and certain that he calls upon the Supreme Architect, duly prepared to be admitted into his temple, and that his conscience will be vigilant in warning him of every deviation from the line of his duty.

With perfect resignation he ought to bow before the altar of peace, declaring his willingness to advance in the work assigned him below; acknowledging his belief in the existence, and relying with firmness upon the aid, of his divine Master, confident that while winding through the tortuous paths of life he will never be deserted. Resigned to a probationary labor, he will then become a faithful and trusty servant in the vineyard of his Master. With the charts of life to guard him through a faithful servitude, beheld through the medium of their proper emblems, he becomes prepared to receive the more high and sacred mysteries of his Order. Here the faithful brother is struck with the resemblance, human indeed, but not indistinct, of the incarnation, suffering, and crucifixion of the Prince of Meekness.

Here in the most solemn and impressive manner the Mason is called upon to be circumspect in his conduct to support the character of his Order: to look with an eye of benignity upon the frailties of his brothers cautioning them to avoid the excesses and irregularities of life, and in the most awful manner invoking them to preserve the ancient landmarks of his Order.—By so doing he will be found worthy to be advanced in the service of his Master, and to be an overseer in the courts of Israel.

Having advanced thus far into the mysteries of his Order the faithful Mason sees the necessity of squaring his actions at all times by the strictest rules of his Society, that his conduct may stand the test of the closest scrutiny, that he may not be rejected and thrown aside as unfit for the builder's use.

Rising in slow but progressive order, in process of time the humble brother is found fit to be a governor and teacher in the temple of his Master. With increasing knowledge, is increased important and responsible duties, and for the better enabling him to discharge those duties he is pointed to the great luminary of day as a pattern of imitation, and to the holy scriptures as a rule and guide to his faith, that he may thereby acquit himself with honor, and secure a crown of eternal life.

He now approaches the summit of his ancient Order, and after having assisted in dispensing light and truth he prepares to receive its most sacred and hidden mysteries—mysteries, the want of a knowledge of which must render the Masonic character incomplete. He is now solemnly impressed with the sublime attributes of the Great Architect of the universe; he draws nearer to his God; he approaches the true fountain of all knowledge; in silent gratitude he admires the dispensations of an all-wise providence, to whom, through the medium of his order he stands indebted for the many blessings he enjoys, and the knowledge he possesses. Every vestige of doubt and infidelity is now banished from his mind; and as he approaches the *sanctum sanctorum* he feels that the ground whereon he stands is holy; he is duly impressed with the awful manifestation. "Put off thy shoes from thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground."

Such, brothers and companions, are some of the reflections that ought on this day to engage our attention. We ought to review our several duties, and by them canvass our past conduct; and form our resolutions for the future by the principles they inculcate.—By so doing we will become faithful servants in the employment of our Master, and will reap the reward of eternal life, and be crowned with a crown of eternal glory.

And to those who can with candor view us as a band of brothers, connected by the strongest and most sacred ties, and whose objects are the promotion of human happiness, suffer me to say that the Masonic Association is founded upon religion and morality, having for its pillars wisdom, strength and beauty; supported by faith, hope and charity, strongly inculcating the precepts of universal love and unbounded benevolence. It is the practice of those super excellent virtues that constitute the labor and employment of Freemasons; and by them has the wild turbulence of savage ferocity been softened down into the mildness of social life. The bonds of society have been drawn close; the inconveniences of life been multiplied and its evils lessened; the calamities of war have been mitigated, and the necessity of coercive government been diminished.

But to the brotherhood, particularly, belongs the confidence of support in the hour of difficulty. Surrounded by perils, when every hope has fled but that of the mystic tie, the brother has been suddenly rescued from the most imminent danger. By the sympathetic appeal to the benevolent Order the lonely traveller finds a home and friends in almost every part of the habitable globe. Bending with grief, sorrow and misfortune, with misery and despair painted on his brows, the disconsolate brother has found friends among strangers to his person and language, and his afflicted bosom received the corn of instruction, the oil of joy, and the wine of consolation.

In conclusion, then my worthy brothers, permit me to address you particularly—and you, companions suffer me to offer a few observations directly upon our common duties.

United by the strongest of all human ties, strengthened by the confidence of support in the hour of difficulties, and sure of having the ills of life softened by the sweet balm of a brother's sympathy, we ought still to recollect that we are the weak wayward children of untoward nature, born to inherit the evils of corruption and to partake of the wages of sin.

The long catalogue of ills, to which, as mortals, we are exposed, it is the object of Masonry to alleviate and to remove. But however excellent in theory the principles of Masonry may appear, however much its precepts may inculcate truths and enforce duties, the adherence to and practice of which would render our residence in this temple of clay but little inferior to an abode in the celestial lodge above, yet without complete practical conformity to its principles without ra-

dically alleviating or removing some of human life, we are not, we cannot be Masons. Unless by our assiduity we add something to the stock of human knowledge, we are not promoting the cause of our Grand Master above. Although we bow before the Masonic altar, although we revere the secrets of the mystic union, although we pay homage to the Grand Master of the faithful: yet without a perfect regeneration of the heart, without a fixed and firm resolution to conform to the principles of our Order to the full extent of our abilities, we are not, we cannot be Masons; we cannot promote the cause of our Grand Master.

We may adhere to the cold letter of our duty; we may preserve a seat in the Masonic edifice; we may proudly rally under the banners of the Order, but unless we labor in the vineyard of our Master, unless we become stones of the living temple, and assist in building the house not made with hands, we are not, we cannot be Masons; we cannot be promoters of the cause of our Grand Master. In entering the Masonic temple our object is not to partake of the rich treasures which have for ages been accumulating, without rendering an equivalent: we are not to receive the divine benedictions of meek-eyed charity, without rendering an equivalent—the growing stores of Masonic science demand of its modern votaries the rich treasures due to increased, to multiplied Masonic favors. Existing in an age when all the horrors, all the cruelties, and malignity of ignorance and superstition have comparatively vanished before the light of reason, before the truths of Masonry, we cannot at one view fathom the immensity of the debt due to the genius of our Order, to the principles it inculcates and which we profess. To us much is given and much is required. Bursting at once into light enjoying the free exercise of our beloved principles, unfettered by the manacles of a haughty despot; assembling in security, protected by the very truths which draw us together, displayed in their swaying the destinies of the social world, where is the Masonic heart that will not bow in humble thankfulness to the Omnipotent disposer of human events, crying, what, O God, is the full measure of my duty?

The fallen state of man is probationary, and all things appertaining to him partake of his probationary state: the principles of masonry clearly point out to him a path by which he can rise from nature's God. Here then is seen the measure of his duty; before him lies a vista clear, a medium by which he discovers what ought to be his conduct through the journey of life. Gratitude for the past, thankfulness for the present, hope for the future, are the incentives to commence the grand work of reformation, and to hold out to the end. Does it not, then, my brethren, imperiously belong to us to lay our hand to our breasts, and ask ourselves the question, are we really Masons? Are we performing the work of our Master, and completing the task assigned us below? or can we hope to be received into the tabernacle of eternal rest?

Brethren, let me call upon you seriously—let me conjure you, by the high duties of Masonry, to examine your conduct, and so regulate your actions, that when you shall be called upon to resign your stewardship, your impartial conscience may look backward and find nothing to disapprove.

A HARD CASE.

A lady in the south of England made a practice of collecting all the little boys of the parish once a year upon her lawn, and stuffing them with beef and plum pudding. One time towards the close of the entertainment, when she was walking round to see how all went on, and to ask how they were satisfied with her bounty, she found the greater part full and also content. But at last she came to a little fellow upon whose plate there was a large lump of the third helping of pudding, and he was blubbing and crying as piteously as though he had not had a meal for four-and-twenty hours.—"What is the matter with you, my little man?" asked the lady: "has any one dared to ill-use you in my presence?" The urchin blubbered more desperately than before, and at length faltered out, "I can eat no more pudding!" and he cried more bitterly than before. The lady patted him on the head, saying, "Do not cry, my good little man; for if you are not able to eat your pudding, you can put it in your pocket." A more violent burst followed this kindly advice, and at the end of it came out the words, "But my pockets are both full already."

THE ESSAYIST.

For the American Masonic Register.
CRITERION OF HAPPINESS.

The most common criterion by which the happiness of men, is estimated, is their pecuniary circumstances or resources: and this is the test applied, not only to ascertain individual, but national happiness. By almost universal consent that nation seems to be regarded as the happiest whose commercial dealings are the most extensive, various, and profitable, and whose coffers swell with the heaviest revenue.

Wherever commerce is extensively and successfully conducted—wherever the busy din of traffic and barter greet the ear from "morning till eve," and merchants plod among their Ledgers and accounts from "eve till dewy morn"—wherever cities and streets are rising and men buy and sell largely upon profit, it would seem to satisfy the minds of many, that, all is well, and that where there is so much activity and profit, there is, of course a corresponding degree of enjoyment.—They never look into the mind of the merchant and man of business, to discover whether it is made up of dollars and cents—of arithmetical figures, and the simple rote of discounts and of exchanges;—or whether it is expanded by cultivation and the acquisition of sound knowledge, such as enlarges its comprehension and the sphere of its possessor's enjoyment,—invigorates, strengthens, ennobles; elevates its aim—improves its whole action, and makes the man a being of reason and judgment, instead of the mere automaton, that day after day, moves in obedience to the touch of the hand of selfishness. They never ask whether the heart still retains the freshness and the innocence of nature—the kindly affections—the warm love, and the active virtue, that give to existence its sweetest zest; or whether success has not corrupted it—whether the very gains that are considered as its source of joy, have not been the cause of its depravity, and by leading it from one excess to another, destroyed all its tenderness, its purer and more hallowed feelings. They behold the splendid mansion and the costly furniture, and they enquire not whether the occupants sweetly mingle in harmonious and affectionate intercourse; or whether the husband has been led, step by step, to indulge in forbidden drafts of pleasure, forgetting the first fond feelings for the gentle one whose anxious eye watches his late return from his debaucheries and revellings: Whether the Father still feels the sweet paternal love and discharges the grateful paternal duties that he promised when he first knew himself a father or whether his heart yearns less toward his children than formerly, and softens less, as his offspring gather around their parent, and ask for the smiles and blessings that were once bestowed. They observe the children fluttering in finery, and they never ask whether the same care is taken of their minds, as of their dress—whether his counting house is not dearer to their father, than their moral culture; or whether they are taught the great duties of life—their minds enlarged by cultivation, and their hearts preserved free from vice, thus laying the only true foundation for their happiness.

Men in forming their estimates of happiness are guided to their conclusions almost entirely by external appearances. They seem to imagine that a fine dress covers a happy heart—a splendid dwelling is the abode of comfort and contentment,—and a heavy purse belongs to a superior mind. But how often are they mistaken! It is the internal man to which we must look if we would discover whether there is merit or capacity for enjoyment. A cultivated mind—a pure heart—habits of thought, of activity, as well as of industry and economy, are all necessary to happiness. The affections too, were designed by a beneficent Providence as a great source of enjoyment; and unless these are properly cultivated and directed to proper objects no man can be really happy. It is our most refined feelings—our most elevated thoughts, and our tenderest associations, that produce whatever real happiness the heart ever feels. Can that man be happy whose chief study is self-interest?—whose pillow is made wakeful by thoughts of ledgers and dreams of gain?—whose heart turns from the friendly, or the domestic circle, to gloat over his stores of wealth? Tell it not? He who bows himself at the shrine of avarice, is a slave, and he whose virtue is weakened by his success—whose morals become corrupted and his heart selfish,

loses far more than the wealth of Cræsus can recompense. He may seek for consolation from the stores of his unstable riches, and for amusement in scenes of noisy mirth, but he will have lost the delightful relish for the refined and the heart-gratifying pleasures of social intercourse, affection and purity. Address him on the subject of discounts and exchanges—of the value of goods, or the prices of stocks and he talks fluently and intelligently. But turn to the splendid scheme of nature—nature exemplified in a man himself—in brutes—in landscapes, mountains, vales, rivers, and the deep—in our mighty globe—in the illimitable extent of universal space, dotted here and there with planets and stars, moving in regular courses, and which although vast almost beyond human conception, are still so scattered about space as to appear like little sparkles of light amid the immense whole, and he neither understands, nor relishes, what you say. He then displays the venality of his heart—the narrowness of his intellect, and the purity of his ideas. He can not feel the lofty—the beautiful—the sublime, and the delightful emotions, that fill the hearts of the noble minded and the truly wise, for his mind never soared to, and he cannot comprehend, the grandeur, and the magnificence of the great works of nature. His mind finds congenial exercise in his shop or counting room and never ventures beyond the limits where it is accustomed to act. He cannot appreciate the loveliness of moral beauty, nor understand the system of moral nature. If he fain would be pious, he probably becomes a bigot or a fanatic; for as his mind is not sufficiently capacious to embrace more than the first few ideas he comes to on the subject of his duty, he adopts the belief of that sect which happens to be best known to him, and he forever after is sure to be a strict sectarian, carefully excluding from his mind all religious doctrines or beliefs, but his own.

Now this is all wrong.—The great object of life is not to obtain property—to amass wealth—to sweat and toil through the brief span of our existence to accumulate a heap of glittering dust, which at the most we can possess but for a short time, before the thread of life is severed—the veil is rent, and our spirits go where the rich and the poor are all alike.—No: our God is far too benevolent to require that his creatures should be rich in order to be happy.—He does not require the sacrifice of toil and care, beyond a healthful and pleasant exercise of our faculties. He has so constituted us, that a moderate degree of bodily and mental action is grateful, not only in the effect, but in the exercise. All he requires of us, is, purity of heart and life—honesty of intention—kindness—meekness—love for Him and his creatures, and faith in His saving power—and these are all conducive to happiness even in this life to say nothing of the joys they ensure in the life to come; and without the practice of these virtues no man can ever be happy.

Albany, July 1st, 1840.

EFF.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

PLAIN RUSK PUDDING.—Rusk your bread in the oven, and pound it fine; to five heaped table spoonfuls of it, put a quart of milk, three beaten eggs, three table spoonfuls of rolled sugar, a tea spoonful of salt, half a nutmeg, and three table spoonfuls of melted butter; bake an hour. It may be eaten without sauce.

WHEAT FLOUR PUDDING.—Stir into a pint and a half of flour, a quart of milk. It must be done gradually, so that there may be no lumps. Beat seven eggs and put in, and add two table spoonfuls of melted butter, and two tea spoonfuls of salt. Grate in half a nutmeg. Half a pound of raisins may be added, but if the pudding is to be baked, they must not be put in till it has cooked long enough to thicken or they will sink to the bottom. This flour pudding may be either baked or boiled, requiring an hour and a half to bake, and two hours to boil. If boiled the bag must not be more than two-thirds full, or it will burst in the boiling. It must be put into boiling water and kept boiling till done. After boiling a few minutes, turn the bag over; it will render the pudding light. Flour puddings must be eaten when cooked, or they fall directly. Serve them up with rich sauce.

BOILED RICE PUDDING.—Into a quart of Boiling water put two tea-cupfuls of rice, two tea spoonfuls of

salt, and let the rice boil till soft. Then stir in a quart of cold milk, and half a pound of raisins, first taking the rice from the fire. Put in a couple of beat eggs, and half a grated nutmeg. Replace it on the fire and let it boil till the fruit is soft. Sauce, butter and sugar.

BAKED RICE PUDDING.—Boil a quarter of a pound of unground-rice, in a quart of milk, till soft; then stir in a quarter of a pound of butter; take it from the fire put it in a quart of cold milk, two tea-spoonfuls of salt, and a grated nutmeg. When lukewarm beat four eggs with one fourth of pound of sugar, and stir it into the pudding. Add half a pound of raisins, and turn the whole into a buttered pudding dish, and bake in three quarters of an hour.

RICE SNOW BALLS.—Take small tart apples, pare them, and take out the cores with a knife, filling the cavity with a stick of cinnamon or of mace. Put each one in a small floured bag, and fill the bags about half full unground rice. Leave plenty of room for the rice to swell. Put them in a pot of water, with a table spoonful of salt to two quarts of water. Much water will be required, as rice is a great absorbent. Boil an hour and twenty minutes, then turn them carefully out of the bags into a desert dish, and garnish them with marmalade cut in slices. Serve them up with butter and sugar.

THE GATHERER.

OSTENTATION REBUKED.

An old duke of Brunswick drove one Sunday to his banker's at Hamburg, but found he was not at home. It was then just church time, and he thought he might as well attend divine service. He went to church and took a seat in his banker's pew, which was likewise used by some merchants. A young merchant's son came in after him, and looked at the stranger, who in his travelling clothes, made no great figure, with some contempt. Just at this moment the charity plate was heard on its way towards them, and the duke laid a guilder before them in readiness; the young man looked upon this as a sort of challenge, and determined to show the insignificant stranger his superior consequence, he took out a ducat, and laid it before him as the other had done the guilder. The duke, who saw what kind of a man he had to deal with determined to try him further, and added a ducat to his guilder; the merchant's son, in defiance produced another; and so they went on till they had each a dozen ducats before him: The charity plate arrived; the young gentleman to whom it was presented, swept, with heroic magnanimity, his twelve ducats into the receptacle. The duke, who was older and wiser, put the guilder in the plate, and quietly replaced his ducats in his pocket.

ANOTHER DISCOVERY OF A MODE OF PROPELLING AND DIRECTING BALLOONS.—An Italian gentleman, Signor Leonardo Andervolti, of Spilimbergo, in the Friuli, informs us that he has invented an aerial locomotive balloon, capable of propulsion and direction at pleasure, with safety and precision, either with or against the wind. He has constructed, he says a working model of this machine, with which he has actually traversed the air, in his own country. He offers, if a certain sum of money be guaranteed to him in the event of his succeeding of which he entertains no doubts, to fly over to England in his balloon! Or that he will at his own expense construct a balloon here which shall be able to keep up a regular traffic between any two points at a reasonable distance from each other, when even greater rapidity than any steamboat or coach! The Signor does not ask a farthing until he has performed the foregoing conditions; but as his mechanism is so simple, that as soon as constructed it would be copied, and he might thereby lose the fruits of his ingenuity, he requires that a certain sum should be guaranteed him before doing so, either by a company or individuals, to whom he would assign his invention secured by patent.—Signor Andervolti has left his address at our office.

The Signor speaks very fair; and as he asks nothing until he fulfils the conditions above stated, there could be no risk incurred were a number of individuals to subscribe for a hundred pounds or so each to secure so grand an invention. Of the thing itself we do not profess to give an opinion, we know no more of it than what is stated above.—*London Mechanic's Mag.*

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.

From the Knickerbocker of July.

BULL-FIGHT AT SANTA MARIA.

BY GEORGE HILL.

The twenty-fifth of July, being the festival of St. James of Compostella, we left Cadiz at an early hour, and crossed the bay, to witness the bull-fight, which, in honor of that worthy, was to take place at Santa Maria.

At four P. M. we entered the theatre, an immense edifice, the circumference of which could not have been less than two thousand feet. The arena or pit, was encircled by a barrier five feet high, in front of which, and at short intervals, were planted small out-posts, as points to which the foot-combatants might, in case of danger, retreat, and as stations for the guards. Behind the barrier, rose, to the height of from twenty-five to thirty feet, tiers of seats, in the manner of steps and above and beyond them a double gallery. They were together capable of containing from ten to fifteen thousand spectators, and long before the commencement of the performance, were completely filled.

From the groups below, our eyes were soon turned to the more attractive, though less picturesque, spectacle, in the upper seats, where rows of beautiful women, their necks, arms, and hands loaded and sparkling with jewelry, were seen rising one above another, like flowers in a conservatory. Suddenly the hum of voices subsided; the water-vendors ceased their cry; and a flourish of trumpets announced the entrance of the Governor. There was a second flourish; the door at the opposite extremity of the list opened; a detachment of soldiers were marched in, and having seen the arena cleared of its last straggler, stationed at the out-posts. They were followed by the combatants, consisting of the Picadores, or pikemen, on horseback, and the Chulos, Bandarilleros, or dartmen, and Matadores, on foot. Having advanced and saluted the Governor, they were divided into two companies, and drawn up in a line, one on each side of the door by which the bull was to enter.

The Picadores wore low-crowned, broad-brimmed, drab-colored hats, at the sides of which were fastened knots of white and yellow ribbon. Their jackets were of red cloth, laced with gold; from the waist to the feet they were heavily clad in buck-skin, lined with cork.

They were mounted on high-peaked Morisco saddles, with shovel stirrups, and bore each a long lance, or pike, the ends of which were armed with short iron points. Of all the combatants, the Picadore, the Matadore perhaps excepted, incurs the greatest hazard; and it is to his skill, courage, and encounter with the bull, and the spectacle mainly owes its interest. The dress of the Chulos, dartmen, and Matadores, consisted of jackets and knee-breeches, of green or blue cloth laced with silver, light cloaks or mantles, of different colors, red sashes, white hose, and sandals.

The combatants having taken their stations, all eyes were now turned and fixed on the door by which the bull was to enter. Most of the spectators had, in their eagerness and impatience, started to their feet: a single voice was heard to exclaim, 'The bull! the bull!' but was instantly hissed into silence. The moment at length came. The trumpets sounded, the door opened; he bounded into the arena, and was received by a shout which shook the theatre to its foundation. He was a gigantic yet beautiful specimen of his tribe, to which, compared with the animal that commonly bears his name, he indeed seemed hardly to belong. A short iron barb, to which strips of red and white ribbon were attached, had, just before he entered, been driven into his back. He seemed not to feel it, but having been pent up for weeks like a felon in his cell, and subjected to a preparatory course of torture, to be conscious only of a wild and exulting sense of freedom. It was, however, of but short duration. At the sight of the barrier, and the thousands who filled the seats behind it, he paused, surveyed them with a look of wonder and distrust, and then wheeled and retreated to the door. Finding it closed, he sprang furiously toward the barrier, but, as if in despair of clearing it, stopped short, and facing the Picadores, dropped his head, with the intent, apparently to provoke or defy their attack. At this instant there was a third flourish as a signal for the Chulos to advance. Holding his

cloak closely folded in his left hand, the one nearest the bull now quickly ran up, and when within a few feet of his horns, grasped and displayed it with his right, and was instantly pursued by him, and driven for shelter to the out-posts. A second then left his station, at the opposite side of the ring, and being hard pressed in his retreat, dropped his cloak and leaped the barrier. The bull seemed to regard the garment as a part of the man, and gored, trampled, and tossed it in fragments about the arena. The rest, then, one by one, advanced, till at length he was encircled by the whole troop, now one and now another running up and fluttering his cloak, or with it streaming behind him, or let fall as he fled, nimbly escaping, though often but by a well-timed and dexterous leap of the barrier, from the horns of his enraged and headlong pursuer. One of them had the mishap to stumble and fall. The bull rushed on with an intent to gore him, and a shriek was heard from some one—probably his *chere amie*—of the women in the galleries. The fellow had the presence of mind, however, to seize his cloak, raise it at arm's length above his breast, and thereby so far divert the aim of the bull, as to escape unhurt. Ashamed of his mishap, and encouraged by the cheers of the spectators, he sprang nimbly to his feet, seized the bull by the horn, leaped over his back, and amid a thunder of applause, escaped unhurt, to the nearest out-post.

The Picadores had till this moment remained at their stations, and taken neither part, nor as it seemed in the game. The signal was now made for them to advance; and having raised their pikes, and spurred their horses into the ring, they galloped them in a circle about the bull, till roused and exasperated by the irruption of this fresh band of assailants, he at length wheeled and selected the object of his attack. Thus menaced, the rider reined up his horse, and presented his pike. The bull dropped his head, charged and received the point of it in his breast, but despite the resistance of man and weapon, drove his horns into the body of the horse, let out his entrails, and laid him with his rider, rolling and writhing in the dust. At the instant of the attack, the Chulos ran up and endeavored, by fluttering their cloaks, to divert it. He now turned and drove them one by one to the out-posts. He then rushed on, the nearest horse, forced him against the barrier, beat in his ribs, plunged his horns into his vitals, and laid him, with the blood gushing from his mouth and nostrils, dead at his feet. The rider had disappeared, and I expected nothing less than to see him dragged out, crushed and lifeless, from under the carcass of the animal he had but the moment before so gallantly bestrode.

He was at length extricated, and though so badly hurt he could neither well move or stand, a fresh horse having been brought, he was lifted into the saddle, and having grasped his pike, and adjusted his sombrero, seemed, as he sat grim and upright, covered with blood and dust, to defy not only the bull but the devil. A murmur of applause ran through the theatre, and truly if stoicism be a virtue, he deserved it. The next Picadore was more fortunate, having succeeded, though not without a long and desperate struggle, in turning the bull, and thereby saving his horse, a feat for which he was rewarded by the plaudits long and loud, of the spectators. These, however, I observed, were for the most part as they should have been, reserved for the bull. Of the six horses which he next encountered, two were killed, and the rest repeatedly gored and thrown, and at length so far disabled as to be with difficulty led off alive, or left pawing the earth in agony, and making desperate but unavailing efforts to rise. In several instances, a horse was galloped about with his entrails trailing in the dust, till they were torn asunder by repeated strokes of his hoofs, and in this state compelled, as he best might, to sustain a fresh attack.

The trumpets again sounded, the Picadores withdrew to their stations, and the Bandarilleros advanced grasping each a brace of barbed darts, the long, heavy shafts of which were enveloped in a loose net-work. Running quickly up, till they came nearly in contact with the horns of the bull, they let fly their missiles with the intent to fix them deeply and firmly in the fore and upper parts of his shoulders. The first attempt was a failure, and the assailants withdrew, amid the hisses of the spectators. It indeed seemed to be a feat, the right execution of which required no small

degree of strength, courage, and skill. At one time a dart would strike the bone and recoil, with its barb either bent or broken; at another, be so slightly infixed, as to become detached by its own weight, or a single shake of the bull's brawny neck. He was now wrought up to a rage and torture little short of downright madness, and ran wildly about the arena, goring and tossing aside such of the dead horses as lay in his way, and putting to flight the whole troop of Chulos and dartmen. At length he stopped short before one of the out-posts, and having for an instant fixed his blood-stained eye on the group it sheltered, drove his shaggy head against it as if determined to prostrate it by a single blow, or dash out his brains in the attempt. Foiled in this effort, he plunged headlong toward the door, near which the Matadore or death-man, whom he at length confronted, had already taken his stand.

He was a short, but thick-set, sinewy, well-made man: a red cloak was thrown across his left arm; in his right hand he held a long, slender sword. At the blast of the trumpet, he stepped forth, and having passed before and saluted the Governor, addressed himself to his task. Approaching the bull, with a deliberate yet firm step, and a watchful but determined eye he so placed himself as to be able, by a slight movement to the right, to receive the thrust of his horns on the cloak, and having levelled the point of his sword at a part of the neck just forward of the right shoulder, resolutely awaited the shock. It came; the weapon failed to take effect, and was hurled, as the bull sprang past him, into the air. A murmur of displeasure ran through the assembly, and cries were heard of 'fool!' 'coward!' 'away with him!' He seemed not to heed them, but with a composed, resolute look, resumed his position, and presented his sword. The bull rushed on, the blade was buried to the hilt in his vitals, and having staggered toward the door, he fell, with the blood spouting from his mouth and nostrils, and was instantly despatched by the stroke of a knife in the neck.

The trumpets now sounded, the door at the opposite extremity of the list was thrown open, and four spirited horses, richly caparisoned, sprang in abreast, and were lashed, tossing their heads and jangling their bells, at full speed across the arena. The shaft of their traces was then made fast to the horns and head of the bull, and he was dragged out at a gallop.

The dead horses having in like manner been removed, others were brought in; and notwithstanding the crippled state of the Picadores, most of whom had been repeatedly thrown, they were instantly mounted and galloped to their stations. The trumpets once more sounded, the door opened, and in bounded the second bull. As if apprised of the fate of his fellow, and determined, without loss of time, to avenge it, he did not wait for the attack of the Chulos, but sprang furiously at the horse of the nearest Picadore, gored him under the right flank, tore out his entrails, and threw him with such violence against the barrier, that he fell and expired without a struggle. His rider, covered with blood and dust, his pike-staff broken, and sombrero crushed, was dragged out from under him, and borne off; whether dead or alive, I was unable to learn. A second and third horse were in quick succession, and in like manner, despatched; their riders grasping their pike-staves with both hands, driving the points of them into the breast or shoulders of the bull, and struggling with all their might to repel or turn him, till hurled headlong from their seats, or with violence against the barrier.

A few of the women now retired, and one fainted. They were, I observed, ladies of a certain age, and not remarkable for their good looks. The young and handsome kept their color and their places.

From the total overthrow or dispersion of the combatants on this side of the arena, the bull now crossed to the other, a frightful yet pitiable object; his nostrils spread, his eyes flashing, his horns dyed, and his forehead, breast, and sides, bathed in blood. Nothing daunted, however, one of the Picadores on that side rode up and presented the point of his pike. His horse was instantly gored, lifted from his feet, thrown with his rider across the back of the bull, and thence headlong to the ground. Of the five horses which he afterward attacked, three were killed on the spot. Assailed by the dartmen till his shoulders bristled like a quiver-head with their shafts, he was at length encountered

by the sword of the Matadore, who, at the first trial, drove it to his heart. Even after receiving his death-blow, he neither quailed nor retreated, but fell with his eye confronting, and his horns levelled at his antagonist, as if bent on collecting all his remaining energies for a last desperate assault.

Six bulls were afterward let in, and in like manner encountered and killed. The number of horses killed was eighteen, and of twenty more, the greater part were led off more dead than alive. The courage and strength of the fifth bull seeming to flag, the nettings of the dart were charged with fire-works, and he bounded madly about the arena, astounded and tormented by their exploding contents, and enveloped in a cloud of flames, sparkles, and smoke.

MISCELLANY.

From the Southern Literary Messenger.

REFLECTIONS OF A REFORMED DRUNKARD.

It was a pleasant world, with its green fields, and sunny skies, and broad majestic mountains, before the advent of this iron age. But alas! ten years have done the work of a century. The world is changed, and we are changed with it. No more are our sorrows lightened by that ethereal sprite—"doing his spiriting gently" as Ariel—*Alcohol*. The very name sounds huge and monster-like now, but a child may remember the day when the weak, and the timid, and the fainting were not afraid of his presence. Let me not indulge in reminiscences! "The butt is out," and we must drink water. Public opinion is a god. Let us submit as we may.

Think not, reader, that I was a drunkard. No unbecoming levity—no want of self-respect did I betray, in the brightest days of the golden age. A quiet gentleman and a comely, of an uncertain age, I was to be seen daily perambulating the shady streets of W—, my countenance, perchance, a trifle flushed—a shade more I fear than the gentle exercise I had taken would warrant—and my step, at times, loftier than be seemed me. I was a dreamer then.

But I was injuring my constitution.

Not at all! I but drank for amusement. I saw plainly the absurdity of purchasing present pleasure at the price of future pain. Therefore did I practice the most rigid self-denial. I flatter myself my judgment is a sufficient guide.

"*Est modus in rebus*," with one exception—the temperance society. Like space, it has no limits.—Its advocates will never be satisfied, till they bring the world to sign a pledge of entire abstinence from every thing eatable and drinkable—even bread and water. I expect to see the day when to eat an apple will be an indelible disgrace, and milk and water will be sold by the druggists, as a medicine. Champaign will soon rank in point of acidity with nitric acid.

I count myself a martyr. I have joined the society; I had lived a year in solitude, though in the midst of my friends, and could bear it no longer. For twelve long months, my neighbors shunned me like a viper, merely because—listen, posterity!—I occasionally indulged to excess in my favorite beverage—*Whiskey punch*! But it is all over now. I have signed the pledge, and since it is done I will make a virtue of necessity. For the good of my country, is it, ye persecutors! that ye have required me to "join?" Because my neighbor is a drunkard I must taste no more wine! Admirable logic! Suppose he was a glutton—must I forego my dinner?

Yes, I am a martyr—the prince of martyrs. The Decii should not be named in the same breath. They died for their country; I live!

Too true alas! it is,

"*Sicis omnia nam dura Deus proposuit.*"

Do you doubt it? Why then, when upon earth did our Saviour turn your boasted water into wine? I thank Heaven for that miracle.

To what will not the world come? I know men who really believe wine to be a deadly poison. Let me tell them that a toper's stomach is stronger than they imagine. We are not killed so easily,

"*Fertur Prometheus . . . insani leonis Vino stomach appossuisse rostro.*"

and we can yet endure another draught.

Nobody thinks, now a days, of drinking brandy; a

very few aspire to rum—but most of the old veterans of my acquaintance have taken refuge in wine. "Fortiter occupa Portum," is their motto. But even here they are not secure! Quaff while ye may, my masters! I foresee the time when you will be glad to drink water.

What a quiet, delightful, dream-infested village, was W— before the broaching of this new doctrine.—There, of a summer afternoon, beneath that huge elm, might you see the patriarchs of the town, with their sons and grandsons, and great grandsons forsooth, stretched on the green grass, or sitting at ease on the smooth pine benches, smoking perchance, or discussing gingerly and calmly some piece of village gossip—whilst ever and anon the antique punch-bowl, long since departed, passed cheerfully around the circle.—And were not those good men and true? Let me not insult their memory by the question.

I have a fondness for antiquity. These old customs, mellowed as they seem by time—their sharp corners worn off by its silent and invisible flow—how it goes to my heart to see them vanishing like a ghost by candlelight! The fashions of the day, like wine, want age.

Ugh!—this dry cough!—Boy, bring me a pitcher and the bottle of—Lackaday—my pledge! Hold—we will not drink.

Mine alas! is a thirst that many waters cannot quench. I will chew a little camomile!

Three weeks! It seems an age. I did not believe when I signed, that I should be able to abstain so long. What would I not give for a *bona fide* attack of "bodily infirmity." Then could I drink with a clear conscience—but I have signed the pledge, and my word is my bond. Such has always been my fortune!—since I stopped drinking, I have not seen a sick moment. It is intolerable. I would not have not joined the society so readily, had I not thought I could be most conveniently ill, at least six times a-day. Let me be patient. To-morrow, I may have a glorious choleric. Ah! I have it! I will watch with my friend L. to-night. Losing my sleep will give me a superb headache in the morning, and gin has always been my medicine.

The deuce take it! I have watched with my friend—broad awake all night—drank a glass of cold water at midnight—hoping to induce the choleric—another at sunrise—and feel this morning as if I had slept in Paradise. It is too insufferable! The fates are against me. I fear I shall never see another sick day. If I had continued to drink, I warrant me I should have had the headache daily, as usual. But now that I want an excuse for taking the least drop in the world, I feel as light as a swallow. Well, some people are born to fortune. I was always a luckless dog!

If I detest any thing, it is water. Horace speaks of a fountain whose waters were better than the glass.

"*Fons Bundeisae splendor vitæ.*"

We have no such springs here—thought it is true a slight dash of water in your wine, of a hot day, is not out of place—a mere trifle; it gives it a dewy freshness, which—but why should I dwell on this! I am without hope. "My pulse beats like an eight-day clock." I despair of the headache, and will bethink me of some other excuse. If I could but find an apology for one glass, I would lay up a stock of "bodily infirmity" for a year.

After all, can I deny that they are in the right?—Think of the wives lonely and desolate—the children starving—the wretched victims of drunkenness themselves, bound in these woven and strong-linked chains which it is so hard for me to break. Think of these! I do not regret—struggle as thou wilt—thou almost invincible habit, that I have disappointed thee! I remember now that men wagged their heads as I passed them, and said—*what they shall not say again*. No! I am no drunkard! My hand is firmer. It trembles not as before. My step is lighter—my sleep is sweeter—and that *thirst* burning like a fire within me, is less agonizing. My tortures are dying away with the flame—and now, O God! as I look back, I see—I feel—I know that I was almost (*was I not quite?*) A DRUNKARD!

Yet one glass! It would still my heart's throbbing—only one—I shall desire no more. It shall be the last—the farewell glass. It is at my lips—the liquor has a celestial fragrance. I can imagine no deeper bliss than such a draught inspires—and it is at my lips!

I taste its sparkling foam! Once once only! Shall I drink? One moment to decide.

No! Again I am a man. Drop by drop, I pour it out upon the ground, like water. God! I THANK THEE I AM SAFE!

EXECUTION OF CHARLES I OF ENGLAND.—In Jesse's memoirs of the Court of England during the reign of the Stuarts, we find the following description of the execution of that unfortunate monarch Charles I:

"To return to the last moments of Charles. The scaffold had been covered with black cloth, and a coffin lined with black velvet, in readiness to receive his remains. In the platform itself had been fixed iron rings and staples, to which ropes had also been attached, by which it was intended to force the king to the block should he make the least resistance. The persons who attended him to the scaffold, besides Bishop Juxon, were two of the gentlemen of his bed-chamber, Harrington and Herbert. The former afterwards suffered so much from the shock, that an illness ensued which nearly cost him his life. The king himself appeared cheerful, resigned, and happy. Having put on his satin cap, he asked one of the executioners, both of whom were masked, if his hair was in the way. The man requested him to push it under his cap. As he was doing so, with the assistance of the bishop and the Executioner, he turned to the former; 'I have a good cause,' he said, 'And a gracious God on my side!'

The Bishop.—There is but one stage more; this stage is turbulent and troublesome; it is a short one, but you may consider it will soon carry you a great way; it will carry you from earth to heaven; and there you will find a great deal of joy and comfort.

The King.—I go from a corruptible to an incorruptible crown, where no disturbance can be, no disturbance in the world.

The Bishop.—You are exchanged from a temporal crown; a good exchange.

Observing one of the persons, who had been admitted to the scaffold, accidentally touching the axe with his cloak, the king requested him to be careful. Then again enquiring of the executioner, "is my hair well?" he took off his cloak, and delivering it to the bishop, exclaimed significantly "remember." To the executioner he said, "I shall say but short prayers, and when I thrust out my hands—" Looking at the block, he said, "you must set it fast." The executioner replied it was fast. Being told it could not have been higher, he said, "when I put out my hands this way, then."

In the meantime, having divested himself of his cloak and doublet, and being in his waistcoat, he again put on his cloak, and lifting up his hands and eyes to heaven, and repeating a few words to himself, which were inaudible to the bystanders, he knelt down and laid his head on the block. The executioner stooping to put his hair under his cap, the king thinking him about to strike, bid him wait for the sign. After a short pause he stretched out his hands, and the executioner at one blow severed his head from his body. The head was immediately lifted up by the other headsman, and exhibited to the people, "Behold," he exclaimed "the head of a traitor."

Thus, on the 30th of January, 1649, at the age of forty-nine, died King Charles. The dismal groan which rose at this moment of his decapitation, from the dense populace around, was never forgotten by those who heard it. Certainly by the vast majority of the people of England, the execution of Charles was regarded as an atrocious and barbarous murder. Philip Harvey, the famous writer was a witness to that memorable scene. He used to mention, writes his son, "that at the instant when the blow was given, there was such a dismal, universal groan, among the thousands of people that were in sight, as it were with one consent, as he never heard before, and desired he might never hear the like again." This fact is corroborated by the testimony of an aged person, one Margaret Cbe, who died in 1730, at the age of one hundred and three. She saw the executioner hold up the head, and well remembered the dismal groan which was made by the vast multitude of spectators when the fatal blow was given." Immediately after the axe fell, a party of horses rode rapidly from Charing to King street, and on the other from King street to Charing cross, with the object of dispersing the people, or, more probably, with the object of dispersing their thoughts."

AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER.

ALBANY, SATURDAY, JULY 11, 1840.

POLITICS AND THE 4th OF JULY.—From our exchange papers, we are sorry to perceive, that this *holy day*, was in many places, made the occasion for *party* gatherings, and political inflammatory speeches, to the entire desecration of it from its sacred and legitimate usages—a day purchased by the best blood of our patriotic sires; and one only to be hallowed by thankfulness and rejoicings. We have no party feelings to express in our columns, and whether the unjustifiable violation of the day belongs to one side, more than another, is not for us to enquire. The Anniversary of American Independence, should never call forth any feelings but those which arise from the contemplation, that we as Americans are *all* recipients of the great legacy bequeathed to us by those who “pledged” their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honors,” upon an almost hopeless issue, the blessings and results of which we now enjoy. On this day all our petty differences of opinion, should be brought to the national altar, and amid the “pomp, shows, games, sports, guns, bells, bonfires and illumination,” merge the cold-hearted partisan in the soul-stirring patriotism, which each returning natal day of our glorious country is so eminently calculated to awaken. The 4th of July has associations, which our patriotic mothers have instilled in our minds from our infancy up, and sad will it be for our future political prospects, when our youth are trained to forget, for what purpose the 4th of July was intended. We trust that in future a becoming respect will be shown to the day.

In our own city, the day was kept up as usual, although with nothing like the splendor of former years. The uniform companies looked fine, as also did the several societies, although select in number.

There was one part of the procession however which deserves more than a passing notice, and which assisted materially by their decent appearance and orderly deportment as well as the respectability of their number, to impart an interest to the spectacle—we mean the Albany Hibernian Temperance Association.

This highly meritorious Institution is composed principally of Irishmen; and although but yet in its infancy (being but three months in existence) turned out nearly one hundred strong—Their Banner is truly a splendid affair—and highly creditable to the artist (Mr. T. A. Gladding of this city.) It is about eight feet square painted on white silk, with a green silk fringe around the edge—the pole to which the banner was suspended was surmounted by a beautiful wreath of shamrocks with a gilt harp suspended in the centre, and surmounted by a miniature gilt eagle—while from the top to either end of the cross pole were hung curtains of green silk with the mottoes

“Be thou faithful unto death,”

“Peace on earth, good will to men.”

The front represents Temperance as an angel with the spear, destroying the Monster (*Intemperance*) in the form of a dragon surmounted with flames. In one of whose hands or rather claws is a bottle from which is issuing a sulphurous blue flame and smoke. The countenance of the monster is the most hideous that can be imagined and compared with the benign aspect of the angel whose bright blue eyes are upturned to heaven for assistance, form a most striking and beautiful contrast. At the top in a scroll supported by angels is the appropriate couplet from Moore.

“Erin, dear Erin, thy winter is past,

And thy sunshine of freedom is coming at last.”

On the reverse is a beautiful female figure representing Erin, with her left hand leaning on a harp and her right holding a scroll of fame—bearing the names of the Very Rev. T. Mathew, E. C. Delavan and Rev. J. A. Schneller. On her left is a fountain around which is a wreath of shamrocks, which seem from their luxuriance to draw nutriment from the pure element that surrounds them. On the right is an Irish landscape with one of those castles with its “round tower of other days” so celebrated in Irish history as the strong-holds of her warlike chieftains—the distant offing is enlivened with numerous water craft under sail—at the top is an eagle descending with a liberty cap—and bearing in his beak from above the joyful exclamation—

“Erin rejoice in the regeneration of thy children,” and at the bottom on green silk aprons the name of the association.

The members wore white ribbons round the neck with a silver star on the breast and a large and splendid medal surrounded with a rosette of green ribbon at the bottom. The medal we understand was executed by Mr. B. C. True of this city—and has an device similar to that on front of the banner; and on the reverse, the *Pledge* of total abstinence from all that can intoxicate. Several boys were interspersed through the procession bearing small flags with appropriate devices and motos, and on the whole it was one of the most gratifying spectacles we ever witnessed—may it go on and prosper.

FOREIGN.—The packet ship, Sheffield, which arrived the 6th, brings London papers to the 4th of June. There had been a serious riot at Limerick, in Ireland, on account of the “forestallers,” which was only put down by a regiment of artillery—The Neapolitan Question becomes more serious and the English government have resolved to send six ships of the line to Naples.

FRANCE.—The coffin to receive the remains of Napoleon is being prepared. It is to be of solid ebony, in the shape of the ancient sarcophagi, so as to enclose all the four in which he was interred—so as not to disturb his ashes. The funeral pall is of velvet, strowed with gold bees, and bordered with ermine, and a gold embroidered eagle on each corner, and an imperial crown above.

RUSSIA.—The last advices from Trozibond announce new successes of the Circassians over their Russian invaders. Nine forts had fallen into their power, and the two remaining would have experienced the same fate, but for the timely arrival of the two Russian ships of the line. The Circassians gave the Russians no quarter, and in the fort of St. Nicholas alone 1000 men were put to the sword.

SPAIN.—The Carlists, in their last mountain fastnesses in Spain, have met with more reverses, Gen. Cordova, has fallen in battle. The fort of San Pedros has fallen into the hands of the Queen's troops.

Livingston Palmer and Hiram Munn, have been arrested in Upper Canada, for distributing “patriot” commissions; been tried, and sentenced to be executed.

The Plattsburgh Republican says, that a destructive fire occurred at Clintonville, in that county, which destroyed the best part of that manufacturing village. A Mrs. Lawrence, who was sleeping in one of the buildings, was unfortunately burnt to death.

The Boston Daily Advertiser says that a horse belonging to Mr. Demon, (quite an appropriate cognomen)

men) was drove on a bet of \$500 103 miles, between sunrise and sunset, drawing 470 pounds. The road was rough, and the thermometer stood at 91 in the shade.

☞ An inebriate, by the name of John Lancaster, who, when sober, was an intelligent and useful citizen was on Monday last found lying on the side of the road, about a mile from Peekskill, in a dying state, and before assistance could be procured, he expired, a victim to intemperance and consequent exposure.

☞ Should there be any irregularity in serving the Register, north of State-st., our subscribers will attribute it to the sickness of the regular carrier.

CANAL TOLLS.—The amount received on the New York State Canals in the fourth week in June, is \$48,102 56, and during the whole month of June is \$305,943 04.

A resolution has passed both Houses of Congress for bringing the present Session to a close on Tuesday, the 21st instant, on which day Congress will doubtless adjourn.

Look Out.—Chemical Bank Notes altered from fives to fifty Dollars, well done.

Messrs. Bent and St. Vrain, of Fort William, on the Arkansas, are expected daily in St. Louis with upwards of fifteen thousand buffalo skins, obtained in successful trade from the Pawnee Indians on Platte river.

The jewelry store of Mr. Henry Ormsby, Philadelphia, was robbed of jewelry to the amount of \$10,000, on Sunday night last.

Intelligence

From the Sidney Herald, March, 13th, 1840.

DISCOVERY OF THE ANTARCTIC CONTINENT.—Amongst the arrivals to be found in our shipping lists of this day, is that of the United States ship Vincennes, under the command of Chas. Wilkes, Esq. The V. has been absent from this port 80 days, most of which time has been spent in southern exploration, and we are happy to have it in our power to announce, on the highest authority, that the researches of the exploring squadron after a southland was first seen on the morning of the 19th of January, in latitude 64 deg. 20. south longitude 154 deg. 18. east. The Peacock, (which ship arrived in our harbor on the 22d ultimo, much disabled from her contact with the ice) we learn obtained soundings in a high southern latitude, and established beyond doubt the existence of land in that direction. But the V., more fortunate in escaping injury, completed the discovery, and ran down the coast from the 154 deg. 18. to 97 deg. 43. east longitude, about seventeen hundred miles within a short distance of the land, often so near as to get soundings with a few fathoms of line, during which time she was constantly surrounded by ice islands and bergs, and experienced many heavy gales of wind, exposing her constantly to shipwreck. We also understand she has brought several specimens of rock and earth, procured from the land, some of them weighing upwards of a hundred pounds. It is questionable whether this discovery can be of any essential benefit to commerce, but it cannot be otherwise than highly gratifying to Captain Wilkes, and the officers engaged with him in this most interesting expedition, to have brought to a successful termination the high trust committed to them by their country—and it is hoped that so noble a commencement in the cause of science and discovery, will induce the government of the United States to follow up by other expeditions that which is now on the point of terminating.

More Experiments.—The Nashville Republican says, “Elisha Reeves, a lad about twelve or fifteen years”

recently hung himself in Lincoln county by a ribbon suspended from the door. It is believed he had no idea of injuring himself, but was merely trying an experiment."

MELANCHOLY.—A young English girl acting in the capacity of chambermaid, in Dr Beck's family of this city by the name of Harriet Foster, committed suicide by taking arsenic, on Wednesday last. She was a faithful domestic, contented with her situation, and no motive can be assigned for the rash act.

A MAN DESTROYED BY HOGS.—The Richmond Star records the death of an old gentleman at Palmyra, Va., under the following singular circumstances: He gave orders to a negro hand to take food for his hogs and go into the woods and feed them. The man went, but returned in much alarm saying that the hogs appeared to be so fierce and act so strangely that he was afraid to go near them. The old gentleman thinking that the fears of the negro were foolish said he would feed them himself, and started for that purpose. Being gone for a long time persons went to look after him in the woods, and found him lying dead, with the flesh entirely eaten from one arm, thigh and part of the face.

UNACCOUNTABLE DEPRAVITY.—A nurse in the employ of Henry M. Western, Esq., at Dosoris, on Sunday last took a vial of undiluted laudanum and poured a part of the contents into the mouth of a fine infant of about three months old. The shriek of the child from the burning of the pure laudanum, and its strangling to expel it from its mouth, brought the mother and others of the family to the scene; and on being accused of giving the poison, the nurse stoutly denied it, and succeeded in convincing Mr. W. (who happened to be at home,) that no laudanum had been given to the child. Within half an hour afterwards, however, the child fell into a stupor remained in a state of insensibility for nine and a half hours, during which time every effort was made to remove the lethargy and save the infant—which, in the event, happily terminated successfully. No motive on the part of the nurse can be assigned for the act, as the child (which is a fine boy) was uncommonly healthy and quiet, the nurse apparently fond of it, and possessing the confidence of the family; there was no misunderstanding with her on the part of any one, and apparently no cause of complaint. Some of the laudanum was afterwards found on the child's clothing, and on a towel with which she had hastily wiped the child's mouth, and on being reproached for the act and especially for not disclosing the fact when charged with it, so that antidotes might have been administered, the infatuated girl preserved a dogged indifference and denial, saying they might hang her if they would, or do any thing else with her they pleased. This should serve as a warning to parents how they trust their offspring in the hands of untried domestics. The child is recovering, although much enfeebled.

A RICH MOUSE NEST.—Three years ago, Mr. John G. Marshall, then doing an active business in this city, had his money drawer repeatedly robbed; and though every expedient was resorted to, to detect the rogue, the effort was fruitless. He, naturally enough had had thoughts of his clerks, his servants, and even of some of those who visited his house. Finding that the money continued to disappear, notwithstanding his vigilance, he changed his place of deposit, and the robbery ceased. Last week, some Carpenters were engaged in re-fitting this Store for another tenant, and suddenly came across a Mouse's nest lined with Bank notes. Twenty-five dollars were secured, wholly uninjured, while several hands full of fragments remained, so mutilated, as to answer no other purpose than to convince Mr. Marshall, that all his former suspicions were groundless.—*Raleigh (N. C.) Register.*

SUDDEN DEATHS.—At Savannah, on Wednesday last, a man named Michal Masterton was killed by a coup d'le. An Englishman, Joseph Belvin, was killed by the extreme heat and his exposed situation while laying brick; and a lad named Charles J. Faries was drowned while bathing.

Short Cut to Havana from New York.—Take the rail road and steamers to Wilmington and Charleston; and from the latter, travellers are now to have a regular mail steam-boat to Havana. The latest intelligence from Havana says:

The steamboat Haynes is established as a mail boat between Havana and Charleston—making a trip to and from once a month—leaving Havana on the 15th and Charleston on the 1st of each month.

THE KING OF HANOVER.—By a report made to the Legislature by Willis Hall the Attorney General, relative to the title of the trustees of the Pulteney Estate, to lands in Steuben and Alleghany counties, it appears that Ernest Augustus, Duke of Cumberland and now king of Hanover, is one of the present acting trustees to that estate.

MORE VILLIANY.—We learn that an attempt was made, last night, to set fire to the powder magazine in Souland's Addition. The incendiaries nailed a box about two feet in length, and filled with shavings and chips, on the window shutter, and set fire to the same. There was also a train of combustible materials communicating from the box into the magazine between the window sill and the shutter. Fortunately the rain which fell during the evening prevented an explosion.

The magazine is situated in a populous neighborhood, and an explosion would have produced most disastrous consequences. We learn that orders have been given for the removal of the powder.—*St. Louis Gazette.*

Juvenile Gluttony.—"Oh, eat it up dear—eat it up!" says mamma, "I can't ma—I've eat enough." "Oh yes, dear, eat up what's on your plate, so that it need not be lost!" How common a practice that is—stuffing children beyond the wants of nature, and making them gluttons all their lives so that the scraps may not be lost! Precious economy!

Great Match Race.—The owners of Gano have offered a challenge of \$1,000, four miles heats, over the Lafayette Course, next fall. The owner of Boston has accepted the challenge.

We learn from the St. Louis Bulletin of June 20th that Mr. James Wilson, clerk of the steamer Prairie, has absented himself with \$4000, and the clerk of the steamer Daniel Webster has gone off with \$14,000.

MARRIED.

At the Montgomery Hall, on Sunday last, by the Rev. James Hodge, pastor of the Baptist church Green street, Dr. James Berry to Miss Nancy Dutcher. Also, Mr. Charles Potter to Miss Emeline Hayes, all of Mayfield, Fulton county.

On Thursday morning, in St. Paul's church by the Rev. Mr. Kip, Samuel P. Stokes, to Helen M. daughter of Doct. Barent, Staats, all of this city.

In Bethlehem, on the 4th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Kissam, Mr. J. K. How, of Albany, to Miss Margaret Adams, of Bethlehem.

On Friday evening, 3d inst. by the Rev. Dr. Welch, Mr. Henry Gardener, to Miss Amanda M. Locrow, of this city.

By the same, on Wednesday the 8th, Mr. Abraham Billson, to Miss Sarah E. Schoonmaker, of Bethlehem.

By the Rev. T. C. Wyckoff, Mr. Thomas W. Beebe, of this city, to Margaret E. daughter of David Pratt Esq. of Princetown.

DIED.

On the 3d inst. after a short and severe illness, John Denniston, second son of Wm. Thornburn, aged 11 years.

At Greenwich, Washington Co., on the 16th ult. Frederick, son of Jacob Holmes, of this city, aged one year.

On Monday, 5th inst. James Hooghkirk, in the 37th year of his age.

Yesterday morning Sarah E., infant daughter of Elisha and Julia Mack.

On the 5th inst. after a severe illness, William Gilbert youngest son of David W. Groesbeck in the tenth year of his age.

Yesterday, after a short illness, David B. Ward, in the 29th year of his age.

Last evening, Martha Jane, daughter of James and Jane M'Burney.

At the residence of his father, at St. Albans, Vt. on Friday evening, 3d of July, George S. Swift of this city.

In the village of Johnstown, on the morning of the 9th inst. DAVID MORSE, a patriot of the revolution, aged 87 years.

At Geneseeville, on the 24th ult., of a lingering illness, which she bore with christian fortitude, Betsey, wife of E. Granger, Esq., Post Master at that place.

At his residence, near the village of Ithaca, on the 17th inst. Amos Hixon, esq. in the 63d year of his age.

AUTHORISED AGENTS.

The following Brethren have kindly offered to act as Agents for the American Masonic Register. They are duly authorized to receive subscriptions and monies on its account.

William Boardman, New York City.

Tall nage Fairchild, Coxsackie.

Joel D. Smith, Castleton.

James Telf, Coeymans.

S. C. Leggett, Troy.

S. D. Smith, Lansingburgh.

Joseph Blackburn, Poughkeepsie.

John S. Weed, West Greenfield.

Ebenezer Mix, Batavia.

Blanchard Powers, Cowsville.

James Cavanaugh, Watertown.

James M'Kain, Lockport.

C. R. Vary, Berodino.

Francis P. Mills, Kingston, U. C.

Philo W. Stocking, Wheeling, Va.

Thomas J. Welby, Louisville, Kentucky.

A. C. Smith, Mount Clemens, Michigan.

THE MASONIC REGISTER.—For the year of Masonry 5840; containing a correct list of the Officers of the Grand Lodge and Subordinate Lodges, Chapters, Encampments, &c. of N. York, and its vicinity, with their times and places of meeting &c. &c.—for sale at this Office, price 25 cents.—May 16.

NEW BOOKS, received at W. C. LITTLE'S Bookstore.

Rauch's Psychology, or View of the Soul.

Spake's Rare and his Times, by Nathan Drake.

Guizot's Civilization of Europe.

Mrs. Sinclair's Scotland and the Scotch.

Madame de Stael's Italy, in French.

Hoffman's Chancery Practice, vol. 3d.

Franklin's Life and Works, by Sparks.

Hallam's Literature of Europe.

The French Revolution, by M. Thiers.

All the late novels and periodicals.

THE Edinburgh Quarterly Review for April, 1840—Contents—Sir Walter Raleigh; Deer Stalking; British and American Navies; Mrs. Boddington's Poems; Walpole and Contemporaries; Bingley; Windham; Pulteney; Works of the author of Natural History of Enthusiasm; Court and Camp of Runjeet Sing; Present state and conduct of parties; List of new publications in Great Britain from January to April 1840. Terms, \$3 per annum. Subscriptions received by

W. C. LITTLE, corner of State st.

STEEL PENS.—New Patents.—The Coronation

Best Dima-cus steel.

The Queen's Own Pen, by Gillott.

Prince Albert's Own Pen, by Gillott.

The Tippecanoe Steel Pen, American.

The United States Government Pen.

Gillott's Old English Baronial Pen.

Jacob's Bank and Mercantile Pen.

Gillott's Damascus Double Barrel Pen.

Also Warren's, Pardow's and Perry's Patent Perryan Pen, all the varieties; for sale by

je29

W. C. LITTLE, corner State st.

MASONIC APRONS.—Those Brethren desiring Aprons for members of the Degrees of MASTER, MARK or R. ARCH, can obtain them, splendidly engraved on Satin, by applying at this Office, at a price adapted to the times.—May, 5840.

THE AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER, Is Published every Saturday, by L. G. HOFFMAN, Corner of South Market and Division Sts. Albany.

TERMS.—To city subscribers, Two Dollars and Fifty Cents a year. To subscribers who receive their papers by mail, Two Dollars, payable on the receipt of the 4th Number. No subscription received for less term than one year. Back numbers at all times furnished.

A post master may enclose money in a letter to the publisher of a newspaper, to pay the subscription of third person, and FRANK the letter, if written by him self.

POETRY.

For the American Masonic Register.

VIOLA.

She was beautiful as a fairy's dream—
And I gazed on her "eye of light;"
Her "lip of love," and her graceful mein,
And I grieved that all which so lovely seem
For this world was far too bright.

I watched her when flatterers bent the knee
To her peerless beauty's shrine;
But sadly she gazed, and I knew she was free
From that spoiler of woman's vanity—
For e'en in the eye 'twill shine.

I have seen her move in the mazy dance,
Amid the gala throng,
But I plainly saw by her wav'ring glance,
That the pleasures of earth could ne'er entrance
Her gentle spirit long.

Yes—I read in her soft and speaking eye,
Her heart to earth was not given;
I knew when she gazed on the azure sky,
That her hopes were fixed on her home on high—
Her peaceful home in heaven.

I've talked to the young when their hopes were bright,
Of death and the dreary tomb,
And mark'd how with terror their lips grew white,
As they fearfully thought of the long, dark night,
And the sable vault of gloom.

But death to her had no dismal sound,
For she deem'd it a lovely rest
From the griefs and cares this life that surrounds;
And long'd to partake of that bliss that is found
In the mansions of the blest.

'Twere well she loved not earth's dark hours,
For soon she passed away—
She strikes the harp in fadeless bowers,
And on her brow is bound bright flowers
That never will decay.

FLORA.

Albany, July, 1840.

THE MASON.

When life becomes a scene of woe,
Of pain and poverty;
When sighing man is doomed to know
Too much of misery;
Who then will seek his humble door,
And smooth his nightly bed?
Ah, who will pity then the poor,
When all his friends have fled?

The Mason.

When he is doomed to death, nor knows
His wife and children's fears,
Who then will soothe the widow's woes
And dry the orphan's tears?
Ah, who will then a father be,
To those in deep distress—
Extend the hand of charity,
And sorrow's sighs suppress?

The Mason.

If to the grave the mother fall
The victim of despair,
Who then the orphan boy will call
His bounteous board to share?
Who will bind up his bleeding heart—
His little hands extend—
And bid him breathe with lips apart,
His thanks unto his friends?

The Mason.

And who will bend his little knees
Before his God on high—
Teach him to reverence Heav'n's decrees,
And fit him for the sky?
Yea, teach him to shun paths of shame,
And honor virtue's laws—
A patriot on the page of fame,
In his lov'd country's cause?

The Mason.

Yet man denies the garland green—
The blooming bay of praise;

But calls the Mason's motives mean,
And tho' convinced, inveighs.
Thus prejudice thro' time hath been
The scourge of Masonry.
Of all—the worst that I have seen,
Is mental tyranny.

MILFORD BARP.

THE VOICE OF FREEDOM.

Hark to that voice! what spirit gave
Its mighty accents birth?
A cry of "Freedom to the Slave!"
O'er all the startled earth;
The fettered worlds of East and West
Are toiling to be free.
And soon beneath thy shade shall rest,
Immortal Freedom's tree.

Long cursed by martyrs' blood and tears,
Deep root that tree shall take,
Which tyrants through a thousand years
Have bowed, but could not break—
And cherished thus, its tenderest shoot,
Although in deserts placed,
Shall bloom and bear that glorious fruit
The brave would die to taste.

The dwellers in imperial halls
Behold with craven fear
A dreaded hand upon their walls
Which writes of Freedom near.
In vain they bid their vassal hordes
The spear and buckler take—
Earth's broken fetters forged to swords,
The mightiest weapons make!

"To heaven the blade! to earth the sheath!"
(Thus glows the patriot's flame)
"And God above, and man beneath,
Attest the rights we claim!
To win again our native land
We brave oppression thus;
And paley strike the coward hand
That will not strike with us!"

"E'en though we perish in the strife,
Or deep in dungeons pine,
Or all the weary load of life
On rack or wheel resign,
His country's voice the patriot's knell
Shall echo to the skies;
Each fallen hero's name a spell
To bid ten thousand rise!"

"Cities, by crouching slaves debased,
We leave to slaves a while;
Our camp shall be the mountain waste,
Our Castle—its defile:
There, ere the glorious die be cast,
Come all who dare be free!
Come like the torrent and the blast
When tempests sweep the sea!"

"Come from the glen—the plain—the hill—
From fields, and towns, and towers;
Accursed be they who toil or till
For tyrants and their powers!
And deeper deadlier curses still
Through life's dishonored hours,
Wither the wretch who fears to spill
His blood in cause like ours!"

"Our swords have fought the holiest strife,
The holiest meed to gain,
And, lost with us, the meanest life
Shall not be lost in vain;
Who in his country's gap hath stood,
And lavished there his gore,
The prayers and praises of the good
Shall bless forever more!"

FIRST AND LAST LOVE.

BY MISS MARY ANNE BROWN.

I deemed you loved me, for your eye
Would fondly rest on me;
I deemed you loved me, for your sigh
Would breathe—your cheek would be
Tinged with a crimson, if I came
Across your path by chance;

And then what thoughts, without a name,
Spoke in your hurried glance!

I deemed you loved me, for I knew
How in my heart I shined you—
How in each gentle, tenderest clue
Of fancy I entwined you;
I deemed you loved, because I saw
Your actions like my own—
Your eye had my heart's timid awe,
Your voice my trembling tone.

I deemed you loved—I ne'er had loved
Until that feeling burst—
Beautiful, glorious, tried and proved,
The passionate, the first.
I deemed you loved—I was deceived!
My dream of bliss is past:
Those only know like me bereaved,
Such First Love is the Last!

THE DEAD FATHER.

BY HARVEY D. LITTLE.

Come hither child, and kneel
In prayer, above thy Father's lifeless form—
He loved thee well, in sunshine and in storm,
Through days of woe and weal;
His blessings on thy head no more are given,
As once they came, like gentle dews of heaven.

Look on that pallid face!
Its wonted smiles are calmly resting there,
Unbroken by the deep dawn lines of care—
Sorrow hath left no trace
Of furrowed bitterness upon the meek
And still expression of that blanched cheek.

Thou scarce canst feel thy loss,
Or know the chilling cares that have begun
To shadow thy bright pathway, gentle one!
Many a withering cross
May in thy guileless bosom plant its sting,
And to thy hopes a poisoned chalice bring.

How sad the fireside hearth!
His manly form shall never—never more
Darken the threshold of our cottage door;
Nor the full sound of mirth
Go up in gladness to the whited wall;
For death has entered with his funeral pall.

A chair is vacant now!
A cheerful eye, and a contented face,
Have left, for aye, their wonted dwelling place;
And we must bow!
A blessing's gone! a noble form is riven,
To darken this cold earth, and gladden heaven.

They may talk of love in a cottage,
And bowers of the trelliced vine;
Of nature bewitchingly simple,
And milk-maids half divine:
They may talk of the pleasures of sleeping
In the shade of a spreading tree,
And a walk with a nymph at morning,
Who trips with a footstep free.

But give me a sly flirtation
By the light of a chandelier,
With music to play in the pauses,
And nobody over near:
Or give me a seat on the sofa,
With a glass of especial wine,
And mamma too blind to discover
The small white hand in mine.

Your "love in a cottage" gets hungry,
Your "vine" is a nest for flies,
"Simplicity" cuts the graces,
And your milk-maids talk of pies.
You sink to your shady slumber,
And wake with a bug in your ear;
And your damsel that walks in the morning,
Is shod like a mountaineer.

"True love" is at home on a carpet,
And mightily likes his ease;
And "true love" has an eye for a capon,
And starves in your "shady trees."
His wing is the fan of a lady,
His foot's an invisible thing,
And his arrow is tipped with a jewel
And shot from a silver string.

AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER

AND LITERARY COMPANION.

BY L. G. HOFFMAN.]

ALBANY, SATURDAY, JULY 25, 1840.

[VOL. I.—NO. 47.]

MASONIC.

Extract, from the proceedings of the Grand Lodge of the State of New-York, at their annual communication of June, 1840.

The Grand Officers reported the following letter from the Chairman of a Committee, appointed by the Grand Lodge of New Jersey, in November, 1839, which had been received in the latter part of April last, and also their answer to the Committee.

Grand Lodge of New Jersey, Nov. 14th, A. D. 1837. A. L. 5837.

The Committee appointed to examine the foreign correspondence made the following Report:

Among the communications received during the past year, we find nothing that requires the action of the Grand Lodge, at this time, except the one received from the Grand Lodge of New York. Your Committee regret to find that difficulties have arisen among the Brethren in the city, which originated with York Lodge, No. 367. It appears that that Lodge had resolved to have a procession, and celebrate the Anniversary of St. John, the Baptist, on the 24th of June, last. As this was contrary to the customs of the Grand Lodge, the Deputy Grand Master, in the absence of the Grand Master, and in the exercise of his duty, issued his Proclamation, forbidding such procession; and also went in person to the place of meeting, on the morning of the said 24th June, and requested that the procession should not be formed; both of which was disregarded; and we regret to find that the Deputy Grand Master was treated in a disrespectful and unmasonic manner. In consequence of those proceedings of York Lodge, No. 367, the Grand Lodge, at their meeting on the 12th July, last, expelled several of the Brethren, who had been most active in forming the procession, and joining in the celebration. The expelled Brethren then proceeded to form, what they term, a Grand Lodge, contrary to the rules and regulations of Masonry; and we regret to find that their officers have been installed.

Your Committee are of opinion the Grand Lodge should be sustained in their proceedings, and would recommend that no intercourse be held with the expelled Masons, or with what they call their Grand Lodge.

Nov. 14, A. D. 1837. A. L. 5839.

Signed, { X. J. MAYNARD, } Committee.
{ JOHN MERSHON, }

The Report was agreed to, and the Committee discharged.

Extract of the Proceedings of the Grand Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons of the State of New-Jersey, held at Masonic Hall, in the city of Trenton, on Tuesday, November the 12th, A. D. 1839. A. L. 5839.

Brother John S. Darcy, in behalf of St. John's Grand Lodge, in the State of New-York, made application to re-consider all former proceedings of this Grand Lodge, in relation to St. John's Grand Lodge, aforesaid; whereupon it was

Resolved—That Brothers Elias Van Arsdale, Jr., Daniel Babbitt, and Simeon Baldwin, be appointed a Committee, to investigate all matters of difference between the Grand Lodge of the State of New-York, and St. John's Grand Lodge, aforesaid, which may be submitted to their consideration, and that they report to

this Grand Lodge, the result of their inquiries, and their opinions, relative to the matters in controversy, and that they furnish each of the parties with copies of their Report, for their consideration."

Newark, N. J. 18th Feb. 1840.

DEAR SIR,—As Chairman of the Committee named in the enclosed Resolution, adopted by the Grand Lodge of the State of New Jersey, at their last annual communication, I herewith enclose you the same; and also, an extract of the proceedings therein referred to, from which you will readily perceive the nature of the duty entrusted to the Committee. It is requested that you will lay the same before the Grand Lodge, of which you have the honor to be Secretary, at their next communication, that they may adopt such measures in relation to the matters to be investigated by the Committee, as they shall deem advisable.

The Committee, in undertaking this investigation, feel that they are entering upon the discharge of a duty of a very delicate and serious nature; but hope, and trust, for the honor of the Fraternity, that they will be met by all parties interested in that spirit of brotherly love and friendship, for which the order has ever been distinguished, that they may thereby be the better enabled to discharge the duty entrusted to them, to the satisfaction of all parties.

With a desire of general accommodation in this business, the Committee propose visiting your city, at such time as may best suit the convenience of all concerned. An answer, communicating the result of the deliberations of your Grand Lodge, at as early a day as practicable, is respectfully solicited.

A serious indisposition for some time past has prevented me from making this communication at an earlier day.

Respectfully and Fraternally,

Your obedient Servant,

E. VAN ARSDALE, Jr.

To JAMES HERRING,

Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge of the State of New-York.

To ELIAS VAN ARSDALE, Jr. Esq., Chairman of Committee from the Rt. W. GRAND LODGE, of New Jersey.

New York, April 29th, 1840.

BROTHER.—The Officers of the Rt. W. Grand Lodge of the state of New York, have had your letter of the 18th of February, under consideration, and believe it to be their duty to convey to you, without delay, their views in relation to the subject of your communication.

This Grand Lodge was originally constituted by warrant from the Duke of Athol, Grand Master of England, with sole Masonic jurisdiction in the then Province of New York. Amongst other powers granted in said warrant, is full and ample authority "to hear, adjust, and impartially determine all and singular matters of Complaint, Dispute, Debate, or Controversy, relative to the CRAFT within the jurisdiction aforesaid; strictly requiring all and every of our Worthy and Loving Brethren within the jurisdiction aforesaid, to be conformable to all and every of the good Rules, Orders, Issues, and Decrees, which shall from time to time be ordered, issued, or decreed, by the said Rt. Worshipful Provincial Grand Lodge." After the war, by which the civil governments of this country were separated from the British Empire, there was a manifest propie-

ty in the separation of the several Masonic governments of the United States, from the Grand Lodge of England. This was accordingly done, but with perfect harmony, and the continued interchange of fraternal correspondence. This Grand Lodge, therefore, has always possessed the right of exclusive jurisdiction within this state: this right they have ever guarded with vigilance. Attempts have been made to establish Lodges within its jurisdiction, under foreign charters; but they have never received countenance from any Grand Lodge in this country. So late as March, 1829, this Grand Lodge had occasion to remind the Fraternity "that no Lodge of Free Masons, however regular shall have been the admission of the whole, or a portion of its members into the Mystic band, can assemble for the purpose of Masonic labor within the jurisdiction of this Grand Lodge, without deriving therefrom its authority so to do." From this position the Grand Lodge of the State of New-York never can depart. Neither can it permit any individual, or any number of individuals from a foreign jurisdiction, to come into this state, either to establish Lodges, or in any other way to interfere with its rights and privileges as a sovereign Grand Lodge. In this position the Grand Lodge of the State of New-York has been ably sustained by the various Grand Lodges of the United States, where the special subject referred to in your letter has been taken into consideration, many of whose communications have been published in the transactions of this Grand Lodge, in June 1839, and to which the following report, adopted by the M. W. Grand L. of Ohio, may be added, as it embodies, undoubtedly, the only true principles applicable to the case.

Your committee have also examined the proceedings of a body styling themselves the St. John's Grand Lodge of the State of New-York. From this last document, as well as from the minutes of the proceedings of the Rt. W. Grand Lodge of the State of New-York, it appears that an attempt is being made to assert and exercise a concurrent and independent Masonic jurisdiction over the same territory, by separate and distinct bodies. This course, if persisted in on the one hand, or tolerated on the other, must lead to results as monstrous in practice, as it is clearly antagonist to every principle of Masonry. Harmony, so essential to the well-being of the Craft, cannot subsist between two bodies thus constituted, nor between their members. Into the causes which have led to this deplorable state of things, we conceive it to be unnecessary for us to inquire, inasmuch as it would be incompetent for this Grand Lodge to exercise any power to correct the error, wherever it might be found; suffice it for us to deprecate the existence of such a state of things; our duty in the premises is to search for the Ancient Land Marks, and when found, to direct to 'the old path.'—From the best lights your Committee have been able to bring to the consideration of the subject, they are clear in the opinion, that decisions duly made by the M. W. Grand Lodge of the State of New-York, are, within that state, the supreme Masonic Law from which no appeal can be entertained, unless there shall be constituted a General Grand Lodge of the U. States; a measure which your Committee suggest for consideration, rather than recommend. While affairs maintain their present posture, however we conceive that this Grand Lodge, neither in justice to its own character, in justice to its senior the Rt. W. Grand Lodge of the State of New York, nor in justice to the sacred and immutable principles of Masonry, can recognize

the legitimate existence within the borders of the state of New York, of any Masonic jurisdiction, aside from, and independent of that of the M. W. Grand Lodge of the State of New York."

The Grand Lodge of Ohio, at the same time, adopted the following resolution.

"Resolved, That we regard the attempted establishment of St. John's Grand Lodge of the State of New York, as scismatic and illegal; and its tendency subversive of the vital principles of Free Masonry; and that therefore, the measure meets our unqualified reprehension."

From the foregoing remarks, you will readily perceive the opinions of the Officers of the Grand Lodge of the state of New York, on the proposition submitted; and here they would willingly terminate, were it proper, or possible for them, to withhold the expression of their surprise, and regret at the apparent oversight and inconsistency of the course proposed by you, in the name of the Grand Lodge of New-Jersey.

Your Grand Lodge is aware—for the fact has been published with its proceedings—that an attempt has been made to establish in this state, not only a concurrent jurisdiction over Masons and Masonry, but a jurisdiction to be exercised by expelled Masons, between whom and the fraternity of New Jersey, it has been declared by the Grand Lodge of New-Jersey, no intercourse ought to exist, as may be seen by a reference to the resolutions and reports of Nov. 1837, and Nov. 1838, which resolutions the Grand Lodge of New-Jersey, in Nov. 1839, (as we have been officially informed by their Grand Secretary,) refused to re-consider, although that important fact has been omitted in the published report of the proceedings, and in the extract contained in your letter.

It has been a subject of regret to the Fraternity in this state, that any Past Grand Officer, of New-Jersey, should have overstepped the boundary of our jurisdiction, to give the least countenance to so gross an innovation in the Landmarks of the Order. A sincere regard to the Grand Lodge of New-Jersey, and an earnest desire to preserve her councils in peace, has hitherto restrained our complaints, especially, after the unanimous declaration, in 1837, "that no intercourse (should) be held with the expelled Masons, or with what they call their Grand Lodge," had been adopted.

Even now, notwithstanding the irreconcilable inconsistency of the closing act of November, 1839, we are willing to seek for an apology, and to believe that it has been caused by a desire to promote the harmony of the Fraternity in a neighboring state, rather than from any intention of interfering with its domestic affairs. If this has been the motive which influenced the Grand Lodge of New-Jersey, in the appointment of the Committee, of which you are the chairman, we can assure you, and we request that you will so assure your Grand Lodge, that the harmony and unanimity which has prevailed in the Grand Lodge of this state, since September, 1837, has frequently been the subject of remark and congratulation, by its elder members, and is such as the Grand Officers hope to see preserved to the end of their career.

The fact, however, that no injury has resulted to this Grand Lodge, from the effort which has been made to establish a clandestine body within its territory; a body composed principally of persons who had been previously and individually expelled from the Fraternity, (and who, according to the invariable usages of Masonry, must individually appeal for restoration to the body which expelled them,) has not, it appears, been satisfactory to the individual member of the Grand L. of New Jersey, of whose unwarrantable interference we have withheld complaint; and we are constrained still, by the same sentiments of regard for the Rt. W. Grand Lodge, of which he is a member, from expressing more than our surprise, that that respectable Grand Lodge should have entertained, for a moment the insulting proposition, that the Grand Lodge of the State of New York, should submit their lawful acts to the revision of any Committee, however respectfully composed, or by whatever existing authority constituted.

The Grand Officers think it proper to close these remarks by stating their opinion of the position in which this business rests in this Grand Lodge, and do so, by a quotation from the minutes of Sept. 6, 1837.

"Resolved, That no further proceedings be had on the subject, until the parties who think themselves aggrieved, make a respectful application to this Grand

Body." We are, respectfully, and Fraternally, your's.

Signed. { MORGAN LEWIS, Grand Master
WILLIAM WILLIS, D. G. M.
RICHARD ELLIS, G. Treasurer.
JAMES HERRING, G. Secretary.

A List of all the Lodges in regular standing with the Grand Lodge of the State of New York, on the 7th of June, A. L. 5840.

NO.	NAME.	TOWN.	COUNTY.
1	St. John's	New-York	New-York
2	Indpt Royal Arch	"	"
3	Mount Vernon	Albany	Albany
4	St. Patrick's	Johnstown	Fulton
5	Masters	Albany	Albany
6	St. George's	Schenectady	Schenectady
7	Hudson	Hudson	Columbia
8	Holland	New-York	New-York
9	Unity	New Lebanon	Columbia
10	Kingston	Kingston	Ulster
11	Amicable	New Hartford	Oneida
12	Trinity	New York	New-York
13	Apollo	Troy	Rensselaer
14	Temple	Albany	Albany
15	Western Star	Bridgewater	Oneida
16	Morton	Hempstead	Queens
17	La Un'n Francaise	N. w. York	New-York
18	Fortitude	Brooklyn	Kings
19	Abrams	New-York	New-York
20	Washington	"	"
21	St. John's	Greenfield	Saratoga
22	Adelphi	New-York	New-York
23	Friendship	Stephentown	Rensselaer
24	Constellation	Mayfield	Montgomery
25	Albion	New-York	New-York
26	Mount Moriah	"	"
27	Benevolent	"	"
28	Champion	Champion	Jefferson
29	Farmers	Clifton Park	Saratoga
30	Mechanic	New-York	New-York
31	Warren	Pine Plains	Dutchess
32	Ark	Geneva	Ontario
33	Rising Sun	Saratoga Sp'ngs	Saratoga
34	Venice Morn'g Star	Venice	Cayuga
35	Ark	Windsor	Broome
36	Rising Sun	Guildford	Chenango
37	Columbia	New-Paltz	Ulster
38	Olive Branch	Bethany	Genesee
39	Olive Branch	Frankfort	Herkimer
40	Sylvan	Moravia	Cayuga
41	Washington	Manheim	Herkimer
42	Star	Petersburgh	Rensselaer
43	Evening Star	Hornellsville	Steuben
44	Union	Lima	Livingston
45	Mohawk	Danube	Herkimer
46	Utica	Utica	Oneida
47	Ark	Coxsackie	Greene
48	Watertown	Watertown	Jefferson
49	Concord	New-York	New-York
50	Fidelity	Trumansburg	Tompkins
51	Whitesborough	Whitesborough	Oneida
52	Brownville	Brownville	Jefferson
53	German Union	New-York	New-York
54	Rising Sun	Marbletown	Ulster
55	Hohenlinden	Brooklyn	Kings
56	Hibernia	New-York	New-York
57	Phoenix	Lansingburgh	Rensselaer
58	Steuben	Dansville	Livingston
59	Doric	Esopus	Ulster
60	Prattsburg Union	Wheeler	Steuben
61	Manhattan	New-York	New-York
62	Caledonia	Caledonia	Livingston
63	La Fayette	New-York	New-York
64	Morning Star	Caniesto	Steuben
65	Richmond	Castleton	Richmond
66	Mariner's	New-York	New-York
67	Montgomery	"	"
68	Naval	"	"
69	Union	Coventry	Chenango
70	St Simon & St Jude	Channingsville	Dutchess
71	Lockport	Lockport	Niagara
72	Junius	Waterloo	Seneca
73	Evening Star	West Troy	Albany
74	Western Light	Lisle	Broome
75	Mixville	Mixville	Alleghany
	Cameron	Howard	Steuben
	Alexandria	Alexandria	Jefferson

SKETCH OF TRAVEL.

For the American Masonic Register

ROME—DIVESTED OF ROMANCE.

Travellers generally are considered to be allowed the privilege of exaggerating, and magnifying a little in their descriptions of what they may have observed in the course of their peregrinations; and judging from many of the works of travel published, they as a body, do not appear inclined to allow that quasi privilege to lie dormant and unavailable. "Give him an ell, and he'll take a yard" is a homely saying—but none the less pointed and apropos, in its application to this subject.

These veritable travellers alluded to do not appear to be satisfied with *lying a little*, but break through all the barriers of probability, and render their productions as marvellous and probable as the noted travels of their great progenitors, Sinbad and *Munshausen*.

We are led to this train of thought from perusing a description of the city of Rome, contained in a work recently published. "Lord Dudley's letters."

Probably no spot on the habitable globe has been so much the resort of tourists, and so often described, as Rome, and yet, judging from these letters which are written in a plain, unpretending and chaste style of description, it has never been fairly and justly painted. The charm thrown around the "Eternal City," by the associations connected with the ruins of former grandeur, and the remembrance of the events of former ages and former glory, have caused most travellers to view none but the beautiful and fairer sides of the picture, and leading them into exaggeration and high colored statements.

The author of these letters, however appears to have viewed the objects he describes, with a vision unobscured by the film of prejudice, and the determination to be astonished *nolens volens*, which would seem to pervade all who travel thither. Of course we do not mean to be understood as expressing a belief that there is nothing either grand or wonderful in Rome, but simply that from the enthusiasm which travellers view every object they are apt to overlook in the consideration of the beautiful, many glaring defects, and by transmitting the same impressions to their descriptions, —lead others who read their works, and who may not have had the opportunity to visit the city, into error also.

Lord Dudley makes a bold attack at the fabric which these writers have reared, in the following sentence: He says, "In the first place, I am bold enough to think that the merits of the ancient buildings have been a good deal exaggerated."

This certainly, is quite different from the hyperbolic poetry, and romance, which we have been accustomed to hear poured out in most descriptions of these same buildings. The praise and admiration which they have received, he attributes to fancy, affectation, and that blind attachment to classical antiquity that swayed the minds of artists and scholars for some centuries after the revival of learning; and adds, "that there are not above four or five of the ancient monuments that are still perfect enough to give much pleasure except to a very enthusiastic eye."

Now all this is vastly different from the accounts we have been accustomed to receive of these objects from travellers. We quote another extract or two from this interesting work and conclude. He says,

"But now comes the drawback upon the splendid and interesting objects of Rome, and which I own, diminishes their effects in my eyes at least, to a wonderful degree. It is the extreme filth and shabbiness of the wretched town that surrounds them."

He continues the subject further in the same strain, as follows:

"There is not a single wide street, and but one handsome square. Poverty and dirt, pursue you to the gates of every monument ancient or modern, public or private. You never saw any place so nasty nor so beggarly; nor I except one. Lisbon is a little worse than Rome, and only a little, and it is a disgrace to civilized man."

This is certainly not a very charming picture, but nevertheless we believe it possesses the merit of being a true one.

W. G. B.

UTICA.—By the late census taken, this city contains 12,674 inhabitants. Increase since 1835, is 2,555.

MISCELLANY.

The wife of Talleyrand.—It is said that he never in his life committed any imprudence, save marrying Madame Grandt; but even that step was a part of his policy; for the First Consul having resolved that his court should be a model of propriety and decorum, left him to option. After all, Madame Talleyrand, with Madame Tallien and other ladies was forbidden the consular court. The intimate friend of Madame Beauharnois was not worthy a reception from Bonaparte. Her reputation was doubtful, and she had also taken bribes from some Genoese merchants who hoped to obtain commercial advantages through her husband's influence. The pride of Talleyrand was moved by this exclusion, though he took constant pleasure himself in ridiculing and quizzing his wife, a very beautiful but a very silly woman. When once asked what attraction he found in the conversation of so silly a woman as Madame Grandt, he replied—"What would you have me say? It is a recreation for me." It was a relief for the brilliancy of De Stael, and the other superlatively clever ladies. One day, in sailing about the Seine in a small boat with these ladies, Madame de Stael asked him which of the two he would save if she and Madame Grandt fell into the river. Sincere for once and even flattering, he replied—"Ah, Madame, you can swim." Madame Grandt was one day to preside at a dinner which Talleyrand, whose luxurious table gained the approbation of Careme himself was to give Denon after the return of that savior from Egypt. He previously told the lady that the expected guest was a very amiable man and an author, and that authors being fond of hearing their works quoted he would send her the adventures of M. Denon. He sent her those of Robinson Crusoe. After the guests were seated at table the lady began—"Ah, sir, I cannot express to you the pleasure I have had in reading your adventures."—"Madam, you are too good."—"Not at all, I can assure you. Dear me, how horribly dull it must have been for you, all alone on a desert island! I was exceedingly interested in it; but what a droll figure you must have cut in your sugar loaf cap!"—"Really, madam, I do not understand."—"Ah, yes; I feel for all your troubles after your shipwreck. How happy you must have been the day you found Friday!"

COURVOISIER.—The trial of this man for the murder of Lord Win. Russell appears to have created great excitement. It is somewhat singular, however, that notwithstanding the murder formed for many days topics for newspaper discussion, one of the most important points in the testimony should not have been discovered until the first day of the trial. This was the production of a woman named Charlotte Piolane, keeper of a French Hotel in London, of a paper parcel which she said had been left with her by the prisoner about the time of the murder, which was found to contain spoons and forks of silver, stockings, &c., all of which were identified as the property of Lord Russell. On the night of Thursday, the day of trial, when the additional evidence respecting the missing plate came to light, the articles were closely examined by the house-maid and the late valet of Lord Russell, who at once identified the plate as his Lordship's property; but the fact of the finding of the articles was not disclosed to the prisoner until the following day, (Friday) when Charlotte Piolane came to Newgate, and having seen the prisoner with some other men, who were brought before her for the purpose in the Press yard, she at once identified him as the man by whom the parcel containing the missing plate had been left at her house.

The fact of the plate having been thus discovered, and the identity of the prisoner proved, a communication to that effect was made to him; on hearing a piece of intelligence so astounding and unexpected, the prisoner, before the time arrived for his being again placed at the bar, made the following confession to his solicitor: He states that on the night of the fatal occurrence he was in the lower part of his lordship's house, in the act of secreting the different valuable articles described in the evidence on the trial, in the places where they were subsequently found by the police. He then stated that his lordship, being taken suddenly ill, and coming down stairs unexpectedly while he was so engaged, caught

him in the act of concealing the property in the manner described. His lordship immediately charged him with robbing him, and declared that he would discharge him from his service on the following morning. Finding himself thus suddenly detected in plundering his master, and receiving notice that he would be discharged on the following morning, he was roused to a state of madness; and having waited until his lordship retired to rest, he then stole softly into his bed-room, and finding that his lordship was sound asleep, he cut his throat with a carving knife.

The prisoner's own confession of his guilt was known to his counsel on the Saturday morning, but he, like a true advocate, kept it quiet, and actually addressed the jury most strenuously in his behalf, although it proved without effect. The discovery of the property at the inn seems an awful illustration of the truth of "murder will out."

It is somewhat singular, that shortly after the murder, the prisoner, when interrogated respecting it said, "When I find that the truth has been spoken, I will then tell all I know about it." It would appear from this that the prisoner, being from the first conscious of the evidence against him before he confessed his crime, and when he knew that there was no chance of escaping from the consequence of his guilt, he determined to unburden his mind at once in the manner he has already done.—*London Paper.*

"BLACK EYED SUSAN."—Gay wrote this well known ballad upon Mrs. Montford, a celebrated actress contemporary with Cibber. After her retirement from the stage, love and the inconstancy of a bosom friend, deprived her of her senses, and she was placed in a receptacle for lunatics. One day, during a lucid interval, she asked her attendant what play was to be performed that evening and was told that it was Hamlet. In this tragedy, whilst on the stage, she had ever been received with rapture, in Ophelia.

The recollection struck her, and with that cunning which is so often allied to insanity, she eluded the care of the keepers, and got to the theatre, where she concealed herself until the scene in which Ophelia enters in her insane state: she then pushed on the stage, before the lady who had performed the previous part of the character could come on, and exhibited a more perfect representation of madness than the utmost exertions of mimic art could effect. She was, in truth, Ophelia herself, to the amazement of the performers, and the astonishment of the audience. Nature having made this last effort, her vital powers failed her.—On going off she exclaimed, "It is all over!" She was immediately conveyed to her late place of security, and a few days after,

"She, like a lily drooping,
Then bowed her head and died."

AN APOLOGY.

When John Clerk (Lord Eldon) was at the bar, he was remarked for the *sang froid* with which he treated the judges. On one occasion, a junior counsel on hearing their lordships give judgment against his client, exclaimed that "he was surprised at such a decision!" This was construed into contempt of court, and he was ordered to attend at the bar next morning. Fearful of the consequences, he consulted his friend John Clerk, who told him to be perfectly at ease, for he would apologize for him in a way that would avert any unpleasant result. Accordingly, when the name of the delinquent was called, John rose and coolly addressed the assembled tribunal—"I am very sorry, my lords, that my young friend has so far forgot himself as to treat your bench with disrespect; he is extremely penitent, and you will kindly ascribe his unintentional insult to his ignorance. You must see at once that it did originate in that. He said he was surprised at the decision of your lordships! Now; if he had not been very ignorant of what takes place in this court every day—had he known you but half so long as I have done, curse me if he would be surprised at any thing you did."

MOURNING.—In Turkey, mourning is composed of blue or violet; in Ethiopia of gray; and at the time of the invasion of Peru by the Spaniards the inhabitants of that country wore it of a mouse color. Among the Japanese, white is the sign of mourning and black of rejoicing. In Castile, mourning vestments were for-

merly of white serge. The Persians clothed themselves in brown, and they, their whole family, and all their animals were shaved. In Lycia, the men wore female habiliments during the whole time of their mourning.

"SHIPPED IN GOOD ORDER AND WELL CONDITIONED."—The following remnant of the early times, when women were willing to get married and not ashamed to own it, is a letter accompanying a shipment of marriageable ladies, made from England to the colony in Virginia. It is dated,

LONDON, Aug. 21, 1621.

"We send you a ship; one widow and eleven maids, for wives of the people of Virginia; there hath been especial care had in the choice of them, for there hath not one of them been received but upon commendations."

"In case they cannot be presently married, we desire that they may be put with several householders, that have wives, until they can be provided with husbands. There are nearly fifty more that are shortly to come, and are sent by our Hon. Lord and Treasurer, the Earl of Southampton, and certain worthy gentlemen, who, taking into consideration that the plantation can never flourish till families be planted, and the respect of wives and children for their people on the soil, therefore having given this fair beginning; reimbursing of whose charges, it is ordered that every man that marries them, give one hundred and twenty pounds of best leaf tobacco for each of them."

"Though we are desirous that the marriage be free, according to nature, yet we would not have those maids deceived, and married to servants; but only to such freemen or tenants as have means to maintain them. We pray you, therefore, to be fathers of them in this business, not enforcing them to marry against their wills."

As the Tomato season is now at hand, we recommend the following as the best receipt we have ever seen for the making of a Tomato omelet.

Peel a quart of ripe tomatoes—chop and put them down to simmer for about 20 minutes with as much water as will cover them; chop a few onions very fine and throw them in with crumbled bread and a lump of fresh butter—and when nearly done beat up four eggs and stir them in for a few minutes—and serve the omelet up.

KITTY WHITE'S PARENTHESIS.

Kitty White, a pupil to old Rich, the comedian, was instructed by O'Brien, of Drury-lane, how to perform *Sylvia*, in "The Recruiting Officer." The lady reciting a passage improperly, he told her it was a parenthesis, and therefore required a different tone of voice, and greater volubility. "A parenthesis," said Miss White, "what's that?" Her mother, who was present, blushing for her daughter's ignorance, immediately exclaimed, "Oh, what an infernal limb of an actress will you make! not to know the meaning of 'prentice, and that is the plural number of 'prentices!'"

RECEIPT FOR A LADY'S DRESS.

Let your ear-rings be Attention, encircled by the pearls of Refinement; the diamonds of your necklace Truth, and the chain of Christianity; your breast-pin Charity, ornamented with the pearls of Gentleness; your finger-rings be Affection, set round with diamonds of Industry; your girdle be Simplicity, with the tassels of Good-humor, let your thicker garb be Virtue, and your drapery Politeness; let your shoes be Wisdom, secured by the strings of Perseverance.

THE CALMUCK TARTARS.—Calmuck women ride better than the men. A male Calmuck or horseback looks as if he was intoxicated, and likely to fall off every instant, though he never loses his seat; but the women sit with more ease, and ride with extraordinary skill. The ceremony of marriage among the Calmucks is performed on horseback. A girl is first mounted, who rides off at full speed. Her lover pursues; and if he overtakes her, she becomes his wife, returning with him to his tent. But it sometimes happens that the woman does not wish to marry the person by whom she is pursued, in which case she will not suffer him to overtake her; and we are assured that no instance occurs of a Calmuck girl being thus caught, unless she has a partiality for her pursuer.—*Dr. Clarke's Trav.*

THE LEGENDARY.

REMARKABLE CASES OF CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

THE SHOP BOY.

Cases exhibiting the precarious nature of circumstantial evidence, independently of the deep interest which generally attaches to them as mere narratives, are calculated to work so beneficial effect on the public mind, that they cannot, it seems to us, be too frequently or too prominently brought forward in pages adapted for popular reading. By no other means can mankind be so strongly impressed with a salutary conviction of the necessity of making the strictest and most minute investigations, ere the life of a fellow creature be arbitrarily shortened, or guilt of whatever kind be decisively laid to any one's charge. The following cases of circumstantial evidence are collected from various sources. The first we find in the able notes to the new edition of Bentham (Tait, Edinburgh,) and the authority adduced is one of the collections of French criminal causes, that have been published at various times. The case is given in the original French, of which the following is a literal translation.

Previously to the rebuilding of that long range of houses which line the Place St. Michael at Paris, in front of the Rue St. Hyacinth, an aged widow lived near that spot, being the occupant of a small shop, to which was attached a back-parlour where she slept.—She was believed by the neighbors to have amassed a considerable amount of money. One young lad constituted, for a long time, her entire household. He slept on the fourth floor of the same building, but the staircase leading to his apartment had no communication with the dwelling of his mistress. The lad was obliged to go round by the street, when he had to enter the shop, and when he left to go to bed, he shut the outer door, and carried away the key, of which he was the sole depository. One morning, the shop door was noticed to be earlier open than usual, while at the same time no movement indicated that either the old shopkeeper or her assistant had arisen. This quietness alarmed some of the neighbors. On entering, they perceived no marks of violence about the door, the shop, and on her bed, in the back apartment, lay the shopmistress dead—stabbed, to all appearance, by the weapon mentioned. The corpse held in one hand a small handful of hair, and in the other a cravat or neckcloth. Near the bed was the money-box, which had been forced open and pillaged. The young shop-assistant was immediately seized, and he admitted that the bloody knife belonged to him. The cravat which the murdered woman held in her hand was his. They compared his hair with that grasped in the other hand; the two were the same, in colour and every other respect. Finally, the key of the shop was in his possession; he alone had the power, by means of that key, of entering the shop without resorting to force.—On the strength of this accumulation of evidence he was put to the torture (*on lui fait subir la question*); under his agonies, he admitted the crime, and was broken on the wheel (*rompu*.)

Shortly afterwards, a tavern boy was taken up for some crime of a different nature. In the declaration admitted by him after conviction and condemnation, he confessed that he was the sole actor in the assassination of the old woman in the Place St. Michel. The tavern where he served adjoined her shop, and he was on familiar terms with her shop-boy. To the latter he acted as hair-dresser, as far as regarded the periodical arrangement of the lad's hair *en queue*; and always when he used the comb, he carefully gathered those hairs which the instrument detached. By little and little he had thus collected the handful which was found in the grasp of the murdered woman. The knife, and one of the cravats of the lad, he had procured without difficulty, and the terms of intimacy on which they were, enabled him with equal ease to take an impression in wax of the shop-key, for the fabrication of a false one. By these means he entered and committed the deed, leaving things in the state which has been related.

Such is the story as told by the French writer.—Seldom has there been a piece of villany so coolly planned, and so ruthlessly executed, at the foreseen and expected cost of existence to two unfortunate beings. The succeeding two cases are of a similar order,

exhibiting the fall of innocence before premeditated villany, and are from the *Causés Celebres*, first series, volume third (Amsterdam edition of 1775.)

THE JEWS.

In a hotel or lodging-house at Milan, a Frenchman and two Jews were resident at one and the same time. The Jews occupied a chamber adjoining that of the Frenchman, who formed an acquaintance with them in consequence. He observed them to be very rich, as they often counted great bags of Spanish pistoles in his presence. This led him to the following guilty device. He cut or tore off a considerable portion of a night-wrapper or gown belonging to him, and contrived not only to leave it in the chamber of the Jews, but to watch the use which they made of it. They employed it to wrap up a parcel of one hundred pistoles. On the morning after observing this, the Frenchman, as soon as he rose, alarmed the house with cries of "robbery!" Every body ran to his chamber, and there heard him tell a melancholy tale of the loss of one hundred pistoles, which he had wrapped up in the front of his gown. He asserted that some one must have entered while he slept, and cut away the part of the gown with the money. The officers of justice were called in to examine the house. In the chamber of the Jews was found the portion of gown, and the Frenchman instantly called out, "There is my money!" The Jews were timorous men, and were thrown into confusion. This strengthened the case against them, and the consequence was, that they were executed. At an after period, the guilty author of their death confessed the conspiracy by which he had implicated them.

THE FLEMISH CURATE.

Another victim of a plot of this nature was a Flemish curate, who lived near the commencement of the eighteenth century. He was a man of remarkable piety, and exhibited in his conversation and deportment all the virtues which ought to adorn the character of him who assumes to be the teacher of others. In his parish resided a man of violent passions, who entertained a mortal enmity against another parishioner and neighbor, and resolved to assassinate him. Casting his eyes deliberately about him to discover a mode of doing this with safety, this wretch noticed a habit which the curate had of throwing off his walking-coat whenever he entered his own house, and putting on a short cassock in its stead, leaving the coat carelessly in an outer room or lobby, which was open to friend or stranger at almost anytime. Observing this custom, the man alluded to resolved upon taking a diabolical advantage of it. He fixed upon a time when he knew the curate to be usually engaged in composing the sermon for the following Sunday's service, and entered the lobby, whence he carried off the coat, and a neckerchief which he found also there. He knew that, immediately after this time, the person whose assassination he meditated would pass by a retired spot near the village. The villain had planned his time well. The victim came up to the spot as expected, and perished beneath the knife or a dagger of his enemy, who afterwards returned, without delay, to the curate's house. Favored by the dusk, he placed the coat, neckerchief, and dagger, in the lobby whence he had taken them, and then went off to the nearest magistrate, and denounced the curate as a murderer declaring that he himself, from a little distance had beheld the commission of the crime. The magistrate hurried to the reported scene of the deed, saw and recognized the body, and then proceeded to the house of the unfortunate and unconscious clergyman. Half hidden in the lobby were found the coat, the kerchief, and the dagger, all of them more or less stained with blood.—The curate was arrested and thrown into prison.

When the matter sustained a judicial examination, the "bold man" who had projected this double murder, adhered to his story, and as nobody was with the curate at the time in his dwelling, the accused had no exculpatory evidence to offer, excepting what was afforded by his simple protestation of innocence, and the sanctity of his former character. All his flock, and indeed all who knew him, believed him to be utterly incapable of such a crime; but the law, and the judges of the law, regarded the criminatory testimony as too strong to be doubted, and held it to be their duty to condemn the accused. The best of men, it

was argued by the public prosecutors, have been known to be hurried by the violence of temporary passion into the commission of crime and such was but too probably the case here. When the sentence was known, a great sensation was excited over the whole country. The whole community were in favour of the curate, but this could not save him from the stake, to which he was doomed. He died with a degree of calm resignation, which drew tears of admiring pity from all who saw him.

Four years after his execution the villain who had caused his end, involved himself in another murder, and on this occasion the crime was brought home to him. He was condemned to broken on the wheel—a death too horrible for even such a criminal as he was. Before he died, he confessed the whole facts of the curate's case. The memory of the latter was thenceforth honored like that of the saint.

HAWKINS AND SIMPSON.

Cases have occurred, both where accusations have been established, and where they have been refuted, by the observation of some peculiarity in the ink with which documentary evidence was written. If the assertion has been made that all parts of a particular document were written at one and the same period, with the same ink, and if it is discovered that the ink has a different appearance in one place from that which it presents at another, judges and jurymen would be generally inclined to regard this as a strong proof of the falsity of the document, or at least of the assertion made regarding it. But the following case, which we we find quoted in a little work entitled, "The Theory of Presumptive Proof," shows how cautious people ought to be running hastily to such a conclusion.

"John Hawkins and George Simpson were indicted for robbing the mail, on the 16th of April 1722.—Hawkins, in his defence, set up an *alibi*; to prove which, he called one William Fuller, who deposed that Hawkins came to his house on Saturday the 15th of April, and lay there that night, and did not go out until the next morning. Being asked by the court, 'By what token do you remember that it was the 15th of April?' he replied, 'By a very good token, for he owed me a sum of money for horse hire, and on Tuesday, the 10th of April, he called upon me and paid me in full, and I gave him a receipt; and I very well remember that he lay in my house the Sunday night following.' The receipt was now produced.—'April the 10th, 1722. Received of Mr. John Hawkins the sum of one pound ten shillings, in full of all accounts, per me William Fuller.' Upon inspecting the receipt, the court asked Fuller who wrote it; he replied, 'Hawkins wrote the body of it, and I signed it.' Court.—'Did you see him write it?' Fuller.—'Yes.' Court.—'And how long was it after he wrote it before you signed?' Fuller.—'I signed it immediately, without going from the table.' Court.—'How many standishes do you keep in the house?' Fuller.—'Standishes!' Court.—'Ay, standishes; it is a plain question.' Fuller.—'My lord, but one; and that is enough for the little writing we have to do.' Court.—'Then you signed the receipt with the ink that Hawkins wrote the body of it with?' Fuller.—'For certain.' Court.—'Officer, hand the receipt to the jury. Gentlemen, you will see that the body of the note is written with one kind of ink, and the name at the bottom with another very different; and yet this witness has sworn that they were both written with the same ink, and one immediately after the other.—You will judge what credit is to be given to his evidence!"

Thus the authenticity of the receipt, and the credit of the witness were overthrown by the sagacity of the court? But while the judge, Lord Chief Baron Montague, was summoning up the evidence, he was interrupted by the following occurrence:—

The person who reports the trial was then taking notes of the proceedings; his ink, as it happened, was very bad, being thick at the bottom, and thin and waterish at the top, so that accordingly as he dipped the pen, the writing appeared very pale or pretty black. This circumstance being remarked by some gentlemen present, they handed the book to the jury: the judge seeing them very attentively inspecting it, called to them.—'Gentlemen, what are you doing?—What book is that?' They told him that it was the

writer's book, and that they were observing how the same ink appeared pale in one place and black in another. The judge then told them—"You ought not, gentlemen, to take notice of any thing but what is produced in evidence; and, turning to the writer, demanded 'What he meant by showing that book to the jury?' And being informed by the writer that it was taken from him, he inquired, 'who took it, and who handed it to the jury?' But this the writer could not say, as the gentlemen near him were all strangers to him, and he had not taken any particular notice of the person who took his book.

That a jury ought not to take notice of any thing but what is produced in evidence, has been said to be law; but, on the contrary, it has been held, and surely very properly, that a jurymen may find from his own knowledge; indeed, what evidence can convince a person that that is which he knows *not* to be?

Hawkins and Simpson were convicted and executed; indeed the evidence against them was very strong; but had the fate of Hawkins depended upon the single testimony of Fuller, he would not, but for this occurrence, have fallen a sacrifice to the acuteness of the judge! who appears to have been much displeased at the accidental confutation of his remarks on the receipt, although it was an accident in favor of life."

THE BARBER'S APPRENTICE.

In an earlier number of the present periodical, a sketch of a humorous kind appeared under the title of the General Face, in which an individual is made to deplore the annoyances arising from the peculiar conformation of his countenance, which seemed rather to have the blended characters of the whole *genus* man, than the distinct lineaments of any individual variety thereof. He was incessantly mistaken for somebody else, and suffered frequently for the peccadilloes of somebody else. The subjoined anecdote would lead one to suppose that this case of the General Face was less fanciful than the writer of the sketch himself most probably imagined it to be. "September 14, 1772, came on, at the sessions in the Old Bailey, the trial of one Male, a barber's apprentice, for robbing Mrs. Ryan of Portland Street, on the highway, on the 17th of June last. The witnesses swore positively to the identity of the lad, and the whole court imagined him guilty. He said nothing in his defence, but that he was innocent, and his evidences would prove it.—His evidences were the books of the court, to which reference being made, it appeared that on the day and hour when the robbery was sworn to be committed, the lad was on his trial at the bar where he then stood. For another robbery, in which he was likewise unfortunate enough to be mistaken for the person who committed it; on which he was honorably acquitted."

In another number we shall present a few more cases of circumstantial evidence. Those now given, we hope, will have had sufficient interest in the eyes of our readers to make the promise of an early continuation acceptable.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

THE DIAMOND.

The hardest and most brilliant of the gems, was early known and esteemed by the Ancients. The Adamas, the Opalus and Peros, of Pliny, and the Carbuncle of the Scriptures, are generally thought to be the Diamond.

Until 1739, when that gem was found in the district of Serra do Frio, in Brazil, the only places in the world known to produce it were the provinces of Golconda, Bengal and Visapour.

The art of polishing it, though long known in China and Hindostan, is a recent invention to Europeans. They were formerly worn, in Europe, in their rude state: the one in the clasp of Charlemagne's cloak, preserved at Paris, is unpolished. About the year 1476, Louis de Berquin, a lapidary of Bruges, attempted to polish one by rubbing it against another. His success suggested the idea of polishing it on a wheel by means of Diamond powder, as other gems are by means of Emery. This invention increased the demand for Diamonds.

Those of one-sixth of a carat being very numerous,

and of no value as jewels, serve for powder to polish the larger.

While the Dutch were masters in the East, they were the only Diamond merchants in Europe, and till lately their lapidaries were thought to excel all others in the art of polishing. Diamonds are now imported to England free of duty, except an importation duty paid to the English East India Company, when shipped from any port within the limits of their charter. They are brought in bales and sold by the invoice before they are opened; as the bales are always found to contain the value at which they are invoiced.

In India, they are generally found in alluvion, in ravines: sometimes in the clefts of rocks.

The manner of searching for the Diamond in Golconda is worthy of notice. The miners pitch upon some place for their operations, usually a ravine and mark out a spot fourteen or fifteen rods square, and perform many superstitious ceremonies before they begin digging. They next enclose, with a mud wall, a space equal to the one they intend searching. They then commence digging, and the women and boys throw into the enclosure whatever is dug. The digging is continued till they come to water, which is rarely more than eight or nine feet from the surface. Water is then poured into the enclosure, and the contents permitted to soak for several days; after which, it is dried in the sun, and winnowed, and all the stones and lumps that remain are carefully examined for Diamonds.

India now produces fewer than formerly. Brazil is far richer in Diamonds than any other part of the world. They are found in Serra do Frio, under the mould, among gravel. They all belong to the Crown and to prevent the miners from secreting any, they are compelled to work naked. The King examines the Diamonds which they find, and sends such as he selects to the Portuguese ambassador in London, who deposits them for sale in the bank of England.

By experiment, the Diamond has been found to be an inflammable substance, though still frequently classed with minerals. Its inflammability was discovered by Boyle, in 1673. It is dissipated at a temperature a little below the melting point of silver, and consists principally of carbon. Its specific gravity is 3.550. When rubbed, it shows positive electricity, and if exposed to the rays of the sun, becomes phosphorescent. The light incident upon its posterior surface is reflected at an angle of incidence of 24 deg. 30 min. To this cause is owing its brilliancy, and consequently its value as a gem.

The Diamond occurs of various colors, but most frequently of a snow white and grey. The former is the most esteemed.

The weight of Diamonds is given in carats of four grains each. The value of a rough one is found by multiplying the square of its weight in carats, by \$8.82 cts; of a polished one, by multiplying its weight by 81. (39 dols. 42 cents.)

Subjoined is a catalogue of the largest Diamonds which have been yet discovered.

The Portuguese Diamond, the largest known is of 1680 carats, unwrought, in possession of the Royal family, and was much larger a piece having been broken off by the ignorant countryman who found it. Its value according to the above standard of estimation, is 25 mil. 62 thous. 912 dols.

The Mogul Diamond, mentioned by Yavener, found in the year 1550, a little to the east of Golconda, is in possession of the Great Mogul, and is the largest wrought Diamond in the world. It weighs 279 carats and 9-10ths. Valued at 2 mill. 893 thous. 823 dollars.

The Russia Diamond, set on the top of the Emperor's sceptre;—is of the size of a pigeon's egg; was the eye of a Brahminical idol;—stolen by a French soldier, who deserted the India service and contrived to become one of the priests of that idol. He sold it to an East India captain, for a small sum of 20,000 rupees, (9000 dols.) After passing through three other hands, it was purchased by the Empress Catharine of Russia, for 399 thous. 600 dols. in ready money, and an annuity for life, of 17,760 dollars more.

The Tuscan Diamond, formerly owned by a Grand Duke of Tuscany, now in possession of the Emperor of Germany, is of a pale, lemon color. Weights, 149 and a half carats.

The Pitt Diamond, the most brilliant which has been discovered, was brought from India by an English gentleman of the name of Pitt, and sold to the Regent Duke of Orleans, who placed it among the crown jewels of France. It was afterwards set in the hilt of Bonaparte's sword of State. Weight, 139 carats and 2-3ds.

THE GATHERER.

AN ALARM AT SEA.—The captain of one of our down-east schooners found himself one day becalmed in a fog off the Isle of Shoals, near Portsmouth, N. H. The vessel lay with a slight motion, when the captain, with a quick ear of a seaman, discovered, by the creaking sound of cordage, that there was another vessel close upon him, which might run a foul in short order. He had neither gun nor trumpet, to give his neighbor warning of their close approach; and the best thing he could think of was to set his men drumming on some empty casks; but to no purpose, as the sound increased, and the vessel was nearing him. As a last effort of ingenuity he seized a handspike, and applying it to the ear of an old grunter that happened to be on board, gave it several turns, none of the easiest, which brought forth a squeal almost as loud as the big whistle of our locomotive engines. This signal was effectual; and just before coming in sight of his neighbor's craft, bows on, he heard her captain exclaim to the man at the helm, in a voice of thunder, "Starboard your helm, blast your eyes—starboard your helm, we're close upon a hogyard."

THE SIAMESE TWINS.—There are very few persons who know what has become of Chang and Eng, or where they are. They may be gratified to learn that they have "settled down for long life," on a fine farm in Trapp Hill, a post town in Wilkes county, N. C. They write us that they are delighted with their farming operations, and are as happy as lords.—*Boston Trans.*

A COUNTERFEITER SHOT.—The police of New Orleans, in arresting the recent gang of counterfeiters, were compelled to fire upon one of them before they could bring him too. He was shot at three times, and hit twice, one of the shots taking effect in his side. It is doubtful whether he will recover.

HYDROPHOBIA.—It is stated in the Centreville, Md. Sentinel, of Friday last, that Mr. Edward W. Price, while walking over his farm in Spaniard's Neck, on Thursday morning, and while in the act of getting over a fence, was seized by a cat, supposed to be rabid, and considerably lacerated above the knee, before he could disengage himself from it. He immediately had the parts cut out by Dr. R. Goldsborough, Sen'r. Several rabid dogs have been killed in and about that neighborhood recently, and others said to have been bitten, are at large, to the imminent danger of the citizens.

THE REMAINS OF NAPOLEON.—The Prince de Joinville left Paris for Toulon on the 26th June, to take the command of the ship which is to translate the remains of Napoleon from St. Helena to Paris. His royal highness is accompanied by General Gourgaud, who, by a singular coincidence, was sent on that very day twenty-five years back, to Rochefort, in order to accelerate the departure of Napoleon. The coffin which is to receive the remains has been sent to the undertaker in order to be transmitted to Toulon for embarkation. It is made of massive ebony, three and a half inches thick, upwards of a yard in breadth, nearly the same in depth, and three yards long—six rings of bronze on the sides and ends of the coffin have in their centres a crown and the letter N in solid gold.—The word "Napoleon," also in letters of massive gold, is on the lid, and the cost is estimated at 15000 francs.

THEATRICAL STARS.

One of these great modern constellations, the other evening in the green room, said to a poor ill-starred author—"Ente nous, don't you think tip-top histrionic talent, like mine, is badly paid at £30 a night?"—"Certainly," replied the irritated play-wright, "for consider your medical expenses." "My medical expenses!" exclaimed Roscius. "Ay, entre nous," rejoined young Sir Fretful, "consider the colds and agues caught by playing to empty houses!"

LITERARY CORRESPONDENCE.—Mr. Thompson's compliments to Mr. Buggins, and requests he will in future prevent his *piggs* from trespassing on his grounds.

Mr. Buggins's compliments to Thompson, and requests that in future he will not spell pigs with two *gees*.

Mr. Thompson begs to request that Mr. Buggins will add the letter *e* to the last word in his note just received, so as to represent Mr. Buggin's wife and family.

Mr. Buggins returns Mr. Thomson's note *unopened*. The impertinence it contains is only equalled by its vulgarity.

A NICE POINT.—In Persia, at the fruit gardens the way in which they ascertain the quantity eaten by any one individual, is rather original. They weigh the person when he enters the garden, and when he goes out charge the difference. One day a fellow went in with his pocket full of pebbles, which after he had eaten fruit enough, he threw away. Of course he weighed less when he went out than when he went in. They could not account for the phenomenon, and he insisted on being paid for the weight he had lost by remaining in the garden. The fact long puzzled the wise men at Caboul, the city of 100,000 gardens, as it is called.

AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER.

ALBANY, SATURDAY, JULY 25, 1840.

THE SPURIOUS GRAND LODGE.—Many of our Masonic readers, both in this State, and abroad are perhaps not aware, that there is now in the City of New York, a body of expelled Masons, who have unlawfully, and contrary to all the obligations imposed upon them, congregated themselves together, and instituted a representative body, under the name of "St. John's Grand Lodge," of the city of New York. This spurious body has in several instances, endeavored to enlist the assistance and countenance of foreign Grand Bodies, which has uniformly proven abortive, if we except the Grand Lodge of New Jersey, who from misrepresentation to them have been so far imposed upon, as to offer a mediation. Under our Masonic head, of this week, we publish the correspondence, between a committee, on the part of the Grand Lodge of New Jersey, as also the reply of the officers of the Grand Lodge of this State. The Grand Officers have taken just such a view of the matter, as becomes them, having in charge the interests, and independence of the Grand Lodge of this State.

As the facts connected with the expulsion of various subordinate lodges, composing this clandestine and irregular self-styled Grand Lodge, may be new to many of our Masonic friends, who have not had the opportunity of seeing them in the annual proceedings of the Grand Lodge, we will present a brief statement of them. Such a course appears to be called for at this time, particularly, in order to guard well disposed brethren, from giving any countenance, or holding any masonic intercourse, with those who are at present acting in defiance of the Parent Lodge.

By an ordinance of the Grand Lodge, it is made unlawful for any lodge, or lodges, to meet and form any procession, as a Masonic body, in the city of New York, unless by a vote of the Grand Lodge, while in session, or during its recess, with the permission of the Grand Officers. This ordinance is salutary, and in fact necessary, when applied to so large a city as New York. If such a regulation did not exist, every trifling occasion would be sought for, to make a public parade, which would have no other tendency than to bring the institution, into disrepute. With this view

of the subject, the Grand Lodge have wisely taken the matter into their own hands, and from the necessity of the case assumed a power which lawfully belongs to them.

With a knowledge of this vested power in the Grand Lodge and its officers, several of the subordinate lodges in New York, and its vicinity, made preparations in 1836, in a clandestine manner, to celebrate the 24th of June. As soon as the Grand Officers learned their intention, every expostulation was used to dissuade the leaders from attempting a violation of the ordinance of the Grand Lodge, but in vain. Their authority was treated with contempt, and the day was celebrated by the more stubborn and headstrong among them. As a necessary consequence of this unjustifiable conduct, these misguided brethren were summoned to show cause, why they should not be expelled. Several of the more turbulent refused to recognize the authority of the Grand Lodge, and would not appear, while others justified their conduct, and refused to acknowledge their error. Such of the brethren as exhibited regret for the part taken by them, were restored to their former standing, while the contumacious were expelled from all the rights and privileges of the order. It is these expelled members now congregated together, who constitute the "St. John's Grand Lodge."

We understand that an attempt was made on the last 24th of June, to hold another Masonic festival in that city, but with what success we are not informed. Strong efforts were made to obtain the attendance of brethren, from abroad, and in several instances which have come to our knowledge, an imposition has been practised upon well disposed brethren, who were ignorant of their true character. It is for the information of such brethren, that we are induced to present a brief statement of the question at issue, and to caution them as "good men and true," to hold no masonic communication with these expelled masons, until they shall return to that allegiance, which they have solemnly promised to recognize in the lawful edicts of the Parent Lodge.

FOREIGN.—The news by the recent arrivals, is of considerable interest, and as all of our readers do not have access to the daily papers, we condense that which will be the most acceptable:—An attempt has been made on the life of the queen of England, by a pot-boy named Oxford. He fired two pistols at the queen and her husband, while they were in their carriage, but without injury to either. Oxford is said to be about 17 years of age, and is represented as "unsound in mind."—Courvoisier, the servant of Lord Russell, has confessed the murder of his master, and has been sentenced to death.—London has been the grand field for the Abolitionists, from all parts of the world, for a fortnight. Garrison, who went from this country as a delegate, has got into a pet about something, and don't attend the meetings.—A bill has been brought into the English parliament, abolishing the punishment for death, except for murder and high treason.—The Boundary question was in a fair train for adjustment.—There is fair promise of an abundant crop.—Great and unparalleled suffering is said to exist in Ireland, people dying in the streets from starvation.—The persecution of the Jews in Damascus, is exciting much attention in England.—Mr Catlin's gallery of Indian paintings, continues to be popular in London. From CHINA, the news is important, and betokens an interesting state of affairs. The Empress of China had died, and Peking was in the utmost state of confusion.—The Chinese are making active preparation, to carry

on the war with England. Gov. Lin, has enlisted 9000 recruits. The whole country appears to be in a feverish state of excitement, and many parties say on the eve of a rebellion.

RECREATION.—As riding on horseback has become very fashionable among the ladies of our city, we cannot do less to our fair readers, than to invite their attention to the splendid saddle manufactured by Mr. Lloyd, (the successor of Bayeux & Lloyd.) It has a rail at the back, which materially adds to the safety of the rider; besides being the most splendid piece of mechanism, to be found in the saddle way, in the city.

WHAT CONSTITUTES A GENTLEMAN.—By a gentleman, we mean not to draw a line that would be invidious between high and low; rank and subordination; riches and poverty. No. The distinction is in the mind. Whoever, is open, loyal, and true; whoever is of a humane and affable demeanor; whoever is honorable in himself, and in his judgment of others, and requires no law but his word to make him fulfil an engagement; such a man is a gentleman; and such a man may be found among the tilers of the earth. It is hence, and hence only, that the great can claim their superiority; and hence, what has been so beautifully said of honor, "the law of kings," is no more than true. "It aids and strengthens virtue where it meets her, and imitates her actions where she is not."

[This is all very good; but the ideas are entirely too romantic, and better adapted to the dark ages of our ancestors. A gentleman in this enlightened age, is an entire different animal. He is one who goes well dressed; wears prunella and morocco boots,—and owns a sword cane,—smokes the real principii,—tosses off a mint julep, with a gusto extremely charming—pays his tailor for every fifth garment, when unfortunately cornered—boasts of the conquests he has made, and the fortune he is to marry, when touching a flat for a temporary loan—sports a buggy three times a week, if it has a ticking sound. To sum up, a true gentleman is (if we are to take the estimate of a large portion of our fellow bipeds) one who earns nothing—has nothing—cares for nothing—and lives, the Lord knows how.]

☞ We would say to the Savannah Telegraph, that our paper has been regularly mailed each week, for that paper. The fault is not ours.

☞ Will the the Grand Secretaries, of the several Grand Bodies, to whom we forward this number of our paper, furnish us with a copy of their printed proceedings of this year.

Livingston, the fellow who was whipped on board the North Carolina on Monday, has received, during the six years he was in the navy, *one thousand and twenty lashes*.

A FOOT RACE, one hundred yards for £24, was run at Tornato, Canada, last week, between J. Overland, an Englishman, and H. Ainsworth, a Yankee, which was won by the latter.

MAL PRACTICE.—Dr. Dunard, of Rochester, was arrested on Sunday, in consequence of injuries done to a patient under his care, who, together with her child, died in the course of a few hours.

* * Will our Masonic friends, abroad, give us some account of their doings on the last St John's Day.

To new Subscribers.—Owing to an accident, we find ourselves unable to supply new subscribers with Nos. 36 and 37. We make this statement to excuse ourselves from apparent neglect.

INTELLIGENCE.

Adjournment of Congress.—Last evening's mail brings accounts of the final adjournment of congress, at 2 P. M. on Tuesday. The Baltimore Republican states that a rencontre took place on Tuesday evening in the rotunda of the Capitol, between two members.

The Fortification, Army, Navy, Indian and West Point Appropriation Bills have passed both Houses.

The Army and Fortification bills have each an amendment, empowering the President to suspend the appropriations in part, in case there shall be a deficit in the Treasury, arising from the failure of the United States Bank and deposit banks to pay their debts at the appointed time.

The house then passed a few territorial bills of an unimportant character, when the hour of 2. P. M. having arrived, it adjourned *sine die*.

A CRUEL AND SINGULAR PUNISHMENT.—The Emperor of China in 1813, convicted an eunuch of being concerned in a treasonable conspiracy. The eunuch had been a servant of Keen-lung, the Emperor's father, and had received many favors, during a long stay in the Imperial Palace, the recollection of which, in connexion with the eunuch's ungrateful treason, enraged the monarch so, that he determined to destroy the miserable culprit by an unheard of punishment. The mode was this: the eunuch was bound round with cords and canvass, to which was added a quantity of tallow and other combustible matter, to convert the wretch into a candle, which was lit up and consumed at his father's grave.

THE BURNING MOUNTAIN.—This coal mine, which we have frequently noticed, and which took fire about eighteen months since, continues burning with renewed force. There are now three distinct craters, varying in diameter from thirty to seventy five feet, and each at a depth of from 15 to 25 feet below the surface. The heat from the craters is extremely intense, from which issue immense volumes of smoke, and the smell of sulphur is any thing but agreeable. The rumbling noise would make a visitor think of earthquakes, and his examination would consequently be made with a very careful step. The vegetation for a great distance round has been completely destroyed; and its seared appearance gives a desolate, and adds to the terrific character of the work of destruction. We cannot conjecture when the fire will stop, or how it may be quenched by the management of the proprietors; but it is an extraordinary phenomenon, and as such is well worth a visit from the scientific and curious.—*Pottsville Emporium*.

VERY LIKE A WHALE.—A whale about thirty feet long was discovered aground in Hempstead Bay, a few days since. Some "amateur" fishermen detected the interloper and killed him. He was cut up, and produced several barrels of oil.

THE SKIN OF A BOA.—Has been presented to the Museum of the Asiatic Society of Bengal, which measured twenty feet in length. When shot, the boa measure twenty one. "It had swallowed a spotted deer, which was taken out of the inside, not too much decomposed for the spots in the skin to be quite distinct. Where the deer was, the skin measured three feet one inch across."

TO PREVENT HORSES BEING TEAZED BY FLIES.—Take two or three small handfuls of walnut leaves, upon which pour 2 or 3 quarts of cold water; let it infuse one night, and pour the whole next morning into a kettle, and let it boil for a quarter of an hour—when cold, it will be fit for use. No more is required than to moisten a sponge, and before the horse goes out of the stable, let those parts which are most irritable be smeared over with the liquor, viz, between and upon the ears, the neck, the flank, &c. Not only the lady or gentleman who rides out for pleasure will derive benefit from the walnut leaves thus prepared but the coachman, the wagoner, and all others who use horses during the hot months.

SCALDED TO DEATH.—On Wednesday last, as a German by the name of Augustus Oburt, was in one of the rooms of Mr. Longmuir's brewery, with his lit-

tle daughter, aged about 5 years, in his arms, the floor fell through, letting them both together with a vat of boiling malt and water, fall into a room below. They were both severely scalded, the child so much, that it died during the day. —[*Rochester Democrat*.]

DISTRESSING OCCURRENCE.—Widow Reuben Young of Hampden, about three miles from this city, and her two daughters, were drowned on Wednesday forenoon while bathing in the river, a few rods distant. The two daughters were found near each other on a point of rocks in about five feet of water, and at a short distance from them was the mother in only about two feet of water. The girls were about 18 and 20 years of age. —[*Bangor Whig*.]

SHOCKING ACCIDENT.—Mr. Harvey Neal, of Windham, Bradford Co. Pa. on Thursday of last week was instantly killed by the accidental discharge of his gun. He was blowing into the muzzle to see if the piece was loaded, with his foot upon the lock—his foot slipped, the cap exploded and the whole charge was poured into his mouth and out at the backside of the head.

An Irish laborer at New Haven, on Monday, in digging a foundation, came across a vault which contained a stone jar filled with doubloons and other pieces of gold—all bearing date prior to the year 1768. The dwelling, under which it was found, was occupied during the revolution, by a supposed wealthy English gentleman, named Whiting, who died suddenly, and when his affairs were examined into, it was found that he had no funds to pay even his own debts.

A STEAMBOAT EXPLOSION—SEVEN LIVES LOST.—The steamer Chester, Capt. Cable, which left New Orleans on the 1st inst. for St. Louis, collapsed two of her funes about 29 miles above the city, killing the mate and three other persons, also scalding four others so severely that their lives are despaired of. The Chester was towed back to the city by the Ajax.

A DUEL took place on the 6th inst., in Perkins co., Ala., between ex-Governor Runnels and Volney E. Howard—the former president of a bank and the latter editor of a paper, both of Jackson, Miss. One shot was exchanged, at the distance of twelve paces, in which Mr. H. received the ball of his antagonist just below right lobe, which came out immediately opposite on the right side burrying itself in the fleshy part over the breast bone, and perhaps raking the bone itself.—Mr. Howard's wound is not likely to terminate mortally, unless it should take an unexpected direction. Gov. Runnels was not touched.

MARKED.

At Rome, on the 30th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Campbell, Abel B. Hull, of Utica to Ruth Ann Newcomb, of the former place.

In East Avon, on the 15th inst, by the Rev. Calvin Coats, Mr. George Rieele, merchant of Chittenango, to Miss Adelia E. Wright of the former place.

At Schuylers Villa, Saratoga co., on Wednesday evening, the 15th inst; by the Rev. Mr. Washburn, Mr. Charles H. Payn, M. D., of Albany, to Miss Julia, daughter of George Strover, Esq., of the former place.

DIED.

At Ballston Spa, on the 17th inst., Linas McCabe, merchant, formerly of this city.

At Watertown, Jefferson co., Wisconsin Territory, on the 16th June last, of consumption, Joel Boughton, aged about 26 years, son of Samuel Boughton of Rensselaerville, Albany co., N. Y.

In this city on the 22nd inst., Emily T. daughter of Lyman Philleo, aged 8 months.

In Farmington, Fulton co., Ill., on the night of the 3d inst. Mr. William Bailey Myers, aged 22, recently from Kinderhook, N. Y.

At Cottage Hill Plantation, near Lynching, Mrs. Saphronia, consort of Hon. Wm. Pierpont, on the 28th ult. aged 42 years. This lady was the daughter of Dr. Samuel Frisby, of Vernon, Onieda co., N. York, and had been a resident of Texas, about forty years.

CALENDAR OF COMMUNICATIONS.

EACH MONTH.

NAME.	PLACE.	TIME.
Temple Encampment,	Albany	2d Friday.
Temple R. A. Chapter,	Albany	2d & 4th Tuesday.
Mount Vernon Lodge	Albany	1st & 3d Thursday.
Ten ple Lodge,	Albany	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Apollo Lodge,	Troy	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Apollo Chapter,	Troy	2d & 4th Tuesday.
Apollo Encampment,	Troy	3d Monday.
Evening Star Lodge,	West Troy	1st Wednesday.
Phoenix Lodge,	Lansingburg	1st & 3d Thursday.
Olive Branch	Bethany Ge't.	1st Wednesday.
Genesee Encampment,	Lockport N.Y.	
Ohio Lodge, No 101,	Wheeling, Va.	1st Monday.
Wheeling Chapter, 19,	"	2d Thursday.
Wheeling Encampment	"	2d Monday ev. o month.
Washington Council,	"	1st Saturday.
Utica Lodge, 47,	Utica,	1st Thursday.
Oneida Chapter, 67,	"	1st Thursday.
Utica Encampment, 3	"	3d Tuesday.
Mount Moriah,	Louisville, Ky.	1st & 3d Saturday. p. c.
Louisville Encampment	do	4th Saturday.
Council 8 & R Masters	do	Quarterly
King Solomon's chapter	do	2d Saturday.
Memphis Chapter,	Memphis	3d Monday.
Memphis Lodge,	Memphis Tenn.	2d Tuesday.

AUTHORISED AGENTS.

The following Brethren have kindly offered to act as Agents for the American Masonic Register. They are duly authorised to receive subscriptions and monies on its account.

William Boardman, New York City.
Tallmage Fairchild, Coxsack, N. Y.
Joel D. Smith, Castleton.
James Teft, Coeymans.
S. C. Leggett, Troy.
S. D. Smith, Lansingburgh.
Joseph Blackburn, Poughkeepsie.
John S. Weed, West Greenfield.
Ebenezer Mix, Batavia.
Blanchard Powers, Cowlesville.
James Cavanagh, Watertown.
James M'Kain, Lockport.
C. R. Vary, Borodino.
Francis P. Milo, Kingston, U. C.
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MASONIC APRONS.—Those Brethren desiring Aprons for Member of the Degrees of MASTER, MARK or R. ARCH can obtain them, splendidly engraved on Satin, by applying at this Office, at a price adapted to the times.—May, 5840.

THE MASONIC REGISTER—For the year of Masonry 5840; containing a correct list of the Officers of the Grand Lodge and Subordinate Lodges, Chapters, Encampments, &c. of N. York, and its vicinity, with their times and places of meeting &c. &c.—for sale at this Office, price 25 cents.—May 16.

NEW BOOKS, received at W. C. LITTLE'S Bookstore.

Rauch's Psychology, or View of the Soul.
Snak-peare and his Times, by Nathan Drake.
Guizot's Civilization of Europe.
Mrs Sinclair's Scotland and the Scotch.
Madame de Staël's Italy, in French.
Hoffman's Chancery Practice, vol. 3d.
Franklin's Life and Works, by Sparks.
Hallam's Literature of Europe.
The French Revolution, by M. Thiers.
All the late novels and periodicals.

THE AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER,

Is Published every Saturday, by L. G. HOFFMAN,

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TERMS.—To city subscribers, *Two Dollars and Fifty Cents* a year. To subscribers who receive their papers by mail, *Two Dollars*, payable on the receipt of the 4th Number. No subscription received for less term than one year. Back numbers at all times furnished.
"A post master may enclose money in a letter to the publisher of a newspaper, to pay the subscription of a third person, and FRANK the letter, if written by himself."

POETRY.

THE LIGHT OF MASONRY.

"Let there be light!" Jehovah spoke
To wake the wondering world,
Light from dark chaos' cradle broke,
And o'er creation curled:
The flaming sun
His course begun,
Around the hall of heaven;
The orbs of night
Were lit with light,
And thro' the concave driven.

Then glorious masonry began,
The type of truth divine;
Her light shone on the mind of man,
And Wisdom's sacred shrine:
From East to West
Went forth the blest
Bright ray of mystic lore;
From clime to clime
The light sublime
Now shines one every shore.

When Learning languished, and blest Art
Slept in the *age of night*,
Fair Masonry did then impart
Her glorious golden light.
When darkness curled
O'er all the world,
Her lamp shone forth afar,
With brilliance blazed,
While nations gazed
On her bright mental star.

Hail, Masonry, of light sublime!
Thou friend to science, hail!
Thy march shall keep the march of time,
Till yon bright orb shall fail:
Thy tyrants, Spain,
Shall strive in vain
To quench her brilliant light;
On Freedom's land
Her ark shall stand,
And beam with splendor bright.

CONSECRATION HYMN.

Great source of light and love,
To thee our songs we raise;
O, in the temple, Lord, above,
Hear and accept our praise!

Shine on this festive day,
Succeed its hop'd design;
And may our charity display
A love resembling thine.

May this fraternal band
Now consecrated—blest,
In union all distinguish'd stand,
In purity be drest.

May all the sons of peace,
Their every grace improve:
Till discord through the nation cease,
And all the world be love.

TO WOMAN.

Suggested by a Picture (taken from an antique gem) of a Woman
contemplating a Household God.

O Woman! whosoe'r thou art,
That wouldst pursue thy weal,
Engrave this lesson on thy heart,
That thou mayest inly feel.

It is not thine to rove abroad
Through Fashion's circling maze,
To hear her votaries applaud,
And catch their idle gaze.

But by that dear domestic hearth
That waits the wedded wife,
Seek there thy proper sphere on earth,
Thy chosen part in life.

And true to Him who placed thee there,
Bid Duty's altar rise;
And soar on wings of Faith and Prayer,
An angel to the skies.

The following is a translation from an ancient Spanish Poem, which, says the Edinburgh Review, is surpassed by nothing with which we are acquainted in the Spanish language, except the Odes of Lewis de Leon:

O! let the soul its slumbers break,
Arouse its senses, and awake
To see how soon
Life, like its glories, glides away,
And the stern footsteps of decay,
Come stealing on.

And while we eye the rolling tide
Down which our flowing minutes glide
Always so fast,
Let us the present hour employ,
And deem each future dream a joy
Already past.

Let no vain hope deceive the mind—
No happier let us hope to find
To-morrow than to-day;
Our golden dreams of yore were bright,
Like them the present shall delight—
Like them decay.

Our lives like hasting streams must be,
That into one engulfing sea
Are doomed to fall—
The sea of death, whose waves roll on,
O'er king and kingdom, crown and throne,
And swallow all.

Alike the river's lordly tide,
Alike the humble riv'let's glide
To that sad wave;
Death levels poverty and pride,
And rich and poor sleep side by side
Within the grave.

Our birth is but a starting place;
Life is the running of the race,
And death the goal;
There all those glittering toys are bought,
That path alone, of all unsought,
Is found of all.

Say then how poor and little worth
Are all those glittering toys of earth,
That lure us here?
Dreams of a sleep that death must break,
Alas! before it bids us wake,
Ye disappear!

Long ere the damp of death can blight,
The cheek's pure glow of red and white
Has passed away;
Youth smiled, and all was heavenly fair,
Age came, and laid his finger there,
And where are they?

Where is the strength that spurned decay,
The step that rolled so light and gay,
The heart's blithe tone?
The strength is gone, the step is slow,
And joy grows weariness and wo,
When age comes on.

SABBATH RECOLLECTIONS.

That grassy lane! how oft 'twill rise
In memory bright before mine eyes;
In dreams I sometimes see the spot;
In busy life 'tis ne'er forgot;
Across my path a ray it flings,
And fills my soul with better things.

My thoughts are of a school-house there,
Of morning hymns, and evening prayer,
Of cheerful looks, and voices kind,
Of sabbath bells borne on the wind;
And lips, long hushed, have still a tone
In fancy's ear, though years have flown.

I see the grave-yard now, as when
We read the tombstones in the glen,—
Yes! every scene is pictured fair,
As when we all were seated there;
All, all are present to my sight.
Their forms come near my bed at night,
And seem to chain me with a spell
To pleasant thoughts I love so well!

J. T. FIELDS.

Boston, June 1840.

KNOWLEDGE.

'Tis midnight—round the lamp which o'er
The chamber sheds its lonely beam,
Is widely spread the varied lore
Which feeds in youth our feverish dream—
The dream, the thirst, the wild desire,
Delirious, yet divine—to know!
Around to roam, above to aspire,
And drink the breath of Heaven below!

From ocean, earth, the stars, the sky,
To lift mysterious Nature's pall,
And bare before the kindling eye
In man the darkest kind of ail—
Alas! what boots the midnight oil?
The madness of the struggling mind?
Oh! vague the hope and vain the toil
Which only leave us doubly blind!

What learn we from the Past?—the same
Dull course of glory, guilt, and gloom!
I asked the Future—and there came
No voice from its unfathomed womb,
The sun was silent, and the wave;
The earth replied but with a breath;
But earth was kind, and from the grave
Arose the eternal answer—*Death!*

And this was all; we need no sage
To teach us Nature's only truth;
O fools! o'er wisdom's idle page
To waste the hours of golden youth!
In silence wildly do we seek
What only withering years should bring—
The languid pulse, the feverish cheek,
The spirits drooping on their wing.

Even now my wandering eyes survey
The glass to youthful glance so dear!
What deepening tracks of slow decay
Exhausting thought has graven here!
To think, is but to learn to groan,
To scorn what all beside adore,
To feel amid the world alone,
An alien on a desert shore,
To loose the only ties which seem
To idler gaze in mercy given!
To find love, faith, and hope a dream,
And turn to dark despair from Heaven!

From the Russian.

LINES,

WRITTEN DURING A THUNDER STORM.

It thunders! Sons of dust, in reverence bow!
Ancient of days! Thou speakest from above:
Thy right hand wields the bolt of terror now:
That hand which scatters peace and joy and love.
Almighty! trembling like a timid child,
I hear thy awful voice—alarmed—afraid—
I see the flashes of thy lightning wild,
And in the very grave would hide my head.

Lord! what is man? Up to the sun he flies—
Or feebly wanders through earth's vale of dust;
There is he lost midst heaven's high mysteries,
And here in error and in darkness lost:
Beneath the storm-clouds, on life's raging sea,
Like a poor sailor—by the tempest tost
In a frail bark—the sport of destiny,
He sleeps—and dashes on the rocky coast.

Thou breathest;—and the obedient storm is still:
Thou speakest; silent the submissive wave:
Man's shattered ship the rushing waters fill,
And the hush'd billows roll across his grave.
Sourceless and endless God! compared with Thee
Life is a shadowy, momentary dream;
And time, when viewed through Thy eternity,
Less than the mote of morning's golden beam.

THE Edinburgh Quarterly Review for April, 1840—Contents:
—Sir Walter Raleigh; Deer Stalking; British and American
Navies; Mrs. Boddington's Poems; Walpole and Contemporaries;
Bolingbroke; Windham; Pulteney; Works of the author of Natu-
ral History of Enthusiasm; Court and Camp of Runjeet Sing;
Present state and conduct of parties; List of new publications in
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AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER

AND LITERARY COMPANION.

BY L. G. HOFFMAN.]

ALBANY, SATURDAY, AUG. 1. 1840.

[VOL. I.—NO. 48.]

MASONIC.

INTERESTING INCIDENT.

[We cheerfully comply with the request of Ancient Chapter No. 1 of the city of New York, in publishing the subjoined resolutions of that body, as well as the extract from the "talk" of our Red Brother and companion, Col. Jemison, one of the chiefs of the Seneca nation, who with his brother, White Seneca and S. H. Cone, severally received *all* the degrees of ancient masonry to the Royal Arch, during the last month. The admission of Col. J. and his associates, among us, as "brethren of the mystic tie," affords somewhat a novel and interesting circumstance, and will undoubtedly be the means of introducing a feeling in the "far country," which if carried no further, will recognise the claim of one brother on the other. Many of our readers are acquainted with the anecdote related of Brandt, of revolutionary notoriety. His tribe had taken a captive, who was doomed to the stake. Already had he been fastened to the tree—the faggots were placed around him, the torch was kindled, and the chief was preparing to give the fatal word, when the captive in his agony let fall that mysterious token, which no Mason can disregard—the faggots fell from him, the cords were unloosed, and the prisoner fainted in the arms of his red brother. Brandt had been made a mason in England, some years previous.

Our red brethren, who are the subject matter of these remarks, are all chiefs or head men of the Seneca nation, residing on their reservations of land near Buffalo, and composing one of the Six Nations of the original New York Indians. Their business in New York, and at Washington, was in reference to their recent treaty with government. They have been brought up in the neighborhood of populous settlements, and consequently are in a state of civilization. Should the Senecas comply with the recent treaty made with the government, (in which there is some diversity of opinion among the chiefs and head men) their destination and future homes, will be west of the Mississippi, and adjoining the western line of the State of Missouri.

Their motives in becoming masons, as we understand, were to associate themselves with an order, which they had heard so much of, and which they said must be a good one, because their *Great Father*, Gen. Washington, lived and died in its communion. (By the by, not a bad thought for some certain Anti's to ponder over.)

Mary Jemison, a white woman, who once resided on the Genesee River, and married a Delaware Indian (or chief) was the grandmother of Col. Jemison, and John his brother. White Seneca was a head warrior under Red Jacket, and fought with Gen. Scott on the frontiers during the late war. S. H. Cone is a young

man, very well educated, and speaks and writes the English language fluently. They all speak our language very well, except White Seneca.—*Ed.*

New-York, July 14, A. L. 5840.

MOST EXCELLENT COMPANION.—It becomes my pleasing duty to transmit to you an extract of the minutes of Ancient Chapter No. 1, passed at a regular meeting at their Chapter Room, Howard House, last evening.

On motion, it was unanimously

Resolved, That the address of Col. George Jemison, of this Chapter, one of the chiefs of the Seneca nation of Indians, in behalf of himself and Brothers White Seneca, John Jemison and Spencer H. Cone, of Manhattan Lodge No. 62, and interpreted by Spencer H. Cone, in Alexandria, D. C., at the celebration of the anniversary of St. John the Evangelist, in the Washington Lodge Room June 24th, A. L. 5840, be read by the Secretary, which was accordingly done; when

On motion it was unanimously

Resolved, That a committee of three be appointed to wait on Comp. Jemison, and request a copy to be engrossed on the minutes, as also one for publication in the Masonic Register, when James Miller, Comp. William Norris, and Josiah Burton, were appointed such committee, who subsequently reported that they had performed that duty, and that Comp. Jemison had in the kindest manner consented.

On motion, it was unanimously

Resolved, That the thanks of this Chapter be tendered to Comp. Jemison,

On motion,

Resolved, That the Secretary be directed to transmit a copy of the same, together with an extract of the minutes, to M. E. Comp. L. G. Hoffman.

Respectfully, your ob'dt serv't,

Fraternally,

JOSIAH BURTON.

BROTHERS.—This expression we have been in the habit of using with the whites—but in this audience, we can, our brethren, use it in true sincerity and heart. Our brethren have condescended to invite us into their fraternity—that institution which is founded on humane and benevolent principles, the foundation of which stands on a rock, and has stood the tempest of ages, and still continues.

We trust and hope that the Great Spirit may give us power and strength to enable us to follow up, and carry on this great and good cause, in which we have the honor to be enlisted—called "Free Masonry."

I am happy and indeed feel proud of being honored with *this chair*,* and of occupying this stand where our great father and brother, George Washington, stood, and commanded this *Lodge*—and may we all follow the footsteps of that great, illustrious and good man. He was a warm friend of the poor and degraded red man of the forest; it was through him that we were again permitted to enjoy the blessings of our land, when the graves in which the bones of our forefathers are reposing—after taking up arms against the Americans, and our country, and massacring our white neighbors, that kind and friendly Washington yielded to our prayers, and made with us treaties of peace, by which we were allowed to rest in our land; to this good man we owe our blessings for the enjoy-

* The chair formerly occupied by George Washington.

ment which we freely and daily participate in the State.

Your red brethren were much gratified in the participation this day of laying the corner-stone of a Church in the city of Washington.

We hope that God, who is the giver of all things, may bless it, and cause many souls therein to be converted and saved, and be permitted after life to enjoy his holy mansion, where peace and rest forever dwell.

Brethren, we return our most sincere thanks for this kind attention which has been paid us this day, and should either of you ever be in our country west of the Mississippi, we will give you our Heart and Hand, and with them all the hospitality that will be in our power, and all that we possess shall be yours.

KENTUCKEY.

LAFAYETTE LODGE, NO. 98.

The following brethren were elected officers of this Lodge, on the evening of June 25, 5840:

Rev. J. J. Harrison, W. M. Isaac Mulkey, S. W. John C. Greenwood, J. W. James S. Hobbs, Secretary. N. Anglen, Treasurer. A. J. Farron, Sen. Deacon. H. W. Kelly, Jun. Deacon. Joseph Wilson and William Grafton, Stewards. Wm. Haley, Tyler.

OFFICERS

OF COLUMBIAN ENCAMPMENT.

No. 1 in the city of New York, elected April 16, 1840.

Sir Richard Ellis, M. E. G. C.

" Robert E. Boyd, G.

" James Miller, C. G.

" Wm. Dismigood, Prelate.

" Jon. Jarvis, S. W.

" Josiah Burton, J. W.

" Thos. Dugan, Treasurer.

" Wm. W. Nexen, Recorder.

FREEMASONRY.

Is an institution of very remote origin—it is the offspring of every clime, and has flourished in every part of the world. With its origin we date the birth of Science; in its march we trace the progress of civilization, and in its train we mark Truth, Charity and Benevolence. With heavenly aspect it looks abroad upon the scene of human life—leads Charity to the door of poverty, dashes the cup of misery to the ground, and as the ministering angel of heaven, casts round the world an equal eye, and feels for all that lives.

CHARITY is the brightest ornament of the Masonic edifice; it is the main pillar of our institution; it is the common property of the Mason and his God.—Charity warms and expands the heart, and enriches it with feelings of the most unlimited sympathy and benevolence; and by rubbing off that wordly rust which would collect around it and corrode the feelings, renders it familiar with the most exquisite sensations. It is Charity that teaches the soul its origin—which intuitively familiarizes it with heaven, and inspires it with the divine hope of immortality.

BENEVOLENCE is also a star in the Masonic firmament; it cultivates a good understanding between men, and dissipates the rancorous feelings which would make a wreck of brotherly love. Men in all stations, both high and low, are equally capable of benevolence

—for its literal signification is *well willing*. It is the lot of Beneficence to administer to the needy the cup of humanity; it is the lot of Benevolence to show mercy to the faults of others—to possess the mind with feelings of compassion, and a just toleration.—Pope prayed for a benevolent disposition in the following lines:

Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see;
That mercy I in others show,
That mercy show to me.

The wise and good men of every age have been the supporters of Freemasonry; and the ignorant and prejudiced have as universally persecuted it. Born with the first beam of intellectual light, with the scroll of science in its hand, we find it in the earliest ages illuminating the east, and unfolding the mysteries of knowledge. Its progress was regular from the first astronomers on the plains of Chaldea, through the wise and mystic circles of Egypt, to the sages and philosophers of Greece and Rome. In its train we discover philosophers, law-givers, priests, and senators—Pythagoras, Solon, Euclid, Phocion, and Confucius. It tamed the spirit of the furious demagogue, and taught its disciples the science of free government. Sparta furnished an example fully illustrative of its practical effects even upon the most hardy of the human species.

That it has had enemies is not surprising; for experience of the present day proves that any institution calculated to diffuse a spirit of liberality and equality, will receive opposition from despotism. It has been pursued and scourged, and men have been tortured upon the rack for obeying its principles; but when persecuted almost to destruction, like the Arethusa, it has arisen in a distant clime, and breathed the air of justice and freedom.

MASONIC.—Accounts from Berlin state, that the Lodges in that city, a d throughout Prussia, formed a solemn Funeral Ceremony on the 24th June last, in honor of the late king, Wm. FREDERICK III., who died on 7th June, in the 70th year of his age, and the 43d of his reign. He was a member of the fraternity, and, if we recollect rightly, received the degrees while on a visit to England—George IV., then Prince of Wales, presiding as Master of the Lodge. He was so much gratified, that on his return to Prussia he exercised his influence in extending the number and usefulness of the Lodges, and in elevating the character of the Institution, to whose interests he ever after remained firmly attached.—*Bunker Hill Aurora*.

HISTORICAL.

THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

BY EMMA ROBERTS.

There is nothing in the brightest page of history more extraordinary, nor more beautiful, than the story of Joan of Arc; and it might even almost seem in vain that the curious inquiries of an incredulous age have attempted to divest her of that reputation for supernatural endowments which imparted confidence to her friends, and struck terror to her enemies. The simple fact that a young, lowly, uneducated girl, starting from the most profound obscurity, actually effected the deliverance of France at a period when surrounding nations contemplated its utter ruin, appears sufficient to justify the opinion of those persons who believed her to be the favored instrument of an overruling Providence. That the despairing hopelessness of the ministers of Charles VII., should have caught eagerly at the most remote chance of turning the tide which ran so strongly against them is not wonderful, nor can it be a matter of surprise that an inexperienced, enthusiastic woman, inflamed with the fervor of loyalty and patriotism, indulging in romantic dreams, and embodying the creations of a brilliant imagination, should stand forward at such a crisis, ready to devote herself to danger and to death in defence of her suffering country; animated, as she was, by a strong trust in the impulse which guided her weak arm proceeded from a celestial source. It is the success alone that constitutes the miracle. No human foresight could have apprehended such a result, and no human contrivance could have produced it. The imposter, however carefully instructed, would have been crushed;

the dupe, however confident in the visions of a distempered fancy, would have perished, had she not been upheld by the inscrutable Being who controls the universe. But Joan of Arc, more like the fabled messengers of classic mythology, the gods of the Greek drama, sent down from heaven to counteract the designs of triumphant despots, than a mortal agent, opposed herself to a host insured to victory, and changed the destinies of France and England. Sober history presents no parallel to the brilliant and rapid career of the extraordinary champion who, by a chain of marvellous exploits, gave independence to a nation submitting in hopeless despondence to a foreign yoke. The Maid of Orleans was born at Domremy, a small hamlet situated between Neu-chateau and Vaucouleurs, in Champagne; her youth was spent in tending sheep for her parents, who were poor and simple people.—From the earliest age she had manifested great sweetness and gentleness of disposition, a taste for the beauties of nature, and the warmest and most unaffected piety. She shunned the joyous revel, the song and the dance, when all the village poured out its rustic throng into the street, and would retire to a holy edifice to chant hymns to the Virgin. Constant in prayer, when her occupations did not permit her to attend the bell which summoned her neighbours to church, she would kneel down and offer up her fervent orisons in the fields. At a short distance from Domremy there was a magnificent beech tree, which had long been an object of veneration to the surrounding villagers. It was called the Fairy Tree, and every year in the month of May, it was the custom for the troops of the young, of both sexes, to hang wreaths of spring flowers on its boughs, and to dance beneath its luxuriant foliage to the music of their own voices; a fountain welled up beside it, and the bright waters and the green shade were reported to have been, in older times, the sylvan haunt of fairies, who, it is believed, even now still lingered, though invisible, around the spot. This delicious place, and a small chapel dedicated to the Virgin, called the Hermitage of St. Mary, often invited Joan to their solitudes, when her neighbours sought relaxation from toil in social converse with each other; and here, at the age of thirteen, she first gave the reins to an imagination which shaped out glorious visions in the sun beams, and heard voices in the sighing gales and rippling waters.

When the young and ardent are deeply imbued with religious feelings, and, conscious of the presence of the Deity, are continually pouring out the aspirations of their hearts in prayer, little of illusion is wanting to give a fleeting reality to the idea presented to the mind; the eye, in such a state of mental excitation, may gaze upon the brightness of the atmosphere, untrilled, dazzled by excess of light, it fancies that heaven itself is disclosing its radiant inhabitants in the brilliant forms which float before it; and when there is a deep oracular voice within forever speaking to the heart, the music of the winds, the rustling of the leaves, and the bubbling of gently-flowing springs, may be easily converted into distinct and articulate sounds, the echoes of intense and restless thought. Joan of Arc was early impressed with a persuasion that she was destined for some high and lofty purpose, and the disasters which befel her youthful sovereign, appeared to her to point out the nature of her mission.

ORIGIN OF THE JANISSARIES.

When Amurath I. had made a successful irruption into the provinces on the Danube, he was advised to incorporate a body of his youthful captives into his army, instead of looking for new recruits to the original seat of his tribe. "The advice was followed," says Mr. Gibbon, "the edict was proclaimed; many thousands of the European captives were educated in religion and arms, and the new militia were consecrated and named by a celebrated Dervish. Standing in the front of their ranks, he stretched the sleeve of his gown over the head of the foremost soldier, and his blessing was delivered in these words:—'Let them be called Janissaries, (*Yeniskeri*, or new soldiers;) may their countenance be ever bright; their hand victorious; their swords keen. May their spear always hang over the heads of their enemies, and whosoever they go, may they return with a white face.' Such (adds he) was the origin of these haughty troops—the terror of the nations, and sometimes of the Sultans themselves." For two hundred years—namely, from

the end of the 14th to that of the 16th century, the force thus obtained by incorporating in the Mussulman army the fifth of Christian captive youths, and the tenth of the youths of the conquered villages, with the slaves of the Sultan, composed the flower of the Turkish armies; and so long as the first Sultans ruled their nations from the hearts of the camps, and declared their decrees from the "imperial stirrup," their obedience was secured, and there never was a fitter instrument of war and conquest. When the sovereigns of Europe had as yet no standing armies insured to discipline, and possessed of experience—when there was no concert among the powers—and when, consequently, they could carry on no great combined operations—the force of a body of troops like the Janissaries, who added the discipline and experience of veterans to the obedience of favored slaves, and the burning enthusiasm of new converts, was irresistible. In this period, accordingly, all the great successes of the Turkish army were gained. But when the Sultans began to prefer the pleasures of indolence to the visions of ambition, and exchanged the toils of the camp for the debaucheries of the harem, the discipline of the corps relaxed, and its arms became more dangerous to the ministers than to the enemies of government. A great variety of attempts have since been made to suppress it, and in these attempts both Sultans, Grand Viziers, and inferior ministers have been deposed or massacred. The number of the Janissaries was calculated, in the year 1799, at about 113,000. They composed the only regular effective infantry in the empire.

BIOGRAPHY.

THOMAS COUTTS.

Thomas Coutts, the banker, was born in 1731, and died Feb. 24, 1822. This gentleman adds to the many instances of good fortune which attends the emigration of Scottish youths from their bleak and mountainous country to a more southern and genial climate. Mr. Coutts rose from a junior partner, to be the head of one of the first banking concerns in Europe, and himself the most opulent banker of his day; he left to his widow an immense fortune, besides having portioned his three daughters by his first marriage. This vast accumulation of property, the result of industry and acuteness, was obtained without any shade being cast upon his character—for in all of Coutts' extensive transactions, during a long life, his fair and honorable dealings with the public were never called in question. The detail of Coutts' private life is full of romance! he was twice married; but nothing could be more dissimilar than the moral result of each. When a very young man, and living in the banking-house in the Strand, Coutts became attached to a handsome and deserving female then residing in an humble station, under the same roof: she became his wife; and from this disinterested union three daughters sprang, who all formed honorable and noble marriages—became women of rank—and by their alliances raised Coutts above the station of plebeian opulence; they joined the pride and pretension of blood to the influence and power of wealth. If Coutts had possessed a well regulated mind, he could have had nothing more to wish for:—ambition, in its highest flight, had been amply gratified, and with the preservation of every moral principle. This state of respectability continued until that period of existence, when the thoughts of most men turn from the present to a future state: not so, however, with Coutts—a sudden and unlooked for change took place. Many years after the settlement of his children, this golden banker was advanced beyond the usual life of man, he was suddenly enanoured with a young and lively actress, that struck his fancy on the boards of Drury Lane; the mutual temptation though from contrary impulses, was too powerful for these frail beings to resist; Miss Mellon's charms subdued his principles, and the rich man's overcame her scruples. It is a melancholy task to pursue a once honorable and upright character, until infirmity, imbecility, and old age,—"sans eyes, sans teeth, sans every thing,"—sink into the dotage, the immoral, nauseous debauchee. Had it pleased death to have cast his dart at poor Coutts at that period of his life when most of us feel its fatal sting, it would have been fortunate for the posthumous reputation of this weak old man. Coutts took this young actress under his protection, settled an ample fortune on her, and she became his

where amie in public and private, until the death of his first wife, when, shame to relate—for the pen hesitates to record the fact—in eight and forty hours after in defiance of all decency and decorum, he led Miss Mellon to the altar, and she became the second wife of Coutts, before the remains of the first received the last sacred earthly duties. What a pitiful tale is this to be told of poor mortality! Coutts lived seven years after, placing his person, his fortune, and his fame, at the entire disposal of his liberal, open hearted, and (I really believe) grateful and attentive wife: at his death a short will was produced, by which he bequeathed the whole of his vast property, amounting to near a million sterling, to the sole and uncontrolled use of Mrs. Coutts:—the Marchioness of Bute, Countess of Guildford, Lady Burdett, and his numerous grandchildren, all omitted! This act must in itself be bad, which if the example was to be followed by others, would loosen all the social relations in life, and disorganize the whole moral system of the world. In this man, what became of the ties of consanguinity? the parental throbs and feelings for his offspring and their issue, at the moment of expiring life? The first law of nature, that which binds blood to blood, was in Coutts a blank; he was different from the rest of his species, and we turn with horror from so unnatural a being.

MISCELLANY.

THE FATAL SILVER BULLET.

A TRUE STORY OF THE REVOLUTION.

In the summer and autumn of 1777, while Sir Wm. Howe, with a fleet and part of the royal army, were lying in New York, Gen. Burgoyne, with his army, were advancing from Canada towards Albany.

The object and design of the enemy were to possess themselves of Lake Champlain, with the whole of the Hudson, and thereby to cut off all intercourse and communication between the eastern and southern States. For the purpose of watching the motions and annoying the operations of the hostile armies, Gen. Washington had directed small bodies of troops to be stationed at Fishkill, Redhook, Greenbush, and several other places on the east side of the river, between New York and Albany, with strict orders to take up and examine all strangers travelling up and down the river, either by land or water, and if detected in espionage, or employed in communicating information between the British armies, to be punished according to the rules of war.

About the first of September, a pedestrian passing northwardly, was hailed and stopped by a sentinel of the guard stationed at Redhook, and commanded by Captain John Mansfield, of Connecticut. The man was about thirty years of age, and clothed in the habit of a farmer. He was conducted to the guard-house. Capt. M. inquired of him his name, the place of his residence, as well as that to which he was going, his business there, &c. He replied by giving a name, and stated that he belonged to the place below Redhook, and was a farmer—that he was now on his way to the next town above, with a view to purchase a pair of oxen from a farmer of his acquaintance living there. He was asked whether he had about him any letter or other communication from Lord Howe, or any other British officer at New York, addressed to Gen. Burgoyne or any officer in his army? To which he promptly answered in the negative. Capt. M. then told him that such were the orders of his superior officer, that it became his duty to search the person of every traveller under similar circumstances, to which he replied he had no objection to being searched. Capt. M. then directed two or three of the guard to take off his coat, and examine the pockets, folds, lining, and every other part critically. While this was doing, one of the guard observed the prisoner to pass his hand, with a quick motion, from his vest pocket to his mouth, and, by motion of his chin, seemed to be swallowing something that "went down rather hard," as he expressed himself. The search, however, continued and was finished without any discovery which would justify the further detention of the prisoner. Capt. M. was then informed of the suspicious circumstances noticed by the guard.

What is now to be done? Strong suspicion had attached itself to the stranger, but no positive proof had yet appeared against him. An expedient soon

suggested itself to the ready thoughts of our Yankee Captain. He observed to the prisoner, "We have detained you on your journey for some length of time and subjected you to a pretty strict examination. I feel bound by the rules of civility to treat you to a bowl of toddy before you proceed on, and if you will drink with us you shall be welcome." The man was pleased with the invitation, and readily agreed to accept it. The Captain took upon himself the office of bar-keeper, and soon prepared the toddy. To make it genuine, and answer the purpose for which he wanted it, he stirred in a good and sufficient dose of emetic tartar. Our stranger being thirsty and somewhat fatigued by travelling, drank very freely of the beverage, while the Captain and others present, barely tasted and passed it round.

A free conversation soon commenced between the stranger and his new acquaintances. He inquired of Capt. M. the number of men under his command, and at the different military stations above Redhook; whether they were furnished with field pieces of cannon; what number of sentinels were placed on the watch at a time; how often and at what time in the night they relieved, &c. &c. About twelve or fifteen minutes after the toddy went round and went down, our guest began to grow pale and look wild. "Something," said he, "is the matter with me; I feel very sick at my stomach all at once!" He rose immediately from his seat, and went out into the wood yard, where a quantity of chips were lying, and soon began to evacuate his stomach. He was carefully watched by Capt. M. and several of the guard; and was seen by them to draw with his foot a parcel of the chips over the matter emitted from his stomach, before he returned into the house. While he was rinsing his mouth in the house, Capt. M. directed a search to be made among the chips, where was soon found a silver ball of the size of a small musket bullet, made by two very thinly plated silver, being bent round and lightly soldered together. Enclosed in this fatal bullet was found a letter on a sheet of silk paper, signed by Lord Howe, addressed to General Burgoyne, giving information respecting the situation of the royal fleet and army at New York, and requesting advice from the General by the bearer. He was making, with the army under his command, toward Albany, at which place he expected to meet him. But the decyphering and reading of the letter presented at first another puzzle for the Yankee Captain. It commenced "in the words and figures following," viz:—"Md d21r s3r, b6 th2 121r2r y45 w31 121ra," &c. After a little examination and study, however, the difficulty was overcome. It was discovered that the arithmetical figures, up to the sixth inclusive, were substituted for our vowels, thus:—a1 e2 i3 o4 u5 y6. The key being now found, immediately unlocked the whole of the silver bullet. The bearer, of course, was continued in custody, and a court-martial speedily formed, by whom, on the clearest evidence of guilt, the unfortunate prisoner was convicted, sentenced, and executed.

THE WAY LAWYERS USE FEMALES.

I instituted an action for a large amount, in the county of——. The suit was brought upon a plain promissory note, which I was assured was founded upon good consideration, and I was curious to know what defence could be set up. I was aware that I had to deal with a witty adversary; and when I offered my note in evidence, and closed my case, I was more terrified than surprised when I heard him direct the sheriff to call Mrs. Mary Jackson. The witness appeared.—To my horror, she was a perfect beauty, possessing a sweet countenance, with an exquisite form. I saw at once that my antagonist had formed the same judgment of human nature that I had, and that he was about to make experiment of washing away the obligation of a note of hand by the tears of a female witness. I knew that nothing but a desperate effort would save my client, and that her testimony must be excluded before she had time to cry.

I rose at once.

"I perceive," said I, addressing the court "that this lady bears the same name with the defendant; I therefore respectfully request that she be placed on the *voir dire*."

This was done.

"Will you be kind enough to say, madam, what relation you are to the defendant?"

"Sir," answered she, applying a beautifully embroidered handkerchief to her eyes, "I am his injured wife."

"Then, of course, your honor, the lady's testimony is inadmissible."

"Oh, very well," interposed my adversary; "you wish to keep the truth from the jury, do you? Gentlemen of the jury, you see what technicalities are resorted to, to procure a verdict against my client. I hope you will apprehend it, gentlemen."

By this time the lady was a beautiful representation of Rachel of old; and one glance at the jury was sufficient to convince me that my case was ruined. I turned to my client, "You are gone, my friend," said I. "Gone," said he, "gone! my dear, sir, don't give up my suit so coolly. I shall be a beggar if I lose this case; and then what will become of my wife and poor daughters?"

"Oh, you have daughters, have you? Run and bring them my dear friend. If they mine, we must countermine. Bring them, one and all."

My client rushed out, and as he lived but next door, he almost instantly returned, with a half dozen of as pretty girls as could be found anywhere. My antagonist's face fell to zero.

"May it please your honor," I began, "I desire to offer some rebutting testimony."

"Rebutting testimony, Mr. G——? why, your adversary has not been permitted to examine his witness. What have you to rebut?"

"A great deal your honor. The witness has given some testimony. She called herself the injured wife of the defendant. Injured by whom? By my client.—Injured how? By procuring this note, the subject matter of this suit, from him. Now, sir, I wish to answer the afflicted daughters of the plaintiff, against the injured wife of the defendant."

Here my fair witnesses commenced weeping bitterly, while several of the jury looked on with evident commiseration. My triumph was complete; but I determined to pay off my legal friend in his own coin.

"I do not seek, sir," continued I, "to take up the time of this court and jury, by administering the oath to all these witnesses. I am afraid their heart-rending description of this nefarious transaction, (of which they knew not a syllable,) would unman us all; and your honor and this intelligent jury would be tempted to inflict summary justice upon the base wretch, who with a heart like Caligula, and a spirit like Nero, could attempt to doom to a life of beggary, of shame, and perhaps of infamy, the beautiful offspring of my unhappy, my too credulous, too confiding client. Sir, in a spirit of liberal compromise, I will swear but three of them."

Here then, ensued a low burst of anguish from the daughters, and a corresponding and prolonged excitement of the jury. My legal friend saw that I had somewhat out-generalled him, and so he said:

"C——, stop your nonsense, and take your verdict!"

Of course I did so; but to show my knowledge of jury nature, I add that as the foreman passed me, he said—

"I am rejoiced that you have gained your suit," but before you offered to swear those witnesses, your case was a very dark one.—Knickerbocker.

WHEN TO KILL A LION.

I was told there that a lion had just killed an ox, and been shot in the act. It is the habit of the lion, it seems, when he kills a large animal, to spring upon it, and seizing the throat with his terrible fangs, to press the body down with his paws till his victim expires. The moment he seizes his prey, the lion closes his eyes, and never opens them again until life is extinct. The Hottentots are aware of this; and on the present occasion one of the herdsman ran to the spot with his gun, and fired at the lion within a few yards distance, but from the agitation of his nerves, entirely missed him. The lion, however did not even deign to notice the report of the gun, but kept fast hold of his prey. The Hottentot re-loaded, fired a second time, and missed: re-loaded again, and shot him through the head. This fact being well authenticated, seemed to me curious and worthy of being mentioned.—Thompson's Travels in Africa.

POPULAR TALES.

MACLEAN AND CAMERON.

OR THE TWO MERCHANTS.

It chanced, a number of years ago, that two young men, bearing respectively the names of Maclean and Cameron, commenced business at one and the same time, though without connection with one another, as grocers in the large county town of —, bordering on the Highlands. These youths came from the same rural district in the north; but they were of different grades in life, Maclean being the son of a small landed proprietor, and the other sprung from a small farmer on the said proprietor's estate. They had both been sent to the county town some years before; the first to undergo a course of school education which might fit him to conduct a great commercial establishment, the second to be an apprentice in the shop of a merchant, with whom he was distantly connected. The young men, though they had passed the years of their childhood in intimacy, had latterly little intercourse; the son of the laird was ashamed to acknowledge before his companions any connection with the humble apprentice, whose coarse blue coat and cherried bonnet rendered him the jest of the lowland schoolboys; and the distant smile of recognition in a short time gave way the vacant stare of indifference.

In a few years, the commercial education of the one, and the apprenticeship of the other, had expired; and about the same time, the two candidates for the favor of the town opened their shops. Maclean commenced business in a flashy shop, with a new fashion of bow-windows, which set half the town repairing of their fronts, and bow-windowing them. Our merchant sold his goods low, and thus attracted a great run at first. He had many good friends in the town, and his father's influence in the country brought half a dozen carts to the son's door on the market-day, in order to carry supplies to small dealers in the country. But Maclean was too much uplifted by this success which, after all, owing to the rate at which he sold, was more in appearance than in reality. He began to give claret dinners and late suppers to all the young men about the town. This, with the help of a little card-playing soon made an impression on his funds, and he fell in at the same time with flash travellers from the south, who took long dated bills, and sold inferior goods. — Maclean fell fairly into the hands of these men, and in a short time his goods got an ill name. Customer vanished after customer, and those who remained were persons who were dilatory in their payments, and who having run up a large account, were afraid of deserting him. His temper and habits were not improved by these first strokes of adversity; he became peevish and reckless, and buried reflection in jovial meetings and card parties.

His fellow countryman and parishioner Cameron was in the mean time struggling, by means of the closest attention, and the most rigid economy, to secure a limited but independent living. He lodged in the back shop of his little establishment: his door was the first opened in the morning, and the last shut at night. He cooked his own victuals, swept out his shop, and took off and put on his shutters with his own hands. Every thing was orderly and clean; the floor was every day besprinkled with fresh saw dust; the scales were scoured into brightness, and the very corks of his bottles were driven in with a more than usual precision. But few footsteps for a long time marked the saw-dust of his floor; his ale was so long kept, that it became tartish, and his heart at last began to give way. When out of the shop, he would sit behind a little screen which hid his inner apartment, and watch with a big heart the entrance of some customer. He saw some hurry by with goods in their hands, others enter into the shops opposite; and he questioned with himself if there was any thing in his shop which precluded access. He began to think that the circumstance of there being a step at his door might have an effect, and he thought of taking another shop. While thus musing on day, a countryman, after staring for a while at the sign, entered, and delivered a note which contained an order for some goods from a respectable family in the neighborhood. With great alacrity the little hale was made up, and directed in the best text hand of the overjoyed grocer, when the countryman, after several me-

sages through the town, returned; and said that he was but a new servant, that the note was directed to Mr. Maclean, and that the goods of course could not be taken. With a sad heart Cameron undid the parcel to restore the goods to their respective places, and after twisting convulsively the useless cords which he had unlaced, he looked on the direction, and a few big tears pattered on the thick brown paper, he rushed into his little apartment, threw himself on his humble bed, and wept himself into calmness.

Immediately opposite to Cameron's was the shop of a tobacconist, whose sole object for forty years had been the making of money; and this he had effected to a very great extent, partly by excessive industry, and partly by the extensive sale of a particular mixture of snuff, which the real snuffers pronounced unrivalled. The public knew as little of this man as they did of the Highlander over his door; his mind and purse were equally impenetrable; and beyond the measured civility of thanking the meanest customer, they could not have known that he had the faculty of speech. He appeared a living mummy, in a brown wig, fustian sleeves and a dingy apron, and with just that intelligence in his leaden eye which might serve to distinguish a good from a bad shilling. But there is no human being entirely destitute of sympathies; and apathetic as seemed this dreary old man, there were some passages in his life which showed that the sluices of social feeling were sometimes raised in his bosom. Nor was he that unobservant being that he was commonly believed to be; his customers were at times startled with a remark on men and things that could never have come, they imagined, within the reach of his observation. The young grocer immediately opposite to him, he had frequently noted; and he had internally complimented him on his persevering industry and complete separation from society. He had remarked also his want of success, and had resolved in his mind the resolution of taking his own small stock of groceries from him. On the day of the young grocer's disappointment, he had beheld the scene which we have described; and when he saw the young man rush into his apartment, he made two or three hasty turns behind his counter, and meditated a dart across the street, so long as the generous impression was uppermost. A feeling of delicacy made him pause for a time; at length, calmly resolute with the intention of doing a friendly office, he laid aside his apron, and ventured across the street. — The tobacconist's passage across the street was an event of as much importance to the neighbors, as the first crossing of the Atlantic by Columbus, for he had never been seen out of his shop, except on Sunday when going to church. Great was the interest which was felt when he ascended the step of the Highland grocer's and none participated more intensely in the feeling of curiosity than the meridian club, which met generally about noon in a neighboring public-house for the ostensible purpose of reading a London newspaper which they had subscribed for; but, in reality, for discussing several bottles of porter, for which they hid the mugs, as it is called, or tossed up for heads and tails. After giving directions to the disconsolate grocer to send over a certain weekly supply of goods, he abruptly told him that if he wanted a little assistance in the way of paying a bill, he might call over the way; and without waiting to contemplate the amazed object of his charity, he was on his way to his epitome of a shop, into which a grenadier soldier of a Highland regiment was at the time endeavoring to thrust himself without detriment to his hat and feather.

The hopes of the young tradesman were rekindled by this visit, yet he felt there was something so cold and unapproachable in the manners of the tobacconist, that he could not think of soliciting him for assistance. — But the fit was on the old man, and that same evening the two were sitting in the tobacconist's parlour over a bit of cheese and a bottle of porter, during the discussion of which they had concerted to buy, on a pretty sure speculation, a considerable quantity of oil, which the old man shrewdly suspected was to rise. Next morning, the grocer had, with the indifferent look of a known dealer, purchased a goodly quantity of oil, and among others, from his old acquaintance Maclean, who was not a little astonished to find that the small dealer, as he deemed Cameron, was ready, for a reduction of price, to pay down ready money. An involuntary feeling of respect for his neglected friend began to steal over him, and it occurred to him on a sudden that it was

very odd that they should not have a meeting for acknowledgment. A night was fixed on, agreeable to both parties; but before parting, the merchant had invited the grocer into his back shop, where he initiated him into the mystery of removing a headache by the infusion of a glass of brandy into a tumbler of ginger-beer. Then, sitting on the top of a tea-box, he inquired with patronizing anxiety about his prospects; talked of their being serviceable to each other; and enlarged, with much volubility and confidence of manner, on the necessity of being punctual and sober. "For God's sake, Cameron," says he, "beware of bad company," — and assuming a fearful gravity of manner, "beware of forenoon drinking. I have not tasted spirits in the forenoon, till to-day, since last new year's day. Now mark me, I warn you." With this, and many warm squeezes of the hand, he hurried the grocer away to make room for a group of young men who had seated themselves in the front shop, and were casting longing eyes to the sanctum, where the old friends were. Cameron had to run the gauntlet of staring from the satirical fraternity, and he deemed that he had weathered the straits; but, close behind the door, on a column of Gloucester cheese, sat a more elderly person than the rest, who, on the stranger's passing, slightly let his jaw fall, at the same time pushing, with the top of his cane, a very red and broad nose up to his eyebrows, a movement which produced a shout of laughter which rang in the ears of the afflicted grocer, as he left the region of wit and merchandise. A feeling of resentment had nearly turned him round; but let them laugh that will, thought, and in his mind turned to his new speculation. And well had he speculated, for in less than two days a great rise had taken place in oil; and while he reaped substantial profit, he at the same time obtained the reputation of a shrewd business man. A number of the gentlemen who had parted with their goods so inopportunely, vented their disappointment in expressions of contempt for the low cunning of the Highland character. Maclean had nothing to say on that score; but he was mortified at the victory of his old dependant; and meditated a return of some kind in the way of acknowledgment.

To this he was the more incited by the jokes of his acquaintances, who as soon as they heard of the transaction, set themselves systematically to annoy and torment him. The vengeance which he meditated was not long in being put in execution. While he and his sister were sitting alone that afternoon in their parlor, the latter mentioned incidentally how glad she was to hear that old Puch had taken their former acquaintance Cameron into his favor. The brother did not like the news, but he took the opportunity of observing that he had asked Cameron to supper. The young lady was not displeased to hear this, but she did not like so well what followed — Cameron "and a few friends." The sister of Maclean had been sent by his parents to overlook his housekeeping and to curb his growing expensiveness, which was but too well known at home. She was an amiable girl, and disliked her brother's riotous companions, though she knew as little of their real worthlessness, as she did of the true state of his affairs. But she had no control over him, and was content to spend her lonely days in her window corner, plying her needle busily, and chewing the cud of her sweet and innocent fancies. Her evenings were but too often disturbed by noisy revelling, but all she could do was to sigh, and to keep as much apart from the scene as possible.

Such was the young lady whom Cameron saw at his countryman's supper-table on the night when the meeting alluded to took place. Remembering home and old times, Miss Maclean was kind and attentive to Cameron. So much was this the case, indeed, that the quizzical boom companions of the entertainer who were there assembled, were obviously disposed to sneer at her courtesy to the somewhat awkward youth. Miss Maclean felt this, and was but the more confirmed in her kindly course; and when, in the only dialogue which called forth serious conversation, Cameron came off with decided advantage, her eye visibly glowed at his triumph. From that glow it was Cameron's fate never to recover; and so much animation did it inspire into him, that his conversation assumed a boldness and freedom not at all agreeable to the patronizing entertainer and his friends. But some of the latter dexterously commenced a conversation of a light and skimshing kind, where Cameron was placed at a sad disadvantage.

vantage. Pained at this, Miss Maclean came to his relief, and engaged him in a conversation on old times and scenes, which the pair carried on in fond and sympathising tones, till the captain—the same gentleman who raised the laugh against Cameron in Maclean's shop—annoyed at seeing two human beings apparently so happy, broke in, on the dialogue with a request for a song. The young lady complied, and it was expected by the party that she would retire at its close. But on this occasion she chose to depart from her usual rule, in spite of some very expressive looks from her brother, who saw that his friends were growing impatient to get their will wreaked on the butt of the evening. An opportunity of beginning the sport was afforded, by Cameron's request for another song from Miss Maclean, during the performance of which he stood beside her at the piano, turning over the music, and wholly absorbed in listening to what he thought the sweetest sounds that ever came from human lips. His abstraction enabled one of the party to convey into his tumbler a most potent infusion of spirits. When the song closed the captain called for three successive bumpers, one to the health of Miss Maclean, a second to that of the entertainer, and a third to that of the stranger guest, Mr. Cameron. These toasts were accordingly given in rapid succession, and poor Cameron drank off the strong infusion. A replenishment was of course immediately called for. Miss Maclean now saw the propriety of retiring, and the abrupt and eager haste of Cameron to do her honor by opening the door, showed the impression that had been made upon him in more ways than one, and called forth a number of nods and winks, all highly amusing to the company.

It would be painful to describe minutely the progressive steps of Cameron's degradation on this memorable night. The unsuspecting youth, already warned beyond the bounds of prudence, was an easy prey to the experienced jokers then and there assembled. They led him through the stages of noisy contradictoriness and of maudlin tenderness, and finally laid him helpless on the floor. Having brought him to this condition, they touched up his face scientifically with a burnt cork, put a pair of mustard epaulettes on his shoulders, and then carried him through the streets on a deal board which fell in their way, to the door of Pinch the tobacconist, against which they placed him in a leaning posture. They then aroused Pinch by a thundering knock, and departed, thinking they had thus gave their victim a finishing stroke. But they knew not the character of the old man. He knew of the supper; and when poor Cameron fell at his feet, on the opening of the door, Pinch at once saw through the whole iniquitous scheme. He called up his servant, and got his young friend put to bed, giving the woman orders to awake him early in the morning. When morning did come, and Cameron was roused to consciousness, his feelings were inconceivably painful. On crossing to his little shop, every bottle and drawer seemed to upbraid him. But his greatest shock was caused by his first glance at his looking-glass; where the yellow shoulder-knots and the dark mustachios were but too visibly reflected. Indignation mingled with his self reproach, when he thought of being at Pinch's and of the reason why he was taken there. Cameron almost wished that the darkness of that winter morning could have continued for years. But his mind grew gradually calmer, and he bent himself resolutely to the endurance of the ridicule which he was sure would fall upon him. Nor was he wrong in his anticipations. On taking off his shutters—on which, by the bye, some of last night's friends, expecting him to sleep late, had written "Not dead, but dead drunk"—Cameron saw knots of people already assembled at the doors of his rivals in trade, and all laughing immoderately. In truth, the whole town soon heard of the affair. But the issue was very different from what had been expected by the practical jokers. All respectable people were indignant at the attempt to injure a harmless and industrious youth, and many was the customer whom this feeling brought to Cameron's door. On the other hand, Maclean's conduct was universally reprobated, and his trade received a serious blow in consequence. No one was ostensibly more indignant about the business than the captain, who had taken care not to join the procession to Pinch's. He lectured on it next morning for hours to various little groups in the streets; went to Miss Maclean, and brought tears from

her eyes by his malicious exaggerations; and finally was on his way to give his tormenting condolence to Cameron himself, when he was prevented, by seeing, at the grocer's door, the carriage of Colonel Macra; a person who had always treated him drily. It was the servant of this gentleman who had committed the mistake about the parcel, and the colonel's punctilious notions of honor led him to call and make an apology for the mistake. He did more than this: After emptying Cameron's "sweetie" bottles for his children, the colonel gave an order for some whisky. The article proved to be particularly good: Orders from the colonel's friends followed, and ere long a good family trade in this article had been established. Cameron's relations in the north took care that he should never want the means of continuing this traffic.

His old school fellow, Maclean, was sinking rapidly in the meantime; and to maintain the family honor, his father's small property was bonded deeply. The comforts of those at home were thus sadly impaired. The old laird gave up the game licence, and his dogs were sent to a neighboring farm. The girls, four or five in number, restricted their usual dress expenses, and decked up old things instead of buying new. The eldest girls began to think of going out as governess, and sat down to their pianos to practise their collection of tunes, which, as a gay acquaintance one day observed, not knowing the heart-stab inflicted by the words, were as old as the hills. All the household outlay was diminished as much as possible, and indeed necessity compelled this. The old lady, however, stuck obstinately by one custom; which was that of giving a dram to every living being that came to the house. Perhaps the laird himself, deprived of his usual recreations, felt the change of things most severely. He could only sit moping by the fire, ruminating sadly on the letters which post after post brought him from his son. The very payment of these letters became a heavy tax on the elder sister, who managed the money matters; and on one occasion, she was compelled to apply to her youngest sister, who was innocently accumulating a small sum for a frock. Seeing tears in her sister's eyes, the good-hearted child ran for her purse, and shook the whole on the floor. The old man chanced to behold the action; and, understanding it but too well, he kissed the child; and sobbed aloud. The letter was an insolent craving one.

The guilty author of all this domestic misery was still proceeding in his work of desolation. He had professed to Cameron his shame for the proceedings at his house, although he confidently maintained that he was not a participator in them. His contrition might have been thought real, had he not shortly after called on Cameron for an accommodation in the way of money, which the grocer after some hesitation granted. There is little difficulty in believing that the forgiveness of the insult, and the accommodation given, were owing as much to the influence of the sister, as to old friendship; and an occasional admittance to the society of Miss Maclean was a temptation too strong for the love-stricken economist. During the succeeding year he had, by the powerful assistance of the tobacconist, and a steady adherence to business, risen into a wholesale merchant of extensive connection; and he had just arrived at the resolution that his addresses to Miss Maclean might now be paid without much presumption, when he received one Monday morning an alarming announcement that Maclean had disappeared. All that his sister knew was, that he had left town on Saturday for the country, and that he was to return on Sunday evening. The bank took the alarm, the shop was examined, most of his goods had been converted into cash and messengers were dispatched to the neighboring sea-ports to secure the fugitive. But no trace of him could be obtained; nor was it till years after, that he was heard of as playing the same reckless game beyond the Atlantic.

In soothing the agitation of the sister on this occasion, Cameron's declaration of love came out; and how it was received, may be guessed from the fact, that next morning he was on his way to the Highlands to visit the family of the laird. In the afternoon, while the eldest daughter was standing at the dining-room window, contemplating, with an eye of vacancy, the waste of snow round the decayed mansion-house, the figure of a man and horse in the avenue came on her eye. This was an event in their wintry home; but when it resolved itself into the distinct shape of a gentleman,

the interest became more intense. The daughters clustered their heads together; the old lady surmised that it was the laird of —, that had the impudence at last to come and ask the eldest daughter; and the laird himself at last rose from the fireside, and looked with curiosity, not unmixed with apprehension, at the approaching guest. While the work of guessing was going on, and while the eldest sister had set down in her mind that hare collops, a fowl, and a dumpling, might be calculated on for dinner, the stranger drew to the door, and dismounted. Cameron was ushered into the drawing-room, and there he was destined to remain until the process of dressing, which was now going on with rapidity in different rooms, should be completed. The old gentleman might have received him; but, calculating on the excluding influence of the storm, he had not shaved for three days, and he was now vexedly strapping his razor, and demanding hot water in no very patient tone, as Jenny was plying from room to room, among the misses and mistresses, with a pin in her mouth and a hair-brush in her hand. A great many orders and reproaches, giving in intent whispers to Jenny, by the ladies, made her forget the laird and his hot water; this, at last, however, she found time to think of, but in the hurry of pouring it into the shaving pan, a certain quantity fell on the house-dog whose howlings and prancings through the kitchen were altogether hideous. "Lord preserve us!" ejaculated the laird; "what's that now?" and the tortured animal rushed into his bed-room, ploughing the carpet with his nose, the whole length of the room. Mean time, the poultry had been attacked by the kitchen servant, in the back court, and one of the hens which was particularly aimed at, had, in desperation, taken wing, and come smash against the back window of the drawing-room. The nerves of all were in high excitement—their superstitions became roused—and it was only after an effort at mental composure, as her hand rested on the handle of the drawing-room door, that the elder sister ventured in. Another ventured, and rushed back to announce that it was Duncan Cameron's son, who had set up the shop in —. The old lady tossed her head with disdain, and the laird, who had cleared off the crop on his chin, on hearing this, resolved, in the present state of his razors, to leave his upper lip unshaved. The general impression among the young ladies was, that he looked like a gentleman. The old lady said he was merely good-looking, and the laird thought he was well enough. But they all received him with kindness, and pressed him to stay to dinner, which he consented to do.

It was believed that he had been at his father's in the neighborhood, and that he had thought it his duty to call, in gratitude for the attentions which had been shown to him by their son and daughter. Ere evening a stillness and seriousness had come over the house and the younger branches of the family sent anxious looks to the drawing-room where Cameron, with the laird, his wife, and eldest daughter, were in close divan. The disastrous state of their son's affairs was developed by Cameron with tact and cautiousness, and the prospect of relief from ruin which was offered to the old man by his generous proposals, assuaged the anguish which he felt for his son's behaviour. By Cameron's interference the property was preserved to the family, and the laird once more resumed his rambles with his gun and dog. In the interval between this visit and the marriage which was now agreed on, the old lady had found out that the Camerons, who were comparatively but a recent importation from a distant part of the Highlands, were, though a decayed family, well connected; and she was every day more impressed with the idea, which was suggested by her daughters, that Cameron was uncommonly like their elder brother, the captain then in India, who was decidedly the genteel-looking lad in the country when he left home. Two months had not elapsed, when Cameron paid his second visit to the mansion-house; but his coming on this occasion was not so unexpected. In the chaise, which was driven up with as much celerity as the state of the avenue would admit, sat Cameron and his friend the tobacconist, who, on this occasion, shone out in a rather smartish wig and a snuff-brown coat, in the character of bridesman. The said accoutrements were only visible afterwards, on the occasions of three christenings, which took place within the space of the five succeeding years. About the expiration of that time, their owner disappeared, after be-

queathing his wealth to the young couple, who are now in middle life, and settled in affluence in the mansion-house of the old laird.

NOBILITY OF BLOOD.

Crantz, in his Saxon History, tells us of an Earl of Alsatia, surnamed on account of his great strength, *Iron*; who was a great favorite with Edward the Third of England, and much envied, as favorites are always sure to be, by the rest of the courtiers. On one occasion, when the king was absent, some nobleman maliciously instigated the queen to make trial of the noble blood of the favorite, by causing a lion to be let loose upon him, saying according to the popular belief, that "if the earl was truly noble, the lion would not touch him." It being customary with the earl to rise at break of day, before any other person in the palace was stirring, a lion was let loose during the night, and turned into the lower court. When the earl came down in the morning, with no more than a night-gown cast over his shirt, he was met by the lion bristling his hair, and growling destruction between his teeth. The earl not in the least daunted, called out with a stout voice, "Stand, you dog!" At these words the lion couched at his feet, to the great amazement of the courtiers, who were peeping out of every window, to see the issue of their ungenerous design. The earl laid hold of the lion by the main, turned him into his cage, and placing his night-cap on the lion's back, came forth without ever casting a look behind him. "Now," said the earl, calling out to the courtiers, whose presence at the windows instantly convinced him of the share they had had in this trial of his courage, "let him amongst you all, that standeth most upon his pedigree, go and fetch my night-cap."

AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER.

ALBANY, SATURDAY, AUG. 1, 1840.

Just as our paper was going to press, we received a communication from * * * of N. York, on the subject of our remarks on the Spurious Grand Lodge. A sense of duty, impelled those remarks, the correctness of which his communication though severe, has not removed. Our object is not a "paper warfare on Masonry." At some leisure moment, we will communicate with the writer our own views, as well as the views of many of the "country" members, who are beyond the reach of local feeling. The relative merits of the matter appear to us to be compressed in a nutshell—and are, not whether in individual cases, hardships may not have been endured—but whether the dictum of the Grand Body, or its officers, when constitutionally promulgated is not the MASONIC LAW of the State, for the time being. The G. L. is representative, and like the institutions of our country, there is a lawful way to redress any grievance. ORDER is Heaven's first law—so is it the true Mason's; and we cannot imagine a *despotism* that is not preferable to a wild and ungovernable ANARCHY.

Will the writer please send us his address. His name surprised us, because a brother of the same name set with us in G. L., and if our recollection serves us, took full as orthodox a view of the matter as ourselves.

THE GRAND LODGE OF THE STATE OF CONNECTICUT, held its annual communication, on the 13th of May last, at Masonic Hall, in the city of New-Haven. The representatives of twenty-nine subordinate lodges were in attendance. The Annual Report of the Grand Treasurer, exhibits a prosperous state of things in that State. The amount of funds now in his hands, belonging to the Grand Lodge, amounts to over two thousand dollars.

The Committee on Foreign Correspondence in their report, say they are "happy to learn the progress of

Freemasonry is onward; that in those sections recently excited by prejudice against our order, the public sentiment has in a great measure become tranquil; that the demagogic spirit which for a time threatened to overthrow one of the most valuable and pacific institutions of human origin, is receiving, as it ought, the reprobation of the good and virtuous of all parties and denominations; and before many years shall have rolled around, they feel confident that the standard of Freemasonry will be raised as high as in her brightest days."

The committee with pleasure congratulate this Grand Lodge, and the fraternity generally, on the establishment, during the last year, of a Grand Lodge in Texas, and on the flourishing condition of Freemasonry in our sister Republic; and we trust that the day is not far distant when the benign influence of our order, which teaches "friendship, morality and brotherly love," will be felt from East to West, from North to South, throughout the whole American continent.

The committee notice in the proceedings of the Grand Lodge of Alabama, the following resolution: "Resolved, That all the Grand Lodges in correspondence with the Grand Lodge of Alabama, be requested to elect one delegate to meet in general convention on the first Monday of March, 1842, in the city of Washington, for the purpose of determining upon a uniform mode of work throughout all the Lodges of the United States, and to make other lawful regulations for the interest and security of the craft." The committee consider this an important subject, and worthy of the consideration of the Grand Lodge; they therefore respectfully submit the following resolution:

Resolved, That this Grand Lodge coincide in the opinion expressed by the resolution introduced into the Grand Lodge of Alabama, and deem it of the utmost importance to the craft that a uniform mode of work and a uniform system of regulations should pervade all the Lodges throughout the Union; and that we will unite with the fraternity generally in any suitable measures to accomplish the object."

The following are the Grand Officers, elected for the ensuing year:

M. W. Dyer T. Brainard, New London, G. M.
R. W. Aner Bradley, Watertown, D. G. M.
" Henry Peck, New Haven, S. G. W.
" Horace Goodwin, 2d Hartford, J. G. W.
" Laban Smith, New Haven, G. Treasurer.
" Eliphalet G. Storer, New Haven, G. Sec'y.
Br. Avery C. Babcock, S. G. D.
" Mitchell S. Mitchell, J. G. D.
" Geo. C. Wilson, G. Marshal.
" Wm C. Eaton, } G. Stewards.
" Geo. Shumway, }
" Isaac Tuttle, G. Tyler.

RIOTS IN KENSINGTON.—The workmen employed on the Philadelphia and Trenton rail road, have again been disturbed in their labor, by a mob, among whom many women participated. Peace officers, to the number of about 116, started for the spot, and captured 15 or 18 of the rioters, who however, by a reinforcement, retook half of them again. An attack was then made on the police, who were driven from the ground. Several persons on both sides were severely injured.

The same evening about 1000 of the rioters again assembled, and attacked the house where about 20 of the police had stopped to take supper. The officers retreated, when the general populace entered, and set fire to the building, which was burnt up.

We are sorry to see that this rioting and mobbing

spirit is increasing to a frightful extent in this country, either through the inefficiency of our laws, or the unanimity of those whose duty it is to execute them. We are rather inclined to think it is the latter. If half a dozen ring-leaders in these disgraceful scenes were shot down on the spot, as an example to others, these gentlemen "of the largest liberty," would soon get tired of disturbing the peace of community.

APPOINTMENTS.—The M. W. Grand Master, Morgan Lewis, has appointed W. Joseph P. Pirsson, of the city of New-York, Grand Steward; and the W. H. W. Campbell, of Lockport, Grand Standard Bearer, of the Grand Lodge of the State of New York.

THE CATHOLIC REGISTER, a religious newspaper, printed in New York, comes to us in an enlarged form, and in an improved dress. The Register, although an advocate of the peculiar doctrines of its own church, exhibits a spirit and temper in its conduct, which would not disparage the orthodoxy of some other certain religious newspapers that we wot of. Jefferson has said very truly, "that error of opinion is to be tolerated, so long as reason is left to combat it." Calling people by naughty names, for their *opinions*, however erroneous, is not the thing, some very good folks think it is.

NEW STEAMBOAT.—A most spacious and elegant boat has been built at Troy, to run between that city and New York. She is called the "Troy," and has an extreme length of deck of 294 feet by a breadth of 61 feet. Her promenade deck is 212 feet in length.—She has two engines of 100 horse power each; the diameter of her paddle wheels is 29 feet, and their breadth 12 feet. Her entire cost is near \$100,000, and it is said she can accommodate 1000 passengers as a day-boat.

The City Inspector of New York reports 192 interments in that city last week; 34 men, 26 women, 77 boys, 55 girls. In Philadelphia there were 138 deaths—adults 47, children 91.

LITERARY.—Washington Irving has commenced a new work, the incidents of which are connected with the visits of Columbus to this continent.

FIRE IN THE WOODS.—The Troy Mail says, that the woods back of West Troy, are on fire, and that serious apprehensions are entertained for the safety of several farm houses in that neighborhood.

BRAN BREAD GRAHAM.—A Boston paper states that Sylvester Graham, the well known lecturer on the Graham system, is in feeble health, care-worn, poor and distressed.

HEAVY DAMAGES.—A Mr. McKenney of Columbus, Ohio, has recovered 5323 dollars, of Messrs. M'Neil, Moore, & Co. stage proprietors, on account of damages sustained by him, in the upsetting of defendant's stage, through the carelessness of the driver.

SEA SERPENT.—We are informed that this monster was seen a few days ago from Cohasset. A party of five or six persons, among whom was a sea-captain of no inconsiderable experience, watched his motions for more than half an hour, during a part of which time he approached within thirty rods of the shore. None of the party had the slightest doubt as to its nature. The head and a considerable part of the body were exposed to view; that part which was seen was supposed to be about sixty feet in length. We have this information from a source removed from all suspicion of misrepresentation or exaggeration.—*Boston Daily Advertiser*.

INTELLIGENCE.

PERSONAL IDENTITY.—In the Boston Daily Advertiser of Monday the following report of a remarkable trial, which took place in the Court of Common Pleas on Saturday. It was the case of John Brown vs Seamen's Savings Bank, and was an action to recover two deposits, amounting to 100 dollars.

The plaintiff was a seaman and had but one arm.—The first deposit was made by his wife, Emily Jane, who signed the book by a cross. The second deposit was made by the plaintiff himself who was not required to sign. Some time after he had gone to sea, a provision seller, in Broad street, said John Brown, a Scotchman, for balance of account, attached the Seamen's Bank as trustee. The principal and trustee being defaulted, that provision seller took out execution, and sent an officer to the bank, demanding these deposits. The officers of the bank denied the identity of the debtor, John Brown, as being the same John Brown who deposited the money. After some parley, the provision dealer gave a bond of indemnity to the bank, and the money was paid over. Some months after these transactions, the real depositor John Brown, came home from sea, and carried his bank book to the bank to withdraw a small sum, which was refused upon the ground that all his funds had been paid out on the execution. To remedy this injustice this action was brought, and the bank was defended by the provision seller, under the bond of indemnity.

Among other evidence, the plaintiff's counsel produced the John Brown who was sued by the butcher. He testified he owed the debt, that he never deposited any money in the Savings Bank, that his wife's name was Jean, not Emily Jane, that he did not get his summons in the trustee case until the Court was over, and that the other John Brown was also a Scotchman, and like him had but one arm, and that he knew him.—The wife of the witness was also examined, and testified she never deposited any money in the bank, and never went by the name of Emily Jane. Under these circumstances, the plaintiff obtained a verdict.

On this subject of personal identity, there have been many singular cases shewing the uncertainty of human evidence, even of the most positive character. The Law Reporter for the Advertiser relates the following as one instance:

A very remarkable case of this sort occurred in New York, in 1801. It was an indictment for bigamy against one Thomas Hoag, alias Joseph Parker. The question was whether the prisoner was the person who, under the name of Thomas Hoag, had married one Catharine Secor, four years before, having another wife then living. He denied that he was the man or that Thomas Hoag was his name—and insisted that he was in name and fact Joseph Parker—and that he was never married to Catharine Secor. Nine or ten respectable witnesses, wholly disinterested, testified that the prisoner had lived and worked with them—that they knew him well—and that he was Thomas Hoag. Among the circumstances by which they knew him was a scar on his forehead, which the prisoner had. Benjamin Coe, one of the judges of the county court, testified that Hoag had lived and worked with him, and that he married him to Catharine Secor, and he was as much satisfied that he was Thomas Hoag, and that he (the witness) was Benjamin Coe.—Other witnesses swore to identity with equal positiveness. But, what is more strange, Catharine Secor, the woman who was to be his second wife, swore that she became acquainted with him in September, 1800—that he married her on December 25th, of the same year; and lived with her till the latter end of March, 1801, when he left her. She said, "I am as well convinced as I can be of any thing in the world, that the defendant now here is the person who married me by the name of Thomas Hoag." On the other side witnesses equally respectable, swore with equal certainty, that the person was Joseph Parker—and they traced their knowledge of him living in the city of New York, from time to time, in the years 1799, 1800, 1801 with circumstances that made it impossible that he could have been in the county of Rockland, where the marriage with Catharine Secor was solemnized, at the period of that marriage. So the question stood, and was thus

finally decided, two of the witnesses for the prosecution, testified that Thomas Hoag had a scar under his foot, occasioned by his treading on a drawing knife, that the scar were easy to be seen. His feet were exposed to the court and jury, and no scar was there—and there was an end to the question. The prisoner was really Joseph Parker, and was not Thomas Hoag.

MYSTERIOUS DEATH.—A young lady by the name of Jane Hawkins, died at Point Peter, in this town, on Sunday the 12th inst., under circumstances which gave ground for strong suspicion that she had been poisoned. She was taken directly after eating a piece of sugar candy, which she said had been given her some days previous by a young man who was paying his addresses to her. She was on her way from this village to her father's residence, about three miles distant, and when about half way home, her thirst was so excruciating that she stopped at a brook to drink, which soon produced vomiting. She lay by the brook several hours until found by the school children on their way home. Medical aid was resorted to, but to no purpose. After lingering under the most excruciating pain for six days, she expired. A post mortem examination was resorted to, but the contents of the stomach produced no evidence of poison.

The young man suspected of having poisoned her was arrested, and after a thorough examination was acquitted.

A large paper of arsenic was found in her trunk a few days previous to the time first above mentioned, which, she informed her sister, had been given her to paint her face with. The affair still remains an unsolved mystery.—*Lodi Freeman.*

CURIOUS AND IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.—It is stated in a foreign periodical, that Signor Bertelli, a rich landholder in Piedmont, has discovered a method by which he can make silk-worms spin red or blue cocoons at pleasure. So that the silk thus obtained is dyed naturally with one or the other of these colors, not only of surpassing beauty but indestructible. Signor Bertelli keeps his discovery a secret; but it is supposed to consist in some particular preparation of the mulberry leaves on which he feeds his worms.

RAILROAD ACCIDENT.—A shocking accident occurred on Friday night, on the railroad, between Wilmington and Chester, Pa. A man supposed to have fallen upon the track in a fit was run over by the Baltimore train, and had an arm and leg cut entirely off. He was still living when the train left, but it was thought impossible that he could survive.

MARRIED.

By the Rev. Mr. Kipp, on the 29th instant, D. Frederick Lansing, to Miss Charlotte B., daughter of Bannum Whipple, Esq., all of this city.

On the 23d inst., in Schenectady, by the Rev. Mr. Remington, Mr David Brooks, to Miss Margaret Hallenbake, all of this city.

At Sangeries, on Sunday evening 19th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Broadhead, Mr. H. H. Buckbee, of Albany, to Miss Leah De Witt, daughter of the late Derick C. Wynkoop, of Hurley, Ulster co.

At New York, on Tuesday evening, by his honor the Mayor, Henry James, of Albany, to Mary Robertson, daughter of the late James Walsh, of the former city.

DIED.

On Tuesday afternoon, Isaac Van Wie, after a long illness, aged 65.

Monday morning, Rev. Robert McKee, Professor in the Albany Female Academy, in the 42d year of his age.

Monday morning, Peter Germond aged 60 years and 5 months, formerly of the Fort Orange Hotel.

In this city, on Saturday last, John T. youngest son of Robert, and Elizabeth Gill, aged 2 years, 2 months and fourteen days.

In this city, on the 27 inst. in the 6th year of her age, Martha Ann, only daughter of Rev. N. Levings.

At Troy, of consumption, Eunice M., wife of John J. Perry, aged 32.

At Saratoga, David W. Benedict, formerly of Troy, aged 31 years.

CALENDAR OF COMMUNICATIONS.

NAME.	PLACE.	TIME.
Temple Encampment,	Albany	2d Friday.
Temple R. A. Chapter,	Albany	3d & 4th Tuesday.
Mount Vernon Lodge	Albany	1st & 3d Thursday.
Temple Lodge,	Albany	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Apollo Lodge,	Troy	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Apollo Chapter,	Troy	2d & 4th Tuesday.
Apollo Encampment,	Troy	3d Monday.
Evening Star Lodge,	West Troy	1st Wednesday.
Phoenix Lodge,	Lansburg	1st & 3d Thursday.
Olive Branch	Bethany Gt.	1st Wednesday.
Genesee Encampment,	Lockport N.Y.	
Ohio Lodge No 101,	Wheeling, Va	1st Monday.
Wheeling Chapter, 19.	"	2d Thursday.
Wheeling Encampment	"	2d Monday every month.
Washington Council,	"	1st Saturday.
Utica Lodge, 47.	Utica,	1st Thursday.
Oneida Chapter, 57.	"	1st Thursday.
Utica Encampment, 3	"	3d Tuesday.
Mount Moriah,	Louisville, Ky.	1st & 3d Saturday, p. 6
Louisville Encampment	do	4th Saturday.
Council 8 & R Masters	do	Quarterly
King Solomon's chapter	do	2d Saturday.
Memphis Chapter,	Memphis	3d Monday.
Memphis Lodge,	Memphis Tenn	2d Tuesday.

AUTHORISED AGENTS.

The following Brethren have kindly offered to act as Agents for the American Masonic Register. They are duly authorized to receive subscriptions and monies on its account.

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W. C. LITTLE, corner State st.

NEW BOOKS, received at W. C. LITTLE'S Bookstore.

Rauch's Psychology, or View of the Soul.
Sakpeare and his Times, by Nathen Drake.
Guzot's Civilization of Europe.
Miss Sinclair's Scotland and the Scotch.
Madame de Staël's Essay, in French.
Hofmann's Concise Practice, vol. 3d.
Franklin's Life and Works, by Sparks.
Hallam's Literature of Europe.
The French Revolution, by M. Thiers.
All the late novels and periodicals.

MASONIC APRONS—Those Brethren desiring Aprons for members of the Degrees of MASTER, MARK, or ARCH, can obtain them, splendidly engraved on satin, by applying at this Office, at a price adapted to the times.—May, 1840.

THE MAS. NIC REGISTER—For the year of Masonry 1840; containing a correct list of the Officers of the Grand Lodge and Subordinate Lodges, Chapters, Encampments, &c., of New York, and its vicinity, with their times and places of meeting &c. &c.—for sale at this Office, price 25 cents.—May 16.

THE Edinburgh Quarterly Review for April 1840—Contents:—Sir Walter Raleigh; Beer Staking; French and American Biography; Windham; Pulteney; Works of the author of Natural History of Englishism; Court and Camp of Ruinet Sing; Present state and conduct of parties; List of new publications in Great Britain from January to April 1840. Terms, \$3 per annum. Subscriptions received by
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A post master may enclose money in a letter to the publisher of a newspaper, to pay the subscription of a third person, and FRANK the letter, if written by himself.

POETRY.

For the American Masonic Register.

STANZAS.

"When does the poet write?—said lady fair—
When is his spirit's flight 'mid fields of air?
Say, is he merry when he sings his lays,
Or is it sadness then, like sunlight, plays
'Mid breathing thoughts and words, when fancies spring
As airily as birds on tireless wing?"

She spake to one on whom was minstrel power,
Who knew what mysteries gloom Apollo's bower;
There was music in each word—a sigh he heaved—
Yes! for sweet hope deferred his spirit grieved.

"Do mountain streams, he said, oh, lady bright,
Mirror within their bed those forms of light
That deck the rocky bank? Nay, but when sleeps
The wave, their hues are drunk, by the still deeps.

"Does light its holiest beam at mid-day show,
Or rose-hues sweetest seem 'mid noon's bright glow?
Oh! lady, thou hast seen that coming night,
Gives skies their loveliest hues and mellowest light.

That age upon the storm the rainbow stands,
And spreads its soft-hued form o'er gloom-clad lands;
That closed modest flowers, of every hue,
Seem sweetest far in bowers seen but by few.

The cataracts sublime, that thundering pour,
And join their giant chime to the wild winds roar—
The lifted mountain rock, whose dizzy head,
Has braved the tempest shock of ages fled—

The ocean lashed by storms—the brooding cloud—
Earth's ever changing forms—the bright star-crowd—
The sound of gushing rills—the song of flowers—
Night's whisper on the hills—day's sunny showers—

The lightnings wreath of flame—the thunders roll—
All sights or sounds which fling spells o'er the soul;
Oh! they, like waters troubled, the spirit shake,
As when bright bubbles dot the mountain lake—

They stir the hidden depths that rule the mind,
As when o'er heaven sweeps the howling wind;
We know not, care not, why our cheek is flush'd
And pulses livelier fly and breath is hushed.

But when the city's din, or lonely hour,
Or secret sigh within exerts its power;
The voice of woodland streams then lingers round,
And oft we hear in dreams a plaintive sound.

We think of flowers wild, whose fairy prime,
Brought raptures sweet and wild, that charmed e'en
time,

Of nature's star lit pile, within whose dome,
And mountain girded aisle, strange whispers roam.

And, lady, well thou know'st my heart must be
Where'er in life thou goest, 'mid gloom or glee;
When near thee, sweet confusion steals o'er my soul,
And ne'er the fond delusion will brook control.

But when I leave thy presence, no more I feel
That wild and dreamy pleasure of troubled weal.
Oh! then I call to mind how sweeter far
Than soft and whispering wind or quivering star.

The music of thy voice was to my ear—
How echo's soft rejoice its tones to hear;
Oh! then the soul-lit gleam of thy soft eye,
Haunt me like memory's dream of days gone by.

I see thy bounding tread, light as the fawn's,
Or trembling sunbeam, shed when morning dawns,
I dream of thy bright form, lovely as flowers,
Or bows that span the storm in sunset hours.

'Tis then oh! lady bright, that fast descend
Those forms of living light, which wildly blend
The magic of their tone! whom grief or sadness
Or loneliness, have thrown, a thought like madness.

When hope is bathed in grief, when storms do lower,
Comrades the dewy leaf of life's frail flower,
Memories of the dead, in trooping herds,
Pass by with viewless tread, and soundless words,

Oh! then, the minstrel calls joy a wild wove strain,
And then his music falls, like early rain;
'Tis then he wildly dreams, and songs are wrought,
Yes! then his full soul teems with burning thought."
Guilderland, July, 1840. ALTO.

THE HYPOCRITE.

From Follok's "Course of Time."

Great day of revelation! In the grave
The Hypocrite has left his mask; and stood
In naked ugliness. He was a man
Who stole the livery of the court of heaven
To serve the devil in; in virtue's guise,
Devoured the widow's house and orphan's bread:
In holy phrase transacted villainies
That common sinners durst not meddle with.

At sacred feast he sat among the saints
And with his guilty hands touched holy things.
And none of sin lamented more, or sighed
More deeply, or with graver countenance,
Or longer prayer, wept o'er the dying man
Whose infant children, at the moment, he
Planned how to rob; in sermon style he bought,
And sold, and lied; and salutations made
In scripture terms: he prayed by quantity,
And with his repetitions long and loud,
All knees were weary; with one hand he put
A penny in the urn of poverty.
And with the other took a shilling out.
And charitable lists—those trumps which told
The public ear who had in secret done
The poor a benefit, and half the alms
They told of, took themselves to keep them sound-
ing—

He blazed his name, more pleased to have it there
Than in the book of life. Seest thou the man!
A serpent with an angel's voice! a grave
With flowers bestrewed! and yet few were deceived.
His virtues being over-done, his face
Too grave, his prayers too long, his charities
Too pompously attended, and his speech
Larded too frequently, and out of time.
With serious phraseology—were rents
That in his garments opened in spite of him,
Through which the well accustomed eye could see
The rottenness of his heart. None deeper blushed.
As in all piercing light he stood exposed,
No longer herding with the holy ones:
Yet still he tried to bring his countenance
To sanctimonious seeming; but meanwhile,
The shame within, now visible to all,
His purpose baulked:—the righteous smiled, and
even

Despair itself some signs of laughter gave,
As ineffectually he strove to wipe
His brow, that inward guiltiness defiled.
Detested wretch! of all the reprobate,
None seemed maturer for the flames of hell;
Where still his face from ancient custom weapt
A holier air, which says to all that pass
Him by: I was a hypocrite on earth.

WOMAN.

Oh, who can gaze on Woman's form,
On woman's eyes that roll,
And feel not tender transports warm—
Yea elevate his soul?
And who has ever hung
Upon the siber sound
That falls from woman's trembling tongue,
Nor felt a joy profound?

Lives there a man so dead to grace,
So dead to beauty's blush,
To gaze on woman's lovely face,
Nor feel his heart-blood gush!
O, he is lost to virtue's name—
A wretch, unknown to love,
Who ne'er should know the sacred flame
That angels feel, above.

Dear woman rules, without a rod,
The empire of the globe;
She sways the sceptre of a god—
Of virtue wears the robe:
All nations bow before her throne,
Where all the virtues shine;
Her power all polished nations own,
And worship at her shrine.

Where'er she strays, or in the bowers,
Or in the woodland gloom,
Red roses spring, and fairest flowers
In blushing beauty bloom
Where'er her silver slippers tread,
Spontaneous gardens grow;
There sorrow rests her aching head,
And grief forgets her woe.

O, Man! how wretched were thy fate,
Did woman cease to be;
Thy friend in woe, in joy thy mate,
She seems to live for thee.
In her kind heart affection lives,
Pure as the mountain snow;
Her happiness and health she gives,
O, man! to heal thy woe.

FATHER AND MOTHER.

It is but pride wherewith
To his fair son the father's eye doth turn,
Watching his growth: aye, on the boy he looks,
The bright, glad creature, springing in his path,
But as the heir of his great name—the young
And stately tree, whose rising strength ere long
Shall bear his trophies well. And this is love!
'This is man's love!—What marvel! You ne'er made
Your breast the pillow of his infancy,
While the fulness of your heart's glad heavings,
His fair cheek rose and fell: and his bright hair
Waved softly to your breath! You ne'er kept watch
Beside him, till the last pale star had set,
And morn, all dazzling, as in triumph broke
On your dim, weary eye! Not yours the face,
Which early faded, through fond care for him;
Hung o'er his sleep, and duly as Heaven's light,
Was there to greet his waking! You ne'er smoth-
ed

His couch—ne'er sung him to his rosy rest;
Caught his last whisper, when his voice from yours
Had learned soft utterance—pressed your lips to his
When fever parched it—hushed his wayward cries
With patient, vigilant, never-weary love!
No! these are Woman's tasks—in these her youth,
And bloom of cheek, and buoyancy of heart,
Steal from her all unmarked!

THE SCATTERED HOUSEHOLD.

The family group is gathered,
And all are happy there;
The cheerful smile and glance pass round,
For life with them is fair;
A full unbroken household!
It is a pleasant sight;
The mother's smile is sweeter than—
The father's glance more bright.

There is another gathering,
But one is wanting there;
The youth who sat beside his sire,
Comes not to fill his chair.
The grave-yard bears another stone.
The missed one sleeps beneath;
The cheerful smile doth yet pass round,
But thou art felt, O Death.

Again there is a gathering,
But where is she whose smile
Was wont to make our young hearts glad,
Our father's care beguile?
In vain we list a mother's voice—
'Tis stilled in the tomb!
The happy smile is seen no more—
Where mirth was, now is gloom.

Once more there is a gathering—
Once more an empty space
Proclaims that Death has been at work
To fill a brother's place.
His grave is in a distant Isle,
Made by a stranger's hand;
Oh, hard it is to die away
From one's own native land!
That group may never gather more
Around that kindred hearth;
'Tis broken up—what Death has left
Are scattered o'er the earth.
And where that humble mansion stood,
There now is not a stone
To mark the spot, and tell of those
Who to their graves have gone!

AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER

AND LITERARY COMPANION.

BY L. G. HOFFMAN.]

ALBANY, SATURDAY, AUG. 8. 1840.

[VOL. I.—NO. 49.]

MASONIC.

The following Address, by DE WITT CLINTON, was delivered at the installation of STEPHEN VAN RENSSELAER, in the year 1825, on his election as Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of this State. Almost a new generation of Masons has sprang up since that period, to whom it will of course be new. Even to those who were present at the ceremonies of that proud day, it will we have no doubt prove acceptable.

This solemn and interesting occasion, demands from this place an illustration of the principles, the objects, and the tendencies of Freemasonry. Many volumes have been written, and numerous discourses have been pronounced on this subject. If we were to follow the gratuitous assumptions and fanciful speculations of visionary men, in attempting to trace the rise and progress of this ancient institution, we should be involved in the inextricable labyrinths of uncertainty, and lost in the jarring hypotheses of conjecture. Better is it then to sober down our minds to well established facts, than by giving the rein to erratic imagination merge the radiance of truth in the obscurity of fable. History and tradition are often adulterated by misrepresentation; beyond them the age of fable commences, when no reliance can be placed on the writings of the ancients. All history, except the divine records, before Thucydides, is apocryphal; and oral tradition is almost distorted and perverted after the lapse of three generations. At certain periods of human affairs, and in certain stages of society, it occupies the place of written history, and there is even an end to the reign of fable when all that relates to this "great globe and all which it inherits," is enveloped in the mysterious gloom of unexplored and impenetrable antiquity.

Enthusiastic friends of our institution have done it much injury and covered it with much ridicule, by stretching its origin beyond the bounds of credibility. Some have given it an antediluvian origin, while others have even represented it as coeval with the creation; some have traced it to the Egyptian priests, and others have discovered its vestiges in the mystical societies of Greece and Rome. The erection of Solomon's Temple, the retreats of the Druids, and the crusades to the holy land, have been at different times specially assigned as the sources of its existence. The order, harmony, and wonders of creation, the principles of mathematical science and the productions of architectural skill have been confounded with freemasonry. Whenever a great philosopher has enlightened the world, he has been resolved by a species of moral metempsychosis or intellectual chymistry, into a freemason; and in all the secret institutions of antiquity, the footsteps of lodges are traced by the eye of credulity.—Archimedes, Pythagoras, Euclid, and Vitruvius were in all probability, not freemasons, and the love of order, the cultivation of science, the embellishments of taste, and the sublime and beautiful works of art, have certainly existed in ancient, as they now do in modern times without the agency of Freemasonry.

Our fraternity has thus suffered under the treatment of well meaning friends, who have undesignedly inflicted more injuries upon it than its most virulent enemies. The absurd accounts of its origin and history, in most

of the books that treat of it, have proceeded from enthusiasm operating on credulity and the love of the marvellous. An imbecile friend often does more injury than an avowed foe. The calumnies of Barreul and Robison, who labored to connect our society with the illuminati and to represent it as inimical to social order and good government, have been consigned to everlasting contempt, while exaggerated and extravagant friendly accounts and representations continually stare us in the face, and mortify our intellectual discrimination, by ridiculous claims to unlimited antiquity. Nor ought it to be forgotten that genuine masonry is adulterated by sophistications and interpolations foreign from the simplicity and sublimity of its nature. To this magnificent temple of the Corinthian order, there have been added Gothic erections, which disfigure its beauty and derange its symmetry. The adoption in some cases of frivolous pageantry and fantastic mumery, equally revolting to good taste and genuine masonry, has exposed us to much animadversion; but our institution clothed with celestial virtue, and armed with the panoply of truth, has defined all the storms of open violence, and resisted all the attacks of insidious imposture; and it will equally triumph over the errors of misguided friendship, which like the transit of a planet over the disk of the sun, may produce a momentary obscuration, but will instantly leave it in the full radiance of its glory.

Although the origin of our fraternity is covered with darkness, and its history is to a great extent obscure yet we can confidently say that it is the most ancient society in the world—and we are equally certain that its principles are based on pure morality—that its ethics are ethics of christianity—its doctrines of patriotism, and brotherly love, and its sentiments the sentiments of exalted benevolence. Upon these points there can be no doubt. All that is good, and kind, and charitable, it encourages; all that is vicious, and cruel, and oppressive, it reprobates. That charity which is described in the most masterly manner by the eloquent apostle, composes its very essence and enters into the vital principles, and every freemason is ready to unite with him in saying, "Though I speak with the tongues of men and angels and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal.—And though I have the gift of prophecy and understand all mysteries and all knowledge, as though I have all faith so that I could remove mountains and have not charity, I am nothing. And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing. Charity suffereth long and is kind: charity envieth not: charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up: doth not behave itself unseemingly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh not evil; rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, endureth all things. Charity never faileth; but where there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether they be tongues they shall cease; whether there be knowledge it shall vanish away." How happens it then that our institution has created so much opposition, excited so much jealousy, encountered so much proscription, experienced so much persecution?

The mysteries which pertain to this fraternity have been the source of much obloquy, and its entire exclusion of the female sex from its communion, has been considered an unjust and rigorous rule. In former times the arts and sciences had their mysteries,—

The inventions of the former and the discoveries of the latter, were either applied by individuals to their own benefit, or thrown into a common stock for the emolument of select associations. In the early stages of freemasonry, its votaries applied themselves with great ardor to architecture and geometry. This will account for the exclusion of women. Such laborious pursuits were not adapted to their destination in life and their station in civilized society. A measure then that has been deemed a censure, was the highest eulogium that could be passed on the sex, and in evincing this distinguished respect, our ancient brethren exhibited that refinement and courtesy which are always accompanied with a just appreciation of female excellence and delicacy. The secrets of the arts and sciences which were elicited by the researches and employments of the fraternity were cherished for the common benefit; but the art of printing having thrown open the gates of knowledge to all mankind, and the rights of invention having been protected by government, the utility of secrecy, so far as it related to intellectual improvement and the enjoyment of its fruits, was in a great degree superseded. There are, however, secrets of importance to the brotherhood, which are entirely innocent, neither touching the concerns nor affecting the interests of the uninitiated, nor impugning the doctrines of pure morality nor the precepts of our holy religion.

Secret institutions were not uncommon among the ancients. The Eleusinian, Dionysian, and Panathenæan mysteries; and associations of the Pythagoreans, the Essenes and the architects of Ionia were concealed from the uninitiated; and even the women of Rome, celebrated the mysteries of the Bona Dea in a state of entire seclusion. The Druids had also their mysteries and our Indians have secret institutions. As secrecy may be enjoined with pure views and for good objects, so it also may be observed, with pernicious intentions and for bad purposes. The doctrines and observances of christianity were in the last century, ridiculed and caricatured by a secret society in the vicinity of London, composed of choice spirits of wickedness: and under the cloak of mysterious associations, conspiracies have been formed against freedom and social order. As nothing of this kind can be imputed to Freemasonry, it ought to have been patronized instead of being persecuted; but the suspicious eye of tyranny, always on the watch for victims, affected to see combinations against legitimate government, and the sanguinary hand of vengeance was soon uplifted against us. In every nation in Europe Masonry has passed the order of persecution. The Inquisition has stained it with blood. Hierarchies have proscribed and interdicted it. Despotism has pursued it to destruction; and every where except in this land of liberty, it has felt the arm of unjust and tyrannical power; and even here, and in this enlightened age, fanaticism has dared to fulminate its anathemas.

The precepts of Freemasonry inculcate abstraction from religious and political controversies, and obedience to the existing authorities; and there can be no doubt of the good faith and sincerity of this injunction. And accordingly the most enlightened princes of Europe, and among others, Frederic the Great of Prussia, have been members of our fraternity, and have not considered it derogatory from their dignity or dangerous to the ascendancy, to afford it official protection and personal encouragement. But the truth is, that the principles of Freemasonry are hostile to arbi-

trary power. All brethren are on a level, and of course are on an equality with respect to natural rights. The natural equality of mankind and the rights of man are not only implied in our doctrine, but the form of our government is strictly republican, and like that of the United States, representative and federal. The officers of the private lodges are annually chosen by the members, and all the lodges are represented in the grand lodge, by their presiding officers and who, altogether with the existing and past grand officers, constitute the grand lodge. The lodges are thus the members, and the grand lodge the head of the society, which by a combination of the representatives and federal principles, constitutes a federal republic as to the government of freemasons.

It must be obvious then that an institution so republican in its elements, so liberal in its principles, so free in its partial and concentrated combinations, must have excited the apprehensions of arbitrary power, which has constantly sought to propitiate it by kindness and condescension, or to annihilate it by fire and sword—by banishment and extinction.

CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.

SKETCH OF CHARACTER.

IRISH WOMEN.

The Irish ladies are thus spoken of in a recent letter from N. P. WILLIS, written after a fashionable party in Dublin:

Moore's remark has often been quoted—"There is nothing like an Irish woman to take a man off his feet," but whether this figure of speech was suggested by the little bards common-sobriquet of "Jump-up-and-kiss-me Tom Moore,"* or simply conveyed his idea of the bewildering character of Irish beauty, it contains, to any one who has ever traveled (or walked), in that country a very just, as well as realizing description. Physically, Irish women are probably the finest race in the world—I mean, taller, better limbed and chested, larger eyed, and with more luxuriant hair, and freer action than any other nation I have observed. The Phœnician and Spanish blood which has run hundreds of years in their veins, still kindles its dark fires in their eyes, and with the vivacity of the Northern mind and the bright color of the Northern skin, these Southern qualities mingle in most admirable and superb harmony. The idea we form of Italian and Grecian beauty is never realized in Greece and Italy, but we find it in Ireland, heightened and exceeded. Cheeks and lips of the delicacy and bright tint of carnation, with snowy teeth, and hair and eye-brows of jet are what we should look for on the palette of Apelles, could we recall the painter, and re-animate his far-famed models; and these varied charms, united, fall very commonly to the share of the fair Milesian of the upper classes. In other lands of dark eyes, the rareness of a fine grained skin, so necessary to a brunette, makes beauty as rare—but whether it is the damp softness of the climate or the infusion of Saxon blood, a coarse skin is almost never seen in Ireland. I speak now only of the better ranks of society, for in all my travels in Ireland, I did not chance to see even one peasant girl of any pretensions to good looks. From North to South, they look to me, coarse, dirty, ill-formed and repulsive.

I noticed in St. Patrick's Hall what I had remarked ever since I had been in the country, that with all their beauty, the Irish women are very decent in what in England is called *style*. The men on the contrary, were particularly *comme il faut*, and as they are a magnificent race, (corresponding to such mothers and sisters,) I frequently observed I had never seen so many handsome and elegant men in a day. Whenever I saw a gentleman and lady together, riding, driving, or walking, my first impression was almost universally, that the man was in attendance upon a woman of an inferior class to his own. This difference may be partly accounted for by the reduced circumstances of the gentry of Ireland, which keeps the daughters at home, that the sons may travel and improve; but it works differently in America, where, spite of travel and every other advantage to the contrary, the daughters of a family are much oftener lady-like than the sons are gentlemen-like. After wondering for some time, however why the quick witted women of Ireland should

*The name of a small plant common in Ireland.

be less apt than those of other countries in catching the air of high-breeding usually deemed so desirable, I began to like them better for the deficiency, and to find a reason for it in the very qualities which make them so attractive. Nothing could be more captivating and delightful than the manners of Irish women, and nothing, at the same time, could be more at war with the first principles of English high-breeding—coldness and reticence. The frank, almost hilarious "how are you?" of an Irish girl, her whole-handed and cordial grasp, as often in the day as you meet her, the perfectly unmissy-ish, confiding, direct character of her conversation, are all traits which would stamp her as somewhat rudely bred in England, and as desperately vulgar in New York or Philadelphia.

Modest to a proverb, the Irish woman is as unsuspecting of an impropriety as if it were an impossible thing, and she is as fearless and joyous as a midshipman, and sometimes as noisy. In a ball-room she looks ill-drest, not because her dress was ill-put-on, but because she dances, not glides, sits down without care, pulls her flowers to pieces, and if her head-dress in commodates her, gives it a pull or a push—acts which would be perfect insanity at Almack's. If she is offended, she asks for an explanation. If she does not understand you, she confesses her ignorance. If she wishes to see you the next day, she tells you how and when. She is the child of nature and children are not "stylish." The mimicry-piminy, eye-avoiding, finger-tipped, drawing, don't-touch-me, manner of some of the fashionable ladies of our country, would amuse a cold and reserved English woman sufficiently, but they would drive an Irish girl into hysterics. I have met one of our fair country-people abroad, whose "Grecian stoop," and exquisitely subdued manner was invariably taken for a fit of indigestion.

MISCELLANY.

From the Montreal Herald.

ROBERT BURNS' BIBLE.

We had in our possession on Saturday the identical pair of Bibles presented by the immortal Burns to the dearest object of his affections, Highland Mary, on the banks of the winding Ayr, when he spent with her "one day of parting love." They are in remarkably good preservation, and belong to a descendant of the family of Mary's mother, Mrs. Campbell, whose property they became on the death of her daughter, and subsequently Mrs. Anderson, Mary's only surviving sister, acquired them. The circumstance of the Bible being in two volumes, seemed at one time to threaten its dismemberment, Mrs. Anderson having presented a volume to each of her two daughters; but on their approaching marriage, their brother William prevailed on them to dispose of the sacred volumes to him. On the first blank leaf of the first volume is written, in the handwriting of the immortal bard, "and ye shall not swear by my name falsely—I am the Lord. Levit. 19th chap. 12th verse;" and on the corresponding leaf of the second volume, "Thou shalt not swear thyself, but shalt perform unto the Lord thine oath. Matth. 5th ch. 33d verse." On the second blank leaf of each volume there are the remains of "Robert Burns, Motesiel," in his hand-writing, beneath which is drawn a masonic emblem. At the end of the first volume there is a lock of Highland Mary's hair.

There is a mournful interest attached to these sacred volumes—sacred from their contents, and sacred from having been a pledge of love from the most gifted of Scotland bards to the artless object of his affections, from whom he was separating, no more to meet on this side the grave. The life of Burns was full of romance, but there is not one circumstance in it all so romantic and full of interest as those which attended and followed the gift of these volumes. He was young when he wooed and won the affections of Mary, whom he describes as "a warm-hearted charming young creature as ever blessed man with generous love." The attachment was mutual, and forms the subject of many of his earlier lyrics, as well as of the productions of his later years, which shows that it was deep rooted. Before he was known to fame, steeped in poverty to the very dregs, and meditating an escape to the West Indies from the remorseless fangs of a hard-hearted

creditor, he addressed to his "dear girl" the song which begins:

"Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary,
And leave o' d Scotia's shore.
Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary
And cross the Atlantic's roar?"

But neither Burns nor his Mary was doomed to "cross the Atlantic's roar," nor to realise those dreams of mutual bliss which passion or enthusiasm had engendered in their youthful imaginations. Burns was called to Edinburgh, there to commence his career of fame, which was to terminate in chill poverty, dreary disappointment and dark despair—while Mary's happier lot, after a transient gleam of the sunshine of life, was to be removed to a better and happier world. Her death shed a sadness over his whole future life, and a spirit of subdued grief and tenderness were displayed whenever she was the subject of his conversations or writings. Witness as follows:

"Ye banks an' braes an' streams around
The castle o' Montgomerie,
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
Your waters never drumlie;
Take summer first unfurls her robes,
An' there they longest tarry,
For there I took my last farewell
Of my sweet Highland Mary!"

In a note appended to this song, Burns says: "This was a conception of mine, in my early life, before I was known at all to the world. My Highland lassie was a warm-hearted charming young creature as ever blessed a man with generous love. After a pretty long trial of the most ardent reciprocal affection, we met by appointment on the second Sunday of May, in a sequestered spot on the banks of the Ayr, where we spent a day in taking a farewell before she would embark for the West Highlands, to arrange matters among her friends for our projected change of life. At the close of the autumn following, she crossed the sea to meet me at Greenock, where she was seized with a malignant fever, which hurried my dear girl to the grave in a few days, before I could even hear of her illness."

It was at this romantic and interesting meeting on the banks of the Ayr that the Bibles before us were presented to Mary; and he must have a heart of stone indeed who can gaze upon them without his imagination calling up feelings in his bosom too big for utterance. On that spot they exchanged Bibles, and plighted their faith to each other, the stream dividing them, and the sacred book grasped by both over its purling waters. This was the only token of affection each had to give the other, and the wealth of the Indies could not have procured a better or more appropriate one.

THE HISTORY OF AN AULD NAIG.

Amongst a few papers contributed some years ago to a London annual by the Ettrick Shepherd, and which (no opportunity having occurred for using them) have been transferred to us, is one under the above title. The author mentions that, being at a Scottish rural fair held near the Roxburghshire village of St. Boswell's, he was greatly amused by a specimen of low bargain-making which he saw going on in a tent, with respect to an old hard-featured nag (in Scottish phrase *naig*), which was standing whisking his tail on the village street. "His owner, the very prince and hero of all vulgarity, was sitting," says the writer, "on a form, holding by the halter, guzzling ale, and taking at least a quarter of a pound of bread at every bite. He was trying to sell the veteran steed to four others of the same class, who were manifestly intending to overreach him yet at the same time they could not help regarding him as a sort of natural curiosity. Such a group, taking in the horse, and all, I never beheld! The following is a literal specimen of a part of their dialogue:—

'Come noo, maister, let us hear what ye're gane to say about the naig? Are ye gaun to tak' the thretty shillings for him or no?'

'Thretty shillings, mun!—thretty pipe-stapples!—Aw wadna tak' your twa-pound-ten for him; as sure as death, aw wadna. He's a horse that, mun, that 'ill gang up hill an' down hill, through fire an' water, yird an' stane, an' never an ill word in his head—it's as sure as death, mun. He's a horse that 'ill never stand still wharever he gangs to, Thretty shillings! Aw wadna luk on the side o' the gate ye're on, mun, wi' your thretty shillings.'

'The only thing aum feared for,' said one of the proposing purchasers, 'is, that we'll no get him hame for dogs' meat. Whar did ye pick him up, for aum sure ye canna ha'e brought him far?'

'Aw think nae shame to tell whar aw gat him mun! Aum nane o' that sort!—ay, nor what aw ga'e for him neither. Aw coft him on the tap o' the street in the Gersemerkat o' Edinbrough, frae auld Peter Dods, the coal-cawer, a gavan quirkly carle. Aw thought the horse liftit his feet gayan weel, for aum never at a loss to see what's what, and sae aw says, "Peter, whar are ye axin' for the auld beast?" "Thretty shillings" says he. "Thretty puffs o' tobacco reek, mun!" says I. "Ye maunna speak that gate till me, wha kens better. But come awa into Newbigging's an' we'll ha'e a bottle o' yill. It'll no brik us baith." As sure as death, aw said sae. "It'll no brik us baith, Peter," says I. Weel, we gets the yill. "An' now, Peter," says I, "aum nane o' the kind o' folks wha mak' a great whitty whattin' an' arglebargaining about a thing however big the soom. Aum just gaun to lay ye down five-an'-twenty shillings for the naig, tuk' it or want it."

"Five-an'-twenty puffs o' tobacco reek!" quo' the auld mocrife carle. "Ye maunna speak that gate till me, lad, wha kens better. But aw'll tell ye what aw'll do wi' ye; aw'll just tak' it." An' wi' that he nipit up my five-an'-twenty shilling, an' pat in his pouch wi' a grin. "An' now, lad," says he, "the siller's mine, an' the beast's yours, an' ye're very welcome to him."

Od, sir, aw thought aw was fairly snappit, an' the very countenance o' me rase as it had been set in a lowe. "If ye hae cheatit me wi' that beast, billy," says I, "aw'll scorn to loup back or gang to the law wi' ye, however great may be my loss. But aw promise ye a good threshin', and I'll keep my word too. Only tell me this: is the beast no a good beast?"

"Gin he be a good beast, ye'll be the better o' him," says he, an' aff he gangs laughin', and turnin' the quid in his cheek.

Aw was verra sair dung down; but what could aw do? My siller was gane; sae aw took my beast, an' pat him into the Meadow Park. Aw coudna sleep a wink that night wi' thinking about my bargain. "Aum sair, sair taken in," thinks I; "for if the beast be useless, there aw hae to pay auld Gray aughteenpence a night for his gerse, an' that's mair nor aw can gain through the day; an' the best thing aw can do is to gie him again to auld Peter for naething. It's as sure as death." Weel, as soon as it was daylight, aw sets wi' a heavy heart to look after my beast, an' soon fand him feedin' close to the hedge; sae aw lays ma lugs i' ma neck to listen, an' there is he ruggin' an' rinin' an' craunchin' away at nae allowance. "There is some hope here yet," thinks I; "for gin a beast dinna eat weel, it'll never work weel," an' wi' that aw gie's my apron a blatter at him; an' aw'll be the greatest leaver ever was born if he didna spang up i' the air like a wild deer, till aw thought he was gaun to loup ower the chimla taps—as sure as death aw did. An' then he cockit up his head an' his tail till the twasone met thegither, an' he ga'e three skreeds o' snorts till a the Hope-park-end yelled again. "There he goes that never saw the morn!" cries I. There's mair mettle there by a hunder times than onybody wad think! An' aw'll tell ye what it is, my jolly auld rogue; aw'll no tak ony man's twa-pund-ten for ye, gin ye war to lay it down this day! As sure as death, aw say sae. An' that's how aw cam by the auld naig."—*Chambers' Journal.*

From the "Algerine Captive."

A MAHOMETAN'S SERMON.

The attributes of the Deity were the subject of the priest's discourse; and, after some exordium, he elevated his voice, and exclaimed,

God alone is immortal!

Ibrahim and Soliman have slept with their fathers; Cadijah, the first born of faith; Ayesma, the beloved; Omar, the meek; Omri, the benevolent, the companions of the Apostle, and the sent of God himself, all died, but God, Most High, Most Holy, liveth forever! Infinites are to him as the numerals of arithmetic to the sons of Adam. The earth shall vanish before the decrees of his eternal destiny, but he liveth and reigneth forever!

God alone is Omniscient!

Michael, whose wings are full of eyes, is blind before Him. The dark night unto Him is as the rays of morning, for he noticeth the creeping of the small ant, in the dark night, upon the black stone, and apprehendeth the motion of an atom in the open air.

God alone is Omnipresent!

He toucheth the immensity of space as a point. He moveth in the depths of the ocean, and Mount Atlas is hidden by the sole of his foot! He breatheth fragrant odors to cheer the blessed in Paradise, and enliveneth the pallid frame in the profoundest hell!

God alone is Omnipotent!

He thought, and worlds were created. He frowneth, and they dissolve into smoke. He smileth, and the torments of the damned are suspended. The thunderings of Hermon are the whisperings of His voice! The rustling of his attire causeth lightning and an earthquake; and with the shadow of his garment the blotteth out the Sun!

God alone is merciful!

When he forged his immutable decrees on the anvils of eternal wisdom, He tempered the miseries of the human race in the fountains of pity. When he laid the foundations of the world, He dropped a tear upon the embryo miseries of unborn men; and that tear, falling through the immeasurable lapses of time, shall quench the glowing flame of the bottomless pit. He sent His Prophet into the world to enlighten the darkness of the tribes, and hath prepared the pavilions of the Houris for the repose of true believers.

God alone is just!

He chains the latent cause to the distant event, and binds them both imputably fast to the fitness of things. He decreed the unbeliever to wander amid the whirlwind of error, and suited his soul to future torment.—He promulgated the ineffable creed, and the germs of countless souls of believers which existed in the contemplation of the Deity, expanded at the sound. His justice refreshed the faithful, while the damned spirits confess it in despair.

God alone is one!

Abraham the faithful knew it; Moses declared it amid the thunderings of Sinai; Jesus pronounced it, and the messenger of God, the sword of his vengeance filled the world with that immutable truth. Surely there is one God, Immortal, Omnipotent, Omnipresent, most Merciful and Just, and Mahomet is His Apostle!

SAD STORY OF A MAN MURDERED IN CONSEQUENCE OF A TOO CLEVER DEFENCE.

A case has been lately laid before the Attorney General and me, by the direction of the Lords of the Admiralty, to consider the expediency of prosecuting for libel the printer of a weekly newspaper, called the Independent Whig, which has brought some facts to our knowledge that demand the most serious attention.—A sailor, of the name of Thomas Wood, was tried by court-martial, at Plymouth, on the 6th of October last, on a charge of having been concerned in the mutiny and murders which were committed on board the *Hermoine*. It was in September, 1797, that the mutiny took place; and the prisoner being only, as was supposed, of the age of twenty-five when he was tried, could not have been more than sixteen when the crime was committed. The fact was proved but by a single witness—that witness, however, who was the master of the *Hermoine*, swore positively that the prisoner, who, he said, at that time bore the name of James Hayes, was the very man whom he remembered on board the *Hermoine*, and that he saw him take a very active part in the mutiny. Notwithstanding the positive oath of the witness thus identifying the prisoner, yet, as the witness said, he had never seen the prisoner since, and as the appearance of a man generally changes very considerably in the nine years which elapse between the ages of sixteen and twenty-five, little reliance could be had on such testimony. It was, however, the only evidence in support of the prosecution. But what was wanting in the evidence for the crown, was supplied by the prisoner's defence. It was delivered in writing and was, in truth, a supplication for mercy rather than a defence. The following passage contains the whole substance:—"At the time when the mutiny took place I was a boy in my fourteenth year. Drove by the tor-

rent of mutiny, I took the oath administered to me on the occasion. The examples of death which were before my eyes drove me for shelter amongst the mutineers, dreading a similar fate with those that fell, if I sided with or showed the smallest inclination for mercy; and then follow entreaties for compassion on his youth, and a declaration that he had not enjoyed an hour's repose of mind since the event took place. The court found him guilty. He was sentenced to be hanged; and, on the 17th of October, the sentence was executed. In the mean time his brother and sister, who were in London, heard of his situation, and made application at the Admiralty. They insisted that their brother was innocent; that he was not even on board the *Hermoine*, but was serving as a boy in the *Marlborough*, at Portsmouth, at the time the mutiny took place. They procured a certificate of this fact from the navy office, and transmitted it to Plymouth, where it arrived previous to the execution. The guilt of the prisoner, however, appeared so manifest, from his defence, that no regard was paid to the certificate, and the execution took place. This proceeding was animadverted upon in the Independent Whig, in several successive papers, with very great severity. The members of the court martial called upon the lords of the Admiralty to punish the author of these libels; and, in consequence of this they were laid before us. The Attorney General suggested, at the consultation, the propriety of making some inquiry into the fact before the prosecution was instituted. We neither of us entertained doubt of the man's guilt; but, yet the Attorney General thought it would be advisable to be able to remove all possible suspicion upon that point. An inquiry was accordingly set on foot by the solicitor of the Admiralty, the result of which was, that the man was perfectly innocent, and was at Portsmouth, on board the *Marlborough*, when the crime was committed in the *Hermoine*. He had applied to another man to write his defence for him, and he had read it, thinking it calculated to excite compassion, and more likely to serve him than a mere denial of the fact. The Attorney General prevented any prosecution of the printer.—*Life of Sir S. Romilly.*

MUTUAL CONSOLATION.

An old clergyman, who had an old tailor for his beadle or officer for many years, returning from a neighboring sacrament where Thomas was in a habit of attending him, after a thoughtful and silent pause, thus addressed his fellow traveller, the "minister's man,"—"Tammos, I canna well tell how it is that our kirk should be getting aye thinner and thinner—for I am sure I preach as weel as ere I did, and should hae far mair experience than when I gaed amang ye." "Deed," replied Thomas, "auld ministers, now-a-days, are just like auld tailors—for am sure I sew as weel as ere I did, and the clath's the same, but it's the cut sir, it's the new cut!"

YANKEE TALK.—The Boston Post gives the following "conversation" which he overheard between a Jonathan and his team of one horse and two oxen: "Get off you thar forard. Ye darned old fool, ye don't pull a pound; and you two behind thar, whar air'ee doin' on—git along. Side in, you off 'un, what in natur be ye starin' arter—why don't ye go along together kinder this way. Darn ye, don't ye suppose I know as much as all few on ye, and so git opp.—What's the use of yer standin' thar, dingin' yer tails about; ye don't reckon there's flies about on such a mornin' as this—cold enough to freeze Calvin's Catechism. Spring to it spry, and let Bosting folks see what ye can do on a pinch; if you don't, darn me if ye shall come to Bosting agin to see the fashions, I tell ye now. Whoy, well, I vow, while I'm stoppin' to talk to ye, if that confounded old horse aint turned right round to chaw that are straw!"

YOUTHFUL RESOLVES.—There is a period in a young man's life, says the Montreal Transcript, in which he is determined never to take any office, and in a girl's when she is determined never to marry. The duration of both is about equal.

The quantity of rain which fell at New Haven on Thursday night as we learn from the New Haven Herald, was equal to eight inches on a cwell! It was a steady rain of seven hours duration,

POPULAR TALES.

THE PRIEST AND THE BRIGAND.

At a small barber's shop in the *Strato deo Fiori*, at Velletri, lived as light-hearted and honest a young fellow as any in the world. He was not rich, nor ever likely to be so; for although shaving, and trimming beards and mustachios, was an occupation which ensured him plenty of practice, the gains were small, and he labored under the disadvantage, in this respect, which is common to all ingenious persons, whose means of subsistence depend upon the exertion of their own hands. But there is no word which has a more peculiarly relative meaning than 'rich.' If the man who has enough for his wants and a trifle of superfluous may be called rich, then Masetto was not poor.—There was only one thing he wanted—a wife—and that he was not likely to be long without; for Lissa, the daughter of a vinedresser, who lived half a league out of the town, had promised to marry him at the festival of Santa Veronica, which was now within three weeks. Masetto had set his house in order, and made all becoming preparations for receiving his bride; and had waited, with the impatience natural to a man who is going to be married, for the happy day.

Lissa was about sixteen, the marriageable age for girls in this part of Italy. She was a good-tempered, innocent country girl. Elsewhere she would have been thought a prodigy of beauty; and even in a place where the beauty of the peasantry is its most striking feature, she was considered above the ordinary run of pretty *contadine*. She loved the barber, and was looking forward to the fete of Santo Veronico with no less impatience than her Masetto.

It was a holiday; and, thanks to the comfortable religion of Rome, there are many of them in the year; Masetto had dressed himself in his best clothes, and was just setting off to pay a visit to Lissa, when he was stopped by the Father Brignoli, a canon of the church of San Giovanni, who came in all haste to be shaved. The canon was unluckily in the habit of putting off every thing he had to do, until it was just too late to do it; and he had now been loitering in his garden so long that he was obliged to take the barber's shop in his way, in order to reach the church in time for the offices. He was a stout, tall man, of between fifty and sixty, who, having passed the early part of his life in the army, had sought refuge in the bosom of the church from the cares of the world, which he thought had treated him ungratefully. Perhaps he was right—but the story is too long to tell in this place. It will be enough for the intelligent reader to know that there was a woman at the bottom of it; and that the Cavalier Brignoli became the Canon Brignoli, because he was jilted—an example which, if universally followed, would fill the world with religious men. Masetto liked him, because he condescended to talk to him, and to let him talk in return. He was, besides, of great use to the barber, because he would tell him the tales of his exploits, and the wonders he had seen, which Masetto retranslated to his gaping customers, with such additions and explanations as he thought suited their several tastes and understandings, and by this means made himself the favorite barber of the town. Perhaps the innamorato would not have stayed to shave any one else, but he could not refuse to wait upon the canon; so taking off his best coat, and adjusting his apron, he began to operate upon the canon's round chin.

'The course of true love never did run smooth.'—Masetto had just finished one half of the superficies of the lower part of the priest's broad face, when the mother of Lissa rushed into the shop, crying and sobbing, invoking all the saints whose names she could recollect, to save her child. The razor dropped from Masetto's hand, and he left the canon holding the basin under his chin, half shaved, and half lathered, and withal so infolded in the shaving cloth, that he could not readily rise from his seat. Masetto besought his intended mother-in-law to tell him what dreadful calamity had befallen his mistress, and had thrown her into the ecstacy of grief and passion in which he saw her. At first it was impossible to make her give any intelligible relation of the affair—but at length Masetto learned that Lissa had gone; before daybreak that morning, with some other girls of the neighborhood, to draw water from a spring, half a mile from the road,

which was reputed to have great efficacy in preserving maidens' complexions. It was a sort of frolic which they had undertaken, without the knowledge of their friends, and had intended to be back before the sun was up. They had reached the spring, had filled their pitchers, and were about to return, when a man of gigantic stature and most forbidding aspect, appeared among them. The girls shrieked with terror at the sight of him, and some of them made off; when, upon a whistle which the stranger blew, eight or ten fellows as ill-looking, and armed with carbines and sabres, appeared from behind the rocks. The frightened girls knew at once that these were the brigand Garbone and his comrades, whose atrocious deeds filled the neighborhood with terror. Garbone, without speaking, seized Lissa, who clung to some of her companions, but her feeble resistance was of course in vain. The chief took her in his arms, and, motioning to some of his followers to assist him, bore her off. She shrieked, and implored the help of the other girls, who followed her, but the remainder of the brigands presented their pieces at them, and threatened to shoot them on the spot. The poor girls fell on their knees, and with tears and supplications, implored the monsters not to take away the wretched Lissa, but they might as well have implored the rocks. Garbone and the others, who carried the devoted maiden, bore her swiftly towards the forest, and were soon lost sight of; while the others, staying till their comrades had got clearly off, slowly followed them, still looking back, and threatening the horror-stricken girls who remained at the fountain.

This was the substance of the account which they had given when they came home; and although their terror had exaggerated the horror of the appearance, and perhaps the numbers of the brigands, there could remain no doubt that they consisted of Garbone and his troop. The mother of Lissa now recollected that a tall singular looking man had been seen at various times, and always in different garbs, hovering about their house, and was apparently struck with admiration of Lissa—a circumstance which had flattered her mother, but had never alarmed her.

Poor Masetto was beside himself at this intelligence—he tore his hair, wept, threw himself upon the ground, and played all the extravagant tricks which violent passion urges a man to. The canon in the mean time having extricated himself, wiped his face, and made himself decent, with the calm gravity of a man who had lived long enough in the world to see the nullity of every thing like violent emotion. Not that he was indifferent to Masetto's grief, and the cause of it. He had seen and admired the beautiful Lissa—and, while he was rubbing his face, he resolved to save her, or at least to make an attempt. He had, besides, as great a hatred as a churchman could have against this Garbone; and he felt some of his old military feeling rise, accompanied with an inclination to try if his arm yet possessed strength and skill. These were of course improper notions for a priest, but they came unbidden across him. He consoled Masetto as well as he could—then, when he had made him listen, he represented that he had better be attempting something for his mistress's deliverance, than weep over her loss. The poor barber thought this would be sheer madness. 'For how,' he said, 'could he hope that his Lissa was not already murdered, or worse!'

'You show neither so much fortitude nor reason as I expected from you, my son,' said the canon, 'and you know nothing of the character of this Garbone.—Murder is not his object, and I have a strong belief that he will not attempt any outrage against Lissa.—But we waste time; tell me only this—dare you risk your life to save your mistress?'

'Ay, willingly!' replied Masetto, in whose heart the priest's words had revived something like hope, though he was afraid to trust it—'for what is existence to me without Lissa?'

'Why, then, let this be the last tear you shed; but give me a pen and ink, and, while I write, do you run and fetch Filippo, the lay-brother, who attends my mule; and, as for the offices, unless the Padre Geromino has performed them, they must go undone, for the hour is now past.'

Masetto hastily obeyed the canon. The letter was written, and despatched by Filippo to the cavalier Novi, who commanded a detachment of the pope's troops, a few leagues distant. First, however, Filippo was

ordered to prepare his master's mule and his own, and to lend the better of his two frocks to Masetto, who, having put it on, followed the canon to his own house. A short preparation sufficed to make them ready for the journey which the canon meditated—and giving it out that he was going to the monastery of Santa Maria della Salute, upon business with the abbot, he mounted his mule, and, followed by Masetto, in the dress of the lay-brother, rode gently towards the mountains.

As they journeyed on, the father explained to Masetto his plan, which was to throw themselves in the way of the brigands, and thus discover in the first place where Lissa was kept. They would think the Padre a rich prize, and he knew them too well to apprehend any violence from them, because they would expect to get a large sum from him in the way of a ransom, and would willingly release his follower, that he might fetch them the money. This being done, the rest of the enterprise must depend greatly on Masetto's intelligence and skill in bringing up the troops of the Cavalier Novi, whom the Padre's letter had apprised of his design, to the robber's retreat.

It was noon, and the travellers dismounted under a spreading tree to repose themselves and their mules. The canon, who never travelled without a due portion of creature comforts, which he had a strong liking for, directed Masetto to display a cold capon, and to put a flask of very drinkable wine into a cold mountain-brook which ran bubbling by the forest path. The meal was not ended, when it fell out, according to the good father's expectations, that some of Garbone's gang discovered them. The first intimation they received of the presence of their visitors, was the muzzle of a gun being poked through the boughs of a thicket on the rock opposite them, and a hoarse voice crying out with a thousand imprecations for their money. Masetto thought it was all over with them—but the priest called out without the least emotion, 'We are poor travellers, a priest and his servant; what we have is at your service, but spare our lives, for the sake of the blessed Mother of Heaven, and all the Saints.'

The muzzle of the gun was withdrawn, and the gentleman to whom it belonged, accompanied by four others of his fraternity, made their appearance. They were fine-looking, able-bodied ragamuffins—but their long hair and mustachios, and the expression of their countenances, gave them a disagreeable and fierce look. They were dressed in a coarse but fantastic manner, every man having in his garb some attempt at finery, which ill accorded with the dirtiness and poverty of the rest of his clothing. They wore long daggers, and pistols stuck in their belts; some of them had, besides, swords; all were armed with carbines, and not a man but a rosary, or a relic, or some other outward and visible token of his religion stuck about him. They surrounded the canon and his man, and, having searched for their weapons, and found none but the knives with which they were eating, they bound their arms behind them, and bade them prepare to go before their chief, who they said was within a short distance. While this ceremony was being performed by some of the rogues, the others finished the flask and the capon which the canon and Masetto had been employed upon when they were interrupted.

The canon offered nothing like resistance; but gave the thieves now and then a ghostly exhortation, or a slight recommendation to pursue the paths of virtue and piety, and not to bind his arms too tightly—managing to apply his texts as to make a favorable impression on the banditti, whose superstition he was perfectly well acquainted with.

All being ready the prisoners were marched off, followed by three of the brigands, the others staying behind to pursue their lawful vocation of robbing passers-by. After half an hour's walk through circuitous paths, they arrived at a rock, which they began to ascend. From the top of this rock the robber's retreat was discernible. A small dell, shut in by high rocks, and which, from its position, was inaccessible to all but those who knew the country, had been pitched upon by Garbone for head-quarters. A range of low buildings at the further end appeared to be the dwellings of the troop, and a great portion of the green was planted with olive-trees and vines. A shrill whistle from one of the robbers was answered by some one from the dell, and the party began to descend with the caution which the steep path rendered necessary.—The captives were conducted to the building, and en-

tered a long room, which appeared to be a sort of common hall. At the fire place, some men, of a similar appearance to those by whom the travellers had been taken, were employed in cooking; others were playing with cards and dice in different parts of the chamber—and at the upper end, with a moody look, and apart from the rest, sat one, who, from his stature and appearance, the canon had no doubt was the chief, the redoubted Garbone. To him they were soon led; when the canon, in answer to his inquiries, told him that he and his follower were upon a journey to the abbot of the monastery of Santa Maria della Salute, to receive some money due to his own church, when he had been stopped by the good gentlemen who had now done him the honor of introducing him. Garbone, although he looked extremely ill-tempered, happened to be in one of his most gracious moods.—He welcomed the canon with great politeness for a robber, and said he was glad to see him for several especial reasons; the first, because his troop was mainly in want of a priest, for, although they were thieves, yet they had consciences, and it was so long since they confessed, (having killed their last confessor in a brawl,) that half of them were ready to desert, that they might unburden their bosoms, and obtain absolution; secondly, because he himself was going to be married (Masetto was ready to fly at the brigand's throat, but the canon trod upon his toe and restrained him;) and thirdly, because he should have a good round ransom for his captive.

The canon had seen a good deal of the world, and was more than a match for a more cunning man than Garbone, even in his own way. He took his bantering quietly, offered his ghostly services with a good grace, said he was ready to send for the ransom if his servant might be permitted to fetch it; and, in short, so won upon the robber, that after a quarter of an hour's talk he had learnt from him the fact of his having carried off Lissa, who was then unharmed in one of the inner chambers, and that he meant to be married to her on the morrow in the forest chapel.

'A pious intention, for marriage is a holy ordinance,' said the priest, 'and right gladly shall I perform the ceremony; but I beseech ye, good captain, to let me depart as soon as it is done, for I have much to do; and as it is only reasonable that you should be paid for my night's entertainment, name the ransom, and let Nicolo, my attendant here, away and fetch it for thee. By sparing not his beast,' he said, looking significantly at Masetto, 'he may reach the monastery by midnight, and the abbot, as he loves me, will send what I require; and to-morrow, by the time the lark has chaunted his matin song, my good follower may be back with the means of rescuing his master from this place.'

Masetto understood what this meant, and expressed his readiness to travel all night on such an errand.—Garbone mused for a few minutes, and then said, 'All that you say, father, seems fair enough: but I have so often been taking in by men of your profession, that I trust none of them willingly. However, for this once I will run some risk. The man shall go; but look warily, as thou valuest thy master's head, look that thou bring back the coin by day-break to the forest chapel.'

Garbone then fixed as a ransom for the canon four thousand scudi; and ordering Masetto's beast to be made ready, directed one of his gang to mount the canon's horse, and accompany the messenger to the last outpost, and there await his return. Masetto bade the canon farewell, who pressed his hand significantly as they parted.

The barber and the brigand rode onwards, and in the course of his progress found his companion was a great simpleton. He left him at a stone cross in the road to await his return.

The canon had requested his friend, the cavalier, to have his troop at a little village called the Three Bridges; and hither it was that Masetto quickly hastened, instead of to the monastery. He found the cavalier, whom a desire to serve his old friend, and a wish to come to blows with Garbone, brought immediately on receipt of the letter. He had five and thirty horsemen with him, whom on learning from Masetto how things stood, he dismounted; and, having waited until the night had fallen, they set out on foot, conducted by the barber on his mule. Having arrived within a short distance of the place at which he had left the brigand, Masetto went on alone, and found that the rogue, tired

of waiting for him, had gone to sleep. Having removed his carbine and his poinard, Masetto passed his own belt so firmly about the fellow's legs, that he could not move; and then, giving the signal, the cavalier's troop came up. With threats of instant death they compelled the terrified robber, who was now awake, to shew them the road to the forest chapel, which they reached long before day-light.

The chapel had been part of a religious establishment, which, being deserted by the fraternity to whom it belonged, had fallen into decay, and all but the chapel was in ruins. In one of the lower vaults they deposited the captive robber, securely bound; and left a soldier with directions to stab him to the heart, if he attempted to escape, or to cry out. The cavalier then looked about for a convenient spot in which to post his men. At the end of the chapel, and about two yards behind the altar, was a gothic screen, formed of clusters of small pillars, with openings at every yard. Behind these the soldiers might stand, not only effectually concealed, but well disposed for an attack upon any persons who might be entering the chapel. By the time all these arrangements were made, the day began to appear. The cavalier, who knew his old friend the canon, and who was aware of his intelligence fixed a piece of the red feather from his military hat between the broken stones of the arch by which he must enter the chapel, and through this he was sure the canon would know they had arrived. He then bade Masetto stand behind him; and fearing that the poor fellow's impatience might lead him into some imprudence, insisted, with threats as well as persuasions, that he should not stir a finger until the canon gave some indication that the time for the attack had arrived. Masetto promised to obey, for however difficult it might be, he saw the wisdom of the cavalier's injunctions.

The minutes passed heavily, until at length the feet of horses and mules were heard through the forest, and the voices of the brigands, at intervals, shouting to each other as they hurried along to visit their captain's nuptials. The sounds became more distinct, and at length it was clear that the company had arrived. The cavalier had provided for himself a loop-hole, by which he could see the canon enter; and, to his great delight, he saw him pluck the feather carelessly from the wall, and toss it to the wind, at the same time that his eye shot inquiringly round the chapel. In many an hour of peril, and on many a dangerous enterprise, the cavalier had seen that eye flash with many a similar expression from under a steel morion, and it had lost none of its old accustomed fire.

The gaunt Garbone, dressed with awkward splendor, came first; the weeping Lissa, leaning upon the arm of the Padre, followed; and, notwithstanding the exhortations and promises of the good canon, that all would be well, could not overcome her fears. The canon had by no means explained to her the errand on which Masetto was gone; for he had made it a rule for many years past, never to trust a woman, good or bad, with a secret. Behind came the whole of Garbone's gang, in number about forty, with their carbines over their shoulders, and ranged in as fair order as they could accomplish. As the canon came on towards the altar, he was reconnoitring the place, and had already determined that his old comrade would post himself and his forces behind the screen. When, however, he mounted the three steps of the altar, which raised him a full yard above every one else in the chapel, his doubts were removed, for he saw the soldiers. One look was exchanged between him and the cavalier. He proceeded with the ceremony, as his hearers thought—but he was too faithful a member of the church to profane its ordinances, and, instead of reading the service of marriage, he addressed an exhortation to Garbone on his enormities, which might have touched his heart, if it had not been in Latin—a language with which he happened to have no acquaintance.

When he had ended this mock service, and as he held his hands extended over Garbone and Lissa, the whole gang shouted *Viva!* and discharged their carbines to testify their rejoicing. The vaulted arches of the roof rang with the report, and the smoke which filled the building enabled the canon to draw Lissa from the altar to a place of security behind the screen. Before the vapoury cloud had rolled away, a sharp and well-directed fire from Novi's troops had brought down

one half of the bandits, and the others were seized and bound before they had recovered from their surprise at the suddenness of the attack. At the first shot, Garbone had drawn his pistol, and levelled it at the canon, whom he must have killed, but that Masetto, who had his eye particularly upon the ruffian, threw up his arm, and at the same moment plunged his stiletto into the chief's throat. It is not necessary to describe his joy at clasping his Lissa in his arms, or the pleasure which the canon had in meeting his old friend and comrade the cavalier. A very short time sufficed to tie the robbers who remained alive on the mules and horses; and the whole party proceeded to Velletri, where the canon married Masetto to Lissa, without waiting for the feast of Saint Veronica.

The robbers were soon afterwards executed; and Garbone's head had the honour of decorating a post in the cross roads.

THE GATHERER.

ROB ROY.

The following, from the new edition of the Waverly novels, by Sir Walter Scott, is illustrative of the scene in Donald Bean Lean's cave, when Waverly made his first visit to the Highlands:—

An adventure very similar to what is here stated, actually befel the late Mr. Abercrombie, of Tullibody, grandfather of the present Lord Abercrombie, and father of the late celebrated Sir Ralph. When this gentleman, who lived to a very advanced period of life, first settled in Stirlingshire, his cattle were repeatedly driven off by the celebrated Rob Roy, or some of his gang, and at length he was obliged, after obtaining a proper safe-conduct, to make the cateran such a visit as that of Waverly to Bean Lean, in the text. Roy received him with much courtesy, and made many apologies for the accident, which must have happened, he said, through some mistake. Mr. Abercrombie was regaled with callops from two of his own cattle, which were hung up by the heels in the cavern, and was dismissed in perfect safety, after having agreed to pay in future a small sum of black mail, in consideration of which, Rob Roy not only undertook to forbear his herds in future, but to replace any that should be stole from him by other freebooters. Mr. Abercrombie said Rob Roy affected to consider him as a friend to the Jacobite interest, and a sincere enemy to the Union. Neither of these circumstances were true;—but the laird thought it quite unnecessary to undeceive his highland host, at the risk of bringing on a political dispute in such a situation. This anecdote I received many years since (about 1792) from the mouth of the venerable gentleman who was concerned in it.

MUSCULAR STRENGTH.

Borellus was the first who demonstrated that the force exerted within the body greatly exceeds the weight to be moved without, and that nature in fact employs an immense power, to move a small weight. It has been calculated that the deltoid muscle alone, when employed in supporting a weight of 50 pounds, exerts a force equal to 2,568 pounds. Some notion of the force exerted by the human body in progressive motion, may be formed by the violence of the shock when the foot unexpectedly impinges against any obstacle in running. The strongest bones are occasionally fractured by the action of the muscles. The muscular power of the human body is indeed wonderful. A Turkish porter will run along carrying a weight of 600 pounds; and of Milo, of Crotona, is said to have lifted an ox weighing upwards of 1000 pounds. Haller mentions that he saw an instance of a man, whose finger being caught in a chain at the bottom of a mine, by keeping it forcibly bent, supported by that means the weight of his whole body, (150 pounds) till he was drawn up to the surface, a height of 600 feet. Augustus II, of Poland, could, with his fingers, roll up a silver dish like a sheet of paper, and twist the strongest horse-shoe asunder.

CURIOUS DISCOVERY.—At Benares, in the East Indies, in a vault under ground, a printing press was found, with moveable type, set up, all in a state of tolerable preservation. They had probably been there for upwards of 1000 years.

AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER.

ALBANY, SATURDAY, AUG. 8, 1840.

THE COMMON SCHOOL FUND.—The last Catholic Register, published in New York, contains the proceedings of a very large meeting in relation to the setting off of a certain portion of the common School Fund for the education of Catholic children by Catholic teachers. The reasons assigned by that persuasion for their course, is, that improper books are put in the hands of the children, indiscriminately, to the injury of the peculiar doctrines of the Catholic church. This we believe was the substance of the remarks of the gentlemen at the meeting.

We have from the first moment of this movement, regretted it, because we have been satisfied that it would only engender a bad feeling, without attaining the particular end desired. If, as it is alleged, and we assume the fact, there are improper books, which Catholics conscientiously believe, should not be put in the hands of their children, there is a simple way of obviating the difficulty, by *banishing such books* from the school, or settle by law, what books shall be admitted into the school room. In our primary schools, or in our other Seminaries of learning, no sectarian feeling should be allowed, either among the scholars or the teachers. If sectarianism is to be taught, let it be done in the Sunday Schools. We have long been of the opinion, that at least in our common schools, a uniform course of education should be pursued under a competent censorship. The primary works of Noah Webster, Lindley Murray, and Diliworth, have produced far better scholars 30 years ago, than most of the gew-gaw empyrics of the present generation. Is is a source of common complaint among parents, that every change of teacher requires an entire change of school books.

It is to this system of novelty, pedantry and individual interest, that our schools are in many cases lumbered up with worthless trash, having nothing to recommend them but the peculiar sectarianism of the author, aided often by a very complying teacher. We believe the present system wrong, and if our Catholic citizens want only the legitimate advantages of the common School fund, as contemplated by law, they should have all its advantages, without being compelled to place themselves or their children in a situation where they cannot conscientiously enjoy their lawful privileges. So far they are right. But they are wrong, when they ask for a portion of the public money to be expended BY THEM in the instruction of the very sectarianism, which they condemn in others, and which we trust the law will never countenance.—If the objections are in the books now in use, the remedy is easy: BUT NO SECT in this country can be allowed the public money for ANY sectarian purpose, whatever; the people will never submit to it. Let us suppose, for a moment, that a portion of the common School fund is set off for the Catholics, what shall prevent the Presbyterians, from urging their claims (it would be a right then) the Baptist theirs, and so on to every religious denomination; the Nothingarians and Infidels have their rights too, and the government to be impartial, must recognize the claims of all. Suppose this, (and it is not unreasonable,) and in a short time we should have plenty of sectarianism, as well as plenty of hatred. We again repeat, if the objections are to the books, the evil can and will be abated.

MUSEUM.—There is now at this place, some very pleasing attractions, besides the usual never-ending curiosities. Miss Hayden, the American Sybil, is truly astonishing in the *hocus-focus* art, and is not excelled by the best of the conjurors of the other sex.—Connected with the performances of the lecture room, is a moving panorama of Venice and Jerusalem,—admirable paintings, besides some very clever things for little folks, in the Punch & Judy way. An evening can be spent at the Museum, very pleasantly.

MORE PRESENTS.—The brig Russell arrived at Philadelphia on Saturday. She has two lions on board which are intended as presents to the President of the United States, from the Emperor of Morocco. There was also a monkey on board.

The taking of the Census, brings to light many curious things. In Philadelphia, there is an old lady of upwards of 112 years. In Orange county, an albino has been discovered, and in this city, we have been assured by the gentleman taking the census, that he has not been able to find an *unmarried* lady, above the age of 30!!

A REWARD of five hundred dollars is offered by Gov. Seward for the apprehension of Orange Cole, charged with the murder of Barber Havens, in Cattaraugus co., some months since.

HYDROPHOBIA.—Two dogs have been killed the present week, in the last stage of this dreadful disease, in this city. If the proverb is true that "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," we hope the public authorities will see to it. One human life is of more value than all the dogs in Christendom.

The British Queen, with a full freight, and 135 passengers, left New York, on Saturday last.

COM. ELLIOTT.—It is a matter of considerable doubt, after all, what has been done with Com. E., notwithstanding some dozen *official* accounts already published. The Pennsylvanian says "that the real character and extent of the finding of the court, will be best understood by a reference to the persons which particularly marked each charge."

The Court have found Commodore Elliott
NOT GUILTY:

1. Of the alleged improper treatment of Lieut. Charles G. Hunter.
2. Of the alleged improper treatment of Chaplain Thomas R. Lambert.
3. Of the alleged abandonment of Passed Midshipman Charles C. Barton, after he was wounded at Smyrna.
4. Of witnessing a mutiny, but not doing his utmost to suppress it.
5. Of wasting public stores.

GUILTY:

1. Of ordering Passed Midshipman Barton, when wounded to be taken from the Constitution to the Shark.
2. Of the various allegations founded on the acceptance of a service of plate from the crew.
3. Of the various allegations founded on his having imported twenty-three animals on board the Constitution.
4. Of inflicting twenty-four instead of twelve lashes on three of his crew.
5. Of expending the public stores for his private purposes.

CINCINNATI has nearly doubled in population during the past ten years. In 1830, it had 24,000 inhabitants, and now contains nearly 45,000.

DISTRESSING OCCURRENCE.—On Saturday afternoon last, an interesting little boy of Mr. Hessel E. Brower, about 8 years of age, whilst playing in the yard of the shop of Messrs. Robinson & Vanderbilts, in company with a lad of his own age, accidentally fell into the cistern, and was drowned.

"HARD TIMES."—It is said that Mr. Caldwell of the St. Charles theatre, New Orleans, has offered Fanny Elslar, \$10,000 for six weeks performance.

SARATOGA, is beginning to fill up. Nearly 1500 visitors arrived there during the last week.

It is stated that the Philadelphians have actually ordered the construction at Liverpool of a steamship of the largest dimensions, to run between that port and Philadelphia.

The Common Council of this City, by a vote of 9 to 3, have changed the name of North Market Street, to that of BROADWAY. We understand that a petition is in circulation to change the name of Beaver to Wall Street. If not considered impertinent, we would suggest that South Market, be called Bond Street, or PICADILLY. Our neighbors shouldn't have all the fashion.

INTELLIGENCE.

SUICIDE BY LAUDANUM.—The coroner was yesterday called at 344 Anthony street to view the body of Elizabeth Reynolds, a native of Ireland, aged 30 years. Deceased, it appeared, was engaged, and was to have been married on Sunday at 3 o'clock P. M., to a young man in the employ of Messrs. R. Hoe & Co., whose name did not appear. A number of her friends having been invited, they came at the appointed hour, and found deceased in apparent good health and spirits.—After waiting several hours, the promised bridegroom not arriving, deceased became alarmed and excited. Leaving her friends, she went to the drug store of Mr. Bluchen, in Grand street, and procured a quantity of laudanum, which taking to her room, she swallowed. She was not discovered until some time afterward, when she was found lying on the bed in a state of stupor and insensibility, from which she could not be aroused. Dr. J. P. Bliven was called in, who had immediate recourse to the stomach pump and other remedies for her relief. All efforts however proved unavailing. She died in a few hours after—verdict, suicide.—*Courier*.

DISTRESSING DEATHS.—We learn by a gentleman from Stanstead, (says the Montreal Transcript of 23d July,) that on Tuesday last, a company of about 300 individuals formed a wolf hunt, and surrounded a piece of wood for the purpose of enclosing game. When the company had drawn into a small circle, two or three were sent into the centre to ascertain what game had been enclosed. A deer was found, and it was decided to let him out of the ring. As he passed out, several individuals, who stood opposite each other, and only a few rods distant, contrary to the orders of the company, discharged their guns, and two young men one named Wood, son of Ephraim Wood, and the other named Merrill, both of Stanstead, were killed: one receiving a ball and two buck shot in the head and a ball through the heart, and the other a ball through the body. He survived till next day. The deer escaped.

SUICIDE.—A correspondent of the Commercial mentions the death of John Young, Esq., of Niagara, who, when returning from Montreal home, in company with his wife, threw himself overboard from the steamer Great Britain, on Lake Ontario, while in a state of derangement. Mr. Young had been some time sick in Montreal. He was one of the most wealthy and long established merchants in Upper Canada, of high mercantile standing, and a very exemplary man. His age was 74.

"THE WORLD'S CONVENTION."—The assemblage which has been dignified with this imposing and arrogant title, met at London, June 24th. The Duke of Sussex presided. James G. Birney was present, and was introduced as the regularly nominated candidate for President of the United States. He addressed the assembly, denouncing the American slaveholders, and endorsing all that Mr. O'Connell had charged. O'Connell followed Birney, and poured out the vials of his wrath upon the whole American people, in general, and upon Mr. Stevenson, the ambassador, in particular. A black man from the United States was introduced to the meeting and applauded. The female delegates who went out with Mr. Garrison, were excluded from the Convention by a formal vote.

It is stated in the last number of the Medical and Surgical Journal, that a woman died at Lowell, the other day, at the age of 79, who, for thirty years, is supposed to have constantly kept her system under the influence of opium. She took, night and morning, through that long period, exactly the same quantity in pills, and enjoyed, not only excellent health, but unimpaired mental powers to the last.

DEATH FROM SKINNING A COW.—A soap boiler of the name of Bezeau, of St. Rocks, Lower Canada, died last week of the disease called in French Charbon, a species of gangrene, which he contracted in skinning a cow that had died under that complaint.

HEAVY CLIP.—Mr. S. Brownell, of Nashville, Chautauque county, lately sheared from one of his sheep a fleece weighing 14 pounds. The animal is of the Saxony breed, and weighs 130 lbs. exclusive of his coat.

FATAL ATTEMPT.—One of the convicts confined on Blackwell's Island made an attempt to escape yesterday morning by swimming across the East river. The guard perceived him before he had got beyond the reach of his rifle, and fired upon him as it appeared with fatal effect, for the man sunk immediately and did not rise again.—*Ev'g Post.*

COPPER, and copper ore, of a very superior quality, some of it containing a mixture of gold, have been found on the north side of the South Mountain, in Washington Valley, Somerset county, N. J., on lands of Isaac Bloomer. It is believed that when the true vein shall be discovered, immense quantities of pure ore will be taken out. The miners are now engaged with encouraging prospects.

HORRID MURDER.—We read with deep regret, the following in the last Warrenton (Va.) Times:

The only son of Joseph C. Wilson, of Baltimore (formerly of this county,) was drowned in a well, on the 27th inst., whilst on a visit to his grandmother, in this county. The horrors of this calamity were infinitely increased, when circumstances led to the suspicion that the child lost its life by the hand of a negro girl belonging to Mr. Wilson. The girl was apprehended, and confessed that she had inveigled the child to the well, to see a bird's nest and had pushed him in.

The boy was about eight years old, and an only son. No language can describe the horror of the scene.—The wretch who has entailed all this misery, and her husband, have both been apprehended and sent to jail there to await the judgement of the law.

ACCIDENT AT THE NIAGARA FALLS.—The Buffalo Commercial Advertiser of Monday says:—"A British police officer fell yesterday from the cliff near the Clifton House, at the Falls, eighty feet into the gulph and s ruck on some projecting rocks. He arose and crawled to within ten feet of the top of the precipice, when he fainted, and fell again a less distance. His skull was badly fractured, and also his ribs and one shoulder. He is not expected to recover.

WILLIAMS' COLLEGE.—Wednesday the 19th inst. is the commencement Anniversary at Williams' College. Hon. Alexander H. Everett addresses the College Society on the evening previous.

DAGUERRETYPE LIKENESS.—AN IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.—We learn that Mr. Justice E. Moore, of this city, has just effected an important improvement in taking likenesses on the Daguerreotype plan. He has succeeded in discovering a method by which a portrait of the human face may be taken in a single instant of time, as soon, in fact, as the light falls upon the original. This is an important fact, especially when it is remembered that the shortest time has hitherto been from one minute and a half to two minutes and a half.—*Phil. Enquirer.*

In an affray between Mr. James Van Vranken, a contractor on the canal about six miles west of Schenectady, and some of his hands, on Saturday last, he struck one of them on the head with a pickaxe, by which his head was so dreadfully fractured that he is probably dead before this.

FANNY ELSLER.—The Baltimoreans "out-herod Herod" in their mad idolatry of the divine Fanny.—On the occasion of her benefit, a number of young Baltimoreans with more hair than brain, surrounded her carriage and detached the horses, harnessed themselves to the vehicle and dragged the ballet girl to her residence.

COST OF PAINT.—Some years ago there lived in Berkshire county, Mass., two physicians of considerable skill and eminence. One of them used no spirituous liquor—the other drank freely, and while the one had acquired considerable property, the other remained poor. Meeting each other one day, when the former was returning from a distant town with a richly painted and well made carriage, the latter accosted him: "Doctor —, how do you manage to ride in a carriage painted in so costly a manner? I have been in practice as long and as extensive as you, and charge as much, but I can't hardly live and drive the old one." "The paint on my carriage," he replied, "didn't cost half as much as the paint on your face."

ANOTHER SOLDIER GONE!—Died at his residence, in Saratoga county, Mr. JOHN WARD, aged 84 years.

Mr Ward was one of General Schuyler's Life Guards, during the war, and was one of three men who fought against nine Tories that came to take him prisoner. He lived on the farm presented him by General Schuyler, for more than a half a century.

WRITINGS OF NAPOLEON.—The Paris correspondent of the National Intelligencer says that a new edition, in three splendid royal octavos, of the Emperor's effusions at St Helena, now first collected in one body is about to appear. Each chapter of the work will be enriched with a fac simile of the manuscript, bearing the corrections made by his own hand.

Married.

On Sunday, 2d inst. by the Rev. Stephen Parks, Mr. John Davis, to Miss Ruth M. Cogswell, both of this city.

On Monday evening, 3d inst. by the Rev. Mr. Wyckoff, Mr. Thomas Dunn, to Miss Christiana, daughter of George Monteath, Esq.

On Wednesday afternoon, 5th inst. by the Rev. E. D. Allen, Stephen Paul, to Elizabeth, daughter of Nathaniel Safford, all of this city.

By the Rev. Mr. Hodge, Capt. David H. Hitchcock, to Miss Martha A. Resekrans, all of this city.

DIED.

Wednesday morning at 8 o'clock, at the residence of S. B. Howe, Alexander Cumming, aged 76 years.

At Rutland, Vt., on the 1st inst., William Fay, Esq., Editor of the Rutland Herald, aged about 62 years.

On the 5th inst., of dropsy, Rebecca Hendrickson, in the 46th year of her age.

In this city, Dr. P. C. Dorr, aged 42 years and 8 months.

Yesterday, William Smkh, in the 60th year of his age.

On Saturday evening, 1st inst., after a short but se-

vere illness, Julia Augusta, daughter of Henry Russell, aged two years.

On Sunday last, Miss Margarette Ryckman, aged 72 years.

On the 28th inst. at his residence, Lexington, Greene co., of consumption, Mr. Solomon Lament, in the 53d year of his age.

In the town of Berkshire, Tioga co., on the 4th of July inst., of consumption, Samuel Collins, Esq one of the oldest and most esteemed citizen of the county.

OBITUARY.

Mrs. Eunice M., wife of Mr. John S. Perry, of Troy. For the satisfaction of her numerous friends and relations, we inscribe this brief testimonial to her memory. She was an affectionate mother, a faithful and devoted wife, and a kind-hearted and warm friend. Beloved by all who knew her she will be embalmed in their affection, though dead. Her peculiar faith was that of the final holiness and happiness of all. Suffice it to say that in this faith she died, perfectly resigned and trusting to meet again all the near and dear ones she has left behind. Her end was triumphant, her rest is hence and her memory blessed.—[*Com.*]

AUTHORISED AGENTS.

The following Brethren have kindly offered to act as Agents for the American Masonic Register. They are duly authorised to receive subscriptions and monies on its account.

William Boardman, New York City.
Tallmage Fairchild, Coxsack.
Joel D. Smith, Castleton.
James Test, Coeymans.
S. C. Leggett, Troy.
S. D. Smith, Lansingburgh.
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John S. Weed, West Greenfield.
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STEEL PENS.—New Patents.—The Coronation Pen of the finest Damascus steel.

The Queen's Own Pen, by Gillott.
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The Tippecanoe Steel Pen, American.
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Also Warren's, Pardow's and Perry's Patent Perryan Pen, all the varieties; for sale by
je29 W. C. LITTLE, corner State st.

NEW BOOKS, received at W. C. LITTLE'S Bookstore.

Rauch's Psychology, or View of the Soul.
Snakpeare and his Times, by Nathan Drake.
Guizot's Civilization of Europe.
Miss Sinclair's Scotland and the Scotch.
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Hoffman's Chancery Practice, vol. 3d.
Franklin's Life and Works, by Sparks.
Hallam's Literature of Europe.
The French Revolution, by M. Thiers.
All the late novels and periodicals.

MASONIC APRONS.—Those Brethren desiring A aprons for either of the Degrees of MASTER, MARK or R. ARCH can obtain them, splendidly engraved on Satin, by applying at this Office, at a price adapted to the times.—May, 5840.

THE AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER,

Is Published every Saturday, by L. G. HOFFMAN,
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"A post master may enclose money in a letter to the publisher of a newspaper, to pay the subscription of a third person, and FRANK the letter, if written by himself."

POETRY.

For the American Masonic Register.

THE DYING CHILD.

Oh sing to me sweet mother the songs I love to hear,
Let the last earthly sound that breaks upon my ear—
Be thy loved voice commingling with soft notes from
on high—

Oh mother it is sweet 'tis blessed thus to die;
To lay me down thus calmly on thy beloved breast
And quietly, submissively and softly, sink to rest,
Upheld by thy fond arms to meet the call of death,
And on thy gentle bosom yield up my fleeting breath.

Give me your hand sweet mother and press it on my
brow,

For the cold chills of death fast gather o'er me now—
And closer fold around me thy fond protecting arm
'Tis the last time oh mother thou'lt press my breath-
ing form,

Yet once more, oh mother, once more oh let me hear
Thy voice in sweet forgiveness for many times I fear
I've wickedly and foolishly disobeyed thy word,
Forgot my love and duty to thee and to my God.

But to my Father God, I earnestly have prayed,
To pardon and forgive when from the path I've stray'd,
In mercy to blot out my every thoughtless sin,
And take me when I die to dwell above with him.
Yet do not gentle mother! do not for me weep,
For 'tis not death I meet, but a soft tranquil sleep,
And angels bright do guard me now, I hear their voi-
ces ring,

Oh mingle with their praises, dear mother louder sing.

And when I'm gone forever and in the dust laid low,
And when no more thou'lt press this sadly aching
brow,

O remember then I placed my fondest hopes on high,
And weep not hopelessly, for I'm content to die.
'Tis not that life's not sweet—thus gladly that I go,
And bid farewell to all that here I love below;
Oh no, 'tis sad to leave the birds and beauteous flow-
ers—

To leave them all in childhood's gay and laughing
hours.

And yet more sad dear mother, it is to leave thee here,
But now a whispering voice falls sweetly on my ear,
Thou wilt not linger long below but soon will join a-
bove

The holy happy throng to swell the song of love.
My breath is fleeting fast, the last hour of life is come.
My days on earth are over, my little race is run,
And now, oh Jesus, Saviour, come, oh quickly come,
And bear me to thy throne above, thy blessed happy
home. ELVENE.

Albany, August, 1840.

From the Knickerbocker.

PASSING UNDER THE ROD.

BY MRS. S. E. DANA.

It was the custom of the Jews to select the tenth of their sheep
after this manner. The lambs were separated from their dams, and
enclosed in a sheep-cote, with only one narrow way out; the lambs
were at the entrance. On opening the gate, the lambs hastened to
join their dams, and a man placed at the entrance, with a rod
dipped in ochre, touched every tenth lamb, and so marked it with
his rod saying, "Let this be holy."—UNION BIBLE DICTIONA-
RY. . . . And I will cause you to pass under the rod, and I
will bring you into the bond of the covenant.—EZEKIEL.

I saw the young bride, in her beauty and pride,
Bedecked in her snowy array,
And the bright flush of joy mantled high on her cheek,
And the future looked bloomingly and gay:
And with woman's devotion she laid her fond heart
At the shrine of idolatrous love,
And she anchored her hopes to the perishing earth,
By the chain which her tenderness wove.
But I saw when those heart-stirrings were bleeding and
torn.

And the chain had been severed in two,
She had changed her white robes for the sables of
grief,

And her bloom for the paleness of wo!
But the Healer was there, pouring balm on her heart,
And wiping the tears from her eyes,

And he strengthened the chain he had broken in twain,
And fastened it firm to the skies;
There had whispered a voice, 't was the voice of her
God,
I love thee, I love thee!—pass under the rod.'

I saw the young mother in tenderness bend
O'er the couch of her slumbering boy,
And she kissed the soft lips, as they murmured her
name,

While the dreamer lay smiling in joy.
Oh! sweet as a rose-bud encircled with dew,
When its fragrance is flung on the air,
So fresh and so bright to the mother he seemed,
As he lay in his innocence there!

But I saw when she gazed on the same lovely form,
Pale as marble, and silent, and cold,
But paler and colder her beautiful boy,
And the tale of her sorrow was told:
But the healer was there, who had smitten her heart,
And taken her treasure away,
To allure her to Heaven, he has placed it on high,
And the mourner will sweetly obey!
There had whispered a voice of her God,
'I love thee, I love thee!—pass under the rod.'

I saw when a father and mother had leaned
On the arms of a dear cherished son,
And the star in the future grew bright to their gaze,
As they saw the proud place he had won;
And the fast-coming evening of life promised fair;
And its pathway grew smooth to their feet,
And the star-light of love glimmered bright at the end,
And the whispers of fancy were sweet;
But I saw when they stood low o'er the grave,
Where their hearts' dearest hope had been laid,
And the star had gone down in the darkness of night,
And the joy from their bosoms had fled:
But the Healer was there, and his arms were around,
And he led them with tenderest care,
And he showed them a star in the bright upper world,
'T was their star shining brilliantly there!
They had each heard a voice, 't was the voice of their
God,
'I love thee, I love thee!—pass under the rod.'

From the Knickerbocker.

LIFE'S LESSONS.

And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing. SHAKESPEARE.

Let us go to the hall, where the red wine flows,
And roses and myrtles are gaily wreathed;
Where many a cheek with its deep joy glows,
And the sad, sweet music of lutes is breathed.
Ere morning comes, the stone will be fled,
Faded will be the dream of bliss;
The song will be hushed, and the roses dead—
Is there nought to be learned by this?

Let us go to the shore, where the sea-shells lie,
And the sand with weeds and wrecks is strown;
Where o'er the rocks the bold waves fly,
And make their hollow and sullen moan;
Those desolate things were cast away
From the false breast of the raging seas;
And there they are sadly left to decay—
Is there not a lesson in these?

Let us go to the wood, where the hawthorn blows,
When its leaves in the soft spring-time are green;
When its mantle around it the woodbine throws,
And the pearly flowrets peep between;
Oh, we shall find a moral in them,
Thus with the leaves deceitfully twined;
Decking awhile the thorny stem,
Yet dropping off with the first rude wind!

Let us go to the fields, when the storm is o'er,
And the rain-drops sparkle like stars at eve:
When the thunder peal is heard no more,
And the ocean's bosom hath ceased to heave:
Then shall we see the rainbow bright,
From the gloomy clouds and the sunshine wrought,
Shedding on all things its colored light—
Something, surely, by this is taught!

Let us go to the graves, where our loved ones are,
And let us choose the midnight time,

When the heavens are glorious with many a star,
And silence and grandeur raise thoughts sublime:
And as we look from the mouldering dust,
Up to the cope of the beauteous sky,
So shall our spirits ascend, in their trust,
To the HOLY SPIRIT that dwelleth on high.

Liverpool, (Eng.)

M. A. E.

WE ALL SHALL REST AT LAST.

BY W. WHITMAN.

On earth are many sights of woe,
And many sounds of agony,
And many a sorrow-withered cheek,
And many a pain-dulled eye.

The wretched weep, the poor complain,
And luckless love pines on unknown,
And faintly from the midnight couch
Sounds out the sick child's moan.

Each has his care—old age fears death;
The young man's ills are pride, desire,
And heart-sickness, and his breast
The heat of passion's fire.

All, all know grief; and at the close,
All lie earth's spreading arms within;
The pure, the black-souled, proud and low,
Virtue, despair, and sin.

Oh, foolish, then, with pain to shrink
From the sure doom we each must meet.
Is earth so fair, or heaven so dark,
Or life so passing sweet?

No: dread ye not the fearful hour;
The coffin, and the pall's dark gloom;
For there's a calm to throbbing hearts,
And rest, down in the tomb.

Then our long journey will be o'er,
And throwing off this load of woes,
The pallid brow, the feeble limbs,
Will sink in soft repose.

Not only this—for wise men say
That when we leave our land of care,
We float to a mysterious shore,
Peaceful, and pure, and fair.

So, weldome, death; where'er the time
That the dread summons must be met,
I'll yield without one pang of awe,
Or sigh, or vain regret;

But, like unto a wearied child,
That over field and wood all day
Has ranged and struggled, and at last
Worn out with toil and play—

Goes up at evening to his home,
And throws him, sleepy, tired and sore,
Upon a bed, and rests him there,
His pain and trouble o'er.

CALENDAR OF COMMUNICATIONS.
EACH MONTH.

NAME.	PLACE.	TIME.
Temple Encampment,	Albany	2d Friday.
Temple R. A. Chapter,	Albany	2d & 4th Tuesday.
Mount Vernon Lodge	Albany	1st & 3d Thursday.
Temple Lodge,	Albany	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Apollo Lodge	Troy	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Apollo Chapter,	Troy	2d & 4th Tuesday.
Apollo Encampment,	Troy	3d Monday.
Evening Star Lodge,	West Troy	1st Wednesday.
Phoenix Lodge,	Lansingburg	1st & 3d Thursday.
Olive Branch	Bethany Gen.	1st Wednesday.
Genesee Encampment,	Lockport N.Y.	
Ohio Lodge, No 101,	Wheeling, Va.	1st Monday.
Wheeling Chapter, 19,	"	2d Thursday.
Wheeling Encampment	"	2d Monday ev. o month.
Washington Council,	"	1st Saturday.
Utica Lodge, 47,	Utica,	1st Thursday.
Oacida Chapter, 67,	"	1st Thursday.
Utica Encampment, 3	"	3d Tuesday.
Mount Moriah,	Louisville, Ky.	1st & 3d Saturday. p. f.
Louisville Encampment	do	4th Saturday.
Council 8 & R Masters	do	Quarterly.
King Solomon's chapter	do	2d Saturday.
Memphis Chapter,	Memphis Tenn.	3d Monday.
Memphis Lodge,	Memphis	2d Tuesday.

THE MASONIC REGISTER.—For the year of Masonry
5840; containing a correct list of the Officers of the Grand
Lodge and Subordinate Lodges, Chapters, Encampments, &c. of
N. York, and its vicinity, with their times and places of meeting
&c. &c.—for sale at this Office, price 25 cents.—May 16.

AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER

AND LITERARY COMPANION.

BY L. G. HOFFMAN.]

ALBANY, SATURDAY, AUG. 15, 1840.

[VOL. I.—NO. 50.]

MASONIC.

DE WITT CLINTON'S ADDRESS.

[CONCLUDED FROM OUR LAST.]

The celebrated philosopher John Locke was much struck with a manuscript of Henry 6th, king of England, deposited in the Bodleian library. It is the form of questions and answers, and to the interrogatory, whether masons are better than others? it is answered, "Some Masons are not so virtuous as some other men; but in general, they are much better than they would have been, if they had not been masons."

This is unquestionably correct. Masonry superadds to our other obligations, the strongest ties of connexion between it and the cultivation of virtue, and furnishes the most powerful incentive to goodness. A freemason is responsible to his lodge for a course of good conduct, and if he deviates from it, he will be disgraced and expelled. Wherever he goes he will find a friend in every brother, if he conducts well, and will be shielded against want, and protected against oppression; and he will feel in his own bosom the extatic joys of that heaven born charity, which

—decent, modest easy, kind,
Softens the high and rears the abject mind,
Lays the rough path of peevish nature even,
And opens in each heart, a little heaven.

All doubts on the exalted principles and auspicious tendencies of Freemasonry must be dissipated, when we retrospect to Washington and Franklin.

The former was the principal agent in establishing our independence, and securing to us the blessing of a national government. The latter was the great patron of the arts that administer to the happiness of individuals and the prosperity of states, and the head of the philosophy and useful knowledge of the country: Both were patriotic and virtuous men, and neither would have encouraged an institution hostile to morality, religion, good order, and the public welfare.

Washington became at an early period of his life a Freemason, and publicly as well as privately he invariably evinced the utmost attachment to it. In answer to a complimentary address, when President of the United States, from the master, wardens and brethren of King David's lodge, in Rhode Island, he had no hesitation in saying, "Being persuaded that a just application of the principles on which the masonic fraternity is founded, must be promotive of private virtue and public prosperity, I shall always be happy to advance the interests of the society, and to be considered by them as a deserving brother." And in reply to the grand lodge of Massachusetts, he explicitly declares "that the milder virtues of the heart are highly respected by a society whose liberal principles are founded on the immutable laws of truth and justice. To enlarge," continued he, "the sphere of social happiness is worthy the benevolent design of the masonic institution, and it is most fervently to be wished that the conduct of every member of the fraternity, as well as those publications that discover the principles which actuate them, may tend to convince mankind that the great object of masonry is to promote the happiness of the human race."

Freemasonry owes its introduction into Pennsylvania to Benjamin Franklin: on the 24th of June, 1734, a warrant was granted by the grand lodge of Massachusetts, for holding a lodge in Philadelphia, and appointing him the first master. He cultivated masonry with great zeal, and his partiality suffered no diminution during his long and illustrious life. Lafayette, the good Lafayette, the patriot of both hemispheres, was always the devoted friend of Freemasonry: He saw in it a constellation of virtues, and wherever he went he took every opportunity of demonstrating his attachment and of expressing his veneration. His countenance has done much good, and has imparted to it no inconsiderable portion of his immense and deserved popularity. Freemasonry, like all other institutions, has its days of prosperity and adversity—its seasons of revivals and depressions—and it is believed that when Lafayette left this country, it had never attained a greater altitude of usefulness and general regard.

After these illustrious witnesses in favor of fraternity, let not the dissensions which sometimes prevail; the vicious conduct of some of its members, and the perversions of the institution, be adduced as proofs of its intrinsic vices. Although it has received the countenance of the good and the wise of all ages, let it be understood that the character of an institution does not necessarily form the conduct of its members. Good societies may contain unworthy members, and bad societies may enrol good men among their members.—Christianity is often degraded by profligate professors, and the heathen religion has had a Socrates, an Aristides, and a Cato.

It cannot be expected that in any society there will be a perfect accord and congeniality of minds, of tastes and of morals. Hence, differences will sometimes arise, and if conducted with good temper and candor will rarely expand into violent convulsions. Wolves will sometimes intrude into the flock, and bad men, under the cloak of goodness, will frequently insinuate themselves into the most excellent associations.

For neither man nor angels can discern
Hypocrisy, the only evil that walks
Invisible, except to God alone,
By his permissive will through heaven and earth,
And oft, though wisdom wake, suspicion sleeps,
At wisdom's gate, and to simplicity
Resigns her charge, while goodness thinks no ill,
Where no ill seems.—

In all associations of men there are perturbed and uneasy spirits, who scatter discord, and whom "no command can rule nor counsel teach," and who, like the fabled Enceladus, create disturbance and convulsion wherever they move. It is no easy task to withstand the arts of hypocrites and the acts of incendiaries. If our society has suffered under such influences, it participates in the fate of all assemblies of men, and the feuds which sometimes distract its tranquility, are as often the offspring of well meaning and overbearing zeal, as of perverse and evil designs.

That Freemasonry is sometimes perverted and applied to the acquisition of political ascendancy, of unmerited charity and to convivial excess, can not be disputed; but this is not the fault of the institution, for it inculcates an entire exemption from political and religious controversy. It enforces the virtues of industry and temperance, and it proscribes all attempts to

gratify ambition and cupidity, or to exceed the bounds of temperance in convivial enjoyments, under its shade or through its instrumentality. In lifting the mind above the dungeon of the body, it venerates the grateful odor of plain and modest virtue, and patronizes those endowments which elevate the human character, and adapt it to the high enjoyments of another and better world.

Most Worshipful Grand Master Elect.—Accept my cordial congratulations on your elevation to the highest honor in masonry. You are now in this region, the head of the most ancient, benevolent, and distinguished society in the world. And I am rejoiced to see such exalted authority deposited in such worthy hands: and I feel assured that no exertion will be omitted on your part to realize the anticipations of your usefulness, and to justify the high confidence reposed in you.

I am persuaded that you will use every proper endeavor to re-unite the great masonic family under one government, to confirm and to extend the influence and reputation of freemasonry, and to propagate those virtues which are identified with its character and essential to the cause of benevolence, charity and philanthropy.

Your duties are certainly arduous, but important and honorable stations always imply great labor, and require much industry and exertion. You will be assisted in your labors by the enlightened officers associated with you, and every worthy brother will raise his voice and his hands in favor of your efforts, and in support of your measures.

To preside merely over the forms of a public assembly, requires no uncommon display of intellectual vigor; but the duties of a grand master involve higher topics and more momentous considerations. He must be employed in devising ways and means of doing good inculcating the virtues of our fraternity, and in illustrating by practical demonstration, the beauties of benevolence. His eye must be vigilant in discerning any inroads in our ancient landmarks, and his arm must always be ready to protect the institution against intestine convulsions and external hostilities.

Your life has hitherto been distinguished for its accordance with Masonic virtue. If you carry into your high office that benevolence which adorns your private character, and that experience as a member and master which you acquired in a respectable Lodge in this city, you will unquestionably reflect back on the fraternity the lustre which you derive from it.

I shall now proceed to discharge a duty which has been required from me by the grand lodge, and I perform it with no common pleasure, as evidence of my personal esteem for you, of my high respect for that distinguished body, and of my sincere devotion to the cause of Freemasonry. I shall now invest you with the insignia of your office, and I most humbly supplicate the supreme architect of the Heavens and of the Earth, to smile on the proceedings of this day and to render them auxiliary to the holy cause of benevolence, morality, and religion, and subservient to the best interests of the human race.

It is one beautiful feature of Masonry, and one which is peculiar to itself, that whilst it speaks, by signs well understood, an universal language, it unites in the same bond of brotherly affection the native of Europe, of Asia, of Africa, and America; it dissolves

as into one mass, all religious and political prejudices, whether of education or of habit; and acknowledges no other distinction than vice or virtue, good or evil. Indeed all the worst passions of men, which the intemperate discussion of these otherwise important subjects is calculated to arouse, seem to be hushed to rest in a Lodge of Freemasons; and the reflecting mind contemplates with delight a scene of perfect harmony unequalled in any other association upon earth.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

TO OBTAIN LIQUID SULPHUROUS ACID.

Pass sulphurous acid gas, obtained by the ordinary methods, first through a tube filled with pieces of chloride of calcium, (muriate of lime,) and then into a matrass, surrounded by a mixture of two parts of ice and one part sea-salt. Sulphurous acid is thus liquefied completely under the pressure of the atmosphere, and at a temperature not lower than 18 to 20 deg. of the centigrade thermometer, or from 0 to 4 deg. of Fahr. It is then transparent, inodorous, and heavier than water. At 14 deg. Fahr. it boils, but may be preserved liquid for a long time, without having recourse to pressure, because the part which is converted into vapor absorbs so much coloric as to preserve the remainder below its boiling temperature. Poured into the hand, it produces the most intense cold, and is completely evaporated.

TO CONVERT WATER INTO ICE.

Pour some of this sulphurous acid into water; one part is converted into vapor, another dissolved by the water, but as the water begins to be saturated, the acid collects in drops at the bottom of the vessel, like an oil heavier than water. If it be touched with a tube, or rod, it is converted into a vapor, and occasions a species of ebullition; the temperature of the water sinks, and its surface is covered with a coat of ice; and the whole of the water may be frozen by adding the acid in proper quantity.

TO PRODUCE AN EXCESSIVE DEGREE OF COLD.

Surround the bulb of an air thermometer with cotton; dip it into sulphurous acid, and then allow the acid to evaporate spontaneously in the air. By making the experiment at the temperature of 10 deg. centigrade (45 of Fahr.) a diminution corresponding to 57 deg. of centigrade (or 72 deg. of Fahr.) takes place; and if the thermometer is placed in the vacuum of an air-pump, the temperature is reduced to—68 deg. of centigrade (or—91 deg. Fahr.) It must be observed, however, that only an air thermometer can be employed to indicate this low temperature with accuracy.

TO FREEZE MERCURY.

Cover the bulb of a thermometer with cotton, pour over it sulphurous acid, and swing it in the air; in a few minutes the mercury becomes solid. This is effected more rapidly by putting some mercury in a small cup, pouring over it a small quantity of the acid, and placing the whole in an air-pump, from which the air is to be exhausted.

PROCESS FOR CHARGING WATER WITH IRON.

If we form a pile with a few pieces of silver and iron plates, placed alternately, and immerse the pile in water, the fluid, will soon acquire a yellowish tint, and in 24 hours the oxyde of iron will appear in abundance. If the ferruginated water be withdrawn, and the vessel be filled every day with fresh water, we shall have a kind of artificial mineral spring.

THE SULPHATE OF QUININE.

This article which contains the bitter and tonic principle of the Peruvian Bark, in a highly concentrated form, is daily becoming more extensively known, and its efficacy in the cure of disease more highly appreciated. When it was introduced as a medicinal agent, by the French Chemists and Physicians, its use was confined chiefly, if not entirely, to the cure of the *Intermittent fever* or *Fever and Ague*. Even at this period, some of our medical men are ignorant of its use for any other purpose. This, however, is but one of the many cases where this active preparation has been used with a success unequalled by that of any

other article in the class of Tonic medicines. In all cases of debility, from whatever cause, in the absence of high febrile excitement, its efficacy is as certain, as it is speedy and permanent. It is peculiarly valuable in those cases of extreme debility, attended with such an irritability of the stomach, as to preclude the use of bark in substance, or other tonics. In but a few cases does it disagree with the patient, and its use is free from those chronic complaints of the nervous system which so often succeed the use of *Arsenical* preparations, and *nostrums*, denominated "*ague drops*." These poisonous specifics ought to give place to the more safe and valuable article under consideration.

As the Quinine is now much used in the cure of the fever and ague, by many, unacquainted with the nature of the medicine and the disease, it will be proper to be stated that it should never be used in this complaint, but during the intermission between paroxysms, or fit of the disease. Its use should be preceded, also, by thorough evacuations from the stomach and bowels. During the hot stage, any tonic would only increase the excitement. Cooling medicines are then indicated. The most convenient preparation of the Quinine is the *solution* made by adding the *salt* to cool water slightly acidulated with sulphuric acid. The dose is one grain every one, two or three hours, according to the violence of the disease, and clearness of the intermission. It may be used with or without Madeira or Port Wine.

The absurd idea that it is dangerous to break the fits of the ague ought to be exploded. There are no constitutions that will not suffer more or less from a continuance of this disease. Enlargements of the spleen, (called *Ague Cakes*), derangement of other viscera, debility—dyspepsia, affections, and a host of previous complaints succeed and complete the wreck of the system. On the contrary, it is esteemed perfectly safe to check the paroxysms at the earliest period. The Quinine, under proper management, will prove infallible in this particular.

DURABLE INK.

Mr. Brade gives the following as the best proportion of ingredients for durable ink: 8 oz. of galls, 4 oz. of logwood, boiled in 12 pints of water, till reduced to six by boiling; then add 4 oz. of sulphate of iron, 3 oz. of gum arabic, 1 oz. of sulphate of copper (blue vitriol,) 1 oz. of sugar, and 1-4 oz. of cloves. The best writing is liable to lose its color by long exposure to the air, or by the action of the acids or acid vapor, on which account Mr. Brade recommends that ink to be used in laboratories, for labels, or in certain manufactories where they are employed, should have a stick of Indian Ink dissolved in each pint.

INVISIBLE-VISIBLE INKS.

Dissolve bismuth in nitric acid. When the writing with this fluid is exposed to the vapor of liver of sulphur it becomes black.

Another.—Dissolve green vitriol and a little nitrous acid in common water; write your characters with a new pen. Next infuse small Aleppo galls, slightly bruised, in water; in two or three days pour the liquor off. By drawing a pencil dipped in this second solution over the characters written with the first, they will appear a beautiful black.

Another.—Mix alum with lemon juice. The letters written with this ink will be invisible till dipped in water.

AN OLD BACHELOR'S CUT AT THE LADIES.—When we see a neat, pretty girl, with a free but innocent air—dressed tastefully yet simply—with cheeks which we can hardly help kissing, and with a pair of heavenly blue eyes, which seem to repose in perfect security beneath their silken lashes, how can we help loving her? But when we see a woman whose looks seem to say that she is sojourning somewhere about the region of 39, dressed off in pink ribbons, mock gold safety-chains, and pinchback breastpins and mincing her steps as if treading on eggs, she reminds us of an old piece of furniture scoured up to sell.

A western orator recently declared from the stump, that he "was born at a very early period of his life." Probably when he was quite small.

THE GATHERER.

THE VIPER'S FANG.

The fang of the viper is a clear and curious example of mechanical contrivance. It is a perforated tooth loose at the root; in its quiet state lying down flat upon the jaw, but furnished with a muscle, which, with a jerk, and by the pluck, as it were, of a string, suddenly erects it. Under the tooth, close to its root, and communicating with the perforation, lies a small bag containing the venom. When the fang is raised the closing of the jaw presses its root against the bag underneath; and the force of this compression sends out the fluid, and with a considerable impetus, through the tube in the middle of the tooth. What more unequivocal or effectual apparatus could be devised, for the double purpose of at once inflicting the wound and ejecting the poison? Yet, though lodged in the mouth, it is so constituted as in its inoffensive and quiescent state, not to interfere with the animal's ordinary office of receiving its food. It has been observed also, that none of the harmless serpents, the black snake, the blind worm, &c. have these fangs, but teeth of an equal size, not moveable as this is, but fixed in the jaw.

DESCRIPTION OF AN EXECUTION.

The day before I left Rome I saw three Robbers guillotined. The ceremony—including the masked priests, the half naked executioners; bandaged criminals; the black Christ and his banner, the scaffold, the soldiers; the slow procession and the quick rattle and heavy fall of the axe; the splash of the blood, and the ghastliness of the exposed heads—is altogether more impressive than the vulgar and ungentelemanly dirty 'new drop,' and dog-like agony of infiction upon the sufferers of the English sentence. Two of these men behaved calmly enough, but the first of the three died with great terror and reluctance. What was very horrible, he would not lie down; then his neck was too large for the aperture, and the priest was obliged to drown his exclamations by still louder exhortations. The head was off before the eye could trace the blow; but from an attempt to draw back the head, notwithstanding it was held forward by the hair, the first head was cut off close to the ears; the other two were taken off more cleanly. It is better than the oriental way, (and I should think) than the axe of our ancestors. The pain seems little; and yet the effect to the spectator, and the preparation to the criminal, is very striking and chilling. The first turned me quite hot and thirsty, and made me shake so, that I could hardly hold the opera glass; (I was close but was determined to see,) as one should see every thing once with attention; the second and third (which shows how dreadfully soon things grow indifferent,) I am ashamed to say, had no effect on me as a horror, though I would have saved them all if I could.—Lord Byron.

GOOD RETORT.—The Emperor Alexander during the occupation of Paris, was present at an anniversary of one of the hospitals. Plates were handed for contributions, and they were borne by some of the patrons' wives and daughters. The plate was held to the Emperor by an extremely pretty girl. As he gave his Louis d'or he whispered, "Mademoiselle, this is for your bright eyes." The girl curtsied, and presented the plate again "What," said the Emperor "more?" "Yes, sir," said she, "I now want something for the poor."

KEEPING ACCOUNTS.—An old tradesman in the town of Sterling used to keep his accounts in a singular manner. He hung up two boots, one on each side of the chimney; and in one, he put all the money he received, and in the other, all the receipts and vouchers for the money he paid; at the end of the year, or whenever he wanted to make up his accounts, he emptied the boots, and by counting their several and respective contents, he was enabled to make a balance perhaps with as much regularity, and as little trouble, as any book-keeper in the country.

HONOR.—Shooting a friend through the head whom you love, in order to gain the praise of a few others, whom you despise and hate.

REPUBLICAN SIMPLICITY.

Two young Americans were pursuing their studies in London at the commencement of our late war with England. Some months after that event, they learned that a motion was to be made in the House of Lords, which would probably elicit a debate on the prosecution of hostilities with America. They determined to attend, and, ignorant that any introduction was necessary, went at an early hour to the house, and by some lucky accident fairly got on the floor without interruption. They looked around with great composure for a good place, and at length, finding one to their minds, seated themselves without ceremony. Not long after, the peers began to assemble, and all eyes were steadily directed to the young strangers. Presently a very respectable-looking personage—Lord Holland—approached them, and inquired if they were not foreigners? They replied that they were Americans. He then informed them that no spectators were admitted on the floor, nor even in the gallery; without an order from a peer, and that he presumed that they were not aware that they had been sitting on the throne. He kindly took them into the lobby, and gave them an order of admission into the gallery, thus preventing a seat on the throne from being to them what it had been to others, a very uncomfortable situation.

QUIN'S SIAMESE SOUP.

Quin, in his old age, every one knows, became a great gourmand, and among other things, invented a composition, which he called his "Siamese soup," pretending that its ingredients were principally from the "East." The peculiarity of its flavor became the topic of the day. The "rage" at Bath was Mr. Quin's soup; but as he would not part with the recipe, this state of notice was highly inconvenient; every person of taste was endeavoring to dine with him; every dinner he was at apology was made for the absence of the "Siamese soup." His female friends Quin was obliged to put off with promises; the males received respectful but manly denial. A conspiracy was accordingly projected by a dozen *bons vivants* of Bath against his peace and comfort. At home he was flooded with anonymous letters; abroad beset with applications under every form. The possession of this secret was made a canker to all his enjoyments. At length he discovered the design, and determined on revenge.—Collecting the names of the principal confederates, he invited them to dinner, promising to give them the recipe before they departed—an invitation, as my readers will suppose, which was joyfully accepted. Quin then gave a pair of his old boots to the housemaid to scour and soak, and when sufficiently seasoned, to chop up into fine particles, like minced meat. On the appointed day he took these particles, and pouring them into a copper pot, with sage, onions, spice, ham, wine, water, and other ingredients, composed a mixture of about two gallons, which was served up at his table as his "Siamese soup." The company were in transports at its flavor; but Quin, pleading a cold, did not taste it. A pleasant evening was spent, and, when the hour of departure arrived, each person pulled out his tablet to write down the recipe. Quin now pretended that he had forgot making the promise; but his guests were not to be put off; and, closing the door, they told him in plain terms, that neither they nor he should quit the room till his pledge had been redeemed. Quin stammered and evaded, and kept them from the point as long as possible; but when their patience was bearing down all bounds, his reluctance gave way. "Well then, gentlemen," said he, "in the first place take an old pair of boots!" "What! an old pair of boots?" "The older the better;"—(they stared at each other)—"cut off their tops and soles, and soak them;"—(they hesitated)—"chop them into fine particles, and pour them into a pot with two gallons and a half of water." "Why, Quin," they simultaneously exclaimed "you don't mean to say, that the soup we've been eating was made of old boots!" "I do, gentleman," he replied, "my cook will assure you she chopped them up." They required no such attestation; his cool, inflexible expression was sufficient: in an instant horror and despair was depicted on each countenance, in the full conviction they were individually poisoned.—Quin, observing this, begged them not to be alarmed, since he could contemplate no dangerous results from their dinner; but, if they thought it would sit uneasy

on their stomachs, there was an apothecary's shop in the next street. The hint was taken: an idea of personal safety subdued the rising throbs of indignation. Seizing their hats, away flew the whole bevy down the stairs and along the street to the place advised, where ipecacuanha was speedily procured, and the "Siamese soup" (and all its concomitants) was speedily disgorged.—*Bernard's Retrospections of the Stage.*

THE TOMATO.—We are receiving new evidences of the utility of this grateful garden vegetable in preventing and curing indigestion, and disease of the liver and lungs. A writer in the Farmer's Register, says it has been tried by several persons, to his knowledge, with decided success. They were afflicted, says he, with chronic cough, the primary causes of which, in one case, supposed to be diseased liver—in another, diseased lung. It mitigates, and sometimes effectually checks, a fit of coughing. It was used in a dried state, with a little sugar mixed with it, to render it more agreeable to the taste. The writer expresses a conviction that if freely used in July, August, and September, it would prove a complete antidote of bilious fever.

The tomato, to have it in early use, should be started with us in a hot bed; though if raised in abundance it may be dried, which is our practice, and at command through the year. The mode of drying is as follows: "Full ripe tomatoes are scalded in hot water, to facilitate the operation of taking off the skin; when skinned they are well boiled with a little sugar and salt, but no water, and then spread in cakes about an eighth of an inch thick in the sun. They will dry enough in three or four days to pack away in bags, which should hang in a dry room." We consider the tomato and rheubarb the most healthy products of the garden.

THE SUBLIME AND THE RIDICULOUS.

A classical gentleman, a few years ago, paid a visit to Rome, brimful of the sublime anticipations. As he approached the eternal city, his excitement became almost too strong to be endured. He entered the gate with indescribable rapture, when lo! the first object that presented itself was an English placard, with the oft-beheld imperative and imposing announcement, "Use Turner's Blacking!"

LAWYER OUTWITTED.

Several years ago a young gentleman went to consult a certain attorney how he might carry off an heiress. "You cannot do it with safety," said the counsellor; "but I'll tell you what you may do—let her mount a horse, and hold a bridle and whip; do you then mount behind her, and you are safe—for she runs away with you." The counsellor, however was sufficiently punished for his quibbling advice when next day he found that it was his own daughter who had run away with his client.

MEMORY AND NONSENSE.

A person was boasting in Foote's presence, of the extraordinary facility with which he could commit any thing to memory, when the modern Aristophanes said he would write down a dozen lines in prose which he could not repeat, from memory, in as many minutes. A wager was instantly laid, and Foote produced the following:

"So she went into the garden to cut a cabbage leaf, to make an apple pie; and at the same time a great she bear coming up the street, pops its head into the shop. What, no soap? So he died, and she very imprudently married the barber; and there were present the Pickinies and the Jollicies, and the Garyulies, and the grand Panjandrum himself, with the little round button at top; and they all fell to playing the game of catch as catch can, till the gunpowder ran out at the heels of their boot."

Such a mass of unconnected nonsense defied the memory, and the wit won his wager.

A HURRICANE PREDICTED.—The New Orleans Courier of the 30th ult. remarks: "Certain weather-wise bipeds in these parts, have predicted that we shall be visited next month, by one of the most destructive hurricanes that ever raged along the Gulf of Mexico. Lest this warning should be taken as a joke, we will

inform our readers that for weeks past something very unusual is said to be going on among the waters of the Gulf. The tides have mounted several feet higher than usual, when at full; and again, when the tides recede, places are left dry that never before were seen out of water. Now these things, they do say, indicate the approach of the hurricane.

ARITHMETIC.

A. D. 970 lived Gerbert a native of France, and a monk of Fleury. He was, perhaps the most illustrious character of the 10th century. Born in an age which is justly reprobated by historians as overwhelmed with the deepest shade of mental darkness, this philosopher surmounted the prejudices of education, and in defiance of ecclesiastical censures, withdrew from teachers who could add nothing to his stock of knowledge, to seek from the professors of a different religion, the treasures of science, which they alone of all the people of Europe then possessed. At Seville, in Spain, he learned the language of the Arabs, and soon made himself master of astronomy, geometry, mechanics, and that which entitles him to the gratitude of every merchant, in all succeeding ages—the glorious science of *arithmetic*, which the Arabs had brought with them from the East. On his return to France in 970 he liberally imparted to his countrymen the fruits of all his studies. It was thought a most astonishing thing by the French that the same figure could express one, one hundred, and one thousand, and the rules of arithmetic which he published could scarcely be comprehended by the most laborious students of the 12th century. A native of England, however, had learned enumeration enough to express a date, and to inscribe 975 on an ancient portal of Saxon architecture at Worcester. It is not singular that Gerbert's evidences of this important science, should be comprehended with difficulty, in an age where not one in a thousand could read, and where he shone a solitary star.—*Annals of Com.*

WIDOWS.—"When I was on the rail," said Mr. Weller, with some emphasis, "I was goin' down to Birmingham by the rail, and I was locked up in a close carriage with a living widder—Alone we was; the widder and me was alone; and I believe it was because we was alone and there was no clegyman in the conveyance, that that 'ere widder didn't marry me afore we reached the halfway station. Ven I think how she began a screaming as we was a goin' under tunnels in the dark—how she kept on a faintin' and kitchin' hold o' me—and how I tried to bust open the door as was tight locked and perwented all escape. Ah! It was a awful thing.—a most awful!"

CHANGE OF RESIDENCE.—A postmaster writes to the editor of the Hartford Review, requesting him to stop a subscribers' paper, as he has "gone to the d—l." The editor replies, that he is not willing to lose so valuable a patron, and shall therefore continue sending it to him in his present abode.

FASHIONABLE ROUTS.

"How strange it is," said a lady, "that fashionable parties should be called *routes*! Why, rout formerly signified the defeat of an army; and when the soldiers were all put to the flight or to the sword, they were said to be routed." "This title has some propriety too," said a clergyman, "for at these meetings whole families are frequently routed out of house and home."

ANOTHER GOOD 'UN.—Why is a newspaper like a tooth-pick? Do you give up? Because every man should use his own and not his neighbor's.

One Hundred and thirty Pounder.—The experimental proofs of another large cannon, (one hundred and thirty pounder) made by Cyrus Alger & Co., commenced yesterday at South Boston Point, under the direction of Colonel George Bomford, chief of the Ordnance Department.—This gun is considerably larger than the one experimented upon some months since.

Age of Improvement.—"The aged Henry" has become the fashionable title of that celebrated personage, who, in ruder times was termed, with very unseemly familiarity, "the old Harry."

POPULAR TALES.

STORIES OF THE IRISH PEASANTRY.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

"Mind not high things : but condescend to men of low estate." St. Paul.

THE WRECKER,—A SEA-SIDE STORY.

"Hannah, I have told you three times to go to bed," said Pierce Murphy to a slight delicate-looking young woman, who, notwithstanding his injunction, continued to knit the stocking she had nearly finished, while bending over the embers of a turf fire.

"Well, father, I'm going," but still she remained.

Pierce Murphy was a tall muscular man, with rugged yet keen features, and a shaggy head of hair, that fell in great profusion over a high, determined looking forehead. After having spoken, he walked backward and forward under the rafters of his kitchen, but occasionally pausing to look out through a window upon the night. It is worthy of observation that this window was singularly constructed—Pierce, tall as he was, could not reach it without standing on a stool for the purpose, and then his eyes were on a level with the lower pane.

"Holy saints!" he muttered to himself, "there's a flash! Well, that is something like!"

The girl who had been knitting started to her feet, terrified at the loud thunder-peal that shook their long narrow cottage, and frightened the poultry that were roosting at the far end of the kitchen on the high rafter, so completely, that two of them tumbled down, and ran towards her as if for protection, while the old cock shook his feathers, and chuck-chuck'd something by way of caution to his more assured companions.

"What a night, father!" she exclaimed; "I should think there could be no chance of their running in such a night as this!"

"Stuff!" answered the man; "women always talk like fools. What are they to do?—if they have come as far down as we think, they must put in, or tack about for sea-room, which they can't do, because the wind is right in their teeth, or be seized in the morning by the revenue cutter! There's another blast! Go to bed, go to bed—that's a good girl—go to bed."

And he pressed his forehead close to the glass, which, contrary to the practice in Irish cabins, was perfectly whole and free from dust.

"I'll be as quiet as a lamb, father, but do let me stop up with ye; if I went to bed, sorra a wink would come on my eye. Sure, what's in the differ, if I wake here or in the crib within!"

Her father's thoughts seemed to have taken another direction, for he made no reply to her request—but after gazing intently through the glass for some minutes, he turned abruptly to the door, which opened on the same side as the window, directly towards the sea, and attempted to look forth. It was, however, but an attempt; the wind rushed in with such terrific violence, that the turf ashes were blown about in every direction, and it required all his strength, assisted by his daughter's exertions, to force back and bar the entrance. It will seem strange to those who know what Irish cabins by the sea-side generally are, to talk of a "bar" to the door. A latch, above which a hole is sometimes bored to permit the twine to pass through, so that the latch may be lifted by the stranger or the friend—both alike sure of a welcome; or a rusty lock, where want of use has engendered rust—these are common enough; but, nevertheless, Pierce Murphy's cabin-door was not only furnished with two bolts, but was as sound and substantial a door as any one need desire to have, even in the neighborhood of London, where, if you do not lock your doors, or bar your doors, and bolt your doors, you cannot rest secure from danger. Both the door, and the long, low, narrow cottage of Pierce Murphy, were substantial, and certainly the recurrence of such storms would seem to render it necessary that they should be so. Pierce, however, had more than one reason for having a strong door and a strong bolt to his dwelling, which stood boldly forward on a toppling cliff, near Point Forlorn; the foundation had been formed of the blue slaty stones, large enough to be called rocks, so general along the coast; these were cemented with stiff yellow clay, and the remainder of the walls was composed of smaller fragments of the same kind of stone; the raft-

ters were, despite all superstitions, of drift-wood; the ribs of many a noble ship having been destined to support the thatch of Pierce Murphy's cabin. Murphy's professed occupation was fishing; indeed, I may say it was his *real* employment when he had no other; he was one whom danger never daunted; in his little smack he braved all dangers; and when he *did* send fish to Wexford market, it was always the finest there: the kitchen of his dwelling was hung with the implements of his ostensible calling, though many did not fail to remark that Pierce's nets were generally dry, except when the coast-guard were on the alert; and coast-guards twenty years ago, the period to which my tale refers, were not as active as they are now; they also wondered at the stability of his door and his high up window; but Pierce said the place was lonely;—that he was often out at nights fishing; and that his old woman was "timid of being alone" during the long winter's evening.

The "old woman" was comparatively an old woman when he married her, and had been bedridden many years. The fruit of the marriage was one boy, the young woman whom he called daughter, and who evinced towards him all the duty and affection of a child, was the wife—it might be widow—of Luke Murphy, his only and beloved son.

"Now," exclaimed Hannah, glancing at him from beneath her dark eyelashes, when they had really succeeded in fastening the door, "what would you have done if I had been in bed? Bedad, father, the wind would have had the better of ye!"

Pierce Murphy looked down upon the gentle, earnest face of the pale girl, who had spoken in the half jesting, half serious tone of one who does not exactly know how the words will be received, and there was both ire and pride in the expression of his countenance.

"The wind have the better of me—of me! The wind never crossed the Atlantic, let alone St. George's Channel, that would have the better of me," he answered proudly.

"Oh, father dear, take care. God be betwixt us and harm! But sure my poor Luke used to call the breezes and winds the Almighty's breath."

"And why should you mention him to me now?" exclaimed the impetuous man; "what's put him in yer head, I say," he repeated, in a voice loud as a tempest, as the trembling creature shrunk away without replying, "what put Luke in yer head now?"

A shrill unearthly sort of laugh rang from one of the two small bedrooms that were partitioned at the farthest end of the kitchen, and a voice feeble and sharp, replied, "And that shows that Pierce Murphy is the same fool as ever, to ask a young wife what puts her husband in her head—to ask fond Hannah Gowry what puts her lawful husband (may the Lord's care be about him day and night!)—to ask her what puts her husband, Luke Murphy, in her head! Oh, Pierce agra! is it now ye have to learn that the head and the heart of a young Irishwoman are one! What put Luke in her head! bedad, that's quare! ah, ah!" and the old bedridden woman went on laughing and muttering to herself in a way that showed her intellects were not clear. Pierce swore at her while commanding her silence, but she did not heed him; accustomed to his rough words and rough usage, perhaps she did not understand his meaning.

"Bedad, ye're a nice lad, Pierce Murphy," she continued half distinctly, and, fortunately for herself and Hannah, the smuggler did not hear above half she said. "Ye turn the Almighty's blessing, yer own flesh and blood, until ye make it into a curse; the *gra* boy—just married too; and in for it, so deep, that if he didn't make a virtue of necessity, the law would have sent him abroad free of expinse. My beautiful boy! but never heed that, he'll soon be back now, his pardon's granted; my blessing be about Hannah for that same; didn't she work it out for him, with her perseverance and her sweet ways—and he'll soon be back—he'll soon be back—and thin, Pierce, my boy, Pierce, slashing Pierce Murphy, ye're book sworn, so ye are, to turn out all rats—all rats; hush, hush—every rat, before my boy comes home."

"I tell ye what," said Pierce, "swearing a dreadful oath, 'I tell ye what it is, Hannah; if you don't find some way of stopping that old woman's tongue, I will—not even her being the mother of my son, your husband, will save her; do you understand me? The

ould hag gets worse and worse," and the smuggler spoke these words in the stern under tone of a resolved and desperate man, hissing them through his teeth, while his fingers grappled convulsively, as if he did, in imagination, what he threatened.

Hannah had glanced at him before; now she looked fixedly, if not firmly in his face; and ere she had spoken a sentence, the crimson that had mounted to her cheek, had faded to a death-like paleness.

"You have a right to remember, Pierce Murphy, that if the poor old senseless creature is what she is, it is your doing. When she took you first, she had full and plenty. She trusted it all to you, and where is it?"

"Hannah!" exclaimed Pierce, astonished at her boldness.

"Let me alone, then, with your hints, father; I don't think ye mane half what ye say; I know ye don't. Ye could no be Luke's father if ye did. But while I've a heart to feel, I'll feel for her; while I've a hand to work, I'll work for ye both, as I have done. Oh, father! let me love ye both, for the sake of *him*, my own heart's core! Oh, how could ye be so cruel as to ax what put him in my head! My thought by day and drame by night!" and she burst into tears.

Pierce did not repeat his brutal language, reckless as he had grown from long habit and bad associates; he was touched by the truth and faithfulness of the young creature who gazed on him so mournfully. He muttered a few words; and then dashing his elbow against a half door in the wall, which the nicest eye could not have discerned, he disappeared down a narrow subterraneous passage, which led through the cliff to the strand below his dwelling. The memory of the oldest dwellers on that sea-coast could not carry them back as to when the cave was formed that extended upward, and which Pierce and his associates had continued. Some said it was always so; others said it was the work of men even more daring than its present possessors. The cave appeared to all but those initiated into its mysteries, precisely as it had always been; but Pierce Murphy, more than fifteen years before the occurrence of the incident I am about to relate, had, with the assistance of two or three companions, hollowed a passage as far as the roof of the cavern, which might be about ten or twelve feet above the rugged stones that formed its flooring. It was wonderful how well the opening was concealed; and the rocky roofing was of itself so uneven and commonplace, that, though the revenue officers, as I have said, not by any means as active then as they are now, though perfectly well aware that smuggling, if not more fearful crimes, were carried on in that immediate neighborhood, could not form an idea how the business was managed. Indeed, they were sometimes found to be too well satisfied with the proscribed article, to care much for its distribution, though it is a well-known fact that a revenue officer was never yet really trusted by a smuggler.

When Pierce descended, the young woman sat down by the fire, which she had replenished with fresh turf, and wept long and bitterly. It was sad to hear the voice of one so young and fair, and with an expression of so much innocence in her countenance, harmonising with the moaning into which the madness of the storm had for a time subsided.

"Hannah, *avourneen*!" inquired the half-demented woman, from the little room. "Hannah, *avourneen*! is there any fresh trouble on ye, my comfort?"

"No, mother, go to sleep."

"There's no use, darlint. Is there any noise about the hearthstone, my jewel?"

"No, mother."

"I thought I heard the ticking of the death-watch, the only clock that ever strikes here."

"I didn't hear it, mother."

"Hannah, how long is it since there was a winding-sheet on the candle?"

"I don't know, mother; but sure the last time Father Gandy was here, he told ye not to be minding such foolishness; that the Almighty would be above giving a hint about such a thing as death out of a bit of candle grease; and that a poor little insect, which he says the watch is, could have no knowledge of life and death, only keeps minding its own business in the warm places."

"Ah, ah!" laughed the old crone. "and sure he's a fine man, and said more than that whin he was about it."

Miscellany.

BRINGING UP CHILDREN.

"Ay, mother, both priest and minister say good enough, if we'd only heed it. God help us, he did say a dale of what was true, and so did Misther Burrows, heaven bless them both, about the sin of breaking the law, which was both bad and dangerous; and what was worse, about the curse of sinful people, which sich doings bring about a poor man's house, and the evil courses such lead to, the swearing and the drinking; and the fear o' God, put all on one side for the lucre of gain; and the end that comes of it all, transportation and shame, or may be death. Oh, it's a cruel wicked way—and how poor Luke, though brought up in it, ever turned to it, so fine and honorable as he was, I don't know. I little thought how it was when I married him!"

"And would that have hindered ye, if ye had known it?" inquired the old woman.

"I don't know, I'm not thinking it would—for all the trouble I've had on his account seems to draw my heart closer to him; he is more to me now than ever he was; and when he's with me again, we'll go to some furrin part, and work in the honesty that will bring peace."

"Ah, ah, ah!" laughed the old woman. "I shall be dead before that—but the worms will have no feast, for I'm only skin an' bone, skin an' bone;" and she laughed again the laugh that made poor Hannah's flesh creep, and then continued—"Luke, a-lanna, never took to it, though you don't know, for reasons ye didn't come to us for good and all, till he was on the point of going, but he never took to it. Sure if a man's in a whirlpool, he doesn't take to it, though he is drowned in it. And Misther Burrows said all that agin the smuggling. Ah, he said all that agin the smuggling: did he? and yet I'll go bail he took the hot drop of the hot stuff afore he left. That's no way to instruct the poor whin they're in the sin, and have the temptation to go on in it, the example must go with the lesson to do good; the poor have the comfort, and not the stroug principle, and yet they'd take away the one, and not give them the other! That's quare: that has no sinse in it, no more than ould Margaret Murphy."

"Go to sleep, mother dear," said Hannah.

"Will you pray for me the while?" inquired the old woman, earnestly, and there was sorrow in the tone of her voice.

Hannah replied she would, and knelt down for the purpose; but nothing could keep Margaret Murphy quiet.

"Lave off, Hannah, and come sit by me," she said; and accordingly the gentle girl, who was so unsuited for such scenes, and who had quitted her own people in a more inland part of the country, simply that she might take care of her husband's mother, to prove her love for him, left off in the middle of an "ave," and seated herself by the bedside of the strange woman, whose former mode of life, before she became Pierce Murphy's wife, was unknown to her neighbors, though various had been the rumors in circulation on the subject.

CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.

DIOCLES.

Among the laws which Diocles gave to the Syracusians, there was one which enacted, "that no man should presume to enter, armed, into an assembly of the people; in case any should, he was to suffer death." One day an alarm was given of an enemy approaching, and Diocles hastened out to meet them, with his sword by his side. On the way he was informed that the people, indifferent to their common danger, had assembled to talk sedition in the forum; and, forgetting all inferior circumstances in his zeal for the public safety he stepped, armed as he was, into the midst of the assembly, intending to use his best endeavors to recal them to a sense of their duty; but before he could address them, one of the busiest of the factious called out, "that Diocles, in arms among the people, had broken the laws which he had himself made." Diocles, struck, but not confounded, turning towards his accuser, replied, with a loud voice, "Most true; nor shall Diocles be the last to sanction his own laws."—On saying this he drew his sword, and falling on it, expired.

A fate precisely similar is recorded of Charondas, the law-giver of the Thurians.

AN IRISH DEFENCE.

Some years ago, Mr. Boyle, (who conducted a satirical paper at Cork, called "The Freeholder") came in contact with one of the city sheriffs at the theatre. He suffered so much from the collision, that he brought Boyle to trial for the assault. Juries, at that time, were not the most unprejudiced in Ireland, and a "corporation jury" were not in the habit of leaning to the side of mercy when an enemy of the "ascendancy" was brought beneath their justice. Boyle had written some severe things against the corporation; and his conviction, on almost any grounds, was anticipated by his foes, and feared by his friends. The trial came on before one of the judges at the Assize. After many challenges, and much difficulty, the jury were empanelled. Mr. O'Connell, the leading counsel at the Munster bar in criminal cases, was retained for Mr. Boyle. The evidence bore strongly against his client although it was admitted that the assault might have been accidental; and O'Connell, declining to call rebutting evidence, spoke at some length in reply to the prosecution. Finding that his appeal to justice made little way into the hearts of a Cork corporation jury, he suddenly adopted the language of irony, and concluded in the following abrupt manner:—"Gentlemen,

I remember a trial, at Cloonmel of a poor man on a charge of murder; a beautiful case of circumstantial evidence—like what you have just now heard, was made up against him. The prisoner's life seemed to hang by a single hair, when the case against him closed. He requested leave to call a witness, and to the amazement of the court, produced on the table the man alleged to have been murdered. Perhaps, to use a phrase you all understand, he had been only 'kilt.' The judge instantly desired the jury to send down their verdict. After a little pause, the foreman handed in a slip of paper, with the awful word 'guilty' written on it. The judge, in utter astonishment, exclaimed—"Why the man has not been murdered! how can the prisoner be guilty?" "Oh, my lord," replied the foreman, "that may be: but if he did not kill the man he stole my bay mare three yeass ago!" So, gentlemen (concluded O'Connell,) you must find Mr. Boyle guilty: for though he did not assault the sheriff, sare he libelled the corporation! The jury, who had laughed at the anecdote, were shamed into justice, and Boyle was acquitted.

TURKISH TREASURES.

Several laws of the Koran enjoin the Mussulmans to lay by sums of money. In order to observe this precept, each Sovereign, residing in Constantinople, since Mahomet II. who made the conquest of this city in 1453, encloses in a chamber of the aeraglio the gold, silver, and other riches which he intends to economize. The sum that each Sultan puts aside in this manner amounts to about £480,000, a kind of tariff fixed upon by common custom. Independently of the duty of the sovereigns in placing to this amount the sums received from the taxes, and not expended, he conceives it to be agreeable to heaven, and to the nation, in adding to this fund the presents that are made him, either in precious stones or other articles of great value. It is well known how punctilious the Turkish sovereign is in this respect; his subjects, as well as foreigners, cannot obtain what they solicit, even according to all principles of justice, unless they add to their petitions, presents, the value of which is proportioned to the object which they desire. No one can be ignorant of the extent of confiscations pronounced in an arbitrary manner by the Despot of Constantinople against private individuals, and against the Pachas; and when he has deposited these sums in his sinking fund, in his opinion the iniquity of such measures is immediately obliterated. Superstition in the Ottoman territory, has attained to such a degree, that the people are persuaded, the more this fund increases, the more his reign will be fortunate and prosperous. This fund is, therefore, called the Sacred Treasure. History does not confirm this opinion; but the Turks care very little about history or the lessons which it affords. And what becomes of this treasure accumulated in so considerable a manner by each Sultan? This is a curious question.

Every year the Kista-Aaga, the chief of the black eunuchs, makes an inventory of the riches amassed during the twelvemonth; and the operation being terminated, the Grand Signor accompanied by the principal officers of the crown, repairs in grand ceremony to the chamber of the Treasury, and places his signet upon the chest. After the death of the sovereign, there are found as many chests in his chamber as he has lived years. The chamber is then closed, and the signets of every one of the principal officers placed upon the door; and an inscription is added, indicating that in this place is the treasure of such a Sultan.—His successor forms his treasury in another room of the aeraglio, and after his death, it is also closed, and the same circumstance occurs during each new reign. Now, as from the time of Mahomet II. Constantinople numbers forty-one sultans, there exist in the aeraglio forty-one chambers, containing each the treasure of each of these sovereigns.

In order to touch any of these treasures—to dare to enter a single one of these numerous chambers—it would be necessary that the Ottoman Empire were reduced to the lowest extremity. It appears that the necessity of violating the Sacred Treasury has not hitherto been deemed necessary. The sultans, rather than have recourse to such a measure, prefer making the most cruel exactions from their subjects. Such is the financial system of economy of this nation—it is far from the acknowledged principles of all civilized states.

MOURNING APPAREL.

"But now is he dead, wherefore should I fast? Can I bring him back again?"

The trappings of grief seem indifferent and childish where there is real grief, and where there is not, they are a mockery. The principal objections against the custom of wearing of mourning apparel are, that it is useless, inconvenient and expensive. What use does it serve? to remind me that I am in affliction! I do not wish to be pointed out—shall the sable garb be adopted then, because it is grateful to my feelings—because it is a kind of solace to me? I can gain no consolation from it. But if the custom is useless, inconvenience forms a still greater objection. It is inconvenient, because it throws the care of purchasing and making clothes upon a family, at the very moment when it most needs seclusion and quietness: when worn out with care, and watching, and sorrow, it needs retirement and relief. There is shocking unseemliness I had almost said sacrilege, in turning the house of death into a work shop for the dress-makers. Who that hath ever witnessed what is passing on one of these occasions—who that hath ever seen the broken-hearted victim of affliction brought forth to be dressed as pageants, and harassed into inquiries about mourning gowns and bonnets, or heard, intermingled with their tears palsy and vain discussions about the adjustment of mourning caps and ribbons; who I say, has not felt this inconvenient, this ill-timed, and unbecoming, beyond what any force of language can express? But the greatest objection, after all, to the use of mourning apparel, is the expense. That the expenses presses heavily upon the poor, is a matter very well known, and I believe very generally regretted. But this is not all; it presses heavily upon the community and none but the opulent, in fact, can afford it.—There are few families in the country with whom the expenses of mourning apparel does not form a burdensome addition to the bills of the merchant. Besides this, black is the most expensive kind of apparel: and there is always on those occasions—from haste and natural improvidence of an afflicted mind about worldly things—a great deal of extravagance and waste; and more than all, this expense comes at a time, when, of all times, it can be least borne. It comes in addition to all the expenses of sickness, the paying of attendants and the charges of the physician. It comes, perhaps, when the main support and reliance of the family is taken—when the husband, the father, the provider, is cut off—when he has departed from the world with no feeling of distress so deep as that he was to leave destitute those who were dearer to him than life. Then it is that the desolate and deprived, under false motives of showing respect to him, are obliged by the customs of society, to abridge the already narrow means on which they have to rely—to follow the silly fashion of adopting an outward appearance of grief;—How many are the cases in which a considerable portion, and even the whole of what remains for the widow and fatherless, is expended, and not in providing for their wants, but mere arraying them for their desolate condition.

LIFE AT WATERING PLACES.

The correspondent of the Philadelphia Ledger, writing from Cape May, gives the following as a night or rather a morning scene in the main gallery of a hotel there. The only thing we cannot understand is how the correspondent happened to be awake at such a time. We recommend the husband to provide himself with a duplicate key;

(Tap! tap! tap! in a low and gentle tone.)

(No answer.)

(Tap! tap! tap! a little louder.)

(Still no answer.)

(Tap! tap! tap! a full octave higher.)

"Who's there?" (in a loud, and I thought, for a female, a very determined voice.)

"Only me, my love;" (in a soothing loud whisper, rather strongly contrasted with the voice from within.)

"Well, Mr. T——, this is too much; but I vow I won't get up."

"My dear, do pray and let me in."

"I positively will not. I gave you fair warning I would not in this way be disturbed every night. The children, you know very well, can't be got to sleep after they are once woke up." (I could testify to the

truth of this part of the conversation.) And this is the fourth night you have been up half the night, playing cards and stuffing crabs and champagne. 'Tis too bad."

"My love recollect; do for heaven's sake keep quiet, and let me in; this is all d—d nonsense. I mean this is perfectly ridiculous. Just remember where you are and talk lower: I'm not deaf."

(After a pause—)

"My dear, there's no earthly use in your standing there. You ought to know by this time that when I say I won't I mean I won't; and get out of bed again this night I won't—that's settled."

And to my mind the case was clearly settled—the tone this was uttered in leaving little room for hope.—After a considerable pause, during which time the poor hen-pecked husband no doubt was casting over in his mind what was best to be done in the emergency—

"My love, do I rightly understand that you really intend I shall be locked out all night?"

"Yes my dear, it is precisely my intention, and to-morrow night, you will come to bed in seasonable hours."

Scene closes.

The following morning, at sunrise, as is my custom, I was on my way, with slippers and gown, to bathe, when I met T—— parading the piazza. He never gets up till the late breakfast bell rings.

"Good morning, Mr. T——, Why, this is reformation. How came you up so soon?"

"Why, the fact is—ha! ha! ha!—to be candid with you—the truth is, I am up a little earlier than common. The fact is, I didn't sleep very well last night. These cursed mosquitoes! The wind brought them into my window—bit me to the d—dest. I swear I never was bitten so before in all my life."

AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER.

ALBANY, SATURDAY, AUG. 15, 1840.

MASONIC INFORMATION.—The following resolution was adopted at the last sitting of the Grand Lodge.—

It is of much importance to the fraternity at the present moment, doing away impediments which have existed of late years in regard to the resumption of labor on the part of many Lodges in this State.

Resolved, That whenever the warrant of any subordinate Lodge shall be surrendered to the Grand Secretary, the members of such Lodge cease to be members of any Lodge, by virtue of such surrender; and in the event of such warrant being again petitioned for, and the prayer of the petitioners granted, the *petitioners shall only be revived with it*.

During the anti-masonic excitement, many lodges, in order to propitiate peace, gave up their charters, while many others were induced to suspend their labors, until better times. Those better times have now arrived, and many of the brethren are now prepared to resume their labors, provided they can do it without embarrassment. Since the commencement of the Morgan difficulties, years have elapsed, and many changes have taken place. Some who were ranked among the virtuous of the land, and looked up to as ornaments to the institution, have in our dark days turned their backs upon us, while many others have undoubtedly, through the course of time, become vicious and dissolute. It is these exigencies the resolution of the Grand Lodge is intended to meet. Heretofore, in the revival of a Lodge, every member known to the *by-laws*, was revived with it. The effect of this regulation has been, that many worthy brethren, have been debarred from Masonic privileges, because they could not sit with objectionable members. This difficulty is now happily removed, and each dormant Lodge, can now re-commence its work, by petitioning the Grand

Lodge: THE PETITIONERS ALONE, being constituted the Lodge, and all after admissions, to be done in the regularly constituted manner.

"SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF THOMAS JEFFERSON."

We should suppose that this inscription, engraved, as it is on the heart of every lover of his country would have shielded the memory of America's noblest Son, now lying within the "narrow house," from calumny. But a Reverend Mr. Fyng, in the Episcopal Recorder, is resolved to "damn himself to everlasting fame," by the use of his Jackass hoofs on the body of the dead lion. This Rev. gentleman says of Jefferson, that "there was a peculiar aversion and want of respect for his name in the very neighborhood in which he lived and died," and that his "character was worse than HE (!!!) with the most unfavorable prepossessions, ever conceived it to be." A meeting of the citizens of Charlottesville, Va. has been called to vindicate the character of Mr. Jefferson. Thomas Jefferson needs no vindication. Posterity have erected a monument for him, too high for the breath of calumny to reach.

SPURIOUS BILLS.—A Subscriber, residing in St. Louis, Missouri, has sent us a \$2, bill on the City Trust and Banking Company, of New York, no doubt under the impression that it was current money. For his benefit as well as that of others, we would say, that judging from the bite, on the public, it is a species of the wild cat of the most rabid kind. In other words, it is a fraud.

THE JUVENILE DEPOSITORY.—This interesting little work comes to us after a suspension of four months from New York, instead of Skaneateles, although, it will be issued simultaneously from both places. Mr. Pratt the former editor has associated the Rev. Mr. Blakely, with him in its conduct. The editors say that it will now be continued with perseverance and spirit. It is printed monthly, at \$1. per annum.

SUICIDE OF A CIRCUS RIDER.—George Sweet, an equestrian and tight rope performer, well known in this city, attached to the Bowery Amphitheatre, on Thursday morning last, threw himself from the third story of the Eagle Tavern, at Buffalo, and received such internal injuries as will probably cause his death. He had been for several days laboring under a species of insanity, and attempted to make way with himself by taking opium.

TROUBLE AHEAD.—The right of the city of Philadelphia, to certain portions of the Girard estate, is about being contested by the relatives.

NOMINATIONS.—Wm H. Seward, and Luther Bradish, have been put in nomination for Governor, and Lieut. Governor, by the Whig convention at Utica.

Peter Scough, a German emigrant, who was travelling west with his wife and four children, was accidentally drowned in the Albany basin on Tuesday.

THE CROPS.—It is now ascertained beyond a doubt, that the crops of the present year in this country will be more than an average. The summer crops are all gathered, generally in good condition; and the fall crops have passed the period when they can be materially affected by any change of weather other than an early frost. This, with the surplus of last year's crop remaining on hand, will make provisions abundant, and prices must range low, unless an extensive demand for export should take place.—Dec.

INTELLIGENCE.

A CRUEL CASE.—The poor are made to suffer in a variety of ways for their poverty. The public treat it as if it were indeed a crime, and not a misfortune to be poor. A man by the name of Cass, an honest and industrious artisan with a wife and child, failed some time ago in business, having lost all that he originally possessed. He applied for the benefit of the insolvent laws and was opposed. Through his creditors he was afterwards indicted as a fraudulent insolvent and was committed to prison.

On Monday last a jury pronounced him innocent of the charge of fraud, but alas! it was too late to be of service either to the sufferer or his afflicted family.—On Tuesday morning he died, after being unjustly incarcerated for nine months in a public prison, from the effects of confinement. His wife and child, after struggling from day to day and night after night for their subsistence—after besieging with tears and entreaties his creditors, until spurned from their thresholds, for the release of their protector—were now left destitute upon a wild world, abandoned to want and privation of every character. What are we to think of the souls of these creditors? Can they boast the possession of that essential element of humanity? or may we not reasonably conclude that they are brutes, which nature by some sad mistake has gifted with the form, but not the gentler faculties, of men. *Phil. Spirit of the Times.*

COINCIDENCE BETWEEN THE PULSATION OF THE HUMAN BODY AND THE HOUR OF THE DAY.—The following is from the London Sun. You will oblige a constant reader, and one who has made the experiment by giving it a place in your paper.—*Journal of Commerce.*

"Seat yourself at a table, having placed your elbow on the table, attach a piece of metal (say a shilling) to a thread, hold the thread between the points of the thumb and first finger, and allow the shilling to hang in the center of a tumbler glass; the pulse will immediately cause the shilling to vibrate like a pendulum, and the vibration will increase until the shilling strikes the side of the glass; and suppose the time of the experiment be that hour at which I am writing, between half past six and seven o'clock, it will so strike the glass seven times, and having done so, lose its momentum and return to the centre.

If you hold it a sufficient length of time the experiment will be repeated; but not until a sufficient space has elapsed to convince you it is most complete. I need not say that the thread must be held with a steady hand; otherwise the vibrating motion will be counteracted.

At whatever hour of the day or night the experiment be made, the coincidence will be found the same."

ITEMS OF FOREIGN NEWS.—The Royal assent was given to the Canada Union bill on the 23d ult.

THE AMERICAN AGITATORS.—By the late accounts Messrs. Bidney, Garrison, Stanton, &c. were abusing their country and their countrymen at Birmingham.

The Nelson column, about to be erected in Trafalgar Square, London, will be made of brass cannon recovered from the wreck of the Royal George.

Oxford, the pot-boy, who shot at the Queen, had been tried and virtually acquitted on the ground of insanity.

Extensive Felony.—A Mr. Robert Brine has stolen £17,000 in Danish Bonds, £21,000 in Brazilian Bonds, 100,000 guilders, Dutch 5 per cent. Bonds.—He has escaped to America—\$5,000 reward is offered for him.

Fecundity.—Mr. H. Holmes, of Prairie du Lac, Rock county, has a cow, which a few days since, presented him with three large healthy heifer calves at one birth.—*[Milwaukee Sentinel.]*

CITY OF TROY.—The assistant marshal has completed the census of the city of Troy, and states the number of inhabitants at 19,373. In 1835 there were 16,959, and in 1830, 11,587 inhabitants. Gain in ten years, 7,786; in five years, 2,414.

Winconsin and Iowa, the young scions of the West, have astonished the nation by the recent return of the census. The former gives returns for 31,000, and the other 50,000 souls. Three fourths of the inhabitants are from New England.

Last evening, by the Rev. Dr. Wyckoff, Capt Richard Kelsey to Miss Amanda Eggleston.

On Tuesday morning, at his residence in Troy, Mr. Benjamin Peirce, in the 77th year of his age.

Generous Contribution.—The Wall street Presbyterian Church, the Rev. Dr. Phillips, recently took up a collection for the American Bible Society, amounting to eight hundred and forty five dollars and fifty cents.

DEPARTURE OF MISSIONARIES.—The Rev. Messrs. Fielding and Constantine sailed from Norfolk on Monday last, for Africa. They are under the patronage of the Baptist missionary society.

Hydrophobia.—Mr. Moses Emery, of Aurora, a strong and healthy man, about thirty years of age, died last Sunday evening, having suffered the four previous days the most excruciating agony. His writhings and contortions were so great that at times it required four men to hold him. It was supposed by some to be a case of hydrophobia.—*Buffalo Com. Adv.*

Taylor arrested.—It is stated in the Hartford Eagle that Taylor, the villain who shot and robbed Mr. Rice, some months since, was arrested day before yesterday, in the vicinity of Hudson, N. Y. He has made a full confession of his guilt, and it is said he appears somewhat penitent.

The Wilmington (N. C.) Chronicle states that Mr. John Smith, of that place, whilst on his passage from Charleston to Nassau, (N. P.) in the schooner Mary & Eliza, was knocked overboard by the boom; the vessel was running at the rate of seven knots, and before she could be put about, he was lost sight of. A very heavy shower of rain came on directly, and he was of course given up for lost. But after the rain had ceased whilst the schooner was on another tack, he was discovered swimming, and taken on board, having been in the sea something like an hour.

MELANCHOLY COINCIDENCE.—The Baltimore Sun, mentions a remarkable coincidence of death which occurred recently. On the 19th ult. Mr. Solon Nash, formerly of Boston, died at Louisville, Kentucky; and on the same day, his wife, Mrs. Mary B. Nash, aged 28 years formerly of Newburyport, died in Baltimore.

Painful Occurrence.—As the Boat Niles Capt. Green was coming up the canal on Friday evening, when just below Little Falls, one of the passengers, Mrs. Hunter, of New York City was struck by the contractor's bridge and almost crushed to death. She was placed in the hands of a physician, and when our informant left there were some hopes entertained of her recovery, though her situation is extremely critical. No blame is attached to the Captain.—*Ulster Whig.*

On Friday last a horse was so overdone in a match for \$300, on the "Trotting ark," Boston, that he died on Sunday. During his vain attempts to win the \$300 for his master, he was stimulated with alcohol and camphor, in order to enable him to put forth all his energies—and the re-action of his system must have been tremendous.

Married.

On Wednesday morning, by the Rev Dr. Sprague, Charles Van Benthuyssen, to Elizabeth, daughter of Lyman Root, esq. all of this city.

On Tuesday evening last, by Elder J. L. Hodge, Mr. John W. Baynes, to Miss Ann Jane Niles.

Also by the same, Mr. Daniel P. Smith, to Miss Sarah Sanford.

Yesterday afternoon, Margarette J. B. Youngman, only daughter of Nicholas and Margaret H. Youngman of this city, aged 3 years.

Yesterday morning at 10 o'clock, Anne, daughter of John L. Taffe, aged 6 months and 23 days.

DIED.

In this city, on Tuesday last, Mary, wife of Mr. William Voorhees.

On Monday morning, Caleb Johnson, aged 49.

On Saturday morning, Ezra Prentiss, youngest son of John Rodgers, aged 2 years.

At Binghamton, on the 4th inst., Wm. M. Willard, Esq. cashier of the Binghamton Bank, aged 26 years.

In Hartford, (Conn.) on the 31st ult., Mrs. Miriam Colton, aged 87.

At Wethersfield, on Thursday morning, August 6th Mrs. Sabrina Boardman, aged 78.

At his residence in Halfmoon, Saratoga county, yesterday morning, Hugh Peebles, esq., in his 77th year.

DEATH.—On Sunday night one of the soldiers enlisted in the United States service at Philadelphia took it into his head to run away; he secreted himself in the hold of a small vessel on the Schuylkill, but his pursuers being on his trail, he jumped overboard and was drowned.

CALENDAR OF COMMUNICATIONS.

NAME.	PLACE.	TIME.
Temple Encampment,	Albany	2d Friday.
Temple R. A. Chapter,	Albany	3d & 4th Tuesday.
Mount Vernon Lodge	Albany	1st & 3d Thursday.
Temple Lodge,	Albany	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Apollo Lodge,	Troy	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Apollo Chapter,	Troy	3d & 4th Tuesday.
Apollo Encampment,	Troy	3d Monday.
Evening Star Lodge,	West Troy	1st Wednesday.
Phoenix Lodge,	Lansingburg	1st & 3d Thursday.
Olive Branch	Bethany Gen.	1st Wednesday.
Genesee Encampment,	Lockport N.Y.	
Ohio Lodge, No 101,	Wheeling, Va.	1st Monday.
Wheeling Chapter, 19,	"	2d Thursday.
Wheeling Encampment	"	3d Monday ev. o month.
Washington Council,	"	1st Saturday.
Utica Lodge, 47,	Utica,	1st Thursday.
Oneida Chapter, 67,	"	1st Thursday.
Utica Encampment, 3	"	3d Tuesday.
Mount Moriah,	Louisville, Ky.	1st & 3d Saturday. p. c.
Louisville Encampment	do	4th Saturday.
Council 8 & R Masters	do	Quarterly.
King Solomon's chapter	do	2d Saturday.
Memphis Chapter,	Memphis Tenn	3d Monday.
Memphis Lodge,	Memphis	3d Tuesday.

AUTHORISED AGENTS.

The following Brethren have kindly offered to act as Agents for the American Masonic Register. They are duly authorised to receive subscriptions and monies on its account.

William Boardman, New York City.

Tallmage Fairchild, Cokesacker.

Joel D. Smith, Castleton.

James Telf, Coeymans.

S. C. Leggett, Troy.

S. D. Smith, Lansingburgh.

Joseph Blackburn, Poughkeepsie.

John S. Weed, West Greenfield.

Ebenezer Mix, Batavia.

Blanchard Powers, Cowlsville.

James Cavanagh, Watertown.

James McKain, Lockport.

C. R. Vary, Borodino.

Francis P. Milo, Kingston, U. C.

Lewis S. Deleplain, Wheeling, Va.

Thomas J. Welby, Louisville, Kentucky.

A. C. Smith, Mount Clemens, Michigan.

J. H. McMahon, Memphis, Tennessee.

THE MASONIC REGISTER.—For the year of Masonry 5340, containing a correct list of the Officers of the Grand Lodge and Subordinate Lodges, Chapters, Encampments, &c. of N. York, and its vicinity, with their times and places of meeting &c. &c.—for sale at this Office, price 25 cents.—May 16.

NEW BOOKS, received at W. C. LITTLE'S Bookstore.

Rauch's Psychology, or View of the Soul.

Shakespeare and his Times, by Nibhan Drake.

Guizot's Civilization of Europe.

Miss Sinclair's Scotland and the Scotch.

Madame de Staël's Italy, in French.

Hoffman's Chancery Practice, vol. 3d.

Franklin's Life and Works, by Sparks.

Hallam's Literature of Europe.

The French Revolution, by M. Thiers.

All the late novels and periodicals.

THE AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER,

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"A post master may enclose money in a letter to the publisher of a newspaper, to pay the subscription of a third person, and FRANK the letter, if written by himself."

POETRY.

From Mrs. Norton's New volume of Poems.

TO THE LADY H. O.

[Isle of Wight, 1838.]

Come o'er the green hills to the sunny sea!
The boundless sea that washeth many lands,
Where shells unknown to England, fair and free,
Lie brightly scatter'd on the gleaming sands.
There, 'midst the hush of slumbering Ocean's roar,
We'll sit and watch the silver-tinted waves
Creep languidly along the basking shore,
And kiss thy gentle feet, like Eastern slaves.

And we will take some volume of our choice,
Full of a quiet poetry of thought,
And thou shalt read me, with thy plaintive voice,
Lines which some gifted mind hath sweetly wrought;
And I will listen, gazing on thy face,
(Pale as some cameo on the Italian shell!)
Or looking out across the far blue space,
Where glancing sails to gentle breezes swell.

Come forth! The sun hath flung on Thetis' breast
The glittering tresses of his golden hair;
All things are heavy with a noonday rest,
And floating sea-birds leave the stirless air.
Against the sky, in outlines clear and rude,
The cleft rocks stand, while sunbeams slant between;
And lulling winds are murmuring thro' the wood,
Which skirts the bright bay with its fringe of green.

Come forth! All motion is so gentle now
It seems thy step alone should walk the earth—
Thy voice alone, the 'ever soft and low,'
Wake the far-haunting echoes into birth.
Too wild would be Love's passionate store of hope,
Unmeet the influence of his changeful power:
Ours be companionship, whose gentle scope
Hath charm enough for such a tranquil hour.

And slowly, idly wandering, we will roam
Where the high cliffs shall give us ample shade;
And watch the glassy waves, whose wrathful foam
Hath power to make the seaman's heart afraid.
Seek thou no veil to shroud thy soft brown hair—
Wrap thou no mantle round thy graceful form;
The cloudless sky smiles forth as still and fair
As though earth ne'er could know another storm.

Come! Let not listless sadness make delay—
Beneath Heaven's light that sadness will depart;
And as we wander on our shoreward way,
A strange, sweet peace shall enter in thine heart.
We will not weep, nor talk of vanish'd years,
When, link by link, Hope's glittering chain was riv-
en;
Those who are dead shall claim from love no tears—
Those who have injured us shall be forgiven.

Few have my summers been, and fewer thine;—
Youth blighted is the weary lot of both:
To both, all lonely shows our life's decline,
Both with old friends and ties have waxed wroth.
But yet we will not weep! The breathless calm
Which lulls the golden earth and wide blue sea,
Shall pour into our souls mysterious balm,
And fill us with its own tranquillity.

We will not mar the scene—we will not look
To the veil'd Future, or the shadowy Past:
Seal'd up shall be sad Memory's open book,
And childhood's idleness return at last!
Joy, with his restless, ever-fluttering wings,
And Hope, his gentle brother—all shall cease:
Like weary hinds that seek the desert springs,
Our one sole feeling shall be peace, deep peace!

From the Churchman.

ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST'S DAY, 1840.

It was a solemn day for me,
This twenty-fourth of June,
Eleven years ago—alas,
That they have passed so soon!
And often as it comes about
I meditate thereon,
And strive to follow as I may
Christ's herald, good St. John!

It was a solemn place to me,
That sanctuary old,
Where still we after six score years
The same high service hold;
And still 'tis good amid the change
That sweeps o'er all beside,
To know that while these walls shall stand,
That service shall abide.

How many that were present then
Sleep in their tombs below!
How many to their distant ports
Have gone as I now go!
Of all the crowds that then were here,
How few are left behind!
And of that few, how fewer still,
Who call that scene to mind!

To me it is as yesterday.—
I see the whole proceed,
The Bishop and the brotherhood,
Who came to bid "God speed!"
The holy altar, then withdrawn,
In its own deep recess,
Ere desk and pulpit crowded in
To make its honors less.

Oh it was not in mockery
That then I offered there,
In weakness, fear and trembling tones,
The Institution prayer;
How often, as I've paced those aisles,
At sacred hours alone,
Have I recited o'er that prayer,
To God is truly known.

How little thought the Warden gray,
That ought but death the keys
Surrendered by his faithful hand,
Should ever wrest from these;
That ere this ancient fold should count
Their broken pledge no sin,
Or part, for trifling cause, the bonds
Of God's own discipline!

Dear Church! as now that tender charge
I solemnly resign;
Some bleeding hearts will testify,
The fault has not been mine.
For who could hear thy heavenly chime
With gladder heart than I;
Who love thee with a fonder love,
Or in thy service die?

God raise thee up some faithful man,
More prompt to follow on,
In doctrine and in holy life,
Christ's herald, good St. John.
Give him all boldness to rebuke,
And skill thy griefs to cure,
And for his heavenly Master's sake,
All patience to endure.

W. C.

"LET US PRAY."

From "Ada and other Poems," by Miss M. A. Browne.

"Prayer is a Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
His watchword at the gates of death;
He enters heaven with prayer."

MONTGOMERY.

Let us pray! when morn's first light
Pierceth through the clouds of night;
While the flowers are dewy yet,
Ere the twinkling stars are set;
Ere the strife and stir begin,
Of this world of woe and sin—
For a blessing on the day,
To its Maker—let us pray!

Let us pray! amidst the strife
Of the city's varied life;
In the pageant, in the crowd,
'Midst the humble or the proud;
With the foe or with the friend,
May the voiceless prayer ascend;
With the mournful or the gay,
Young or aged—let us pray!

Let us pray!—when over heaven
Comes the lovely light of even;

When the distant vesper hymn,
Rising through the twilight dim,
On the evening wind sweeps by,
Like an air harp's melody;
When the distant sea is gray,
At that soft hour—let us pray!

Let us pray! when storms arise,
Darkening o'er the azure skies;
When the thunder tempests come
Bursting o'er our peaceful home;
When the angry lightning's flash;
When the rain's thick torrents dash—
In that hour of wild dismay,
For protection—let us pray!

Let us pray! when winter drear
Closeth in the vanished year;
Wraps in snow the lofty hill,
Chains in frost the lowly rill;
When let loose the chilling breeze
Sweeps the last leaves from the trees;
When the summer flowers decay,
Looking on them—let us pray!

Let us pray!—Around the hearth,
Check the voice of childish mirth;
Ere they go to rest in peace,
Bid the infant's prattle cease;
Teach the spotless heart to rise
With its evening sacrifice,
While the artless prayer they say,
With our children—let us pray!

Let us pray! when slumber flies,
And the sad tear dims our eyes;
When there is no voice or sound
In the midnight stillness round;
When fear's dark forebodings start,
Clouding o'er the mourning heart;
For bright hope's consoling ray—
In the silence—let us pray!

From the Death's Doing.

THE COMPLAINT OF THE STOMACH.

I fear said the Stomach addressing the Brain,
That my efforts to serve you will soon be vain;
For such is the weight you compel me to bear,
And such are the labors that fall to my share,
That unless in your wisdom you lighten the load,
My strength must soon fail,—I shall drop on the road.

Then the cargo of viands in flesh, fowl, and fish,
Which serve as a whet to some favorite dish,
With the compound of peppers and sauces to aid,
Or rather to force on the market a trade—
Are really too much for my delicate frame;
And to burthen me thus is an absolute shame.
But I do not complain, although hard is my case,
As many would do, were they put in my place,
Nor am I so senseless as not to perceive,
That some other members have reason to grieve;
There's your legs and your feet, that once bore you
about,

Are now useless as logs, with the dropsy or gout;
And your hands are so feeble you scarcely can pass
To your neighbor the bottle, or fill him a glass.
And further the stomach had gone on to state,
When the Tongue, 'tis imagined took up the debate.
"Did you speak to the Brain?" said a low piping
voice!

(It was just before dinner,) "I much should rejoice
To find such a being you wot of, my friend,
But he and his measures have long had an end;
A nondescript substance now fills up the space
In that once intellectual thought-breeding place.
By some't's been thought that your chymical skill
(Which now, it is known, has the power to kill,)
And your fumes have destroyed all the power of think-
ing,

So that no sense remains but of eating and drinking.
What is said in the Bible has long been forgot,
Of the passage which told there was "Death in the
pot."

But the sauce is prepared to season the fish;
When too late 'twill be found there is Death in the
dish."

AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER AND LITERARY COMPANION.

BY L. G. HOFFMAN.]

ALBANY, SATURDAY, AUG. 22, 1840.

[VOL. I.—NO. 51.]

MASONIC.

ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.

MISSOURI E.A. CHAPTER.

Joseph Foster, H. P. Elisha H. Shepherd, K. Joab Barnard, S. Gilbert Iourse, P. S. John Simonds, C. H. Wm. S. Stewart, R. A. C. Rich'd B. Dallan, Sec'y. Geo. H. Melody, Treas. John Fallon, James B. Bescoe, and James M. Gehen, M. Vails, Essem Owens, Tyle:

ST. LOUIS LODGE, NO. 20.

Edward Klein, W. M. Wm. S. Stewart, S. W. Joab Barnard, J. W. Richl B. Dallan, Sec'y. Geo. H. C. Melody, Treas.

NAPHTALI LODGE, NO. 25.

Joseph Foster, W. M. James M'Gehan, S. W. James B. Bescoe, J. W. Vm. Singleton, Secretary. John Hull, Treas.

Br. Hoffman.

In looking over some Masnic pamphlets, I found the enclosed, which I now and yet. If you think the sentiments contained in it worthy of preservation, you are at liberty to publish them in your Masonic Register. I am sensible that many worthy masons would be pleased to preserve a document, delivered nearly forty three years ago, by one who stood high on the Masonic platform; and as it is out of print, I think is worthy of preservation.

Yours fraternally.

E.

An Address delivered to the Masters and Wardens of Rensselaerville Lodge, on their installation in Masters Lodge Room, in the city of Albany, on the 29th of March, 1798, by DE WITT CLINTON, Esq. junior Grand Warden of the Grand Lodge of the State of New York.

WORSHIPFUL MASTER,

WARDENS, AND BRETHREN.

Before I conclude the solemnity of constituting this Lodge, it becomes my duty to address you on this occasion; to impress on your minds the important and dignified principles of our institution; to warn you against a departure from our rules; and to inculcate the duties you owe to each other, the Lodge, and the other members of the Masonic community. This is a task I perform with great pleasure, because I feel persuaded that you are all anxious to pursue the right way whenever it is pointed out.

The first, the cardinal and the leading principle of our institution is, the cultivation of benevolence in its most extensive sense and comprehensive view. This virtue in Masonic meaning, comprehends, not only the dispensation of consolation and the distribution of alms but that state of mind, and that purity of heart which rejoice in the happiness, and commiserate the misery of all our species. It mourns over misfortune in whatever climate, country, religion or complexion it is to be found. It stands ready to pour the balm of consolation into the wounds inflicted by the rueful hand of calamity; to wipe the tear from the eye of sorrow; to

ease the widowed heart; to uphold the forlorn orphan; and to rescue from oppression the hapless victims of its power.

The din of arms, the chains of slavery, and the infernal instruments of sanguinary punishment, excite its sympathy and rous its abhorrence; while the art of white robed peace, the diffusion of plenty, the spread of knowledge, and the consequent augmentation of human felicity, fill up the measure of its joys, and complete the end of its exertions.

The human mind is however, so constructed, that our affections act with more ardor and energy in a small compass; like a pebble thrown into a lake, the greatest impulse is given to the water at the place of its descent, while the increasing circle diminishes in force as it spreads in extent. In the small, but important range of private life, we experience the greatest exercise of our benevolent feelings. As parents, brothers, as husbands, and as friends, we feel those silken ties of heaven-born charity that endear existence, and sometimes render this roll of sorrow a place of comfort, if not of delight. Hence the irresistible impulse which produces those domestic associations and connections, and augments their numbers and influence by the addition of artificial affiliations and positive ties. Hence the origin of those societies which aim at the cultivation of charity and beneficence; and hence the force of the institution, denominated Free Masonry, whose celestial influence, I trust, we all feel, and whose virtues we are assembled this day to recognize.

It was soon discovered that the tie of fraternity constitutes one of the supports and pleasures of domestic life; and as it was the only one capable of being imitated upon an extensive scale, mankind were anxious to avail themselves of its benefits, by the institution of societies which should be formed upon it as a model.

The endearing connexion of brother and friend, was thus extended upon immeasurable ground, and assumed the shape of benevolence in extent, and of brotherly love in power.

The great duty of Free Masons is, then, to cultivate, with unabated ardor, friendship and brotherly love to each other. Their never ceasing object ought to be, to do their brethren all the good, without any of the harm, that lies in their power.

To ridicule, to calumniate, or in any shape, to injure a brother, is a violation of the Masonic rules. If your brother offend you, admonish him in private, and if he still persists, complain to your Lodge, and demand from it redress. If he appears crowned with prosperity and affluence, rejoice with him in his good fortune; and if the hard hand of poverty overtakes him, do not backward in extending to him relief; exhilarate his heart with some of the bounties that the author of nature has conferred upon you; and the God of charity, whose dominion is founded in love and whose power is most seen in beneficence, will bless you in your walks through this probationary state, and finally reward you with the joys of Heaven. You will evidently perceive the necessity of avoiding every thing which may have a tendency to break in upon that brotherly love which forms the cement of every well ordered Lodge. Good men will embrace different sides of religion and politics, and may differ in opinion without animosity or hostility; nothing however is more calculated to introduce the fires of discord into a so-

ciety, than the introduction of political or religious discussion. With this view our fraternity has wisely exploded these sources of dissension, and has declared that a man's peculiar opinions shall not enter into the account of his masonic merits. It requires no religious or political test; its only object of enquiry is, is he virtuous and worthy. You are therefore carefully and sedulously to avoid this source of enmity, as the bane of brotherly love and the poison of social enjoyment.

True it is that men will creep into all societies, with no other view than that of increasing their popularity, or augmenting their wealth; these men well knowing the zeal of Masons in favor of each other, and at the same time conscious that they themselves have no other solid ground of preference, will artfully and insidiously operate upon your Masonic attachments, and endeavor to convert your Lodge into an engine of party, or a tool of personal influence. Shut your ears against the voice of imposters like these. Masons they may be in name, but the influence of our society they have never felt in their hearts. Selfish and unprincipled, cold and dead to sympathetic benevolence, let them live in your memories, only as beacons to warn, not as examples to imitate, or as objects to admire. It will be your business as Master of the Lodge, to set an example to the brethren under your care, of virtue, order, temperance, prudence and decorum. The younger brethren will naturally look up to you as a counsellor and guide; and unless the precepts which it is your official duty to give, are exemplified in your life, they will be as sounding brass, and as the tinkling cymbal.

It requires a rare union of prudence and zeal to govern a Lodge with propriety: you must avoid harshness, austerity and passion, and yet at the same time you must maintain order and decency. The two extremes, of arbitrary conduct and licentious practice, you must shun, as the two rocks between which the prosperity of a Lodge is often ship wrecked.

The ceremonies of Masonry and the mode of working you ought to be perfectly acquainted with; our future conduct is frequently formed from our first impressions. If a candidate is not admitted with due solemnity and proper attention, his views will be correspondent, and the solemn mysteries, which ought never to be seen by the profane eye, will degenerate into farce and buffoonery: Masonry will weep over her neglected altars, and her true spirit will depart from among you.

It may be proper to inform the Wardens of the lodge that they as the Master are the presiding officers.— They must co-operate with him in the maintenance of order and decency; in the administration of the solemn ceremonies, and in the influence of a good example; and while wisdom guides the Lodge in the east, strength must support it in the west, and beauty adorn it in the south; faith, hope and charity must be its supporting pillars, its enlivening elements, its cardinal virtues and its effulgent lights.

And now brethren all, let me conjure you to respect the principles of our institution, to venerate its laws and to follow its precepts.

Recollect that you live in a country where Masonry cannot be much known, and where prejudices will of course exist against it, for ignorance is ever the parent of prejudice. It is then peculiarly your duty to destroy, by the regularity of your conduct, these illiber-

al prepossessions. Let it not be said, that any one among you is an immoral man, or in other respects a bad member of society. Let it not be said, that he neglects any essential duty, or is guilty of any vicious practice; and if any such there be, let him be warned of his bad conduct, and if he does not amend expel him forthwith from your Lodge.

And now, in behalf of the grand lodge of this State I declare this Lodge regularly constituted, organized and installed, and to be respected and esteemed as such by all the other Lodges in the world; and may the Father of light and love dwell among you, purify your hearts, exalt your minds, and render your Lodge a temple of brotherly love, virtue and universal benevolence.

THE FREEMASON.

It has been hinted by some insidious and malevolent characters, who are excluded from the secrets of Free Masonry, that therefore, such society cannot be good; "If" say they, "their meetings be for the promotion of probity and virtue, why are so many secrets?"—Nothing but what is mischievous, they think, is ever concealed.

The philosophers of old informed us, that to be secret (or silent) was to be wise. None but fools-babble; wise men keep their counsel. This is surely verified in the present times; and I am certain, if the world had been acquainted with the mysteries of Freemasonry notwithstanding the many excellencies it possesses, it would not have been in existence now; for, seeing that by secrecy friendship is proved, so by secrecy friends are united. It is the chain which unites our hearts and affections; and without which there can be no honor. When friends part, they should faithfully lock up in their hearts each other's secrets, and exchange keys.

But why is it supposed that secrets imply some mischievous or unworthy design?—Are there not secrets in every family? and why not in a society? Does not a member thereby feel himself secure? and is not he, through this decorum, enabled to relate any secret misfortune which he would be very loth to advertise the public of? Secrecy is the union of hearts; and the more important the secrets, the greater is his confidence who imparts them—the greater his honor who preserves them.

The utility of having secrets in a society is to prove by secrecy, that the members thereof are men of probity, truth, and honor; who can withstand all inducements to violation of a trust, and prove themselves above deceit, and too strong for temptation.

We are told that there are secrets above. Many of the divine determinations no man knoweth, *not even the angels that are in Heaven*; and seeing that we are enjoined to be secret even in clarity, there is, to use a common phrase, much virtue in secrecy. Why then attribute to the order of Freemasonry aught that is improper or unjust, when those of all virtues charity, may, for aught they know, be included among those secrets?

ODD FELLOWS CALENDER.

GRAND LODGE—MISSOURI.

Wm. S. Stewart, M. W. G. M. Benj. M. Buckington, D. G. M. Geo. Path, G. S. Gabriel D. Darlington, G. T. Henry M. Brown, G. W. Thos. M. Darlington, G. C. James W. Robb, G. G. Rev. Thomas B. Hudson, G. Chaplain.

ENCAMPMENT.

Henry M. Brown, G. P. Wm. S. Stewart, H. P. Elihu H. Shepherd, S. W. John Dawson, J. W. Warren J. C. Corley, S. Benj. M. Rachinista, Treas. John D. Field, G.

TRAVELLER'S REST LODGE, NO. 1.

Thomas Jordon, N. G. David N. Dill, V. G. Jerould B. Allen, Sec'y. Wm. S. Stewart, Treas.

WILDEY LODGE NO. 2.

Frederick Kretschman, N. G. Solomon T. Levi, V. G. Gen. A. Hyde, Sec'y. Henry M. Brown, Treas.

SCIENTIFIC.

CHYMICAL CHANGES.

There is no animal vegetable, or even mineral, but what sustains increase or diminution of weight every moment. They are either expanded by heat, contracted by cold, or affected by the substances with which they are combined. It is no proof of the contrary to this position, that many of these changes are neither visible to the human eye, nor sensible to the human touch. Animals and vegetables sustain these changes even oftener than every thousandth part of a second. Gold, platina, and silver, are less liable to change than other metals; but even their changes are frequently apparent. The ten simple earths are not only incapable of being analysed into other bodies, but they are equally unsusceptible of being converted into each other. They are also incombustible and infusible; and they enter into the composition of all substances that fill up the space, beginning with gems, and finishing with the smallest grain of sand. Even these have perpetual increase and diminution. Some minerals impart their virtues without losing any of their sensible weight;—but they lose weight nevertheless. It is only inane to say.

The diamond is the most unchangeable of earthly bodies, when remaining in its quarry: and yet this hardest of all bodies is a combustible substance, and furnishes pure charcoal;—and charcoal itself, the most obstinate of all bodies, may be melted by the gas blow-pipe.

The apparent changes in mineral bodies are exceedingly curious and beautiful. If nitric acid is poured on copper filings, the particles of copper will combine with the acid, and form a new body, distinct from either.

Mercury will dissolve in vapor in the common temperature of the atmosphere; or be shaken into dust. Iron is burned in pure oxygen gas; and when applied red hot to a roll of sulphur, it comes obsequious and pulverizes. Gold and silver may be reduced to a calx, and then reclaimed to their primitive nature and form; and all bodies resolve themselves by chymical analysis, into earth, water, salt, sulphur, or mercury. Shells wherever found, in the sea, in rivers, or on the backs of animals, will ferment with acids, and burn into lime.

Silver is generally found combined with lead, antimony and sulphur. Copper with many substances: iron mostly with sulphuric and carbonic acids; pyrites with iron and sulphur; tin with sulphur and copper; lead with sulphur and silver; Mercury is found among ores, stones and clay; nickel with iron and arsenic; zinc with carbonic and sulphuric acids; arsenic with iron, gold, and silver; and cobalt, with arsenic and sulphuric acids. Of these, gold and platina are most unchangeable; they are dissolved by oxygenated muriatic acid, and they all burn readily in oxygen gas.

Sulphur, plumbago, the several bitumens, coal, jet, and amber are combustible, and therefore freely change their forms and nature. The harder metals are combined by the force of chymical affinity, and decomposed by the same principle;—a power supposed to arise from positive and negative electricity.

Some have even effected, not only to separate the component parts of objects,—the science of chymistry,—but even to change one body into another. The industry of alchemists took this direction;—hence their endeavors to discover a menstruum, which, being cast upon metals in a state of infusion, would convert their true mercurial parts into gold. This menstruum they called the power of projection. The possibility of metals being transmuted into gold was entertained by Bacon, and in some measure countenanced by Boyle and Newton. The changes of mineral bodies may be supposed to arise from a union of the combined effects of electricity, magnetism, and chymical affinity.

Paracelsus and Van Helmont took a less objectionable ground, when they insisted, that in nature there existed a fluid, which has the power of reducing all bodies to their original elements. The existence of

*Limestone is formed by a combination of water and carbonic. When a Limestone rock appears, therefore, we may rest assured, that water once flowed there. Indeed the whole form and disposition of the earth prove, that it was once in a state of fluidity.

such a fluid is doubtless not impossible; but it has never yet been discovered, and if it really exists, will most probably be given to accident to discover. Nature has trusted no animal with fire, but man. A universal dissolvent would be so powerful an agent for man to be entrusted with. The time may however come, when nature may condescend to speak a more intelligible language, and intrust posterity with greater prerogatives. Indeed the time seems rapidly approaching; for M. Lussac has discovered the means of rendering the most inflammable substances combustible without flame or re. By means of the gas blow-pipe, rock crystal may be melted into a substance resembling pure mercury rubies, sapphires, and emeralds may be melted into one mass; and even magnesia and pure carbonate of lime, long supposed to be the most refractory substances to fuse, may be melted by it. This astonishing power is derived, as Clarke has demonstrably proved, from the mixture of hydrogen gas with that of oxygen gas, in the exact proportion in which they form water—that is, two parts by bulk of hydrogen gas added to one part of oxygen gas. By this art of burning the gaseous constituents of water, all things in nature become fusible, and in many instances even volatilizable.

Mercury is said to be the foundation of colors, salt of savors, and sulphur of odors. Metals in a volcanic battery burn with various colors;—zinc with a bluish light fringed with red; silver, emerald green; lead, a purple light; copper, a bluish light with sparks; gold, white tinged with blue. Sulphur has such affinities, that it is found combined not only with minerals, but with vegetable and animal substances. Also with hydrogen. When combined in a state of combustion with water it produces sulphurous acid; burning it in pure oxygen gas produces sulphuric acid.

Phosphorus exhibits another beautiful instance of change. One pound of it will melt one hundred pounds of ice. When combined with hydrogen gas, it takes fire at any temperature, upon being exposed to the atmosphere; and when associated with sulphur, it forms a compound so combustible that, when exposed to the air, it bursts into a vivid flame.

Oxygen gas, assists combustion; nitrogen gas destroys it. Fire is detected in the fat of animals, in the wax of bees, in vegetables, in flints, and in minerals; but gold has the remarkable property of enduring its greatest power, for several weeks, without any apparent diminution of its weight. Fire hardens earth, softens metals, vitrifies rocks, reduces alabaster to powder, purifies air, and evaporates water. It destroys vegetables, crystallizes, sublimates,—and in fact seems to be nature's most universal agent, not only of change and ruin, but of fructification and reproduction.

The compression of air produces both fire and water. Newton observed that all bodies which possess high refractive powers, have an inflammatory base; and as water and the diamond possess those powers, he predicted that both those substances would one day be proved to have an inflammable base also. These predictions are now verified. Water is composed of fifteen parts of hydrogen, and eighty-five parts of oxygen; and it is so impregnated with various extraneous matter, that none can be deemed pure, that has not undergone the process of distillation. In fact, the four elements unite in a single drop of water, all of which may be separated at the discretion of the chymist. It is decomposed by throwing into it phosphuret of lime: while caloric forces itself in such abundance between its particles, as to destroy its attraction of cohesion.

Muriatic acid, on the contrary, has such an affinity for water, that whenever it meets with moisture, it assumes the appearance of a cloud; and so great an affinity for it has the muriate of ammonia, that it cannot be collected in a receiver; it is therefore collected over mercury. All vegetable acids, whether obtained from mucilage, cork, balsam, bark, ripe fruits, lemon juice, sorrel, amber, vinegar, or tartrid of potash, are soluble in it; they are also decomposable by heat. But copal, mastic, and the gluten of vegetables, are not soluble in water, though they are in oil, nor is magnesia, though it is in every kind of acid.

Why is a man about to put his father in a sack, like a traveller on his way to a city in Asia?—Because he is going to Bagdad.

MISCELLANY.

From the Louisville Literary Casket
QUEEN SEMIRAMIS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

Yes, of all my wives, you I love the best, said King Ninus to Semiramis. No one has such graces and such attractions as you; for you I would be willing to give up all my other wives.

How noble speaks the king! Might I but take him at his word?

Since Semiramis loves me, what value is another's beauty?

Ah then, suppose I should ask you to shut up your seraglio, to send back its inhabitants, I will be the only sharer of your power, I will be your spouse, I will be queen of Assyria!

Semiramis spoke with an air that rendered her a thousand times more beautiful. However the shutting his Seraglio and the sending back his wives appeared somewhat serious to Ninus. He did not directly answer Semiramis, but he replied:

Queen of Assyria! and are you not really such, since by your beauty you reign over the master of Assyria?

No, I am but a slave whom you dote on to day.

Who will answer for to-morrow? I do not reign with kingly authority. When I give an order, you are consulted before it is obeyed.

Do you think then, royalty such a pleasure? Only because I have never reigned!

Do you wish to taste it then? Do you wish to take for a few days my authority, to reign in my place?

Take care, you advance too much!

No! I repeat it, do you wish or one day to become sole queen and mistress of Assyria? I consent to it.

And all my orders shall be executed?

Yes I will yield you for one day my power and my golden sceptre which is its emblem.

But if I should shut your seraglio?

Ninus looked serious. I will not retract my word; during one day, one entire day you shall be queen and mistress. I swear it. Myself, no less than my palace and my empire shall obey you; the power shall be yours and yours alone. Collect then for that day all your desires and all your caprices, for then they shall be indulged.

And when shall it be?

To-morrow, if you wish!

I accept it said Semiramis; and she turned gently toward Ninus and rested her fair forehead on his shoulder. She had the appearance of a beautiful woman who seemed to ask pardon for a caprice after it had been granted her. Never had Semiramis been so gracious, never had king Ninus been so happy. In the morning the king said to Semiramis; To-day you are queen! Semiramis called her maids and arrayed herself most magnificently; she placed upon her beautiful forehead a crown of precious stones, and repaired thus arrayed, to Ninus. Ninus, enchanted by her beauty, ordered all the officers and all the servants of the palace to assemble in the audience chamber and his golden sceptre to be brought him. When these orders were executed and all were again assembled in the hall, awaiting some great event, he had the doors of Semiramis' chamber opened, and taking her by the hand, entered with her. All the officers and all the servants prostrated themselves before the king. Ninus conducted Semiramis to the throne and seating her ordered every one to rise, and he then announced to the court that he wished that Semiramis should be obeyed and regarded as queen for one day. He took the sceptre of gold from the chief of the slaves and putting it into her hands, said, "Queen, behold the sign of the sovereign power; take it and let it serve you to command as sovereign. All around you are your slaves, and even I am only your serviteur during a whole day. Whoever shall execute your orders slowly shall be punished as if he had neglected to execute the most positive orders of the king." After having thus spoken, the king knelt before the throne and kissed the proffered hand of Semiramis. All the court passed in order before Semiramis' throne, who received from each an oath blindly to execute her orders. When the ceremony was finished, he complimented Semiramis, and asked her how she could assume so grave and majestic an air. I shall have an order for them all, said she, I have but one day to

reign and I can well employ it. The king laughed; let us see, said he, some of those orders.

Let the king's secretary approach my throne, said Semiramis, in a loud voice!

The secretary approached; two slaves placed before her a small golden table—"Write under pain of death it is ordered to the governor of the city of Babylon to yield the commandment of that city to him who carries this order!"

Close that order, seal it with the king's seal, and return it to me.

Write, "Under pain of death, it is ordered to the chief of the slaves of the palace to give up the commandment of the slaves to the bearer of this order"—Fold, seal and return me that order.

Write, "Under pain of death it is ordered to the general of the army who is encamped under the walls of Babylon, to give up the commandment of it to the bearer of this order"—Fold seal and return me that.

She took the three orders which she has just dictated, and placed them on her table. The whole court remained silent, the king himself was astonished.

Listen! said Semiramis, in two hours all the officers of state will come to offer presents as is usual at the coronation of new princes. Let a festival and a feast be prepared for this evening!

Wait I have another order to give.

"Under pain of death it is ordered to [the chief eunuch to present this evening at the festival, twenty women of the greatest beauty they will be added to those of the seraglio—Go! Every one departed—Ninus was left alone with the queen.

Ninus and the queen passed into the palace gardens. The slaves attached to the garden prostrated themselves before Semiramis.

These beautiful gardens are yours to-day my queen, why do you not beautify them. But you have power to-day, let us see you use it.

You shall see! Slave, said she to the chief of the gardens, you see this portico of granite a hundred feet high and the terrace which surmounts it. Take this garden with its springs, its fountains, its trees and carry it to that terrace.

Queen, said the slave—

You shall die if you do not obey. Take my twenty thousand slaves and do as I tell you. Then Semiramis will have gardens worthy of her.

The chief of the gardens remained fixed with astonishment! Ninus laughed. An eunuch approached the queen—

Great queen, said he, the lords of the court wait that you may deign to receive their homage.

Follow me, my serviteur, said she, turning to Ninus, and she entered her audience chamber. The lords of the court filed before the throne, each bringing some presents. The greater part presented jewels and precious stuffs. Semiramis little regarded these futile presents, and ordered her treasurer to give each one three times the value of their presents.

It is thus said she to Ninus, that a prince, should receive presents, as an homage, not as a tribute. After the lords came the servants of the palace. They offered flowers, fruits, rare and elegant animals. Semiramis received their offerings with a gracious air. The first three were three young brothers who had been brought from Circassia in the same caravan with Semiramis. Semiramis knew them; for one day that part of the caravan in which the women were, was attacked by an enormous tiger, and they were the first and only ones who attacked and killed him.

The three brothers did not recognize Semiramis. When they passed before the throne Semiramis said, and have you nothing to offer the queen?

Nothing, answered the first, who was Zopie, but my life to defend you.

Nothing, said the second, who was Artaban, but my sabre against your enemies.

Nothing, said the third, who was Assur, but the respect and admiration that your presence inspires.

Slaves, said Semiramis, you of all the court have made me the richest presents, for I cannot recompense them with all the wealth of the treasury; and it cannot be that Semiramis will be ingrateful.

You have offered me your sabre against my enemies, take this order, carry it to the general who is encamped under the walls of Babylon and await the result.

You have offered your life to defend me, take this order, carry it to the governor of the citadel and await the result.

Turning to Ninus, she said; now for my toilet for this evening's fete. Come, and then we can judge of the beauty of those females which are to be added to the seraglio. They went out. Soon the women destined for the seraglio were introduced. Ninus saw them with pain, he cared only for Semiramis.

Fifteen women had appeared; "Very well," said Ninus with an air of nonchalance, "it is sufficient!"

Semiramis' eyes inflamed with rage—Slave! said she to the eunuch, I told you "under the pain of death" twenty women for this evening, here are but fifteen, the other five or your head.

The eunuch did not answer, he looked only at the king. It is to me and not to Ninus that you have to answer for your disobedience. The other five women I must have, or I must have your head.

My head will go: fall without the king's permission.

That speech condemns you, said she, and striking the table with her hand four slaves entered. Seize this slave chain him in the yard of the seraglio and let his head be presented to me before this evening's festival!—Go. The slaves waited an instant, expecting an order from Ninus. Semiramis repeated her order and they departed, carrying with them the eunuch.

Place it upon a paling in the palace yard on the road of the slaves who come to the feast, and let it be an example to them, for whosoever disobeys my orders shall thus be punished.

The festival was very gay. Semiramis, at table, remarked to Ninus that one single courtier had failed to do his obeisance to the new queen this morning.

Who ever he be, cried Ninus, he must be severely punished.

It is yourself, seignor! what present have you made our new queen?

Ninus rose and whispered a few words in the ear of the queen.

The Queen is insulted by her serviteur, said Semiramis.

I embrace her feet to obtain my pardon, pardon me, beautiful queen pardon me.

You wish me to abdicate? replied Semiramis, but no I have yet two hours to reign; withdrawing her hand which Ninus was covering with kisses.

I cannot pardon an insult from a slave, so slave prepare to die!

Fool that you are! said Ninus, yet on his knees, but I can yield to your folly for soon your reign will be at an end.

You will not see its termination, then said Semiramis.

Slaves, said she, in a loud voice, seize this man, this very man, this Ninus.

Ninus turning round put himself into the hands of the slaves.

Go without the hall, say in the court of the seraglio; prepare for death and attend my order. The slaves obeyed and went to the court of the seraglio. Ninus followed them laughing. They passed before the head of the disobedient eunuch. Soon Semiramis was seen in a balcony. Ninus was left with his chained hands.

Run to the fortress, Zopie, you to the camp, Artaban, and do you see that the palace gates are shut, Assur. All these orders were given in a quick voice, and were quickly executed.

Well, queen, said Ninus, laughing, there remains only your word to finish this excellent comedy.

Here! said Semiramis, Slaves! remember the eunuch—Strike!

The slave struck. Ninus had hardly time to emit a cry. His head fell upon the pavement; the smile was still upon his lips.

"Now" said she, "I am queen of Assyria, and let whosoever disobeys remember Ninus and the eunuch."

A very remarkable fact.—The driver of the East Bridgewater and Abington stage coach, positively declares (and he is a man who ought to be believed) that one day last week he conveyed ten ladies to Abington and that there was not one bandbox among the whole.—*Boston Journal.*

POPULAR TALES.

STORIES OF THE IRISH PEASANTRY.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

"Mind not high things: but condescend to men of low estate." St. Paul.

THE WRECKER.—A SEA-SIDE STORY.

[CONCLUDED.]

Margaret Murphy seemed worn more by the perpetual restless anxiety she could not quell, then by age; her bright, wild, blue eye was never calm, and her lean colorless lips were in perpetual motion. She was subject to occasional fits of insanity, but her memory was at all times distinct, and her reason frequently clear; her observations were keen and sarcastic; and whatever of affection lingered round her woman's heart was for her son. Hannah she regarded as a part of him, and the tenderness evinced towards her by the kind young woman, was the only balm her heart tasted. Margaret was in reality the daughter of a gentleman in a distant neighborhood, the *natural* daughter, and consequently treated in an unnatural manner. She had a better sort of education until she was thirteen or fourteen; her father then married, and she was put forth with her degraded mother to endure as best she might the contempt which follows the parent's sin. Of all crimes which man in a civilised state of society is guilty of—and there are many of which the law can take no hold—there is none equal to this; none so black in its depravity; none so injurious in its consequences to the moral dignity of society.—What her after career was, for many years, remains a mystery. She fell, it was believed, into sin herself; for the dwellers in the neighborhood never spoke of her without saying, "God break hard fortune before every one's child;" a Christian and beautiful prayer, to which each kindly heart must say Amen! "Hard fortune," however, seemed the poor woman's "rock-a-head" all her life. When she did marry, there was little doubt that she wedded Pierce for the sake of being made "an honest woman," and he took her because of the possession of a scanty store of that ill-gotten gold which melts away, and leaves nothing behind but its poisoned memory.

Still, when Hannah, seated by her bed-side, looked into her worn and wrinkled features, she felt how lonely would be her own fate, if that poor half-wild woman were to die. She was the mother of her beloved husband, and that formed a strong link in her affections.

Again the storm whirled on without; the winds did not howl more furiously than the waters; both regard together; and the din of elements became more fearful than ever. So loud, indeed, was the tumult, that the thunder over the cliffs, which at any other time would have seemed to shake them to their foundations formed now only a part of the troubled whole. The only distinctive feature during this storm was the lightning, which flashed and forked throughout the dwelling like a thing instinct with life.

"It's dancing, jewel," said Margaret; "dancing mad it is with joy, because of the mischief that will come upon those that walk the waters before morning. There's another blast of the oak one's bellows? Hannah, pray, in the core of your own heart pray, *ar-ran-neen*, for the walkers of the witters. God bless you, girl!" she added, suddenly, while darting her quick glittering eye over the calm clear face of her daughter-in-law; "God bless you! sure it's a mercy to have any thing near such a wretch as me that puts one in mind there is a heaven upon earth, where there's innocence. But pray, Hannah jewel; pray—pray—only don't lave me."

If Hannah had been even more inclined than she was to pray, she could not have done so, for her mother-in-law continued to mutter and give voice to various exclamations and broken ideas that were in ill keeping with prayer. Suddenly the secret door through which Pierce Murphy had descended to the beach, opened, and a tall active-looking smuggler, by name Andrew Furlong, proceeded to a cupboard; and taking out a quantity of tow and other combustibles, asked Hannah why she was not gone to bed, and commenced forming something which appeared like a very long and massive torch.

"Any sign of the boat, Andy?" inquired Hannah.

"None; but there's some of the *lobsters* we hear beyond the Point, so we can't make the right signal, and the waves are dashing like mad in there. It's as dark as pitch, and even if she had a light (which of course, she wouldn't,) we could not get a glimpse of her, good or bad, bedad! The weather is as contrary as yerself," he added, in a low voice; "there's hardly half of ye left, fretting yer heart and soul afther one ye'll never see again."

"A blither on yer heart for that speech," exclaimed the old woman, who, despite his effort to lower his voice had heard the whisper; "a blither on yer heart for that same, Andrew Furlong. Hav'n't ye wickedness enough on hand by sea and land; but ye must thvy to take from my lone boy the only thing he has left in the wide world—his young wife's love? Ah! yer reign 'll not be long when he's in it! ye must harry the salt sea then on another track."

The young smuggler muttered a curse, and after finishing one torch commenced another.

"Ah, thiu," inquired Hannah, "what do ye want of another; sure the lanterns from the window is as good as any, and they"—Andrew Furlong interrupted her.

"Hav'n't I told ye that the *lobsters* are at the other side the Point; and would it be sense, do you think to have light here, to bring thereto our own hiding place? Sure we must strike a light bwer down; it's to warn them off we want, not to get them in."

"But one red flare is the warning light," persisted Hannah; "and what do you want of two?"

"Suppose one goes out there's hardly a glimmer will stand such a wind."

"One will stand it as well as another; besides, I know ye shelter yer lights."

"If ye're so knowledgeable, may be ye'll lend me a hand at melting a drop of pich to make them burn stronger; we'll be ruined entirely if the boat comes in—beether it should go to the bottom."

"Oh, my God!" she exclaimed, "how can you say so? and the poor craythurs on board of her! But, Andy, is it going to make another ye are?"

"Three torches!" said the old woman, who had risen from her bed without Hannah having given her any assistance, or even perceived her intention, and stood now by their side with no other covering than her cloak, which she grappled rather than folded round her.—"Three! is it three ye're about? Then it's well ye know that the boat is far enough away; three had never any thing to do with a smuggler's sign; it isn't the boat ye're thinking of. Hannah, are ye a fool to suppose it's a boat they're minding! No, no; it's a false light they're afther, to 'tice some unfortunate ship into the very jaws of death, that's it;" and having so said, she seized the small vessel in which Hannah, unconscious of the real design, had melted the pitch, and before Andrew had time to prevent it, she had flung the contents upon the embers of the fire. In an instant there was a blaze that illumined the cottage, and glared fiercely on the old woman's spectral figure, the pallid and anxious features of her daughter-in-law, and the excited and strongly marked countenance of the reever.

"Answer for it to yer master," he said sneeringly. "If ye must know the truth, and I don't see the use o' screening it, there is a ship close in shore; and what's more; no earthly power could get her out.—What does it matter to the craythurs aboard, whether they're dashed to pieces here, or lower down? though it 'll matter to us. Sorra take the woman, just look at her! Sure I didn't make the storm? Ye might just as well say it's a sin to burn the branch the wind tears from the tree."

"Pierce Murphy swore me an oath, that never, never, while grass grew or water ran; never, while the sea was salt and the moon bright; never would he resort to that, afther—afther what me both know. Ough my grief! the smuggling 'bad enough, brought sorrow enough on us; but the curse of drowing men, the laugh, and the jibe, and the jeer, of the walking spirits who rise up from the rocks and sands, and cold sea beds all green and slimy, their shrills of sea-weed—there—I see them now—and now!"

So terrific were her gesures, in a great degree the workings of insanity, so bright her eyes, so haggard her features, while she stood like a resurrection before Hannah, and Andrew, that even Andrew, bold villain though he was, forgot his task in the momentary terror

she inspired. Visions of the past crowded to her heated brain; she had depended on her husband's promise adhered to, as she believed, for some years, that he never again would link himself with wreckers. She did not know, poor miserable woman, how hard it is to overcome a tendency to great crime, while smaller ones are continually practised without reproof or remorse; but the agonising memories that rushed upon her, when she saw the well-known preparation for decoy-lights, were too much for her shattered senses, and she conjured up the most horrid visions from the depths of the ocean, the roarings of which mingled with the wind that beat around the cabin.

After an instant's pause, Andrew seized his "corpse candles," and had nearly gained the secret passage, when Hannah sprang afther him—"Ye would not go heavy with my curse!" she exclaimed, "Andy, Andy think first on what ye're afther!—drawing them to their doom, when they think they are gaining a harbor from the raging seas; think if ye had a brother, a father, on board that ship think what *that* would be. Oh, can ye have the heart to see the vessel beat to pieces on these rocks—the poor, poor mangled bodies! Oh, blessed Virgin!" she added, falling on her knees, "look down and save the helpless crew—save us all from this great sin!"

"Let me go Hannah; yer keeping me here is no good. Pierce Murphy, yer own father-in-law, has decoyed them already—only you could not hear, wid the wind; her guns have fired, and"—Before his sentence was finished, the boom of a gun, sudden and abrupt, shot as it were through the storm; it was echoed by a frightful scream from the old woman, who stood beating the air with her hands, and uttering imprecation too horrid to repeat. Hannah ran to her side, not, however, before she had heard the voice of her father-in-law shouting up the cavity to Andrew Furlong to hasten down.

The poor young woman at any other time would have sunk under the conflicting feelings, tortures I should rather say, of that desperate hour, had it not been that the deplorable state of Margaret obliged her to act rather than think or feel.

Smuggling is, unhappily, considered even by some of the best of the Irish peasantry, as a venial offence, and they catch at every excuse for a crime which furnishes them at a cheap rate with the liquid fire that distils poison through their veins; they totally overlook the demoralising effect of what is contrary to law, inasmuch as it immediately forces even a man with comparatively good intentions into the most depraved society. But though my poor countryfolk find a too ready excuse for smuggling, I never knew them make excuse for "wrecking;" their national hospitality rises against it, and the crime is always referred to with a shudder, even by those who would make no scruple of committing other equally lawless crimes. Bad as Pierce Murphy had been, bad as he still was, he never systematically practised this base sin, but his associates and his depraved habits in other respects led to it; and the conviction that the doomed ship was too far in shore to escape on that fearful night, that she must go to pieces somewhere, led to the argument, "she may as well come in here as go elsewhere;" and instead of devising means to save his fellow-creatures from so wretched an end, he plotted with the elements to destroy, by imitating in a particular way the light of the nearest light-house; thus luring the ship to the very rocks which groaned for her destruction, when having lost their bearings, they believed they were avoiding danger.

"Did I not tell you of the winding-sheet and the death-watch?" screamed the old woman; "but my curse will be on him for this, and the curse of a broken oath; think of that Hannah. And there's another gun, nearer the shore," she added, "much nearer the shore, on the rocks." She paused a moment, and then added, with a calmness of manner that astonished Hannah, accustomed though she was to her fitful changes, "And now the Lord have mercy on their souls! for nothing can save 'em. Help me to bed, girl, afther, for the strength has left me intirely." It would then have been a mercy to poor Hannah if the wind had continued to battle with the waves; but after the discharge of the last gun, the wind lulled, and the sea rolled and roared in proud mastery, save when the thunder gave token that the lightning had glared over land and sea. Hannah, after a pause, finding that her

mother-in-law continued quiet, placed a chair beneath the window I have before mentioned, opened the casement, and looked out over the troubled waters. It was more like the mad riot of a fearful dream, than reality; and accustomed as she had been to sea-storms, this seemed the most terrible she had ever witnessed. To say that the waves were mountains high, gives no idea of their awful appearance. Far out from land, the huge black billows, frowning and dark, heaved themselves to the heavens, as if the mysterious world beneath, disturbed by some mighty earthquake, flung up the heavy waters, rebelling against their pressure. Exactly opposite to where she stood, the moon, (then at its full) shone palely out from between the parted clouds, that rolled back from its path. Pale, stern, and supernatural, it gleamed, like the unclosed eye of the dead (deriving its light from *without* instead of *within*), over the mighty tumult; while the forced lightning glared upon and amid its fierce playfellow showing their darkness the more terrible by its surprising brightness. As the waves neared the rocks they heaved themselves high, and more high, until their inky crests maddened by opposition, broke into snowy and sparkling masses of glittering drift-like foam, and upon those the lightning showed like living fire—now tossing its brilliancy aloft, now beautiful in its destruction, tipping the foam with magic light, and then twisting like a fiery serpent in the very jaws of death! A little to the right of the cabin, where Hannah well knew the rocks were most fearful, a dark mass seemed fixed amid the spray. As if the very lightning of heaven determined to show the worst, a broad mass of light fell upon the devoted ship; short as was its duration, Hannah screamed with agony at its revelations. The shrouds were thickened by despairing wretches, who clung to them as their last frail hope; the stern of the vessel, high in air, was covered with human beings; nay, more, she saw them struggling in the water, dashed into crimsoned atoms against the murderous rocks. Although all was again darkness, she covered her eyes with her hands, and so suddenly still did the tumult become, that she distinctly heard Pierce Murphy's voice calling to his comrades. With the quick and sudden impulse, of her country-women, she could have fallen on her knees, and cursed—whom!—Her husband's father! There was no touch of humanity, in the tone of his cruel voice; it arose on the night-wind like the fierce growl of a tiger over his prey.

She looked again. Now God have mercy on their souls! The ship had split asunder; one half was hurled with a mighty crash higher on the rocks, the other dispersed amid the boiling bubble of the stormy deep. Bright masses of lightning continued to illumine the frightful scene; horrible as it was, poor Hannah continued to look down upon it, though her face and hair were drenched with the salt spray; and the voice of the old woman was heard (though not by her) imploring that the window might be shut, it was so cold.—At length the idea occurred to her that she would brave the storm below, and perhaps she might save some sailor from the jaws of death; and then the memory of her own beloved one rushed with its full tide of tenderness into her woman's heart; her eye rested for a moment (as, dashing the water from her face with the tresses of her long hair, which the wind had flung over her shoulders) on the sea, and, strongly illumined by a flash of lightning, she saw, or fancied she saw for it is difficult to believe that a mortal eye could have distinguish'd an object so distinctly at that distance—still Hannah thought she saw upturned towards her, amid the foam, the face of her young husband, Luke Murphy!

She sprang, rather than ran, down the secret passage, and along the shore. Pierce Murphy (for the morning was breaking,) seeing her flying like a sea-nymph through the haze and mist of the sea spray, seized her by the arm, and roughly demanded what she wanted; her words were few, but they were enough to paralyze the avowed smuggler—the secret wrecker. She called him *his son's murderer*. She declared she had seen that dear, that well-remembered face, rise upon the surface of the water. Her father-in-law, as I have said, was paralysed at her words, but he believed them to be the dream of a disordered brain; he called to one of his companions to bear her up the cliff, for the scene was awful. The mangled remains of more than one body, still quivering with life, had

been washed in, mutilated by the rocks, or crushed by the cargo that the wreckers were dragging on shore, heedless of the cries and supplications for help of the drowning crew. Her screams rose above the echoes and the sound of the watery tumult. She would not leave the beach; and the wicked, always superstitious, trembled at her incoherent words—at her wild shrieks; trembled even amid their thirst for such unlawful, such unholy plunder. Through the mist, amid the dawning light, and down the steep but beaten path leading from the cliffs to the shore, several of the coast-guard were seen descending, and this rendered Pierce more furious, as his prospect of booty decreased.

"Away mad fool!" he exclaimed, as, with eyes straining from their sockets, Hannah opened her arms to every advancing wave, as if she expected it to yield her husband to her embrace.

"Take her away, will ye?—she lies," said Pierce.

"No, no; I do not—I do not," she exclaimed wildly. "See—see—see—he comes—he"—and with the effort of a despairing woman, she threw herself farther into the white surf, which had run up on the sands, bearing another victim to the land.

The story is well remembered to this day—it is this:—That Hannah clasped her husband's body, and was dragged back to the shore along with it. Pierce Murphy, fully awake to the fact that he had been the means of the destruction of his own son, who, full of hope and joy, was on his return to his young wife and his native land, could only gaze on the suits of his wickedness—no one can tell with what feelings, for he imparted them to none. His companions in sin quickly recognised the once gay, light-hearted youth; but Hannah would suffer none to approach her. She dragged the body under shelter of a rock, and, sitting down with frightful calmness, drew it across her knees, resting the mangled head upon her bosom, and enfolding all that she loved on earth, as a mother enfolds her child. She did not heed the oozing blood, the broken bones, nor the cold chill of the dead, but parted the streaming hair from the brow, and kissed and murmured over it words of such tenderness, that the wreckers, and the coast-guard, the forgetful of their plunder or personal safety, if their share in the destruction should be discovered, the other neglectful of their duty, but all strong fearless men accustomed to death, and terror, looked on with tears at that sad picture of mute and maniac agony. Gentle as she was with the poor senseless clay, she would not, even when the sun was high in the heavens, and the receding tide showed how fearful the destruction had been, suffer any one to approach her. Several of the crew were saved, and their testimony was of such a nature, that Pierce (who made no attempt to escape,) was seized and conveyed to Wexford jail. As the evening drew on, it was determined to remove Hannah from the body by force. To shield her from the sun's heat which burst forth as if to contrast the power of light with the power of darkness, one of her neighbors had thrown her cloak over the broken-hearted woman and her burden: the same kind had removed it when the parish priest declared she must not be longer left with the corpse. Alas! there was nothing living to separate—to put apart from the dead. The heart which had beat so warmly within that gentle bosom was broken!

To the great horror of the country, Pierce Murphy destroyed himself in prison—a crime never anticipated in Ireland, because of such rare occurrence.

Margaret, the old woman, wandered for many a day—months, years—throughout the neighborhood, a confirmed maniac; her bodily strength seemed to return when her faculties were totally destroyed; but she has now long been dead.

"To see how the innocent suffer for the guilty, and how one crime leads to another," observed a country girl to her companion, after hearing this sad tale.

"True for ye, *aileen*; and sure it's a great pity people don't think of that in time."

Death Warrants.—A London paper states that the Queen does not sign death warrants. After sentence of death is passed upon the convict, the Judge before whom the case is tried, writes against the prisoner's name on the calendar, "Let execution be done," and the sentence is carried into effect, unless contrary orders are given.

THE GATHERER.

HUMAN SACRIFICES IN THE KINGDOM OF RAHORE.

We are indebted to Doctor Benet, who was lately physician to the King of Rahore, and whose return to Paris was recently announced, for the subjoined curious details of a horrible custom, which was supposed to have been entirely abolished in India. It was on the night of the 27th June, 1839, that Runjeet Singh breathed his last; since the 24th, he had been struggling with death, and from that moment the harem had been in the utmost excitement. Several of his women hastened to demand the honors of the *suttee*; but the favor was granted only to four legitimate queens of princely blood. Some faithful guards of the harem would also pay their tribute of respect to the King and the honor was vouchsafed to seven eunuchs. On the 28th, as early as eight o'clock in the morning, a magnificent pile of sandal wood was erected on the parade, a short distance from the palace. The royal corpse was conveyed to it in procession; the four Queens came next, and the seven eunuchs followed on foot. The four Queens were placed two and two, and face to face; the King's body was put upon their laps, and the eunuchs stationed themselves around them. The wood pile was completed by surrounding the victims with some legs of sandal, so as to conceal all but heads from public sight. Linen, imbibed with oil, butter, and resinous perfumes had been put in large quantities into the interior of the pile, and also round the victim. The late King's eldest son, Korregg Singh, who succeeded his father, approached the pile, and set fire to some torches placed beneath it. The princes and all the courtiers were assembled close by a large number of troops were also stationed around, and an immense crowd, assembled from all parts enjoyed the horrible sight, and applauded the courage of those voluntary victims. Not one of the Queens, not one of the eunuchs uttered the slightest cry. It must however, be observed that the fire communicated with extreme rapidity to the resinous matter and that an immense flame mingled with smoke, immediately arose, which must have promptly suffocated those victims of the most barbarous prejudice. Next day the bones of the hand and foot of the King, and next the queens and eunuchs, were gathered and after being put in bags of gold embroidered silk, with perfumes and flowers, they were carried in procession, and with great pomp, to the Ganges, and cast into that sacred stream. Other ceremonies took place for the interment of the other parts of the body—the wrecks of that atrocious sacrifice.—*Paris Paper.*

BONAPARTE'S WOUNDS.

Napoleon showed me the two wounds—one a very deep cicatrice above the left knee, which he said he had received in his first campaign of Italy, and it was of so serious a nature, that the surgeons were in doubt whether it might not be necessary to amputate. He observed that when he was wounded, it was always kept a secret in order not to discourage the soldiers. The other was on the toe, and was received at Eckmuhl. "At the siege of Acre," continued he, a shell thrown by Sidney Smith, fell at my feet. Two soldiers, who were close by, seized, and closely embraced me, one in front and the other on one side, and made rampart of their bodies, for me, against the effect of the shell, which exploded, and overwhelmed us with sand. We sunk into the hole formed by its bursting; one of them was wounded. I made them both officers.—One has since lost his leg at Moscow, and commanded at Vinconnes, when I left Paris.—When he was summoned by the Russians, he replied, that as soon as they had sent him back the leg he had lost at Moscow he would surrender the fortress. "Many times in my life," continued he, "have I been saved by soldiers and officers throwing themselves before me, when I was in the most imminent danger. At Arcola, when I was advancing Colonel Menron, my aid-de-camp, threw himself before me, covered me with his body, and received the wound which was destined for me. He fell at my feet and his blood spouted up in my face. He gave his life to preserve mine. Never yet, I believe, has there been such devotion shown by soldiers, as mine have manifested for me. In all my misfortunes, never has a soldier, even when expiring, been wanting to me."

ver has man been served more faithfully by his troops. With the last drop of blood gushing out of their veins they exclaimed, 'Vive l'Empereur!'—*O'Meara's "Voice from St. Helena."*

THE BRIDE.

The writings of Washington Irving abound in pictures, which, for delicacy, taste, and truth, are not surpassed by any writers in the English language. The following is an exquisite passage from a chapter in his *Bracebridge Hall*:

"I know no sight more charming and touching than that of a young and timid bride, in her robes of virgin white, led up trembling to the altar. When I thus behold a lovely girl in the tenderness of her years, forsaking the house of her fathers, and the house of her childhood—and, with the implicit confidence, and the sweet self-abandonment, which belong to woman, giving up all the world for the man of her choice; when I hear her, in the good old language of the ritual, yielding herself to him 'for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love, honor, and obey, till death us do part'—it brings to mind the beautiful and affecting devotion of Ruth: 'Whither thou goest, I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people' and thy God my God."

THE TITLE OF MAJESTY.

Henry VIII. was the first king of England who assumed the title of Majesty, which is still retained. Before that reign the Sovereigns were usually addressed by the style of "My Liege," and "Your Grace," the latter of which epithets was originally conferred on Henry VI.; "Most High and Mighty Prince" to Edward IV.; "Highest" to Henry VII.; which last expression was sometimes used to Henry VIII., and sometimes "Grace," until near the end of his reign, when they gave way entirely to the more lofty and appropriate appellation of—"Majesty," being the expression with which Francis I. addressed him, at their interview in 1520, at Guisnes, commonly called, the Field of the cloth of Gold. The Emperor, Charles V. had, however, a short period before, taken that novel and high sounding title, and the polished French Monarch lost not so favourable an opportunity of complimenting our then youthful Henry.

BELL RINGING.

A poor Swiss, who was in the mad-house of Zurich, was rather afflicted by imbecility than madness, and was allowed his occasional liberty, which he never abused. All his happiness consisted in ringing bells of the parish church; of this he was somehow deprived, and it plunged him into despair. At length he sought the governor, and said to him, "I come, sir, to ask a favor of you. I used to ring the bells; it was the only thing in the world in which I could make myself useful, but they will not let me do it any longer. Do me the pleasure then of cutting off my head; I cannot do it myself, or I would save you the trouble." Such an appeal produced his re-establishment in his former honours; and he died ringing the bell.

SHERIDAN'S READY WIT.

A friend having pointed out to Mr. Sheridan that Lord Kenyon had fallen asleep at the first representation of *Pizarro*, and that, too, in the midst of Rolla's fine speech to the Peruvian soldiers, the dramatist felt rather mortified; but instantly recovering his usual good humour, he said, "Ah, poor man! let him sleep, he thinks he is on the beach!" One day, meeting two royal dukes walking up St. James's-street, the youngest thus flippantly addressed him: "I say, Sherry, we have just been discussing whether you are a greater fool or rogue; what is your own opinion my boy?" Mr. Sheridan having bowed, and smiling at the compliment, took each of them by the arm, and instantly replied, "Why, faith, I believe I am between both."

A REAL FREAM OF FORTUNE.—"Two days ago," says the *Audience*, "a country girl, who had spent all her money at a lottery of handkerchiefs, collars, sashes, offered her umbrella to the keeper of the stall, as security for some more tickets. The man refused to comply with her request, but told her, that if she would allow him to cut off her hair he would give

her in exchange for it, twenty tickets. The poor girl in hope of redeeming her fortune, consented, and in a minute the scissors of the despoiler had deprived her of this ornament of her sex. The girl played on until nineteen of her tickets came up blanks. The twentieth a prize. On opening the paper the lottery-keeper read it aloud to the persons who were crowding a round and who was convulsed with laughter—it was a comb.—*English paper.*

WATER CRESSES.

A dangerous plant grows mixed with water cresses. When not in flower, it so much resembles the latter as not easily to be distinguished, except by a botanist. Water cresses are of a deeper green, and sometimes spotted with brown, and the extremities of the leaves are brown, and especially the last leaves, which are in pairs larger than the others, undulated at the edges. The dangerous plant, or water-parsnip as it is called, is of an uniform green; the ends of its leaves are longer and narrower, conical at the extremities and toothed at the edges.

AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER.

ALBANY, SATURDAY, AUG. 22, 1840.

NEW LODGE.—A New Lodge, by the name of the Schodack Union lodge, is about being formed, in the town of Schodack. During the Masonic troubles, the brethren of M'Donough and Yates Lodge, in that town, ceased their labors, and their charters became forfeited. Several brethren, from these Lodges, have united, and a new Lodge is now to be formed. May prosperity and fraternal affection attend their efforts.

FOREIGN.—The new steam ship *President*, arrived at New York, on Tuesday last. The news she brings is important and unexpected. The probability of war between France and England, occupies public attention, and the press in both of these countries, to the exclusion of almost every other subject. The English government, had become alarmed at the concessions proffered by the Mehemet Ali to the Sultan, and Lord Palmerston issued instructions to the English minister to widen breach between the Sultan and his vassal.

The cause of the present rupture between France and England, is to be found in the fact that Austria, Prussia, and Russia, have entered into a compact with England without consulting France. The result of the compact is, that terms are to be dictated to the Pacha worse than before the battle of Nesib. The English and French papers are very bitter.

The Constitutional, the government organ says, "France should be prepared for all eventualities. It will not see with cold blood a hand placed on the Turkish empire. All alone, as she is, she has an immense power—material and moral. Her material position consists in a population admirable by its compact unity and its passion for the glory of arms, for grandeur obtained by justice. It consists in the best finances in the world, in 200,000,000 of reserve accumulated at the Bank, 150,000,000 laid by for internal improvement, in two millions of royal forests, and of 300,000,000 the war budget. Without a loan, without even the sale of its woods, France could have, in a short time, 700,000,000 deposited to make head against its enemies."

A dreadful accident occurred at one of the English Collieries, in consequence of the explosion of a fire damp. Eight dead bodies had already been brought up. The punishment of death bill, has been defeated

by a majority of 27 in the Commons. The Earl of Durham died at Cowes, on the 29th ult. aged 48 years. Oxford, who attempted the life of the Queen, is said not to be half so crazy since his trial.

FANNY ELLSIE.—The "Divine Fanny" as she is termed, by some of her brainless idolaters, is likely to be the "lion-ess of the day," for some time to come. Ever since Fanny's arrival in this country, there has been one continued stream of adulation poured upon her, of the most sickening and disgusting kind. In several instances after her performances, her admirers have taken her horses from her carriage, substituted themselves for the quadruped, and amid the shouts of a half-drunken enthusiasm, drawn her to her lodgings. One extravagance usually follows another, particularly among the gentlemen of the "largest liberty," and on an attempt made by a large musical party to give her a serenade some evenings since, a mob fell upon the serenaders, broke their instruments, and otherwise abused them. From the facts as stated in the New York papers, we should be inclined to think that the mob had "mistaken their men,"—that the outrage was intended for the idolaters of the "Divine Fanny," rather than any particular revenge on the harmless musidans, who turned out to be professional men, and her own countrymen. While we cannot too strongly condemn this, with the many other similar outrages which our land is continually the scene of; we cannot shut our eyes to the fact, that this shameful occurrence is the result of what may be again expected, so long as we evince so much disgusting extravagance and adulation for every man or woman who may have had the honor of kicking up his or her heels before some crowned head. There is a lamentable defection in some of our people on this subject; nothing can be good or great, according to their estimate, unless it has a foreign impress on it: and what makes the thing still worse, is, that after having been again and again, smothered out of our money, and laughed at for our Yankee gullibility by these very people, we are just as ready to be cozened by the next importation of some other foreign mercenary. So we go.

INCENDIARIES.—The two fires which occurred on Friday evening, are supposed to have been the work of design. The Mayor has offered \$250 for the discovery of the offenders.

CORONERS INQUEST.—An inquest was held on Friday, at No. 14 Pier, on the body of William Scofield, of Coeymans, a hand on board a sloop from that place. Verdict—Death from accidental drowning.

Terrible Accident.—Mr. Charles Wilson, of Riga, while threshing with a machine a few days since, was caught by his frock with a shaft, drawn into the machinery, and was most horribly mangled. His right arm has since been amputated, and notwithstanding his severe injuries, hopes of his recovery are entertained.—[*Rochester Dem.*]

Revolutionary Army.—We find the following in an old Vermont paper: "The number of regulars furnished to the revolutionary army were, by New England 147,441; by the Middle States 56,571; by the Southern States, 56,997. It appears by the above, New England, consisting of New Hampshire, Massachusetts Rhode Island and Connecticut, furnished more troops for the defence of the country than the other nine States, by 3,872. The number of troops furnished by South Carolina was 6,347; Massachusetts 67,957, Georgia 2,697, Connecticut 31,949!

INTELLIGENCE.

THIRTEENTH ANNUAL FAIR OF THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE.—This great Anniversary Exhibition of the choice products of Agriculture, Manufactures and the Arts, will open to visitors at Niblo's Garden, in the city of New-York, on Monday, the 5th of October, 1840. Articles for competition, in order to be entitled to all the privileges of the Fair, must be delivered on the previous Friday or Saturday.

An Address on "*Home Production, and particularly that of Silk*," will be delivered at the Repository of the American Institute, on Wednesday evening, the 7th of October, at 8 o'clock.

On Friday, the 9th of October, at 3 o'clock, P. M., the Ploughing Exhibition, for testing such ploughs as have been entered for competition at the Fair, will commence in some suitable field near the city, which will hereafter be noticed in the public prints. It will be conducted by a Committee, selected from the Board of Managers and the Board of Agriculture.

On Wednesday, the 14th of October, at 12 o'clock, M., the Exhibition of pure blood Cattle and choice farming Live Stock will be made within or near the Garden. As they will be selected by the Judges for this purpose, they must be entered on the books of the Fair, by 12 o'clock on Tuesday, the 13th of October.

The last year, inconvenience was experienced from the Cattle, &c. being placed at a distance from the general exhibition; to remedy which, arrangements will be made for receiving them in the neighborhood of the Garden, where they will be taken care of at a moderate per diem charge for each head, previously limited and defined by the Committee, so as to prevent impositions on strangers. They will be subjected to no other charge.

On Thursday evening, October 15th, at 7½ o'clock, the Anniversary Address will be delivered in some spacious building in the city, and will be succeeded by the annual Supper the same evening.

On Friday evening, the 16th of October, the 13th Fair will close, with the public announcement of the Premiums awarded, and an Address by the President of the Institute.

On Saturday, the 17th of October, at the earliest hour, articles exhibited will be delivered, on the exhibitor presenting to the attendant the receipt or check given by the Clerk of the Fair. And the owners of articles are earnestly requested to remove them in the course of the day.

More than twelve years have elapsed since a few volunteers in behalf of the cause of industry first bro't the American Institute into existence. For several years after its organization it was dependent on small voluntary contributions from individuals. In 1835, seven years after its organization, by the voluntary services of its members, and by great economy, it had accumulated a small fund. It was then determined to establish a Repository, for the daily exhibition of Machines, Models, &c., with a Library, for the benefit of Mechanics, Artists, Inventors, &c.; and an expensive room was leased, and an officer was appointed with a salary, to superintend the same. In the five years which have succeeded, the Institute has gone on triumphantly. Ploughing and Cattle Exhibitions have been since introduced, and steam power, for moving machinery at our Fairs upon a large and costly scale. The premiums of gold and silver medals, under the awards, which, before 1835, had been in a measure made up by solicited contributions in small sums have since been paid for solely from the funds of the Institute, and to a greater amount in a single year than all that had been bestowed by the Institute in the seven preceding years. And our annual Fairs have gone on increasing in variety and splendor, unsurpassed by any other Fairs ever held within the limits of our country. At the same time, taking into view the increase of our Library, machinery, models, furniture and fixtures, the value of our assets has not diminished, while the number of paying members have multiplied four-fold.

The American Institute is a magnificent standing evidence of the efficacy of the spirit of association, which in this age is accomplishing such mighty results. Its influences, (unremitted for thirty years,) through its annual Fairs, Addresses and Premiums, have reached every part of our country. By creating

extended competition, the latent powers of invention have been brought into action far and near, and disheartened and prostrate genius has been roused up in the midst of universal embarrassment with renewed strength. Old and dormant institutions have, by its example, been roused and invigorated, and the creation of new ones has been induced, that had not been thought of before, which now hold their periodical celebrations upon the precise plan first adopted by this Institute.

What measure can circumscribe the extended utility of that small meeting, where the idea of this Institute was first accidentally named? But its prosperity and its continuance have rested, and will continue to rest, on public favor. Its guardians are the friends of industry, and as it is a national Institution by the terms of its charter, the aid of its friends in every state may be relied upon with unerring certainty. The coming Celebration will afford an opportunity for their friendly manifestations.

Much of the attention of the Managers will be devoted to Agriculture. They will be aided by the Board of Agriculture, composed chiefly of practical farmers. The plough, the greatest instrument of human sustenance and civilization, will claim the first regard; and such as may be sent to the coming fair for competition, will be tested by actual experiment. The competition already excited, has brought invention and skill to bear upon this instrument, and it is believed ploughs made for the purpose, essentially improved, will be exhibited at the thirteenth fair. The displays of the select productions of the Garden and the Field promise to be more abundant than ever.

Not the least interesting portion of the last Exhibition were the noble high blood animals, the Cattle, &c., from this and other states. It is hoped that those public spirited gentlemen who took such a deep interest last year, will appear again with increased zeal, and that others will follow their example.

Improved Agricultural Machines and Implements of all kinds are desirable objects of exhibition. The occasion will afford the best opportunity for the display, and for our farmers to learn the multiplied improvements in Agricultural Labor saving Machines, which have not until recently received from them the attention their value demands. It is believed that the Mechanic Arts are competent, if properly applied for this purpose, to dispense with a large proportion of the heavy labor and drudgery heretofore deemed indispensable to farming operations. The Steam Machinery will be so adapted, as to propel the lighter and more delicate machines, and also of sufficient power to move those more massive and ponderous.

No farmer whose convenience will by any means admit, should forego this opportunity.

The progress in the culture and manufacture of Silk the last year, and the preparations making for the coming Fair, promise a rich treat to those who feel an interest in this new branch of industry; and the experience of this year, we think, will demonstrate that the Mulberry possesses an intrinsic, as well as a speculative value.

Exhibitors of Silk will do a service by accompanying their contributions with accurate details of their experiments.

The large and growing importations of Silk fabrics have done much to produce the general embarrassments which have prevailed, and which can be readily remedied by increased home production. It is our policy to follow the example of Great Britain, by limiting as much as possible the importation of such articles as can conveniently be produced within the country. A Gold Medal will be awarded for the Silk Reel, adjudged the best.

The accommodations of the Garden, in consequence of the improvements made since the last year, will be more complete than ever; not only for the display of assortments of the best qualities of staple goods from our larger factories and workshops, but likewise for the more delicate workmanship of the artificer, in all the varieties of wood and metals, and the numberless other substances that every year brings into use. These, when arranged in the Saloon, present a spectacle which excites the admiration of those familiar with the most costly and gorgeous displays of London or Paris; and on which the American patriot gazes with glowing exultation. But this is the apartment devoted to machinery for labor-saving purposes, where the strong origi-

nal characteristics of American genius are most strikingly exemplified, and where even the foreigner reluctantly acknowledges the superiority of our youthful country.

The American Institute has, from its commencement, always been the favourite Institution of the ladies, and the Managers hope it may so continue. Much of the celebrity of the annual Fairs, particularly in the ornamental parts, has arisen through their favor, and the attractions their industry and delicate labor have produced. Indeed, on most occasions, the view of their contributions alone would have more than compensated the visitors. The most desirable place will be allotted for their accommodation.

Fire and loss of life.—The Easton Mass., almshouse was discovered to be on fire about three o'clock last Saturday morning, the 15th—and such was the progress of the flames that four of the inmates were burned alive, and another has since died in consequence of injuries received. The fire was the work of an incendiary.—[*Boston Morn. Post.*]

A PAINFUL CASE.—The Baltimore Sun notices the case of a distressed family residing in a cellar, in Armistead lane, near Light street, Federal hill. The family, which is English, consisted of a man, his wife and seven children, of whom six have died of fever, leaving but one child, who, with the parents, is also sick with the same disease.

Married.

At Sackets Harbor Hamilton Spencer, Esq. of Utica, to Mary Francis, daughter of Elisha Camp, of the former place.

In Trinity Church, Geneva, on the 11th inst., by the Rt. Rev. William H. de Lancey, the Rev. Henry Lockwood, of Rochester, to Cathalena Lansing, daughter of the late Jacob Dox, esq.

DIED.

In this city, Nelson Sweet, in the 43d year of his age.

Also, after a lingering illness, Mrs. Matilda Cunningham, in the 43d year of her age.

Saturday morning, of consumption, Joseph P. Green aged 28 years.

Mary Ann, youngest child of Mr. Isaac Neville, aged 1 year and 4 months.

In this city, Gertrude, youngest daughter of Andrew D. Lansing.

On the 20th inst. Richard Marvin, aged 53 years, after a protracted illness.

On Thursday, the 18th inst., at Brooklyn, Elizabeth Daniels, daughter of J. M. Woodward, aged 9 months.

In Waterford, on the 12th inst. Mr. Alexander Bryan, merchant, in the 50th year of his age.

At the Tremont House, Boston on the 9th inst. after a long and lingering illness, William T. Vredenburg of New Brighton, Staten Island, formerly of Skaneateles.

STEEL PENS—New Patents.—The Coronation Pen of the finest Damascus steel.

The Queen's Own Pen, by Gillott.
Prince Albert's Own Pen, by Gillott.
The Tippecanoe Steel Pen, American.
The United States Government Pen.
Gillott's Old English Barren Pen.
Jacob's Bank and Mercantile Pen.
Gillott's Damascus Double Barrel Pen.
Also Warren's, Pardow's and Perry's Patent Pen.
The varieties for sale by
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"A post master may enclose money in a letter to the publisher of a newspaper, to pay the subscription of a third person, and FRANK the letter, if written by himself."

POETRY.

THE MOTHER'S HEART.

BY MRS. NORTON.

When first thou camest, gentle, shy, and fond,
My eldest born, first hope and dearest treasure,
My heart received thee with a joy beyond
All that it yet had felt of earthly pleasure;
Nor thought that any love again might be
So deep and strong as that I felt for thee.

Faithful and true, with sense beyond thy years,
And natural piety that leaned to Heaven,
Wrung by a harsh word suddenly to tears,
Yet patiently of rebuke when justly given—
Obedient—easy to be reconciled—
And meekly cheerful—such wert thou, my child!

Not willing to be left; still by side,
Haunting my walks, while summer day was dy-
ing;—

Nor leaving in thy turn; but pleased to glide
Thro' the dark room where I was sadly lying,
Or by the couch of pain, a sinner meek,
Watch the dim eye, and kiss the feverish cheek.

O boy! of such as thou are oftner made
Earth's fragile idols; like a tender flower,
No strength in all thy freshness,—prone to fade,—
And bending weakly to the thunder shower,—
Still, round the loved, thy heart found force to bind,
And clung, like woodbine shaken in the wind!

Then thou, my merry love:—bold in thy glee,
Under the bough, or by the firelight dancing,
With thy sweet temper, and thy spirit free,
Didst come, as restless as a bird's wing glancing,
Full of a wild and irrepressible mirth,
Like a sunbeam to the gladden'd earth!

Thine was the shout! the song! the burst of joy!
Which sweet childhood's rosy lips resoundeth;
Thine was the eager spirit nought could cloy,
And the glad heart from which all grief rebound-
eth;

And many a mirthful jest and mock reply,
Lurked in the laughter of thy dark blue eye!

And thine was many an art to win and bless,
The cold and stern to joy and fondness warning;
The coaxing smile;—the frequent soft caress;—
The earnest tearful prayer all wrath disarming!
Again my heart a new affection found,
But thought that love with thee had reach'd its bound.

At length thou camest; thou, the last and least;
Nick-named "the Emperor" by thy laughing bro-
thers,

Because a haughty spirit swelled thy breast,
And thou didst seek to rule and sway the others;
Mingling with every playful infant wile
A mimic majesty that made us smile.

And oh! most like a regal child wert thou!
An eye of resolute and successful scheming!
Fair shoulders—curling lip—and dauntless brow—
Fit for the world's strife, not for poet's dreaming;
And proud the lifting of thy stately head,
And the firm beating of thy conscious tread.

Different from both! Yet each succeeding claim,
I, that all other love had been foreswearing,
Forthwith admitted, equal and the same;
Nor injured either, by this love's comparing,
Nor stole a fraction for the newer call—
But in the Mother's heart, found room for ALL!

A PRAYER.

Give me one kind, confiding heart,
To cheer me in life's pilgrimage—
To soothe me when my hopes depart,
And shield me when misfortunes rage;
And then though Fortune's brow be dark,
Or bright before me, in Hope's form,
Light o'er life's waves, my bounding bark
Shall onward sweep, through sun and storm.

PERSIAN LOVE SONG.

BY J. R. BLANCHE.

Dark eyed one! Dark eyed one—Come hither to me,
I'll sing thee a song 'neath the Tamarind Tree;
The Queen of the Garden, the ruby lipped rose;
On her emerald throne by the rivulet grows,
And smiles at herself in the waters so clear,
As she hangs the bright diamonds of dew in her ear;
Come hither my rosebud, and shame the proud flower,
Out-blush the gay Queen in her own gaudy bower!
I'll sing thee a song, and the burden shall be,
Dark eyed one! Dark eyed one!—I languish for thee!

Dark eyed one! Dark eyed one—I pray thee appear!
My darling! my pen!—I know thou art near!
So laden with sweets is each sigh of the gale,
I'm sure my beloved is crossing the vale!
The Tulip is quaffing his cup full of wine,
The Turtle is murmuring vows to the Pine;
O waste not the moments so precious to love,
Come drink with the Tulip and court with the Dove,
I'll sing thee a song and the burden shall be,
Dark eyed one! Dark eyed one!—I languish for thee.

THE HARVESTER'S SONG.

The gem in 1840 contains a sweet little effusion
which we give now as aptly expressive of the grateful
emotions of

THE HARVESTERS.

"Come, daughter, 'tis the hour of noon,
The reapers will expect us soon;
Bring water from the coolest spring,
And I the bread and wine will bring;
Come, let us to the fields repair,
Your father now expects us there;
Your brothers, too, and Colin—why
That blush, as if you thought him by?
From rise of sun 'tis theirs to yield
The sickle in the harvest field,
To crown the comforts of our home;
From us their toil; then, daughter, come
To greet them in their hour of rest,
With smile of one they love the best;
For all refreshments seems more bland
When given by affection's hand."
Thus it is every woman's part
With smiling face, and loving heart,
And soothing hand, our cares to greet,
And make our weary labors sweet.

THE CRUCIFIXION.

BY J. C. WHITTIER.

San-light upon Judea's hills!
And on the waves of Galilee—
On Jordan's stream and on the rills
That gather to the sleeping sea!
Most freshly from the green wood springs
The light breeze on its scented wings—
And gaily quiver in the sun
The tall, green plumes of Lebanon!

A few more hours—a change hath come
Dark as a brooding thunder-cloud!
The shout of wrath and joy are dumb—
And proud knees into earth are bowed!
A change is on the hills of Death,
The helmet watchers pant for breath—
And turn with wild and maniac eyes
From the dark scene of sacrifice!

That sacrifice!—the death of Him—
The high and ever holy one!
Well may the conscious Heaven grow dim,
And blacken the beholding Sun!
The wonted light had fled away,
Night settles on the middle day;
And Earthquake from his caverned bed
Is waking with a thrill of dread!

The dead are waking underneath!
Their prison door is rent away!
And ghastly with the seal of death,
They wander in the eye of day!
The temple of the Cherubim—
The house of God, is cold and dim,—
A curse is on its walls—
Its mighty veils asunder falls.

Well may the mighty holds of Earth
Be shaken, and her mountains nod,
Well may the sheeted dead come forth,
To gaze upon a suffering God!
Well may the temple-shrine grow dim,
And shadows veil the cherubim,
When He, the chosen one of Heaven,
A sacrifice for guilt was given!

And shall the sinful heart alone,
Behold unmoved the atoning hour,
When nature trembles on her throne,
And death resigns his iron power?
Oh, shall the heart, whose sinfulness,
Gave keenness to his sore distress—
And added to His tears of blood,
Refuse its trembling gratitude!

THE AMERICAN GIRL'S CHOICE.

They tell of France's beauties rare,
Of Italy's proud daughters,
Of Scotland's lasses—England's fair,
And Nymphs of Shannon's waters;
We heed not all their boasted charms,
Though lords and dukes there hover,
Our glory lies in Freedom's arms—
A Freeman—for a lover.

ASSOCIATIONS.

There's not a heart, however rude,
But hath some little flower,
To brighten up its solitude,
And scent the evening hour.
There's not a heart, however cast,
By grief and sorrow, down,
But hath some memory of the past
To love and call its own.

CALENDAR OF COMMUNICATIONS.

NAME.	PLACE.	TIME.
Temple Encampment,	Albany	2d Friday.
Temple R. A. Chapter,	Albany	2d & 4th Tuesday.
Mount Vernon Lodge	Albany	1st & 3d Thursday.
Temple Lodge,	Albany	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Apollo Lodge,	Troy	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Apollo Chapter,	Troy	2d & 4th Tuesday.
Apollo Encampment,	Troy	3d Monday.
Evening Star Lodge,	West Troy	1st Wednesday.
Phoenix Lodge,	Lansingburg	1st & 3d Thursday.
Oliver Branch,	Bethany Gen.	1st Wednesday.
Genesee Encampment,	Lockport Nia.	
Ohio Lodge, No 101,	Wheeling, Va.	1st Monday.
Wheeling Chapter, 19,	"	2d Thursday.
Wheeling Encampment	"	2d Monday ev. o month.
Washington Council,	"	1st Saturday.
Utica Lodge, 47,	Utica,	1st Thursday.
Oneida Chapter, 57,	"	3d Tuesday.
Utica Encampment, 3	"	1st & 3d Saturday, p. f.
Mount Moriah,	Louisville, Ky.	4th Saturday.
Louisville Encampment	do	Quarterly.
Council S & R Masters	do	2d Saturday.
King Solomon's chapter	Memphis Tenn	3d Monday.
Memphis Chapter,	Memphis	2d Tuesday.
Memphis Lodge,		

AUTHORISED AGENTS.

The following Brethren have kindly offered to act as Agents for the American Masonic Register. They are duly authorised to receive subscriptions and monies on its account.

William Boardman, New York City.
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NEW BOOKS, received at W. C. LITTLE'S Bookstore.

Rauch's Psychology, or View of the Soul.
Shakespeare and his Times, by Nathan Drake.
Guizot's Civilization of Europe.
Miss Sinclair's Scotland and the Scotch.
Madame de Staël's Italy, in French.
Hoffman's Chancery Practice, vol. 3d.
Franklin's Life and Works, by Sparks.
Hallam's Literature of Europe.
The French Revolution, by M. Thiers.
All the late novels and periodicals.

AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER

AND LITERARY COMPANION.

BY L. G. HOFFMAN.]

ALBANY, SATURDAY, AUG. 29. 1840.

[VOL. I.—NO. 52.]

MASONIC.

ADDRESS BY BR. C. M. HUNTER

Freemasonry can boast of having taken its stand in the rank of danger, and fought and bled for the civil and religious liberties which mankind now enjoy. It hath planted its standard in darkness and oppression, and light and liberty have rallied around it. It hath raised its voice in the wilderness of error, and ignorance and superstition have fled affrighted. And will it be said, its principles are opposed to civil law and government? Will not the many statesmen who have shone in the halls of legislation, and who have been at the same time humble followers in the track of masonry, give the lie to this charge? Are not the names of Washington, Franklin, Warren, and Lafayette, dear to every American bosom? And do we not feel a thrill of holy veneration, when our memories recur to their bright examples? In the darkest hour of our country's tribulation; in that eventful struggle when freedom had nearly expired under the weight of tyranny, they devoted the whole energy of their minds towards the emancipation of our country from infamy and oppression. And yet, my brethren, they were masons. Let it be remembered that Washington drew his sword in defence of the rights of man: that Franklin helped to devise those plans of policy which have resulted in our present prosperity; and that Lafayette came from a foreign land to combat for freedom, in freedom's holy strife. Let it be remembered, too, that Warren, the fearless, the intrepid, the dauntless Warren laid down his life, breathed out his last breath and spent the last drop of his blood in the cause of liberty. My brethren, when oppression dared to rear her hated form on this side of the Atlantic; when she put forth her iron chain that would bind a nation in servile dependence, and deaden every noble and aspiring faculty of the soul; when the last refuge of freedom was contaminated by the footsteps of slavery, and the last noble structure of independence was tottering to its fall; when the last altar on which had blazed an offering of truth, justice, and religion, was desolated by the hand of wanton violence, who dared to arise, and in that storm, where justice and liberty were contending against oppression and tyranny, proclaimed to an astonished world that man was free? O let it not be said that masonry is corrupt and evil in its tendency. Let it not be pointed out to our youth as an institution that would dismember the bonds of society, and clothe the earth in mourning. Rather cite them to Washington, for an example to imitate; rather show them Warren, wounded, bleeding and expiring in the last trench of freedom, and awaken in their breasts the true spirit of patriotism.

Will it be said that masonry is opposed to christianity? When all Europe was engaged in wresting the holy sepulchre from the hands of infidels, our order was among the first to take up arms and march to the scene of danger. And will the christian in later days throw a stigma upon the institution that hath expended its blood and its treasure for the religion of the cross? Is this the way in which the christian should requite the obligation? Masonry is not incompatible with christianity. There are thousands of christians who look with an eye of faith for the fulfilment of the prophecies, who are masons; and why, if its principles are corrupt, do they not come out from the sink of pollution, and denounce them as dangerous?

As men who are firmly bound to preserve order in society, and permanence in our political institutions, we believe in the utility of masonry; and as masons, we shrink not from a calm and dispassionate investigation. The light of truth will prevail, and its enemies have come out from the contest, beaten by truth alone.

The good which masonry inculcates, is exemplified by symbols and emblems. They convey to our minds subjects for reflection, and teach the fundamental principles of morality. This they do through the medium of the faculty of suggestion or association; a faculty residing in our mental part, and of universal operation. The mason hath ordinarily before his eye, whether it be bent upon the objects by which he is immediately surrounded, or sent through the regions of space to explore the heavens, lessons which he may draw instruction, and object for his serious contemplation. Motionless matter if it possess certain forms—the humble flower that blooms in the valley and spreads its fragrance upon the air; the tribes of insects which disport away the merry hours in the sunshine of summer; this bright earth with all its beauties of hill and dale, and landscape and river, and all its sublimities of mountain volcano, cataract, and ocean; the heavens themselves, and all the wonders of the higher creation, convey to our minds impressions which the levity of our natures can never efface. But when the thought arises within us, that the flower shall be cut down in all its beauty, and the leaves scattered upon the ground; that the insects shall wither away before the cold blast of autumn; that this earth, teeming with life and light, be struck from the roll of existence, and the wide arch of the heavens dissolve at the nod of the Eternal, we are taught to consider the frailty of our existence, the certainty that death will dissolve the texture of our animal frames and that our immortal spirits will burst the chains of mortality and stand in the presence of the Supreme architect of Nature.—Every object upon which we gaze, shows how changing and transitory are the things which pertain to our temporal being. The stately tower crumbles before the touch of time; the proudest works of human genius are laid low in the dust; the plant which bursts its seminal prison, ascends to life and beauty; higher and higher still it rears its head, and puts forth its thousand branches—but soon its branches are scattered to the winds of heaven, and the trunk is felled to the ground by the rushing tornado. It is thus with man. In his childhood he awakes to pleasure and enjoyment. This life, which to the aged is a life of vexation, is him a life of peace and innocence. In his youth he studies for the acquisition of knowledge; he courts the patronage of his fellow men, and pants for distinction. But manhood creeps after him, and his plans of aggrandizement are not realized; he finally sinks down to old age, the victim of disappointment, and death closes his earthly sojourn.

Be it our pride that masonry aims at the happiness of mankind; that it would place virtue on a foundation sure and steadfast; and that it serves to elevate our thoughts, our ideas, our minds, above ignorance and dependence. Let us never forget that we are masons; and that as such we are bound to exercise the virtues which masonry inculcates. Let us remember that Justice is the first law of nature; and that Truth is the first requirement of Eternal Wisdom. Let us never forget that Faith unlocks the door of futurity, and

gives us a foretaste of the eternal world; that Hope animates our weary and despairing faculties when we search among the ruins which barbarism has left behind it, for the lost treasures of light and knowledge. Let us bear upon our minds that our Charity should extend to the utmost limits of human existence; and that unless we relieve the wants of the needy and soothe the sufferings of the afflicted, it is but as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal. In fine, my brethren, let us live up to the tenets of our profession; and when our labor is ended, and we have placed the cap-stone in that bright arch which circumscribes our vision, may we be numbered among the builders of the temple, and receive our wages in the right hand of gratitude and joy.

MASONIC ANTIQUITY.

When the Hindoos claim for their Shastras an antiquity of more than two millions of years; when the Chaldeans boast of observations of the stars for more than 470,000 years, and Manetho Sebennytta, the high priest of Heliopolis, claims for the Egyptians, a national existence of near 54,000 years who would hesitate to pronounce them all fabulous. Let Freemasons, then, give up the vain boasting, which ignorance has foisted into the Order, and relinquish a fabulous antiquity rather than sacrifice common sense. Let us trace our principles to Adam, or even to God himself, with reverence be it spoken, but let us not excite the pity of the wise, by calling Adam a Freemason. This will not lessen the dignity or importance of the institution, but rather add to its celebrity by giving to it a reasonable origin. It may have originated in those gloomy days of persecution, when pagan superstition immolated thousands to their idols; when, perhaps, to avoid the rage of their enemies they met in secret, and by allegorical rites, and significant symbols, preserved the mysteries of their holy religion. It is by no means improbable, that the society originated in the east, among religious architects of superior attainments in science, who under the secrecy of a Lodge, could exercise their religion with safety, and at the same time, preserve a knowledge of their professional secrets from the world. This may not, however, be the true account of its origin, but, at least, it has probability in its favor: and of this we may be assured, that we come nearer to the truth in giving an origin probable in its nature, than by ascribing it to the most improbable fictions, and monstrous inventions. Freemasonry is not singular in this respect. There is no dependence to be placed in the early history of any nation of antiquity, beyond what we derive from the Scripture. They did not possess the means of conveying accurately to posterity, a knowledge of events. Representative symbols supplied the place of letters, and uncertain tradition of records. All the accounts we have, therefore, of their earliest times, are so mixed with fable, that the truth can be discerned with difficulty.

It is certain, that the existence of Freemasonry can be satisfactorily traced for considerably more than a thousand years, and I think this is sufficient to satisfy an antiquarian, as well as a Freemason. Let but the members of the Order be renowned for their virtue, piety and morality, and the faithful discharge of their duties to God and their neighbor and it matters not, whether the institution rose with the creation of the world, or was founded within the memory of man.

HUSBANDRY.

THE VAUDOIS HARVEST HYMN.

Translated from the French by H. H. Weld.

Father of Mercies! God of Peace!
Being whose bounties never cease!
While to the Heavens, in grateful tones,
Ascend our mingled orisons,
Listen to these, the notes of praise,
Which we a happy people, raise!

Our hamlets, sheltered by Thy care,
Abodes of peace and plenty are;
Our tillage by thy blessing yields
An hundred fold—the ripened fields
Of flowing grain—the burthened vine—
Are tokens of Thy Love Divine.

The cradled head of infancy
Oweth its tranquil rest to Thee—
Youth's doubting step, man's firmer tread
In years mature, by Thee are led—
Secure may trembling age, Oh Lord!
Lean on its staff, Thy Holy Word.

Teach us these blessings to improve,
Teach us to serve Thee, teach to love—
Exalt our hearts, that we may see
The Giver of all good in Thee;
And be Thy Word our daily food,
Thy service, God! our greatest good.

Whether in youth, like early fruit,
Or in the sere and solemn suit,
Of our autumnal age, like wheat
Ripened and for the reaper fit,
Thou cut us off, Oh God! may we
Gathered into Thy garner be!

From the New England Farmer.

HARVESTING CORN

The season for harvesting our corn crops will soon be upon us. The extremely hot weather which we have had for a fortnight past, prior to the late storm, has placed much of the crop out of the reach of frost; and the yield almost universally promises to be abundant. This may be pronounced the great crop of New England. If we have corn enough, we shall have beef, pork and poultry enough. We do not believe there is any grain which, considered in all its aspects and uses, so valuable.

There are several modes of managing the crop, the fodder and the grain; but they are not equally eligible.

The first is, to top the stalk after the ear has become perfectly formed and slightly glazed. There is great danger of performing this operation too early. When done before the corn is generally hardened, the exact experiments of William Clark, Esq. of Northampton, of John Lorain of Pennsylvania, and others, have demonstrated that the loss upon the crop may amount to a quarter or a fifth of what the crop would otherwise be. The topping of the stalks is, we believe, an unnecessary, useless, and often a pernicious labor, and therefore not to be advised.

The second method is, to leave the crop untouched until it is perfectly ripened, and then to cut it up at bottom and carry it into the barn and husk it. Some gather it in the field, and then cut the fodder. In either case, the corn by being thus left, is always exposed to suffer from frost before it is perfectly ripened; and the fodder, it is believed, loses much of its succulence and nutriment.

The third process is, after the ear is glazed and the corn has passed beyond the roasting or boiling state, to cut it up at the bottom, and let it dry in the shock. In this way it is early taken out of the way of the frost; the corn, if properly managed ripens perfectly and weighs more by the bushel than if perfectly dried as by the second method described; and the corn fodder is dried with all its juices retained in it, and has a richness and freshness which render it particularly palatable to cattle, and as nutritious for beef or milk stock as any dry feed which can be given to them. This operation should be executed with care. Let a hill occasionally be left standing for the support of the

shock against the wind. Bring as many armfuls of the corn cut up as are sufficient to make a good sized shock around the hill—set the bottoms well out and tie them all with a wisp of straw, turning the heads down. But do not first, as is often practised, tie the corn in small bundles. In this way the corn and fodder will cure perfectly. When it is time to carry it in, slip a knife under and cut the standing hill; pitch the whole shock on to the cart; and being loose and easily handled by bringing the top of the shock into your lap, it will be easily trucked. A great deal of trouble will be saved in this way. Do not, as is often done, carry out your corn and make your shocks upon the grass land, as in this case the air will not circulate freely under the shock, and therefore neither the corn nor the fodder will dry perfectly. The most intelligent farmers in the State estimate generally the value of the corn fodder to an acre, well cured and saved, as equivalent for the feeding of any stock, to a ton of English hay. Not a few rate it even higher than this.

Rice Apple Dumplings.—Boil the rice ten minutes then let it drain thoroughly. Pare and quarter as many good apples as you want dumplings; then take as many small cloths and put a portion of the rice, enclosing an apple into each—tie rather loosely, and boil three quarters of an hour. Serve with butter as usual. If you do not believe this is good, try it.

Restoring Tainted Butter.—The following simple method of restoring rancid or over salted butter, I have practised with success, and it may be of value to some of your readers.

Cut or break the butter into very small pieces; or, what is better, force it through a coarse wire sieve, so as to make small as possible. Then put it into a churn with a sufficient quantity of new milk to swim it, and churn it well; then take it out and work it thoroughly to free it from the milk, adding a little salt if necessary, and it will hardly be distinguished from entirely new butter.—*New Genesee Farmer.*

Miscellany.

The following capital hit is peculiarly adapted to this meridian, "about these days." Some of our ladies in this city, have full as melting hearts, as poor Kate.

From the Brother Jonathan.

BOUGHT AT A BARGAIN.

BY H. H. WELD.

"I am sure my dear, then, you cannot object to my attending one or two of the auctions. Every body else goes."

"But what do you wish to buy?"

"Oh—nothing—that is, I know of nothing."

"Then of course you want no money."

"I didn't say that—one would feel so foolish, you know, without any money in one's purse."

"But why should 'one' feel so foolish, when one does not want to buy?"

"Now, George, you are so provoking. Give me some money, and say nothing about it."

"Easier said than done, my darling."

"But you must."

"Must is a hard word."

So Kate thought—and dropped it—but she managed to say something else, which answered the purpose. At any rate she raised the money, and of course she attended the auction, because when a husband wishes his wife 'wouldn't go any where, and still furnishes her the means to go if she chooses, she is naturally more apt to observe the affirmative implied in the cash, than the negative, however earnestly expressed. Besides all this, wives are very apt to take liberties with their husband's good nature. There is a philosophy in it, deeper than women understand themselves, though they practice upon it. A quiet, good, compliant body who gives her husband no trouble, is like every thing else which gives no trouble—taken no notice of. It requires a small leaven of the mischievous to keep a man properly in his place. There is no getting along with the men, without tormenting them 'just a little'—at

least so we are solemnly assured by the ladies—and we happen to know that they proceed upon the principle, right or wrong, in many cases.

Kate went to the auction—but she went determined not to buy. We know the fact; because she protested it to her husband, the very last thing before he left the house; and because she protested the same thing over to herself, as she tied on her hat. To guard against temptation she rolled the notes very snugly up in her purse, pressing back the ring upon them with extraordinary care, and then very carefully put the purse away—in her bag, and took her bag upon her arm as she sallied out to find some one to accompany her to the sale, which she was so anxious to attend, positively for—nothing.

"It is a ruinous sacrifice," said the auctioneer, as the ladies entered. "I have seen property frequently thrown away in my time—but never any thing like this before. Only ten dollars—I'm offered—ten dollars—ten dollars—ten—ten—ten—shall I say any more? Why I should not make a boots black's commission of the furniture of the Astor House, to sell it out in this way. Eleven am I offered—thank you, ma'am, you show your discrimination—e-even—now is not this really too bad, ma'am?"

Our friend Kate, to whom this question was addressed, with the man's blindest smile, could not help thinking that it 'really was a pity'—but how could she help it, poor thing! Had she possessed the money of Cæsus she still saw the absurdity of setting up for a female philanthropist, to keep auctioneers from ruining the country by selling goods at less than a hundredth part of their value, as Mr. Bell protested he was doing. Still she was very sorry that her purse was not at home. The coveted article, what ever it was, was knocked at the eleven dollars, and something else put up.

Kate endured all the suffering of a sensitive mind, at the absolute bankruptcy that the eloquent auctioneer made the owner suffer upon every article sold; but she had promised George so positively, and without his requiring a promise, that she would buy nothing, that she did not like to break her word. She did not even venture upon a single bid, though strongly tempted so to do more than once, till a Brussels carpet was to be sold, and sold for nothing too, as Mr. Bell solemnly assured her it was going, or she certainly would have determined to buy it. But as she was determined not to buy, what could she do, you know?

"Here it is, ladies, nearly new, used only one season, and that very carefully. It cost originally four dollars and fifty a yard, and is sold only because the owner is breaking up house-keeping. There are forty yards in the piece, more or less, what shall I have for the carpet? Ten dollars! you are joking, ma'am, worth more than that to cover ice in—ten dollars, ten dollars—why I will give that for it myself, for my dog to sleep on—ten dollars, worth more than fifty at the least, ten dollars, ten guineas would come nearer, ten dollars—ten dollars—"

"Eleven," said Kate. Now the Rubicon was passed.

"Eleven, thank you ma'am but you are positively too cruel. You are taking advantage of the owner's necessities, and my positive orders. Eleven dollars—twelve I'm offered, and its going, twelve, twelve, twelve, sorry you've lost it ma'am—for you look as though you ought to have it."

"Thirteen," cried Kate. She couldn't stand unmoved at such an appeal.

"Thirteen, now I breathe a little, but its only a gasp; it's a straw to a drowning man, but I catch at it. Thirteen, will you see this beautiful article sold for less than it would be worth to pack crockery with torn into shreds; thirteen, thirteen, thirteen, four, four, one dollar more ma'am and you will have it; fourteen, fourteen; quick or you lose it: fourteen, hard ma'am but fair; fourteen, four—"

To make the long story short, Kate bought the carpet for thirty-two dollars.

When her husband came home to dinner he tho't Kate looked fatigued. So she did, but she was more perplexed than tired—more vexed in mind with herself than-jaded in body. She had more than half a suspicion that she had made a fool of herself—she knew the matter must be broached to her husband, and did not begin to see how she was to do it.

Luckily George was in a capital good humor. He had met his acceptances, and had something over.—

He chatted merrily—and even proposed a jaunt to the Springs when the time for fashionable gadding into the bush came fairly round. He complimented Kate upon her dinner, and after a while so far cheered her that she took courage to tell him she had bought a new carpet—that is, an old carpet as good as new, for the basement.

"But I thought you meant to buy nothing," said George.

"To be sure I did not intend to purchase any thing—but this I bought at a bargain."

The hour passed away very pleasantly. George certainly did not seem much inclined to hear the narrative of her auction experience, but put on a patient face while she described the excellent bargains which she saw sold, and took credit to herself for her resolute adherence to her promise not to buy until she came to that carpet; to have missed the purchase of which she declared would have been "down-right extravagance," and neglect of such a chance for a small investment, as might not occur again in a lifetime. George smiled incredulously when she came to the carpet. He was more than half disposed to take his evening walk without looking at it—but could not so far disappoint his helpmate as thus to expose his indifference to her "great bargain." So he forced himself to say—

"Well, Kate, I should like to see your purchase; and I may as well say what I think of it before I look at it. It is wonderfully cheap, and not worn enough for the wear to be perceived, and I really think it would have been cheap at a hundred dollars."

Kate smiled as though sure that what her husband said in jest, he would repeat in earnest, when he did actually see that paragon of second-hand articles. She led the way to the breakfast room, and proceeded to unroll the treasure. "There are a few ink spots in it," "but on the whole"—

Here she stopped speaking, as she heard something like a marvellously low, long whistle. She rose and turned round. George was leaning against the door, almost smothered with a suppressed laugh, to which he allowed partial vent in the before described whistle. Kate looked at him steadily in perplexed and grieved astonishment; and at length tears began to steal out from the corners of her eyes.

"Ha! ha! ha!" at length burst out her husband's merry laugh. "Forgive me, Kate, but by Jupiter, I can't help it. This is the same infernal old rag that I took from my office floor yesterday, and gave the porter. It has been with me five years, and was second hand at that. There is the same spot that the booby made in upsetting the ink bottle."

Now was Kate fairly wretched. A woman's quick thoughts carried her years ahead when still that carpet would be called up for her mortification. "Oh, dear!" she sobbed; "I never shall hear the last of it!"

"You have heard the last of it, my dear Kate, for I never will mention it again, if it pains you."

"Not pains—but—it certainly will not be very pleasant."

"Well, you never shall hear one word of it again."

She never has heard it alluded to in a taunt. But, sensible girl as she was, she quietly put it down on the floor she bought it for. To do it justice it really wears well, and she declares that if her husband throws away such things, he will bear looking after. It is a capital good check in family quarrels; it is an excellent hint when a joke should be brought "on the carpet" and, as it has entirely cured his wife of her auction mania, George himself now acknowledges that it was "BOUGHT AT A BARGAIN."

ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

No hero makes so distinguished a figure in ancient history as Alexander the Great. His courage was undaunted, his ambition boundless, his friendship ardent, his tastes refined; and, what is very extraordinary, he appears to have conversed with the same fire and spirit with which he fought.

Philip, his father, knowing him to be very swift, wished him to run for the prize at the Olympic games. "I would comply with your request," said Alexander, "if kings were to be my competitors."

When Alexander made a libation to the heroes who fought in the Trojan war, he placed a crown of gold upon the tomb of Achilles; saying that Achilles was

the most fortunate man in the world; for while he lived, Patroclus was his friend; and when dead Homer perpetuated his memory.

Alexander, went to Delphi to consult the oracle there, wishing to know what success was likely to attend the projects of his vast ambition. The priestess pretended that it was not lawful for him to consult her at that time, and refused to enter the temple, Alexander, impetuous and impatient, seized her by the arm; and, as he led her in by force, she cried, "Ah my son, no one can resist you." "I want no more," exclaimed Alexander, "this oracle is sufficient."

When he passed in Asia to attack Darius, he made rich presents to his general officers, insomuch that Parmenio asked him, "Sir what do you keep for your self?" His reply was, "hope."

After the battle of Issus, the complete rout of the Persian army put Alexander in possession of the camp of Darius, in which was his mother, wife and children. A rumor had been spread that Darius was slain, and this threw all the captive royal family into the deepest affliction. Alexander, anxious to inform them that this report, was false, and wishing to give them comfort paid them a visit. As he entered the tent of Darius, Hephæstion, his most intimate friend who was very handsome, and rather taller than Alexander, was close by his side. As soon as they approached, the queen-mother, who had fallen prostrate, raised up her head, and addressed herself to Hephæstion, supposing him to be Alexander. The attendants telling her of her mistake, she was much embarrassed, and began to make many apologies. Alexander allowed her not to proceed, but raised her up, and in the most gracious manner said, "It is of no importance, madam, for he too is Alexander."

Which of the two (say, Valerius Maximus, from whose work this anecdote is taken) should we first congratulate; him who had the disposition to make such a speech, or him who had the felicity to hear it spoken of himself?

When he was dying, his attendants asked him where his treasures were deposited. His answer was, "In the hands of my friends."

SHARKS.

The destruction of sharks is a sporting enterprise, which some of the natives are said to achieve in a very extraordinary manner. One who professes to have been an eye witness of it, says: "I was walking on the bank of the river at the time when some up-country boats were delivering their cargoes. A considerable number of coolies were employed on shore in the work all of whom I observed running away in apparent fright from the edge of the water—returning again, as if eager yet afraid to approach some object, and again returning as before. I bund, on inquiry, that the cause of all this preturbation was the appearance of a large and strange looking fish, swimming close to the bank, and almost in the midst of the boats. I hastened to the spot to ascertain the matter, when I perceived a huge monster of a shirk sailing along—now near the surface of the water, and now sinking down apparently in pursuit of his prey. At this moment a native on the choppah-roof of one of the boats, with a rope in one hand, which he was slowly coiling up, surveyed the shark's motion with a look that evidently indicated he had a serious intension of encountering him in his own element.

Holding the rope, on which he had made a sort of running knot, in one hand and stretching out to the other arm as if already in the act of swimming, he stood in an attitude truly picturesque, waiting the re-appearance of the shark. At about six or eight yards from the boat, the animal rose near the surface, when the native instantly plunged into the water, a short distance from the very jaws of the monster. The shark immediately turned round and swam slowly towards the man who in his turn nothing daunted struck out the arm that was at liberty and approached his foe.

When within a foot or two of the shark the native dived beneath him, the animal going down almost at the same instant. The bold assailant in this most frightful contest soon re-appeared on the opposite side of the shark, swimming fearlessly with the hand he had at liberty, and holding the rope behind his back with the other. The shark, which also by this time made his

appearance, again immediately swam towards him; and while the animal was apparently in the act of lifting himself over the lower part of the native's body that he might seize upon his prey, the man making a strong effort, threw himself perpendicularly, and went down with his feet foremost, the shark following him so simultaneously, that I was fully impressed with the idea that they had gone down grappling together.

As far as I could judge they remained nearly twenty seconds out of sight; while I stood in breathless anxiety, and I may add horror, waiting the result of this fearful encounter. Suddenly the native made his appearance holding his hands over his head, and calling out with a voice that proclaimed the victory, he had won while underneath the wave, Tan, Tan? The people in the boat were all prepared, the rope was instantly drawn tight, and the struggling victim lashing the water in his wrath was dragged to the shore and despatched. When measured his length was found to be six feet nine inches; his girth, at the greatest, three feet seven inches. The native who achieved this intrepid and dexterous exploit bore no other marks of his finny enemy than a cut on his left arm, received from coming into contact with the tail or some one of the fins of the animal."—*Encyclopedia of Rural Sports.*

ÆOLIAN HARP.

The Æolian harp is a long box or case of light wood, with harp or violin strings extended on its face. These are generally tuned in perfect unison with each other, or to the same pitch, as it is expressed—but when the harp is suspended among trees, or in any situation where the fluctuating breeze may reach it, each string, according to the manner in which it receives the blast, sounds either entire or breaks into some simple divisions—the result of this is the production of the most pleasing combination and motion of sounds that fancy has ever listened to, or perhaps conceived. After a pause, this fairy harp is often heard beginning with a low and solemn note, like the bass of distant music in the sky; the sound then swells as if approaching, and other tones break forth mingling with the first, and with each other. In the combined and varying strain sometimes one sweet note predominates and sometimes another, as if single musicians alternately led the band; and the concert often seems to approach and again to recede, until with the unequal breeze it dies away, and all is again at rest. It is no wonder that the ancients, who understood not the nature of air, nor consequently even of simple sound, should have deemed the music of the Æolian harp supernatural; and in their warm and chaste imaginations should have supposed that it was the strain of invisible beings from above, descended in the stillness of evening, or night, to commune with men in the heavenly language of soul, intelligible to bath. But, even now that we understand it well, there are few persons so insensible to what is delicate and beautiful in nature as to listen to this wild music without emotion; while to the informed ear, it is additionally delightful, from the fine illustration which it affords of those simple laws of sound which human ingenuity at last has traced.

TIME TO GET UP. Grattan, the celebrated Irish barrister, was indefatigably industrious. He was so anxious not to lose a moment in sleep, which in his opinion ought to be devoted to study, that he contrived a singular apparatus to rouse him regularly at day-break. A small barrel filled with water was placed over a basin, which stood on a shelf immediately above his pillow, and the cock of it was sufficiently turned to fill the basin by daylight; so that if he did not then rise, the water flowed upon his person and bedding.

The following notice is from a Vermont paper 1794 "Lords day" August 9th, 1763. Jonathan Winthrop desires the prayers of his Church, and, being on a journey to the wilderness, twelve miles north of stock-bridge, if found practicable, his friends may call to pray with and take leave of him any time previous to Friday Morning next."

"1794. A line of stages will run weekly between Northampton and Albany, to meet the lines from Boston and New York. They will start every Tuesday and Friday, meeting at Pittsfield, &c."

THE LEGENDARY.

From the Metropolitan Mag. of Aug. 1840.

THE PASSAGE OF THE ICE.

The enterprising character of Charles Gustavus the Tenth, who succeeded to the Swedish throne on the resignation of that extraordinary person, Queen Christina, created no small alarm in the rival state of Denmark. Urged on by their very fears, and stimulated besides by the Dutch, who dreaded the ascendancy of Sweden, the Danes took advantage of the Polish war, in which Charles had engaged, to declare hostilities against him. But that Prince, who inherited the military promptness of his uncle, the Great Gustavus Adolphus, marched instantly for Holstein, defeated the Danes in every engagement, overran the whole of Jutland, and, at the close of the year 1657, his army of fourteen thousand veteran troops lay on the shore of the Little Belt, divided from the Isle of Funen only by twenty miles of water. Here, at least the Danes hoped for breathing time; the Swedish fleet could not put to sea until spring, and even then their own naval resources, with the aid of a few ships from Holland, would be sufficient to baffle the enemy. But these expectations were wholly disappointed; a rigorous frost set in, of such unexampled severity, that the Little Belt was frozen over, and a bridge of ice spanned the hitherto impassable barrier. Charles immediately conceived the daring enterprise of marching the whole army over the ice, and waited impatiently for the hour when he might bid his legions "forward."

It was midnight when a council of war was sitting in an old-fashioned chateau, where the King had taken his quarters. The room had a bare and barrack-like appearance, the furniture was scanty and rude, there were not even chairs enough for the whole party, one of the officers occupying a deal box, while another had taken up a precarious position on the summit of a pile of knapsacks. A table of pine-boards, covered with maps, papers, and writing materials, stood in the centre, at one end of which sat Charles himself. He was at that time about thirty-seven, but looked a year or two older; scarcely of middle height, square-shouldered, and compactly built, his whole frame denoted great strength and vigor; his face was broad, the eyes small and of a penetrating grey, his lips thin and well defined, and the general expression of his countenance was highly prepossessing from his frank, fearless air, and look of keen intelligence. He was dressed in a green coat; a three-cornered hat lay on the table. The short tails of his coat stuck out on each side, probably for convenience when on horseback, and his long straight sword was brought forward between his knees, both hands resting on the pommel. Marechal Banner, Generals Wrangel, Steinboch, Counts Foot, De la Gardie, and other veteran officers, sat round the table, all of them trained up to military skill in the terrible school of the thirty years' war.

Besides these military councillors, there were present the Chevalier Terlon, envoy of Louis XVI. and Count Uhlfeldt. The latter was a Danish noble, once high in rank, and first minister under Christian IV., whose natural daughter, the beautiful Leonora Christina, he had married. On the death of Christian, Uhlfeldt had intrigued with other nobles on behalf of his brother-in-law Waldemar, in opposition to Frederick, the present King of Denmark, besides insulting the queen and irritating the senators by his overweening pride. Some malpractices with respect to the coinage having diminished his popularity, and being also called upon by the senate to account for the revenues of his government, the proud count broke with these court altogether; and soon afterwards, when charge little short of treason were brought against him, he and his wife took ship by night, and fled to Holland. He was then offered an asylum by Queen Christina of Sweden; her successor, Charles Gustavus, continued it, and now, after a seven years' exile, Corfitz Count Uhlfeldt was come to triumph in the ruin & humiliation of his native country. Tall, handsome, and commanding, skilled in languages, endowed with great genius, and proud as the fallen Lucifer, he was one of those men whose course through life is sure to be distinguished by good or evil beyond the common measure.

An officer entered with despatches.

"'Tis well," said the King, his small eyes flashing with ardour; "the frost holds, and Aresndoff reports the ice firm as iron. Gentlemen let us march." "Sire," General Wrangel began, "is the risk well considered? A night march of fourteen thousand men, cavalry and artillery included, over twenty-five miles of ice;—a thaw, a sudden shift of wind, may sink the whole army, or at least shut us up in the Island of Funen until spring, and even then our release would depend on the chance of naval victory. Is it prudent?"

He stopped: the king was listening to him with a fixed look and peculiar smile; Wrangel shook his head and sat down.

"It is well I know you," said Charles nodding carelessly to the general. "Risk! There is risk, but not more than success is worth. The enemy have no defence but this fosse of the Little Belt; once pass it, and Funen is ours."

"Yes, sire," added Count Uhlfeldt, "and from the shore of Funen, Zealand will be in sight; let the frost but hold, and Copenhagen falls."

"Ay," muttered Charles, with a glance of triumph; "Copenhagen—Copenhagen!"

The next instant he turned abruptly in his chair, shifted the sword with a clatter, and threw a sidelong glance at the count. The king remembered he was a traitor.

Another officer with despatches. After a hasty perusal, Charles rose.

"All is favorable. Gentlemen to your posts. Remember the general order—that the cavalry lead their horses and march wide; see that the artillery do the same. Chevalier, you will accompany me." He bowed to the right and left, and walked straight out of the room, followed by Terlon.

Two hours after midnight the troops began their fearful night-march over a frozen sea. It was a clear starry night; the snow lay a foot deep, and threw a ghastly unnatural glare on the light uniforms and steel arms of the Swedes. As each company or squadron advanced upon the ice, the next marched down to the shore, halting for a few minutes to allow an interval between them: all this was done with the cool discipline of veteran soldiers; no confusion, no noise, nothing but the word of command, the creak of artillery wheels, or the rattling of pikes and muskets, to announce the simultaneous movements of so many thousand men. When the last files had left the shore, the king stood watching their advance with great interest; the heavy crushing sound grew less and less distant; the separate divisions seemed to gather into one solid mass, its size diminishing every instant, until his gallant army, viewed by that "disastrous twilight," had dwindled into a shalowy indistinguishable something, only to be traced by the dark tract it left upon the snow. The cold was so intense that wine and beer were frozen hard, and whenever the slightest breath of air swept over the dreary waste, even the hardy Swede shivered like an ague-struck girl.

"God help the poor soldier who quits the rank to night!" exclaimed the Chevalier Terlon, wrapping his fur pelisse closer around him. The remark roused Charles from his reverie.

"Monsieur le Chevalier," he replied, "my Swedes will not quit their ranks; and if there be danger, at least we will share it with them. Come."

Sledges drawn by three horses abreast were in waiting; they entered, and bearing to the left, followed in the broad path beaten by the troops.

The trampling of so many men and horses had half melted the snow, and the sledges went splashing on through a half liquid, half solid consistence, like the chaos of the fiend; hollows in the ice, filled with water two feet deep, would set the horses aside, and make the slight vehicles waver to and fro, throwing the cold snow-water sheer over the shivering travellers; sudden blasts loaded with snow-drift and powdered ice made the drivers cringe, and forced their shaggy cattle to snort and shake their manes, and thrust their heads beneath each other's shoulder. As they neared the marching columns, one straggler only was seen, raking in a pool with the stock of his musket.

My cartouche-box, sire," he shouted, in reply to the king's impatient hail.

"Hold on the sledge, comrade," said Charles, "and keep your rank, though you should have nothing to fight with but your teeth—hold on. Bravely done La

Gardie!" he called to the general in command of the infantry, who was marching in the rear on foot like a common soldier. There was a stir in the ranks as the king drove through: the word passed from mouth to mouth, and the men drew up their knapsacks with redoubled vigor, but the Swedes are a silent race; and there was no cheer.

The sledges now spread abroad on all sides, keeping each a hundred yards from the other, for they had reached the mid channel, and were in the very jaws of danger. Now and then fearful sounds rose, booming on the still night air, as if the ice had suddenly rent to an immeasurable distance. Rough jagged masses strewn the surface, and the dead gloom of winter, no longer whitened over by light reflected from the level snow, darkened into a sinister scowl. The hoof-prints of the cavalry which led the van were not yet effaced, serving as a sort of guide, and the King and the chevalier were following hard upon the track, when a shout close ahead startled them; the next instant a mounted trooper seized the reins, and whirled the horses half-round.

"How now, fellow?" said Charles starting up.

"Ah, sire," cried the man, recognising his voice; another step and you are lost. Five of our troops went down here, and the captain posted me to warn the rear. The ice hereaway is rotten for two hundred yards and more."

A loud crash upon the left, a shriek, shouts for help and a sound of desperate plunging, cut short the trooper's report; and the king and the chevaliers leaped from the sledge, and made for the spot with all speed, but in vain; there was nothing to be seen except a chasm in the ice, and the human beings who had fallen through warm with life but a few minutes before were already drifting dead and cold beneath the frozen covering of the sea.

"Mon brave," said Charles to the trooper, "take these," throwing him a cloak and a flask; "keep good watch to night, to-morrow you shall hear from me."

Once more the word was "forward," and sledge after sledge swept by, while the stout soldier, taking a long pull at the flask, and wrapping his cloak around him, tramped back and forward on his dreary post with the wakeful eye and measured tread of a sentinel.

At six o'clock the Danish fires were seen by the Finnish cavalry in the van; the King mounted his horse, the files closed up, and an officer was sent to the rear to hasten the advance of the infantry. In half an hour more the low outline of the shore was distinctly visible at the distance of half a league, and the enemy opening a fire from three field-pieces to break the ice, the vanguard halted to await the advance of the centre columns. These, however, were still an hour's march in the rear, and the King's impatient temper, aggravated by the constant crashing of the ice in front, prompted him to change his plan of attack.—An express was sent to Wrangel to push on with the cavalry of the right wing; Colonel Aresndorf with part of the van, was ordered to manoeuvre in his present position, so as to occupy the attention of the enemy, while Charles himself, with the remainder of the Finnish horse, made a detour upon the left. The movements of the troops in the front deceived the Danes; their fire was redoubled, and by the greater elevation of their guns, the balls, instead of passing clear through the ice, shattered it far and wide in every direction.—A squadron of forty men incautiously approaching within range, a shot fell right among them, the ice cracked to an immense distance with a noise like thunder, and the men and horses, flung into the yawning gulf, struggled fiercely with each other, until the crowd of living things, kicked, trampled, or suffocated into a helpless, writhing mass, sank heavily down beneath the waters. A shout from the Danes followed, but the triumph was short; scouts from either flank brought intelligence of the landing of the Swedes, and the Scottish officer in command, the veteran Major Henderson, immediately drew off his men, and fell back upon a farmhouse and windmill, about a mile in his rear. His troops, consisting of a few companies of regular infantry and some armed peasants, on being surrounded by the Swedes, gave up their arms as prisoners of war.

Daylight, the gray, cheerless dawn of winter, rose on a strange scene. Groups of dismounted troopers had gathered round the smouldering fires, each with a bridle on his arm, while the jaded horses stood be-

hind, with drooping necks and dull eyes, as weary as the riders. The columns of infantry were just mounting the shore with slow but steady pace; the men pale and haggard from cold and fatigue, marched or halted mechanically at the word of command: they neither spoke nor cheered, but as each company was dismissed some made for the fires burning, some tried to kindle others, while the greater part threw themselves down upon the ground overcome by an irresistible torpor.—Far away, marking their advance, stretched a belt of sodden snow, its hue of reddish brown contrasting powerfully with the white surface it traversed on either side. Small parties of men dragging a field piece, or a tumbrel, stragglers mounted or on foot, horses without riders, and broken sledges, were scattered over the waste, while here and there a dead soldier lay frozen as he slept in his passage through the ice-king's realms.

But what then? Let the dead lie stiff and stark upon the snow or be tossed like a drift-wood on the waves of the sea; the memory of their sufferings has long faded away, while the glorious passage of the ice, the renown of the conquering Swede, shall go down to remotest time. Hurra! Funen is won! Denmark has lost another limb! and the northern eagle stands, with outstretched neck as a balanced wing, ready to make the last swoop on his noble prey!

THE GATHERER.

PETRIFIED BUFFALO.

This extraordinary curiosity was discovered about two years since, by a party of trappers, belonging to Captain Rent's company, lying on the side of one of the beaver dams of the Rio Grande of the north, (a stream emptying itself into the Gu'p'o Cal foria) whose waters, it is said, possesses petrifying qualities in an eminent degree, its shores abounding in specimens of animals and vegetable productions in a petrified state.—The petrified buffalo is described by those who have seen it, to be as perfect in its petrefaction as when living, with the exception of a hole in one of its sides, about four inches in diameter, around which the hair has been worn off, probably by the friction of the water, in which it must have lain for ages past, to have produced such a phenomenon. The hair on the hump of the shoulder, neck, forehead and tail, though converted into almost a smooth surface, may be easily discerned. The horns, eyes, nostrils, mouth and legs, are as perfect in the stone as in their pristine state.

The country in which this rare specimen was found is inhabited by the Estoux, a roving tribe of savages, who subsist a great portion of their lives, on insects, snakes, toads, roots, &c. This tribe being particularly hostile to the whites, renders the acquisition of this curiosity, not a little hazardous; notwithstanding this and many other difficulties to be surmounted, such as distance, expense, &c., our enterprising citizen, Captain Charles Rent, contemplates procuring and bringing it to the U. States with him during the ensuing autumn.

ATHENIAN LAWS RELATIVE TO WOMEN.—A woman could not claim her jointure if she was childless, while her actions and conduct were amenable to the state, even to the most minute details of her private and personal life. The bridal wardrobe of females was limited by law to vessels robes and a "few vessels of small value." A married woman could not, on any account, go out at night, without a lamp or torch being carried before her. She could only travel with as much meat and drink as could be purchased with an obolus, and carried in a small hand basket; nor could an "innocent woman appear in the street lightly dressed under the penalty of a thousand drachms." Whatever was her fortune, she could not dispose by will of more than the value of a measure of barley. While the laws were otherwise facilitating divorce to the husband, they did not require the proof of frailty on the part of the wife. But if she had a mind to leave her husband, on plea of misconduct, she was compelled to give in a separation bill to the archon, with her own name, and not by proxy; an act always odious to the free women of Athens, who were unused to appear in public.—*Lady Morgan's Women and her Master.*

THE JEW OF WILNA.

In the advance of the French against Russia, a colonel, strolling in the suburbs of Wilna, heard cries of distress from a house, and entering to ascertain the cause, he found four soldiers engaged in plundering and ill-treating an aged Jew and a young girl. The marauders, not being inclined to relinquish their prey, proceeded to blows; but the colonel, who was an excellent swordsman, laid two of his assailants dead on the spot, and drove the other two from the house, severely wounded—he himself received slight wounds, and a ball grazed his cheek. On the return of the remnant of the French army, oppressed with fatigue, want, and disease, the worn-out soldier, in rags, sought the dwelling of the Jew, and with difficulty was recognised; so completely changed was his appearance.—The Jew completely furnished his wardrobe, and contrived to send him through the hostile armies to France. At the peace, the colonel was obliged to retire on a miserable pittance, which an aged mother and a sister shared. He had forgotten the Jew of Wilna, when, one evening, in the spring of 1816, a man called at his humble abode, in the suburbs of Paris, and having satisfied himself as to his identity, placed in his hands a packet, and vanished. On opening it, the colonel found bills on a banker in Paris, to the amount of five thousand pounds, with the following note:

"He whose daughter you preserved from a brutal ravisher, whose life you saved, and whose house you protected from plunder, at the risk of your existence sends you an offering of his gratitude; the only return he requires, is, if ever you hear the Jews contemned, you will say, that one of that race knew how to be grateful."

The old Jew died at Vienna; his daughter, the heiress of his immense wealth, the largest portion of which was in the French funds, visited Paris; it was natural she should seek the brave man who had preserved her from the worst of fates, and with no common emotion he found the young girl he had protected now a blooming and beautiful woman, and amiable as she was engaging. He became a lover, and she consented to be a wife.

Preserving Timber.—The simple method of placing all wood used for building purposes in a small pond of lime water is found to be of incalculable advantage. After the timber is cut to the size required, it is immersed in the lime-water for two or three weeks, according to its size. Wood that is known to rot in from three to seven years, has lately been found to be perfectly sound after the lapse of more than forty years. Carpenters have found on working such wood, that their tools quickly become dulled, which is owing to the acid of the wood crystalizing by combining with the alkali of the lime.

MASONIC ANECDOTE OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, Sir Thomas Sackville accepted the office of grand master, during which time lodges were held in different parts of the kingdom, but the grand lodge always assembled at York, where the fraternity were numerous and respectable. The following circumstance is recorded of Elizabeth.—Hearing the masons had certain secrets that could not be revealed to her, and being jealous of all secret assemblies, she sent an armed force to break up their annual communication, on the 27th December, 1561. Sir Thomas met the officers, and gallantly told them that nothing could afford him greater pleasure than seeing them in the grand lodge, as it would give him an opportunity of convincing them, that Freemasonry was the most useful system that ever was founded on divine and moral laws. The consequence was, that he initiated some of the chief officers she had sent on this duty, who joined in communication with the masons, and made so honorable and so favorable a report to the Queen, on their return, that she countermanded her orders and never after attempted to dislodge or disturb them; but esteemed them as a peculiar sort of men, that cultivated peace and friendship, arts and sciences, without meddling in the affairs of church or state.

Mr. Heron, a minister in New England, when dying and leaving a family of many small children; his poor wife fell a weeping and said what will become of all these children. He presently and pleasantly re-

plied, "Never fear; he that feeds the young Ravens, will not starve the young Herons." And indeed, it came to pass accordingly.

A country Clergyman, who, in the matrimonial lottery, had drawn much worse than a blank, and without the patience of Socrates, had to encounter the turbulent spirit of Xantippe, was interrupted in the middle of a curtain lecture, by the arrival of a pair, requesting his assistance to introduce them to the blessed state of wedlock. The poor priest, actuated at the moment by his own feelings and particular experience, rather than a sense of canonical duty, opened the book and began. "Man that is born of a woman hath but a short time to live, and is full of trouble, &c." repeating the burial service. The astonished bride-groom exclaimed, "Sir!—Sir!—you mistake, I came here to be married, not buried!" Well, replied the clergyman, if you insist on it, I am obliged to marry you, but believe me, my friend, you had better be buried.

During the administration of Sir Robert Walpole; the transportation of convicts to this country proved a very great grievance. Dr. Franklin wrote to the minister, the thanks of the colonists for the maternal care of Britain, so strongly manifested in this instance; and as a satisfactory proof of American gratitude, sent him a collection of rattle-snakes, which he advised him to have introduced into his majesty's gardens at Kew, in order that they propagate and increase—assuring him, they would be as beneficial to his majesty's English dominions, as the British convicts were to America.

REMEDIES.

For a fit of Passion.—Walk out in the open air: you may speak your mind to the winds without hurting any one, or proclaiming yourself to be a simpleton.

For a fit of Idleness.—Count the tickings of a clock. Do this for one hour, and you will be glad to pull off your coat the next, and work like a negro.

For a fit of Extravagance and Folly.—Go to the work-house, or speak with the ragged and wretched inmates of a jail, and you will be convinced—

Who makes his bed of briar and thorn,
Must be content to lie forlorn.

For a fit of Ambition.—Go into the church-yard, and read the grave stones; they will tell the end of ambition. The grave will soon be your bed-chamber, the earth your pillow, corruption your father, and the worm your mother and sister.

For a fit of Repining.—Look about for the halt and the blind, and visit the bed-ridden and afflicted, and deranged; and they will make you ashamed of complaining of your lighter afflictions.

For a fit of Despondency.—Look on the good things which God has given you in this world, and at those which he has promised to his followers in the next.—He who goes into the garden to look for cobwebs and spiders, no doubt will find them; while he who looks for a flower, may return into his house with one blooming in his bosom.

For all fits of Doubt, Perplexity and Fear.—Whether they respect the body or the mind—whether they are a load to the shoulders, the head, or the heart, the following is a radical cure which may be relied on, for I had it from the Great Physician—"cast thy burden on the Lord, he will sustain thee."

Pumpkin Sugar.—Some owners of farms in the neighborhood of Presburg, in Hungary, have tried to make pumpkin sugar, and the experiment has completely succeeded. Twenty-seven quintals of that vegetable yields one quintal of raw sugar. This invention, says a German print, is one of great importance to Hungary, whose soil is very favorable to the cultivation of pumpkins, which, in that country, attain so large a size, that some are to be found weighing 400 pounds.

Prussic Acid.—A short time ago a gentleman residing at Herefordshire, wishing to destroy a useless dog administered to it about twelve drops of prussic acid. The animal almost immediately became paralysed, but appearing likely to linger for a short time, the owner, intending to put it out of misery, threw it

into a pond; the dog, however, having felt the effect of the water, immediately swam out, shook himself and appeared as if nothing whatever had occurred. It may not be generally known that throwing cold water over the head of an animal, completely neutralizes this deadly poison.—*Eng. paper.*

AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER.

ALBANY, SATURDAY, AUG. 29, 1840.

THE LATE CALAMITY.—A week has elapsed, since the dreadful catastrophe, by which over twenty human beings found a watery grave in our basin. Our readers have had all the particulars in relation to the accident from other sources, and we have nothing new to add in relation to it.

But there is a duty which we owe to the public, and to the manes of those whose lives we believe to have been culpably destroyed, to ask why has this calamity taken place? There is a tremendous accountability rests somewhere, and we say, let that accountability rest where it belongs. We have been assured by a respectable carpenter, that ever since the navigation has been open, the draw of the State bridge, has hardly been competent to sustain its own weight. In fact, any person who will take the trouble to examine the draw, will find that it never would sustain the weight which might be expected from its necessary use. To make the draw light, white pine timber of less than half the required dimensions, was used, and upon examination, these have been suffered to rot away, until as we are assured, the only surprise is, that the draw has not fell before. It is said by some, who are desirous to cover up this shameful culpability, that the accident could not be foreseen, on account of the sudden rush of people, and the extreme weight put upon the draw. By extreme weight, we are to understand unreasonable weight. Let us see to this excuse. According to the representations of several gentlemen of respectability and intelligence, who fell with the draw, there were not to exceed 80 persons with the three cars, on it, at the time of the accident. Are our citizens, the stranger who comes among us—and the bereaved widow and orphan to be told, that a bridge, requiring so much strength, as this general thoroughfare for our citizens, and the heavy commercial uses to which it is necessarily put,—that the weight of 80 people, (one quarter of whom were boys) is to be taken as an apology for its frail construction, or the criminal negligence of suffering it to nearly rot down. Shame on such an apology. If the draw had been properly and lawfully constructed in the first instance, there could not have been human beings in numbers, placed on it, capable of breaking it down. We repeat it, there is a dreadful responsibility resting somewhere, and we trust if there is one spark of generous sympathy in the bosom of the next Grand Jury, that they will exonerate the innocent in this affair, and let the guilt, (if there is any) fall on the heads of those to whom it of right belongs.

There is another fact connected with this subject, which begins to excite the public attention, and which with the melancholy lesson before us, will we hope tend to its immediate consummation—it is the dangerous location of our steamboat landing. A convenient and safe landing place can be made at a cheap rate, below the pier, if our citizens, will think that safety and convenience is of more importance than the affording facilities to a few interested individuals, of leasing grog-

shops at an exorbitant rent. The Pier has always been looked upon as a perfect MAN TRAP; hundreds of lives have already been lost from it, and unless something is done to thwart individual cupidity the stranger will shun our city, as he would the deadly upas. Our neighbors can with truth and propriety assail the fears of the timid, and thus divert in a great measure the travel from us. Does not the city's interest require a change of location?

In reference to the late accident, the Argus holds the following language which is entitled to serious consideration: that paper says, "The lamentable deficiency in apparatus in this city for resuscitating drowning persons, was never more apparent than on Saturday. There is indeed scarcely of approach to anything of the kind in the city, public or private. With such an extent of water craft, and with so great liability to accident from the river and basin, arrangements for the recovery of drowning persons, of the speediest application, ought by all means to be provided by the city authorities."

ACCIDENT.—James Artcher (of the firm of Artcher & Munsell) of this city, a very respectable young man, was drowned during the late excursion to Hudson, with the Artillery of this city.

A Counterfeit 2 dollar note of the Bank of Olean has been detected at the Agency office in this city. It is executed in lithograph, and has the red back, which has heretofore been considered as proof against counterfeits. The cashier's name is Reeves, in the genuine, and Reeves is the bad.

MORE INDIAN MASACRE.—The Charleston Patriot says that the schooner Victories arrived at Quarantine on the 18th, and brings intelligence of the destruction of Indian Key, by a party of 100 or 150 Indians, and the murder of several of the inhabitants.

The population of the city of Buffalo according to the recent census is 18,356—in 1835 the census was 15,651.

A new Post Office has been established at Taghkanic, Columbia co., and James Yager appointed post master.

A new Post Office has been established at Sharon Centre, Schoharie co., and Jacob Hiller appointed post master.

The following article, from the *Sunday Morning Atlas*, of New York, confirms the opinion we expressed last week, of the motives which actuated many of those connected with the outrage in that city. We are heartily sick of this lauding or rather larding every foreign "artiste" who may come among us. Our bump of guillibility is full prominent enough among the "artistes" of Europe, without adding to its proportions in falsome adulation to the "Divine Fanny," or any other dancing girl. If the rich and fashionable, who arrogate to themselves the right of giving a tone to society, will so far violate its proprieties, as to seat a public dancing girl at the head of their tables—or if our fashionable young men will so far forget themselves, in a republican country like this, as to harness themselves to a carriage, and draw a dancer through the public streets,—rows and street fights may be calculated upon as the natural consequence.

A BIT OF A SERENADE AND A BIT OF A ROW. For some few days past it was understood that a grand serenade was to be given to Fanny Elssler at her res-

idence, the American Hotel. It was at length understood that the grand affair was to come off on Friday night after Fanny's performance at the theatre. The utmost publicity was given to the arrangement. During the whole of Friday you could hardly meet an acquaintance who did not ask, "are you going to the serenade to night?" As might be supposed, this course drew an immense concourse of people together. We should suppose that in the Park and Broadway there must have been five thousand persons assembled. A great number of ladies were present and several carriages and other equipages were there, filled with small parties to see and to hear. At an early period there were symptoms that all was not quite correct; the murmurs spoke of a coming thunder. There was not a little dissatisfaction expressed, and those unpleasant sounds, groans, rose upon the air. It became pretty apparent to those who draw conclusions, that the affair would not end peaceably. The mass were too excitable. In this stage of the proceedings George Washington Dixon made a violent anti-Fanny speech, which met with applause, laughter, and cries of "Zip Coon!" There was one speech made, however, by a young man, apparently a mechanic, which met with nothing but enthusiastic applause.

He said—I've no objection to the band serenading Fanny Elssler, or the devil, but I am opposed to idolatry, I came here as a republican to put it down, in order that it may not go forth to the Union blazoned as the sentiments of the people of New York. This was the substance of his speech. From this time the noise, groans, &c. increased. At length the musicians came out, they were hired by the German Society at, we believe, four dollars each. They placed their stands and played two or three bars when a person kicked down one of their stands. This was a signal for a general rush, the whole of the music stands were knocked down and the musicians beat a retreat instead of beating time. The uproar and hubbub was now at its height. There were various cries for Fanny—such as "Fanny dear"—"Fanny love"—"Fanny, come out and show yourself"—accompanied by others of a coarse and disgusting character, uttered by such beings as will always be found mixed up in a crowd. Those who had taken possession of the music stands, quietly broke them up and made a bonfire of them amid shouts and acclamations, and cries of every kind. At this time some person from a sleeping room in the American put out of the window a sheet fastened to a large pole and called for three cheers for Forrest. They were given with deafening effect; more cheers were given for other native performers. At this juncture Justice Matsell, who had been on the ground from an early period, had sent for and procured a body of police. They arrested a few persons, some of whom, we believe, were engaged in skirmishes on their own account, and in a short time the whole of the people left the spot with a further manifestation of feeling.

During the foregoing, some loafers got a girl of the town and standing her upon a barrel declared they would serenade her, which they did, by singing to her, "Jenny get your hoe cake done."

In remarking upon the above occurrence we must be most distinctly understood as being opposed to all mob violence—although we cannot condemn the feeling that actuated a portion of the people assembled to put a stop to the serenade. Had the German Society, or any other body of gentleman determined to have given Fanny Elssler a serenade, and done it as all such things should be done, quietly and unostentatiously there would have been no riot, no disturbance. But it either was intended, or else the getters up have been unfortunate, to make this serenade appear as a demonstration of public feeling—for this purpose every possible means were resorted to, except that of using placards, to produce a great assemblage of people. The people did assemble and they felt that if the serenade did go off uninterruptedly in their presence it would go forth as the New York expression of feeling. Now, no where has Fanny Elssler been better received nor drawn greater houses than in this city.

On Friday night, the Park Theatre was crowded, but there are a vast number who admire the talent of the artiste and pay to see her, who are opposed to that species of idolatry which is disgusting to every sensible mind. They remembered too well and with not a little feeling of shame, that while Fanny Elssler's private character has not been without reproach, she was invited to dine with some of the first families in this

city—the Baltimorean madness was still fresh in their memories, and they could not consent that they should by any public act, link themselves in fellowship of feeling with those whom they have laughed at or despised. We admire Fanny Elssler in her sphere—that is, as a dancer. We think no manifestation of feeling in the theatre can be too enthusiastic, and while we regret that the crowd contained many coarse characters, whose conduct was in the highest degree reprehensible, we cannot but approve the feeling which produced the result we have recorded. Had the service been a private one, there ought not to have been and would not have been any manifestation of feeling. Being a public serenade, the public had a right to express their decided opinion of its merits, though not altogether in the way they did.

INTELLIGENCE.

Suicide of Joseph Bohall.—Joseph Bohall, the person confined in the jail, in this village, for the murder of Richard Brown and wife, in the town of Leon, in the month of June last, committed suicide last Friday night in his cell, by hanging himself with a towel and a leather strap. It will be recollected that Bohall confessed the murder of Mr. and Mrs. Brown, immediately after he was arrested.

On Saturday the wife of Bohall and three of his daughters came out to see him. They had not heard of his death until they reached here, and then just in season to hear the report of the Coroner's jury.—*Elliotville Callaragus Rep.*

Murder.—James Dorsey, a blacksmith, killed his wife by strangulation at Lockport, on Sunday week. Dorsey and his victim were both addicted to drunkenness, and when the officers of justice entered the house they found the corpse lying on the floor, and wretched man asleep upon his miserable bed.

Suspicious.—A young man named Geo. F. Kinney died recently at Boston, and was buried with military honors. His sudden death gave rise to suspicions: he was disinterred, and arsenic found in his stomach. His wife it appears was the widow of the Rev. Mr. Freeman, of Lowell, who died in the same manner, having been taken ill in the pulpit. Mr. Freeman's remains were also disinterred, and confirm the suspicions as to his death. Mrs. Kinney has disappeared. She is said to be a woman of great personal beauty.

Deaths by lightning.—Mr. John Haley and David Everhart, both farmers at Salem, Tuscarawas county Ohio, were killed by lightning at the house of the latter on the 1st inst. They were talking together near the fire place, when the bolt struck the house. A girl in the room was stunned, but recovered.

ACCIDENTALLY SHOT.—Stephen Jones, a young man about 22 years of age, was shot at Lancaster on Saturday last, by the accidental discharge of a gun, while in the act of looking into the muzzle.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

ARRIVAL EXTRAORDINARY.—An episcopal church arrived the other day in Matagorda, Texas, on board the brig Susan. The Gazette says "its a handsome and well finished building, with pulpit, pews, &c. complete."

Fatal Accident.—On Monday of last week Wm. P. Swift, Jr. eldest son of W. P. Swift, of this city, in descending from a hay-loft was accidentally precipitated upon a pitchfork and instantly killed.—*Utica Whig.*

Stung to Death.—Mr. John Smith, of Tyron township, Fayette county, Pa. died on the 15th inst. aged 31 years. He was stung on the back of the neck by bumblebees, while engaged in making hay, and died of lock jaw about 3 days afterwards.

BUNKER HILL MONUMENT.—Forty-five thousand dollars is the sum required to carry the Bunker Hill Monument to the height originally contemplated, 220 feet. The Newburyport Herald says, that two gentlemen, Mr. Amos Lawrence of Boston, and Mr. Ture,

a wealthy and liberal citizen of New Orleans, have pledged themselves to give \$10,000 each towards it, if the remaining \$25,000 is raised during the present year.

THE THAMES TUNNEL.—We learn from the English papers, that the works connected with this undertaking have been partially suspended during the last three months, in consequence of the excavation having reached so near the Wapping side of the river that it was deemed unsafe to pursue them until the houses and buildings on the North shore were removed. One arch of the Tunnel will be opened for pedestrians, only in about fifteen months, and it is expected that the circular carriage roads on each side, and the whole of the works connected with this great national undertaking will be completed in two years and an half from the present time.

A BRAVE COUPLE.—At Sanford, At, on the 11 inst. deacon Milo Weed and widow John Curtis, both of whom had attained the ripe age of 65 years, ventured again into the matrimonial noose.

Horrible Suspicion.—Among our items yesterday, was an account of the death of an unknown man on the railroad near Philadelphia, occasioned by intemperance, as was supposed, and under circumstances entirely blameless to any but himself. We learn from yesterday's Ledger, that it is now feared by some that the event was not wholly an accident but the result of design of some nefarious scoundrel who had first made him drunk, robbed him and placed him on the track of the road, that certain death might shield them from detection.—*Sun*

MAIL ROBBERY.—The Baltimore letter mail in the 19th instant for Wheeling, Va. and places west of that point, was robbed near Hagerstown on the evening of the 19th instant.

EXECUTION.—The execution at Savannah, of the negro Monday, for a rape on his mistress, took place on the 21st. He made a full confession of his guilt.

Old Woman.—Mr. Doxy, the officer employed to take the census of Kings county, informs us that he met at the residence of Mrs. Maria Stillwell, at Gravesend, a colored woman at the advanced age of one hundred and thirteen! She appeared to be in perfect health; eats, drinks and sleeps well. She performs all her duties as a domestic with astonishing energy and activity. She says she can milk the cows as readily as she could a hundred years ago.—*Brooklyn News.*

Another haul of counterfeiters was made at New Orleans on Friday week. The prisoners are Dr. Angel and his mistress, Eliza Berry, Martha Baker, and her son William Baker, and a man named Cunningham. They had established at Angel's house an opposition to the branch mint in that city, and were coining money without using very great precision as to the amount of alloy they put in their coin. Their apparatus and some of their specie were secured.

Married.

On Tuesday evening by the Rev. Dr. Wyckoff, Mr. Robert Thompson, to Miss Harriet Groesbeck all of this city.

On the 27th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Wyckoff, Mr. George Wood to Miss Mary Hodges, of the city of New York.

At Hawthorn Hedge, Lyons on the 13th inst. by the Rev. Thomas Spencer, Mr. Edward Suffern, to Miss Elizabeth Norton, daughter of the late Philip S. Parker, esq., of Albany.

At Cahoesville, on Thursday evening, by Rev. E. S. Raymond, Mr. Moses House to Miss Rebecca Ann Cutler, of the same place.

On the 21st inst., by the Rev. C. P. Clarke, Mr. Wm. Christie to Miss Jane Ann Frear, all of Troy.

In Troy, on the 22d inst, by the Rev. C. P. Clark, Mr. Luther Stockwell, of Troy, to Miss Sarah Ann Thompson, of Sand Lake.

In this city, on the 21st inst. by the Rev. N. Levings, Mr. Joseph Tyrell to Miss Rosetta Call, all of Troy.

DIED.

On the 26th inst. of a lingering illness, Anna Maria Whitlock, eldest daughter of Robert Whitlock, aged 11 years, 7 months and 25 days.

On Tuesday evening last, Matthew Sanford infant son of Benjamin P. Gregory, aged one year and nine months.

At N. York, on the 24th inst. A Hamilton Perry, M. D. adopted son of Dr. George Cooke of this city.

In this city on Wednesday evening last, of lingering illness, William, son of the late Peter McIntosh, aged 29 years.

On the 25th inst. Barent G. Staats, formerly a merchant in this city, aged 78 years.

On Monday evening, Anna Mary, infant daughter of H. B. Huswell, aged 1 year and 4 months.

On the 25th inst. after a long illness, Mary Pittinger, aged 59 years.

On the 26th inst. Robert James, infant son of the Rev. James R. Boyd, of Watertown, Jeff. co.

At Schodack centre (Rensselaer county) on 22nd inst., Jane Ann Campbell, daughter of Samuel R. Campbell.

On Sunday morning last, at Cobleskill, Schoharie co., Lawrence Lawyer, aged about 90 years one of the oldest residents of that town.

On Sunday evening, 16th inst. Benjamin Duncan, Esq. late High Sheriff of the city and county of Philadelphia, in the 50th year of his age.

In Lafayette, Onondaga co., Comfort Rounds in the 104th year of his age.

In New York, on the 14th inst. James I. Rosevelt, esq., one of the oldest merchants of that city, in the 82d year of his age.

In Columbiaville on the 15th inst. Elizabeth C. wife of Alex'r W. Coventry, in the 27th year of her age.

At his residence in Plattsburg Clinton co. on the 15th inst., the Hon. William Baily, father of Mrs. M. Myers of Kinderhook, in the 78th year of his age.

At Stuyvesant Landing, on the 18th inst., Mr. Chester Birge, in the 42d year of his age.

Yesterday morning, George Kirk father to Rev. E. N. Kirk, in the 81st year of his age.

Killed, on board the U. S. frigate Potomac, at Rio de Janeiro, on the 7th July last by the falling of the launch along side, Leverett Cruttenden Mather, aged 15 years.

AUTHORISED AGENTS.

The following Brethren have kindly offered to act as Agents for the American Masonic Register. They are duly authorised to receive subscriptions and monies on its account.

William Bhardman, New York City.

Tallmage Fairchild, Coxsackie.

Joel D. Smith, Castleton.

James Test, Coeymans.

S. C. Leggett, Troy.

S. D. Smith, Lansingburgh.

Joseph Blackburn, Poughkeepsie.

John S. Weed, West Greenfield.

Ebenezer Mix, Batavia.

Blanchard Powers, Cowlsville.

James Cavanagh, Watertown.

James M'Kain, Lockport.

C. R. Vary, Borodino.

Francis P. Milo, Kingston, U. C.

Lewis S. Deleplain, Wheeling, Va.

Thomas J. Welby, Louisville, Kentucky.

A. C. Smith, Mount Clemens, Michigan.

J. H. M'Mhon, Memphis, Tennessee.

NEW BOOKS, received at W. C. LITTLE'S Bookstore:

Rauch's Psychology, or View of the Soul.

Shakespeare and his Times, by Nathan Drake.

Guizot's Civilization of Europe.

Miss Sinclair's Scotland and the Scotch.

Madame de Staël's Italy, in French.

Hoffman's Chancery Practice, vol. 3d.

Franklin's Life and Works, by Sparks.

Hallam's Literature of Europe.

The French Revolution, by M. Thiers.

All the late novels and periodicals.

THE Edinburgh Quarterly Review for April, 1840—Content:—Sir Walter Raleigh; Deer Stalking; British and American Navies; Mrs. Boddington's Poems; Walpole and Contemporaries; Bolingbroke; Windham; Pulteney; Works of the author of Natural History of Enthusiasm; Court and Camp of Kunjeet Sing; Present state and conduct of parties; List of new publications in Great Britain from January to April 1840. Terms, \$3 per annum. Subscriptions received by

W. C. LITTLE, corner of State st.

POETRY.

THE WIFE'S LAMENT.

FROM AN UNPUBLISHED MANUSCRIPT,

BY T. H. CUSHMAN.

The Trump and the Banner still lead him afar—
Ambition alone seems his life-guiding star;
And tones that I loved as the music of song,
Now only to dreams and remembrance belong.

And while woodlands brighten too soon to decay,
And flowers are passing like spirits away;
I can but half liken their fate to my own,
And think that hope, rapture, like them may be shown.

Ah! can all the joys that so long I have felt,
Like mists from the mount, into nothingness melt—
The last look at parting—its sorrow divine—
Can it fade from his bosom and cling but to mine?

Be still my sad heart—he yet will return,
And love's brightest torch more brightly shall burn,
And thou, my young blossom! smile on in thy glow,
No thought would I mingle of sadness with thee.

Yes! smile—and its rapture my heart shall renew,
I'll read in thy glance that the absent is true;
He called me his ever, his lip on my brow,
I trusted then fondly—I'll doubt him not now!

And though founts of feeling may close not at will,
His mem'ry returns to my heart with a thrill;
And let still for ever grief's fountain awake—
I well could bear madness, if borne for his sake!
Albany, 1840.

THE BIRD-MESSENGER.

"The Imagination never conceived a more exquisite picture of beauty, than the dove of the ark gliding towards Ararat with the olive-branch, over the solitary, measureless surface of the waters gazing down upon its own shadow, and listening to the music by its own wings."—ANONYMOUS.

Whither, oh! whither, Dove,
On lonely pinion through the trackless air,
Through sunlit skies above,
Dust thou in joyous flight alone repair?

Where is the summer strand
That waits thy coming, with its leafy bowers?
Where is the fragrant land
Of golden sunshine and of smiling flowers?

Where is the happy grove,
The long loved home, the nestlings of thy breast?
Speed on thy flight, thou dove!
Haste on thy journey to thy promised rest.

Onward, yet onward roam;
Spread thy snow plumage to the warming sky;
Soon may the voice of home
Greet the long wanderer with a welcome cry.

But vain, oh! vain that thought;
Is it where ruin's blighting footsteps fall,
Where death and doom were wrought,
That thou canst seek thy home, thy mate, thy all?

Is it where soundless waves
Dash o'er the glories of a world gone by?
Is it where ocean leaves
Man's pride—his pomp—and all his misery?

How, 'mid these marks of woe,
Bird of the peaceful bosom, canst thou flee?
Fear'st thou no dangerous foe?
Can none bring aught of terror here to thee?

"My message fears no ill;
Behold! the peace-branch gives assurance strong,
With joy my breast to fill,
Of safety—rest; then who can do me wrong?"

"The tempest hath gone down:
The sin-brought ruin hath fulfilled its hour;
Darkness and woe are flown;
And ocean's fury hath restored her power.

"And hear, yet hear my voice,
Peace hath been purchased; lo! the waves decrease;
Look forth—believe—rejoice:
Hear my last whispers; welcome! welcome Peace!"

Had I thy wings, thou dove!
Glad one! with peaceful happy promise bless'd;
Soon would I flee above,
And like thee seek to be at home—at rest.

A MOTHER'S GIFT.

Remember, love, who gave thee this,
When other days shall come:
When she, who had thy earliest kiss,
Sleeps in her narrow home.
Remember 'twas a mother gave
The gift to one she'd die to save.

That mother sought a pledge of love,
The holiest for her son:
And from the gifts of God above,
She chose a goodly one:
She chose, for her beloved boy,
The source of light, and life, and joy.

And bade him keep the gift—that, when
The parting hour should come,
They might have hope to meet again
In an eternal home.
She said his faith in that would be
Sweet incense to her memory.

And should the scoffer, in his pride,
Laugh that fond faith to scorn,
And bid him cast the pledge aside,
That he from youth had borne,
She bade him pause, and ask his breast
If he, or she, had loved him best.

A parent's blessing on her son
Goes with this holy thing;
The love that would retain the one,
Must to the other cling.
Remember! 'tis no idle toy,
A mother's gift—remember, boy!

HOPE.

BY SCHILLER.

Man is found on the airy vision to brood
Of brighter and happier days;
And is ever chasing some fleeting good,
Which with flattering illusion betrays;
The changing world no novelty brings,
Yet man still hopes for better things.

Hope in the cradled infant smiles,
She plays round the frolicksome boy.
The youth with her magic enchantment beguiles
Nor can age her power destroy;
For when in the grave he peared lies,
Hope sits on the grave, and points to the skies.

Nor is this the far dream, unsubstantial and vain,
Of a head with wild fancies elate,
The heart from within echoes loudly again,
We are born for a happier state;
And what that voice would bid us believe,
The hoping soul will never deceive.

From the Connecticut Courant.

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG WIFE.

Why are those green clods broken? The tall grass
Which in its ripeness wooed the mother's hand,
And the wild rose whose young buds faintly bloomed,
Why are their roots upturned? Go ask of him
Who in his lonely chamber weeps so long
At morning's dawn, and evening's pensive hour
Whose freshly planted hopes could scarcely boast
Less brief duration than yon flower of grass.
Yet Memory hath her stores whereon to feed
Though Joy's bright harvest fail; as clings the bee
To the sweet calyx of some fallen flower.
—The tender smile of fond, confiding Love,
Its self devotion, its delight to seek
Another's good—its thousand winning arts
To soothe the hour of weariness and pain,—

Such thoughts, perchance, may stir the source of tears,
Making resemblance grief; but the meek faith
Which all distrustful of its holiest deeds
So firmly clasped a Saviour's feet, when Death
Rang the rent heart strings like a broken harp.
The hope which shed its seraph benison
On all who wept around—the smile that left
A heavenly lustre on the pallid clay,—
These are the gems that memory lends the soul,
Piercing and pure, to light its pilgrim way
To deathless union with pits arted pride.

CALENDAR OF COMMUNICATIONS.

EACH MONTH.

NAME.	PLACE.	TIME.
Temple Encampment,	Albany	2d Friday.
Temple R. A. Chapter,	Albany	2d & 4th Tuesday
Mount Vernon Lodge	Albany	1st & 3d Thursday.
Temple Lodge,	Albany	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Apollo Lodge,	Troy	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Apollo Chapter,	Troy	2d & 4th Tuesday.
Apollo Encampment,	Troy	3d Monday.
Evening Star Lodge,	West Troy	1st Wednesday.
Phoenix Lodge,	Lansingburg	1st & 3d Thursday.
Olive Branch	Bethany Ge.	1st Wednesday.
Genesee Encampment,	Lockport Nia.	
Ohio Lodge, No 101,	Wheeling, Va.	1st Monday.
Wheeling Chapter, 19,	"	2d Thursday.
Wheeling Encampment	"	2d Monday ev. o month.
Washington Council,	"	1st Saturday.
Utica Lodge, 47,	Utica,	1st Thursday.
Oneida Chapter, 57,	"	1st Thursday.
Utica Encampment, 3	"	3d Tuesday.
Mount Moriah,	Louisville, Ky.	1st & 3d Saturday, p. f.
Louisville Encampment	do	4th Saturday.
Council S & R Masters	do	Quarterly.
King Solomon's chapter	do	2d Saturday.
Memphis Chapter,	Memphis Tenn	3d Monday.
Memphis Lodge,	Memph	2d Tuesday.

SHERIFF'S OFFICE.—City and County of Albany, August 20, 1840.—ELECTION NOTICE.—A general election is to be held in the county of Albany, on the 2nd, 3d, and 4th days of November next, at which will be chosen the officers mentioned in the notice from the Secretary of State, of which a copy is annexed.

MICHAEL ARTCHER, SHERIFF.

State of New York.

Secretary's Office, August, 7, 1840.

To the Sheriff of the county of Albany. Sir: Notice is hereby given you, that the next General Election in this state, to be held on the Second, Third and Fourth days of November, (except in the city and county of New York, in the city of Brooklyn, and in the town of Bushwick, in the county of Kings, where the election is to be held on Wednesday, the fourth day of November next) the following officers are to be elected:

A Governor and a Lieutenant Governor.
Forty two Electors of President and Vice President of the United States.

You will also take notice, that the term of service of Mitchell Sanford, a Senator for the Third district, to which the county of Albany belongs, will expire on the last day of December next, and that a Senator for the said district is to be chosen in his place at the said next General election.

You will also take notice that one Representative in the 27th Congress of the United States for the Tenth Congressional District consisting of the county of Albany, is to be chosen at the said General election.

At the same general election, the following officers are to be chosen in your county:

Three members of Assembly.
A sheriff of the county, in the place of Michael Artcher, whose term expires on the last day of December next.

A county clerk, in the place of Henry B. Haswell whose term expires on the last day of December next.

And four coroners, in place of those now in office, whose terms expire on the last day of December.

Yours respectfully,

JOHN C. SPENCER,

Secretary of State.

N. B. You are to give notice of the election of the said officers, in writing, to one of the Inspectors of each town and ward in your county, and annex thereto a copy of this notice. You are also to cause a copy of the notice of election to be published in all the public newspapers printed in your county, once in each week, from the date of such notice until the election. If there be no newspaper printed in your county, then the publication is to be made in some one of an adjoining county.

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AUG 24 1921

